

THE

WESTMINSTER

REVIEW.

JULY AND OCTOBER,

1856.

“Truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.”

SHAKESPEARE.

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

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THE
WESTMINSTER
AND
FOREIGN QUARTERLY
REVIEW.

JULY 1., 1856.

ART. I.—CHRISTIAN MISSIONS: THEIR PRINCIPLE, AND
PRACTICE.

1. *A History of the Missions in Japan and Paraguay.* By Cecilia Mary Caddell. Burns and Lambert.
 2. *History of the Propagation of Christianity among the Heathen.* By the Rev. W. Brown, M.D. Third Edition. Blackwood and Sons.
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12. *The Spirit of Missions.* New York: Dana and Co.
 13. *The Missionary Herald* & *Church Missionary Record*;
Missionary Magazine and Chronicle.
 14. *The Christian Times.* May, 1856.

THERE is probably no human enterprise which engages so large an amount of sympathy as that of sending missionaries to the heathen. We may talk as we will of the low tendencies of human nature, the worship of wealth, of show, of genius without moral safeguards, of convenience and pleasure under their various forms; but there is something more universally interesting than any of these things. A mania for speculation at one time and dissipation at another; a making haste to be rich and a frantic chase of pleasure, may mark periods of society, and recur at intervals; but before and after, and between these fits of moral disease, there has always been a steady condition in the general mind of sympathy with the disinterested and the holy; and as missions to the heathen have comprehended at once the action of the highest faculties which relate to God and man; zeal for God, and love for man; devotion and devotedness, sympathy with missionary enterprise has never failed, from the hour when certain peasants of Palestine were commanded to go forth and teach all nations, to the latest anniversary held in the Old or the New World.

Missions to the heathen are venerable and beautiful on a double ground: for their object, and for the spirit in which men go forth to accomplish it. Till lately, the enterprise invariably proceeded on the ground of saving souls from hell. All idolaters were undoubtedly supposed to be damned; and to rescue as many as possible from perdition was the simple object of all missions, from those of the Catholics whose converts were baptized with a besom, for the greatest happiness of the greatest number, to the latest expedition sent out by Exeter Hall collections. But American Congregationalists, and English Unitarians, and some liberal German Protestants, who do not believe in the damnation of heathens on account of their ignorance, send out missions too, with a wider view than the old missionaries—with the hope of raising whole nations out of a state of idolatrous corruption of morals into a condition of Christian civilization. Upon this has followed the yet more remarkable phase of missionary effort,—of missions to peoples who are so far from being heathens, that they are comprehended within the same monotheism. The Prussian and English missions to the Jews, and the English, Russian, and American missions to the Armenian and other Christian bodies in Turkey, are instances of this new phase. Its appearance may be taken

as a sort of admonition to us to review the old order of missions, and contemplate its results, before it becomes more or less merged in the new.

The aim of the old missions abundantly accounts for the devoted spirit of the missionaries. A genial writer (Leigh Hunt) says, that if men in general had ever seen a human being broiling in a real fire, writhing and groaning; men in general would fall on their knees to implore the quenching of hell-fire, or would disbelieve its existence. In the old days of a uniform faith, held in an organic state of society, men believed more thoroughly, and perhaps imagined more vividly than we, in our critical state of society and amidst our schismatic surroundings, can easily conceive: yet we know and feel that if we saw any reason whatever to believe that anybody was in danger of hell-fire for an eternity, for want of anything we could do for them, we should do that thing instantly, at any cost,—whether of living in the Sandwich Islands, or dying of starvation in Patagonia, or any other painful doom. When we consider that the Jesuits and other Romanists, and the Wesleyans and other Protestants, have always believed this without a shadow of doubt or a dream of hesitation, there remains nothing to wonder at in their going forth to the ends of the earth, to toil and suffer, and die for the salvation of souls.

However impossible it might be to people with hearts to “live at home at ease,” at a cost of human souls, the necessity of the position of the missionary in no degree impairs its solemn beauty. Disinterestedness is eternally beautiful; and pious self-sacrifice is above all things solemn. In the infinitely inferior case of the anchorite going out into the desert, or of men entering a convent, where the sacrifice is ostensibly made for self and not for others, it is impossible for the most clear-sighted moralist and the most experienced philosopher not to feel interested and touched. If tender emotions are roused by the spectacle of a young girl renouncing the world to be the bride of Christ,—well as we know how ignorant she is of what she is doing, and how fatal is the step, and easily as it is accounted for when certainty of salvation is the bribe,—how moving must be the higher act of renouncing all that makes life safe and pleasant for the sake of other people’s souls! There is in fact no observance on earth more heart-stirring than that of the consecration and sending forth of missionaries to the heathen. These apostles are usually young, always resolute and earnest, or they would not be there, prepared to suffer, and, if the truth were told, hoping to die with the martyr’s crown and palm within their grasp. No wonder many tears are shed; no wonder the grasp of “the right hand of fellowship” is hearty; no wonder

the devoted servants of the Cross are regarded with the deepest and tenderest compassion, reverence, and envy! These feelings are natural and therefore holy, just as the act of devotedness is not the less holy for being morally unavoidable. No heart can or ought to harden itself against the thought of the perils by sea and land to be encountered by these voluntary sufferers,—of the toils and wants and pain and disease to be incurred; of the contempt and ill usage to be expected from barbarians, and the utter isolation from the moral and intellectual comforts of civilization. The one certain thing in the case is that the missionary must suffer,—at times to the very limit of endurance. When, therefore, young men and their brides join in Christian worship for the last time among familiar faces, and in a Christian land, the spectacle is one which must rouse the deepest emotions in all who have hearts.

The time is come when such emotions should not die away and leave no trace. The more any good man feels on such occasions, the more he should be roused to keep the case in view, and note the results. The right thing to do is to look back as far as missions go, and see what the sum of their operation has really been. The distinction in kind being made between missions undertaken simply to rescue by baptism the greatest possible number of human beings from eternal torment, and those which are to raise savages into civilization, it should be ascertained what permanent success has attended such efforts; and whether cases of failure can be accounted for by success obtained by other schemes and methods. This inquiry we now propose to make, in the cursory way which alone our space will admit of. We may hope that what we have to say may be useful in stimulating others to investigate the subject in an orderly way, and to a greater extent than we can attempt. As an illustration of some deep and general and various workings of the human intellect and affections, the subject is to the last degree interesting; and every new schism in the rapidly breaking-up world of theology increases the immediate practical importance of the question, What the operation of our foreign missions really is?

The first great missionary scene presented by history to Christendom is that of the final destruction of Roman Paganism, in the reign of Theodosius. The Pagans had tried to extirpate the faith of the Christians, as an offence against the religion, the morals, and the patriotism which rested on the basis of authority, and (what was yet more important) of custom. So strong was this basis, that Constantine did not venture to offer violence to it. In his epistle to his Pagan followers, he declares that those who cannot rise above habit and prejudice into the new light,

may yet freely enjoy their own worship and objects of worship. His sons went further in discrediting the old religion; but the dissensions of Christians among themselves prolonged the reign of the old gods. The time was sure to arrive, however, when the two religions could not exist side by side. The philosophical Pagans held that "the secret of the universe" could never be ascertained; and that custom, in which men's affections were invested, was the best guide of morals and manners—custom being the result of general opinion, and general opinion being always, on the whole, favourable to morality. While this was the plea of instructed men, the public declared that they liked their religion and their old ways, and did not want to be disturbed. They were for letting the ancient statues and altars of Victory stand. That was their side of the question. The Christians' was founded on a notion which explains any degree of zeal and intolerance. They believed that the gods of their neighbours were really and truly demons, and that the worship of them was the most atrocious crime against God that could be perpetrated; and of course they could not tolerate that worship in any mode or degree. Under their theocratic view, treason and blasphemy were combined in the practice; and eternal perdition was the proper retribution for it. This is the same view that the Jews had in regard to the idolatry they warred against in taking possession of the Holy Land; and their zeal was all the more deeply engaged for their having no other king than Jehovah. The Christians of the first centuries perpetuated it; and we notice it here thus expressly because we take this to be the principle which is at the bottom of the whole system of missions to the heathen. No one can read the most modern missionary books, even by Protestants of new-born sects, without perceiving strong traces of the opinion and sentiment that idolatry is of devilish incitement, and even that devils themselves are in some cases the idols; and that thus the worship of heathen gods comprehends at once treason and blasphemy, and leads inevitably to hell-fire. The result of the polling for Jupiter in the Senate in the fourth century, at the command of Theodosius, is known to everybody. Though the common people believed that various recent calamities were owing to the interference of the Christians with the old gods, they were for the moment more in awe of the Emperor than of their unseen deities; and Jupiter was deposed, having a too small majority to stand by him. The evils of insincere conformity troubled and endangered the new faith for some time after; and indeed the Pagans did not surrender all hope of the restoration of the religion of eleven centuries, as long as the temples of the gods remained, however empty and disgraced. Hence the violence of the Christians in destroying the monu-

ments of the old faith, even to the trees which grew near the temples. Martin, Bishop of Tours, engaged in this work, and Marcellus, leading on the Levoc in Syria, and meeting his death at the hands of the people, who could not bear to see Jupiter's temple overthrown, are altogether a prophetic picture of after ages, when other Christians and other Pagans should do the same things in unknown continents and far islands of the sea. The Egyptians, sitting spitefully waiting for a calamity after the destruction of the temple of Serapis, hoping first that the Nile would not rise, and then that it would rise to a deluge, remind one of the precisely similar state of mind of those South Sea Islanders who saw their converted queen flout their burning mountain, and who sat down to watch for the eruption which was sure to ensue. The difficulty in all missionary cases—in all cases of the uprooting of one religion for the sake of another—lies mainly in the necessity of public worship, as Gibbon remarks. There is no way of upholding a common religion but by a common observance; and here has been the missionary trouble, from the days of Theodosius to those of Pius IX. and Victoria. When once the multitude can be brought to attend voluntarily the public services of the innovators, the extinction of the old faith is virtually effected; for no associations which are not sustained by observances can, in the general mind, outlive a generation. Within thirty years of the death of Theodosius, every trace of Paganism had vanished in Rome; and in like manner the same methods would obliterate Paganism now, in every island of the Pacific. But the same methods cannot be employed, and modern missionaries can neither draw converts to their churches, nor put down the ancient worship as the early Christians did in Rome. The Christians of the Empire introduced the relics of martyrs into their churches, and kept the interest and superstition of the people alive by a perpetual show of miracles. While deceased saints and martyrs were constantly active among the Christians, the old associations of polytheism were readily transferred to them; and the observances of the churches grew more and more like those which had been paid to heathen gods. Obstinate Pagans expressed disgust at salted and pickled hearts and limbs being offered to adoration instead of noble statues; and the unbloody sacrifice of the mass was not so imposing to their imaginations as the old sacrificial rites; but the transfer of names was fairly accomplished, and the multitude were separated from their idols far more effectually than the Pagans of our day have yet been, in the course of one generation. It is indeed believed that, however true this might be of Rome, and of smaller centres of opinion and habit, Paganism lingered, and lingers to this day, in recesses where tradition lives untouched by the lapse of cen-

turies. There are heights of Lebanon where the worship of the sun proceeds, as pure, as in Jezabel's days, and when the temple at Baalbec was thronged. There are caves where priests still bow the head to Baal, and Astarte has her sacred grove to this hour. But wherever the Christians prevailed, Paganism was presently put down and soon forgotten. With our modern missionaries the case is different. They have, in the South Sea Islands, to send messengers round to flog the common people into the churches; and they are well aware that not only are old practices continued under the disguise of "mickonaree" professions, but that in the forests and ravines where sedate preachers and their timid wives can never penetrate, the dear old gods are caressed more than ever on account of the adversity into which they have fallen; and charming familiar festivals are enjoyed more than ever, on the principle that stolen pleasures are sweetest. The modern preachers are safe from the danger of the early Christian priests, of becoming Paganized by the process of converting Pagans; but, on the other hand, they fail in proportion in the work of real conversion. The comparison is one which it is perfectly fair to make, because Paganism is essentially the same all over the world. Theologians have noticed this, from generation to generation; and now travellers bring up the fact again, in treating of every new country exhibited by discovery. Every traveller racks his brain for a scheme by which to connect the peoples of the most distant countries; while the philosopher finds the explanation of the likeness, not in dreams of migration and a common stock, but in the clear view of the stages passed through by the universal human mind—from fetishism to polytheism, and from polytheism to monotheism. When the monotheists propose to convert men passing through an earlier stage, they find, as every true philosopher would expect, a strong resemblance in the fetish religion, wherever found, and also in the polytheistic; the beliefs being everywhere the inevitable result of conditions common to all. It is this which makes it fair to compare the results of proselytism by widely different agents, in centuries far apart.

Beginning with the early times, however, we are first struck with the thought of what we ourselves owe to missionary enterprise. In the south of England and in Ireland there was probably some early preparation by the influx of persecuted Christians from the Continent; but the great release from the iron rule of Druid caste-tyranny we owe to St. Augustine and other missionaries, who came for the express purpose of making us Christians. The miracles of St. Augustine were numerous and wonderful enough to discredit the natural science of the native priests; and the eastern faith spread till the monastery of Iona

at length became the centre of enlightenment of the north-western parts of the world. The rapid spread of the faith here has afforded a hint to missionaries in all ages since, to begin with the sovereigns, sure that the people will follow, by free will or force. When the main object is to save the greatest number of souls by baptism, it is a matter of small importance to the priest whether the people come to baptism by constraint or because they desire it. The first missionaries presented themselves therefore as ambassadors to princes: the princes had inducements of foreign alliance and other good things to follow lead in matters of faith; and the people, again, followed by royal command. To this day the same method is pursued, by Catholic and Protestant, wherever conversion is to be achieved. Tattooed kings and cannibal princes of the blood royal are first sought, their vices veiled, and their caprices borne with, that by their means the kingdom of heaven might gain some of their subjects. Hence that striking feature of missionary influence through all time—its support and strengthening of the principle of caste. Of old, the miracle-working priests, who shamed the Druids, made themselves agreeable to the kings of the petty states of our island; and in our own time, Protestant sectaries from England have made much of a drunken Pomare because he was a king; and American missionaries at Liberia have concealed the sufferings of the helpless imported inhabitants, at the bidding of those who sent them, the object being to sustain the pride of race, and the bribe to the missionaries, the obtaining a rank of their own. It appears that in some cases a more detestable institution of caste than any missionary ever found ready to his hand, is actually introduced by modern methods of Christianizing the heathen. An American voyager testifies as follows to the present condition of the Sandwich Islands:—

“Readers of reports,” he says, “are led to infer that the arts and customs of civilized life are rapidly refining the natives of the Sandwich Islands. But let no one be deceived by these accounts. The chiefs swagger about in gold lace and broadcloth, while the great mass of the common people are nearly as primitive in their appearance as in the days of Cook. In the progress of events at these islands, the two classes are receding from each other; the chiefs are daily becoming more luxurious and extravagant in their style of living, and the common people more and more destitute of the necessaries, and decencies of life. But the end to which both will arrive at last will be the same. The one are fast destroying themselves by sensual indulgences, and the other are fast being destroyed by a complication of disorders, and the want of wholesome food. The resources of the domineering chiefs are wrung from the starving serfs, and every additional bauble with which they beset themselves is purchased by the suffering of their bondmen; so that the measure of new and refinement, attained by the chiefs is

only an index to the actual state of degradation in which the greater part of the population lie grovelling."

Such are the results of beginning the work of proselytism with kings, and making an aristocracy to countenance and uphold religion. In the old times, the mischief was checked by the poverty and humility of the missionaries themselves, in their monastic capacity. They could not be aristocratic, except in purely spiritual relations. It is otherwise in our time. Our Protestant missionaries are bound by no vows of poverty and humility; and accordingly we find them possessing lands and houses, managing public and private affairs, and bringing their social position into a wonderful likeness to heathen slave-holding. If the old Catholic missionary was somewhat like the Pope in other matters, he was like him also in being *servus servorum*, and there was no helpful office too humble for the Jesuit or the Dominican bent on saving souls. Among Protestant sectaries, the state of things is different. Here is a picture from the life, — a view of the mode of life of "Servants in Christ" in our time. When "enlightened individuals" come into the Polynesian Islands, and have broken the idols and overthrown the customs of the inhabitants, —

"Neat villas, trim gardens, shaven lawns, spires and cupolas arise, while the poor savage soon finds himself an interloper in the country of his fathers; and that, too, on the very site of the hut where he was born. The spontaneous fruits of the earth, which God in His wisdom had ordained for the support of the indolent natives, remorselessly seized upon and appropriated by the stranger, are devoured before the eyes of the starving inhabitants, or sent on board the numerous vessels which now touch at their shores.

"When the famished wretches are cut off in this manner from their natural supplies, they are told by their benefactors to work, and earn their support by the sweat of their brows!

"Not until I visited Honolulu was I aware of the fact that the small remnant of the natives had been civilized into draught-horses, and evangelized into beasts of burden. But so it is. They have been literally broken into the traces, and are harnessed to the vehicles of their spiritual instructors like so many dumb brutes!

"Among a multitude of similar exhibitions that I saw, I shall never forget a robust, red-faced, and very lady-like personage, a missionary's spouse, who day after day, for months together, took her regular airings in a little go-cart drawn by two of the islanders, one an old grey-headed man, and the other a roguish stripling, both being, with the exception of the fig-leaf, as naked as when they were born. Over a level piece of ground this pair of draught bipeds would go, with a shambling, unsightly trot, the youngster hanging back all the time

like a knowing horse, while the old hack plodded on and did all the work.

"Battling along through the streets of the town in this stylish equipage, the lady looks about her as magnificently as any queen driven in state to her coronation. A sudden elevation and a sandy road, however, soon disturb her serenity. The small wheels become imbedded in the loose soil, the old stager stands tugging and sweating, while the young one frisks about and does nothing; not an inch does the chariot budge. Will the tender-hearted lady—who has left friends and home for the good of the souls of the poor heathen—will she think a little about their bodies, and get out, and ease the wretched old man until the ascent is mounted? Not she; she could not dream of it. To be sure, she used to think nothing of driving the cows to pasture on the old farm in New England; but times have changed since then. So she retains her seat, and bawls out, 'Hookee! hookee!' (pull, pull). The old gentleman, frightened at the sound, labours away harder than ever; and the younger one makes a great show of straining himself, but takes care to keep one eye upon his mistress, in order to know when to dodge out of harm's way. At last the good lady loses all patience, 'Hookee! hookee!' and rap goes the heavy handle of her huge fan over the naked skull of the old savage, while the young one shies to one side, and keeps beyond its range. 'Hookee! hookee!' again she cries. 'Hookee tata kannaka!' (pull strong, men). But all in vain, and she is obliged in the end to dismount, and, sad necessity! actually to walk to the top of the hill!

"At the town where this paragon of humility resides is a spacious and elegant American chapel, where divine service is regularly performed. Twice every Sabbath, towards the close of the exercises, may be seen a score or two of little wagons ranged along the railing in front of the edifice, with two squalid native footmen in the livery of nakedness standing by each, and waiting for the dismissal of the congregation to draw their superiors home."*

It appears from this kind of testimony (of which we have so much as to leave no doubt of its general fairness), that if Christianity attacks the institution of caste in India and elsewhere, where it is found inconvenient, it plants it down on fresh ground when the desire to save the greatest number of souls leads missionaries to address their efforts first to the kings of the heathen.

During the long organic period of Catholicism, before the Reformation had divided the Church, and left it for ever after liable to schism, conquest was the rough-and-ready missionary method. Peter the Hermit was the grand missionary of the middle ages, and the Crusades were the form assumed by Christian zeal. The Reformation gave the greatest impetus to the missionary cause that it has ever received; and the century

* "Residence in the Marquessa," pp. 217-219.

which followed the full assertion of Protestantism was the palmy season of that order of enterprise. Propagandism was the natural resource of apostles who contended for men's souls; and long before Gregory XV. founded the College of the Propaganda in 1622, devoted priests of his church had brought whole tribes of heathens into the fold. The Jesuits in Paraguay are universally considered to have exhibited the best results ever obtained in the missionary field, while the Jesuits in India and China were the grief and disgrace of their church, in the opinion of its head.. These last strove to obtain candidates for baptism by accommodating the local and the new religion to each other. They made out that the Brahminical writings were only another form of the Christian Scriptures, and discovered that the idols of India and China were only the inferior saints of Christendom. We need not dwell on this phase of missionary effort, as the deception was anathematized at Rome; and we cite it merely as a natural consequence of the belief that there was no salvation out of the pale of Christianity, and that Christian baptism was certain rescue. The Jesuits in Paraguay went to work in the opposite manner. Instead of using the superstitions they found on the spot, "changing the objects, so as to introduce the new worship," as their brethren in China proposed, they tried the experiment of absolutely reorganizing society. They would have nothing to do with the Spanish system, which seemed made to their hands, the slave or serf system, under which the Indians were *Encomiendas*, or recommended to the protection of their owners. The missionaries passed through this ground to a wholly fresh one beyond, where no Spaniards had penetrated; and they obtained an ordinance of exclusion of all visitors, and took complete spiritual possession of the region. By 1629 they had established twenty-one villages, each with its church, its college, and its group of Indian dwellings; and they kept the people together in the bond of their own faith, sufficiently fed, employed, and amused, and brought into absolute obedience in every act of their lives. The Jesuits themselves considered their system of education perfect for the locality, though it did not generally include book-learning, even to the knowledge of the alphabet, and though it did include a very free use of the rod. The system endured till the Jesuit organisation was broken up in 1767, when presently the whole fabric completely vanished. No trace whatever remains of this great missionary work. If the question of success is stirred, the reply of Catholics is, that a hundred thousand souls were rescued from hell, and that the crowns of the apostles and martyrs of the work are brightened accordingly. Historical students and materialists say that, judged by any radical principle, the work has come to nothing. We see that among a people

saved by their teachers from the trouble of thinking, and from the pressure of worldly anxieties, the lash in the school and bribes or terrors, out of it, must be needed for stimulus; but we think ill of such a state of society, and are not surprised to hear that its subjects were delicate in frame, scrupulous in conscience, indolent at their work, and dull in their play, though their teachers proscribed amusement as earnestly as our Polynesian missionaries interdict it. That such a demure, superficial, dependent, and artificial state of society should fall to pieces at once when its keepers were withdrawn, is just what might have been looked for; and, as all traces of it have vanished, it can be pronounced, in a historical and moral sense, nothing but a failure. Whether 100,000 souls have been saved from the pit of hell it is not our present business to inquire. But we doubt whether the 100,000 people were healthier, wiser, or happier than their fathers; and, as they have been unable to perpetuate the supposed benefits they received, we are compelled to conclude that there was some fatal error in the management of their case. According to recent Catholic accounts,—

“Little but desolation is now to be seen where once the Jesuit's house and the Indian's cottage stood in peaceful prosperity, side by side. The public buildings have disappeared; the churches are all in ruins; the cottages have degenerated into native wigwams; briars and weeds everywhere complete the picture of decay; the population has dwindled from thousands to hundreds, and such as still remain have half resumed the indolence of the savage, and stand listless, desolate, and sad, at the doors of their poverty-stricken dwellings, while in ‘reductions’ (villages) which once could pay, without personal privation, though not without wholesome labour, a yearly tribute to the king, the superior of the missions can hardly find wherewithal to keep starvation from his people.”*

“The ultimate fact shows that the place inhabited by a people so helpless could have been no paradise in its best days, while its fate suggests the question whether the poor Indians might not have done as well formerly, and much better now, if they had been left to employ their own faculties in their own way—in hunting and dancing, fishing and fighting, leading a wild American life instead of a slavish European one. Leaving out the makeweight of salvation as against perdition, have the Paraguay Indians much to thank the Jesuits for?”

It is upon its missions, however, that the Catholic church has based its claims to the credit of practical success. It had every advantage in the days when the spiritual and temporal powers were united in the rulers of mankind. The resources of empires

* Miss Caddell's "Missions in Paraguay," p. 90.

were then devoted to missionary objects; and the organization which wrought such wonders in every other department was present in that. Zeal was allowed to rush forth to the crusade against idolatry, and obedience was sent in its train, to sow and water the new fields won to the church. They were supported by the whole force of Christendom. The nominal successes were in proportion to the means employed. St. Francis Xavier baptized, on an average, 329 souls a day for ten years! If millions were thus saved from everlasting fire, of course this was success; but what was the issue on earth of all this effort? The Romish priests induced the descendants of discoverers to remain as missionaries in the new territories; they addressed themselves to the conversion of kings and chiefs, that whole peoples might follow; and they used every opportunity to pour their new Romish wine into old heathen bottles, and to put the facings of their church upon the primitive garments of all the idolatries they encountered. Montesquieu indicates the advantage the Jesuits in Asia had in addressing the despotic rulers they met there, saying that they found it easier to convince princes that they could do everything, than the people that they could suffer everything—the latter achievement requiring indeed the united authority of the prince and appeals of the priest. To render the process easier, the old faith and the new were made as like each other as possible, with the results which have been witnessed from Xavier's days till ours. There was an old woman in Japan, in the first days of Jesuit missions, who found nothing so very difficult in the new religion. She had been accustomed to invoke the name of the god Armida 140,000 times in the course of twenty-four hours; and now it was only using the Virgin's name instead. At the present day, it is impossible to contemplate the revolutionary party in China, and the curious resemblances which the excellent Jesuits, MM. Huc and Gabet, have found in Buddhist countries, to Romish doctrine, discipline, and worship, and fail to see in them traces of the identification of the two religions, begun by the Christian party. This practice occasioned the great schism in the missionary enterprise which first showed the idolaters of Asia that Christians and authorities of the same church could quarrel; and at this day we find MM. Huc and Gabet ascribing to the devil the burlesque of their own church and its doings which they encounter in Thibet; English high-churchmen trying to make out that there is a foundation ~~body~~ laid for a Christian church in the heart of Buddhist and Confucian countries; and students of history producing evidences for belief, on the one hand, that human tendencies take form in parallel superstitions; and, on the other, that the Jesuits had been at work, two centuries ago, "changing the objects" of popular supersti-

tion, instead of elevating the minds and hearts from whence just thoughts and holy desires must proceed.

At one time the Jesuits boasted that they had millions of converts in China: MM. Huc and Gabet and the existing rebellion show what that amount of conversion was worth. The late emperor issued an edict against us and our trade on the ground that he owed it to his people to guard them against the contagion of a religion so depraving to morals as the Christian; and this is now the view of the Imperialists. The rebels, who profess to favour Christianity in their own remarkable fashion, say that they do it because the God of the Christians makes his favourites powerful in war and invulnerable at sea. Such is Christianity now in China, illustrated by the recent American and European policy of transporting coolies, under deceptive conditions, to be virtual slaves in guano and sugar islands, if not starved or suffocated by the way, and thrown into the sea. In Japan, the Jesuits once claimed half the population as converts. It was not long before they were excluded,—they, and their religion, and their civilization, and all civilization on their account; and the scaling up of that empire has continued to this day, to this hour; for it seems that the Americans are mistaken in imagining that they have obtained free access to the territory and trade of Japan. As for India, the Abbé Dubois acknowledged, after a quarter of a century of labour, that he had only made between two and three hundred converts; that two-thirds of these were Pariahs, and the rest outcasts of one sort or another; several of them having become Christians to obtain release from evil spirits, by whom they supposed themselves possessed. The relief failing, they relapsed into Paganism. No one convert became a Christian from disinterested motives; and those who remained so were the very worst, the Abbé declares, of all who had listened to his teachings. He adds that his brother missionaries in other parts of the country had succeeded no better. It was their failure which induced their successors to try the high-caste Brahmins and princes first; and the members of the Madura mission did this by declaring themselves Brahmins of a higher caste still, producing a parchment to show that the Jesuits were descended from Brahma himself. Surely Xavier did better than this in confessing, in his letters to Loyola, that the minds and manners of the people rendered their conversion impossible; and in surrendering the enterprise rather than conduct it by a series of lies. He left the country after nearly three years of fruitless efforts. His way was to show himself in the neighbourhood of settlements, and ring a bell to bring the people together. At first he fancied they heard him gladly, and especially the children, whom he drew to him, and instructed to impart to their parents what they heard

from him. He taught them creeds, prayers, and commandments, and left them under the care of catechists: but they all fell back, as might have been expected. Malabar seems to have been the only fruitful field; and that was because the Portuguese owned the territory, and afforded facilities for the establishment of the inquisition at Goa. So much for Asia.

As for Africa,—the resort to the kings in the first instance did not answer well there. Not long after Vasco de Gama rounded the Cape, the missionaries of Rome were seen in Abyssinia, where they converted the monarch. The people and some of their chiefs, however, were obstinate in their old faith; and a civil war of above a century long was the consequence. When the war was over, the Jesuits proposed to help the kings to govern; and their interference with secular affairs undid the whole effect of their religious action,—small as that was in the way of conversion. Christianity was disgraced and banished, and every priest was martyred, except the very few who found means to abscond. In Congo, some Dominican missionaries presently obtained some footing, which was improved by a series of Franciscans; but the Portuguese traders who followed them into the country brought discredit on the Christian name by their profligacy. Such is the reason assigned by the priests for their failures. Judging by the experience of other countries, the allegation may be true enough; but there is another side to the story, according to which the missionaries were pretty nearly as ignorant and superstitious as the people they went to teach. Fourteen Capuchins at once went, in the same vessel, in 1634, to visit the Queen of Matamba, on the recommendation of the Portuguese at Angola. Their own accounts of their views and proceedings, as cited in Murray's "History of Discoveries in Africa," convict them more unquestionably of ignorance and folly than the statements of any enemy could do. They were evidently chosen, not for their sense and self-possession, but for their excitableness under the name of zeal, and their credulity under the name of faith. They began with believing that every drop of white blood must be drawn from their bodies before they could live in Africa; and one of them reports his having been bled ninety-seven times. The perseverance with which they go on, glorying in conversions which they have to bemoan afterwards as hoaxes, is really astonishing. Their belief in the magic of the heathens, and in the miracles wrought by their own cross, is simply a sign of their time; but in other respects their reports manifest none of the sagacity which is often found curiously amalgamated with the most unreasoning missionary zeal. The tricks with which they boast of terrifying the heathen,—smearing the Virgin with blood, to make the people fancy her heart was broken at their

idolatry, and so forth,—are related with a glee which makes it anything but a wonder that the work of such hands should have left no surviving trace. All the fourteen Capuchins were worn down into a fever with the labour of baptizing the converts who flocked to them: but when they complained of the people's neglect of the ordinances which should follow baptism, or when their requisitions were inconvenient, the negroes betook themselves to their idol-groves, turn and turn about with Christian observances. To negroes, the missionaries did not scruple using the whip, and especially to the women, who could not retaliate in kind. The ladies, however, found their own modes of revenge. A princess was once flogged for having appeared in a procession at the heels of an idol; and she declared herself a convert at once, by the argument of the lash: but somehow, the holy fathers found the ladies of the court thenceforth always in their way. Above all, they could never sit under their own eaves, nor enjoy the beauties of their garden; for the court ladies were always bathing in primitive style in the stream just opposite. That matter ended in their building a high wall, which deprived them of the landscape. When they were on their travels, women were for ever coming, in bathing simplicity, to ask for baptism; and they amused themselves by throwing on the priest the embarrassment of finding clothing for them. Others howled all night so that the holy men could get no sleep; while the common joke of men, women, and children was to announce, as often as possible in every journey, that wild beasts were coming, to induce the priests to exhibit themselves as a gymnastic spectacle, scrambling up trees in their black cloaks, with horror in their faces. That might have been good fun on the one side, and holy martyrdom on the other, in its day. But it is all over and gone, like other artificial phases of manners. Not a trace is left in those regions now of the Portuguese or their faith. In Africa as in Asia, it was all failure in the long run.

That it was the same in America, except in the case of Paraguay, already dealt with, can be no wonder, considering how conversion was set about there. The priests themselves are our informants about this; and, rather than leave us in ignorance of the number of souls they freed from the pit, they tell us how they managed to save such a multitude. The holy men who laid on the whip so effectually in Congo, boasted of 100,000 converts. In the first-discovered lands of the New World, "the people were driven to baptism as beasts to the water," the missionaries relate. The figure insinuates a notion of unwillingness on the part of those rescued from Satan; and Oviedo says of the Indians in Cuba, that "there was scarcely any one, or but extremely few, that willingly became Christians." At best, they wished only

for a new name in baptism; and they soon forgot that. We all remember the pathetic story of the West Indian cacique, who, at the stake, refused life, temporal or eternal, at the price of conversion—asking where he should go to live so happily. He was told—in heaven; and then he at once refused, on the ground that the whites would be there; and he had rather live anywhere or nowhere than dwell with such people as he had found the white Christians to be. The reason why the least unsuccessful of Romish missionaries retired far into Paraguay was, that the natives were everywhere perishing before the raising of the Cross in the western world. The Cross was carried by priests, it is true; but they were escorted by men driven on by lust of territory, of gold, or, at best, of glory: the seed would not grow in ground watered with blood, and sweat, and tears. And if the fathers in Paraguay could not keep their own fenced garden from lapsing into desert, it is no wonder that all was presently barren elsewhere.

From point to point of the vast missionary field of our day, Catholic and Protestant meet, face to face; and the spectacle is very instructive, if not agreeable. Where both parties hold the original doctrine of damnation outside the pale of their own church, the rivalry is naturally fearful; and the effect of their visible hostility is, of course, injurious in the highest degree to their cause. The heathen are sharp observers of the doings of intruders; and their inevitable comment on what they see is "See how these Christians hate one another!" More experienced observers are not surprised at the renewal of the old battle on new ground; but, as it is so very old, and always and everywhere so like itself, they take more interest in comparing the former missionary spirit in the Catholic Church with the present, and the present missionary spirit in Catholics and Protestants, than in attending to their jealousies and antagonism. In some respects, the spirit of the proselyting priests has improved within two or three centuries. The vainglorious desire for martyrdom seems rather to have passed over to the Protestants, whose imaginations have been fed by the early reading of Fox (a martyrdom in itself), and of missionary adventure among savages. In Kirby and Spence's "Entomology," there is, if we remember rightly, an anecdote of a missionary who went into the South American forests, prepared to be burnt alive or cut to pieces by inches, and believing to the last that he could have endured this with no great difficulty, but his martyrdom was of a different kind, and he found it required all his patience and faith: he was so plagued by mosquitoes that his legs had become of a permanent deep purple. In Mr. F. W. Newman's recently published "Missionary Letters," we find that the elderly lady of the party [Vol. LXVI. No. OXXIX.]—New Series, Vol. X. No. 1. C

partook of an analogous experience, though of a milder sort. This elderly lady (who ought to have been quiet at home instead of burdening her party to carry her to Bagdad) had to do in Syria as the Syrians do, in travelling. "Ach, Edward," exclaimed she to her son, "I expected they would persecute and murder us, but I never thought to ride across a mule." Thus, in the churches and chapels of Christian countries, the devotees work themselves up to the pitch of martyrdom by heathens, but when a mosquito is "the instrument," as they would say, or when, worse still, they suffer by the consequences of inexcusable ignorance on their own part, the trial is no slight one, and may serve as a test of the spirit of the enterprise. "Old Mrs. C." ought to have known how she must ride from Latakia to Aleppo, if she mounted at all. A far worse misfortune followed, which was occasioned by a yet more unaccountable ignorance. "Mrs. C. and the child (an infant grandchild) were pelted with stones, Mr. Newman tells us, "because we had covered their *mohuffs* (pannier conveyance) with green cotton (over a head like a tent-bedstead), to soften the sunlight. But the green colour touched Moslem sentiment, it seems. Christians may not wear green turbans. When it appeared that it was an old woman and an infant, they left off throwing. The green cotton had been torn off, and the frames broken; but only a few bruises were suffered."*

Who could conceive of a party of educated people, so lately as 1832, going to Aleppo to learn that "Christians must not wear green turbans," and that green "touches Moslem sentiment, it seems"! Elsewhere, the writer expresses his natural recoil against dying on the road in a brawl about pasties, and yet the whole party were doing such foolish and ignorant things every day, that it was a wonder they ever returned alive. One of them, from pious considerations, cut an amulet off his horse's neck with a penknife, against the vehement entreaties of his attendants. The horse presently fell down an area, and out open its whole side. The comment is, "This deserves meditation." and these teachers of the heathen find that, besides needlessly outraging people's feelings, they have confirmed the particular superstition past rooting out. Almost all their troubles were occasioned by their own unfitness for their work. Every one of them would no doubt have borne unflinchingly being skinned or roasted; but they admit that they find the troubles of the road in Syria a sufficient strain on their powers of endurance. One of the party was nearly stoned to death; but it was not as a consequence of his Christian preaching, but of a complication of imprudences. The results in Thibet, MM. Hue and Gabet, manifest the best

* Newman's "Personal Narrative," Letter III.

temper we know of in Eastern missionary enterprise. There is no sanctimoniousness about them—no vainglory about courage and devotedness; while they had their wits about them when they could act at all, and the gayest and drollest patients when they could only suffer. They tell us frankly how they quaked, and perspired, and shuddered, in circumstances of danger and horror; and yet there is no reader who would not answer for them as a couple of the bravest fellows that ever took their chance in outlandish countries. Their shrewdness and collectedness testify to their true courage, no less than their irrepressible spirit of fun. They offer a charming contrast to the brethren who, of old, went about seeking martyrdom, in their low and selfish longing for glory and a crown. This morbid appetite is not extinct among Catholics yet, as we see by Miss Caddell's account of the mission in Japan, where the horrors of torture and mutilation are gloated over to set off the biographical sketches, in a taste which would have delighted St. Theresa. We will not sicken our readers with such details at any length; but there are contrasting anecdotes about Christian children in Japan and Christian missionaries in Tahiti, which appear to us such admirable illustrations of the two extremes of the missionary spirit, that we cannot resist citing them. The date of the Japan anecdote was that of the extinction of Christianity in Japan in 1648; and that of Tahiti was when the early enthusiasm of the missionaries had given place to a keen relish for ease and safety, in the finest climate and country in the world. The Japan Christians were driven into pits of fire, or starved in caverns; the Tahiti Christians were living in handsome dwellings of coral rock, amidst groves and lawns,—closing the luxurious day with singing hymns about endurance from the heathen for the Gospel's sake.

A Christian convert in Japan had seen all his family murdered except the younger children.

“Which shall I begin with?” asked the executioner, as he approached the two youngest of Paul's children, for the purpose of chopping off their fingers. “That is your affair, not mine,” the old Christian answered, bluntly—probably to conceal a softer feeling. “Out off which, and as many as you please.”

“And O!” sighed the little Ignatius, as, in the spirit of the brave man, his father, he watched his brother's fingers falling joint by joint beneath the knife of the executioner, “how beautiful your hand looks, my brother, thus mutilated for the sake of Jesus Christ; and how I long for my own turn to come!” The child, who made this exclamation was but five years old; yet, without shedding a tear, he afterwards endured a similarly protracted amputation, and then, calmly and unresistingly, suffered himself to be cast into the ocean.

That was one extreme: here is the other. Mr. Herman Melville, now son-in-law of Chief Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts (the judge who established in "Med's Case" there the law established by Lord Mansfield in *Sommerset's* here), was in Tahiti in 1813 in sailor's costume, after a whaling voyage. He naturally longed for a little feminine society, but had no "dress coat and beaver" in which to present himself. For our part, we should not have dreamed of the servants of the heathen in the Gospel having any scruples of that genteel sort, or any dread of any person they might meet. However, Mr. Melville, who saw their dwellings, and themselves at church, was under a different impression, which proved to be even more right than he had supposed.

"One evening, passing the verandah of a missionary's dwelling, the dame his wife, and a pretty blond young girl with ringlets, were sitting there, enjoying the sea breeze, then coming in, all cool and refreshing, from the spray of the reef. As I approached, the old lady peered hard at me, and her very cap seemed to convey a prim rebuke. The blue English eyes by her side were also bent on me. But, O Heavens! what a glance to receive from such a beautiful creature! As for the mob cap, not a fig did I care for it: but, to be taken for anything but a cavalier by the ringletted one was absolutely unendurable. I resolved on a courteous salute—to show my good breeding, if nothing more. But, happening to wear a sort of turban—hereafter to be particularly alluded to,—there was no taking it off and putting it on again with anything like dignity. At any rate, then, here goes a bow. But another difficulty presented itself: my loose frock was so voluminous, that I doubted whether any spinal curvature would be perceptible.

"Good evening, ladies," exclaimed I, at last, advancing winningly. 'A delightful air from the sea, ladies.'

"Hysterics and hartshorn! who would have thought it? The young lady screamed, and the old one came near fainting. As for myself, I retreated in double-quick time, and scarcely drew breath until safely housed in the Calabooza."*

MM. Huc and Gabet, half-way between these extremes of cowardice and morbid love of horrors, suit our taste exactly. We fear they can have left little fruit behind them; but nothing can be better than the temper in which they went forth to sow the seed.

Where the case of the missionary becomes compounded by his meeting with Christian as well as heathen antagonism, the whole beauty of the enterprise vanishes. Careless and romantic people, who think well of all missions as long as a handful of Christians are proposing to convert a nation of heathens, are yet unable to look with any satisfaction on the encounter of opposing missionaries on the same spot. If the following is a specimen of the

* "Omoo," p. 166.

closing scenes of Catholic missions (and Catholics can hardly go anywhere now without finding the ground pre-occupied by Protestants), it is a melancholy decline since the days of the Xaviers and Vieyras.

In order to save souls, as of old, the Romanists made repeated ineffectual attempts to plant a mission in Tahiti, which seemed, otherwise, to be under the doom of Protestantism.

"But," says Mr. Melville (*Omoo*, p. 124), "invariably treated with contumely, they sometimes met with open violence; and in every case those directly concerned in the enterprise were ultimately forced to depart. In one instance, two priests, Laval and Caset, after enduring a series of persecutions, were set upon by the natives, maltreated, and finally carried aboard a small trading schooner, which eventually put them ashore at Wallis Island,—a savage place, some two thousand miles to the westward. Now, that the resident English missionaries authorised the banishment of these priests is a fact undenied by themselves. I was also repeatedly informed that by their inflammatory harangues they instigated the riots which preceded the sailing of the schooner. At all events, it is certain that their unbounded influence with the natives would easily have enabled them to prevent everything that took place on this occasion, had they felt so inclined."

The consequences were, the French expedition to Tahiti, and of course the reintroduction of Romish priests. Mr. Melville and his sailor-comrades received from the Protestant missionaries the single notice of a parcel of pious tracts. The Frenchmen called, and gained the advantage of their civility, in a chance of converting the merry whalers. "They were little dried-up Frenchmen, in long straight gowns of black cloth, and unsightly three-cornered hats, so preposterously big that, in putting them on, the reverend fathers seemed extinguishing themselves." "They looked sanctimonious enough abroad; but that went for nothing, since, at home in their retreat, they were a couple of Friar Tucks, holding priestly wassail over many a cup of good red brandy, and rising late in the morning." The Protestant missionaries allowed the natives to believe that these priests were necromancers; and the natives were for ever peeping in at the open sides of the Romish chapel at the spells and apparatus of magic—the altar, the crucifix, and the censers,—and listening with dread to the incantation of the mass. The one fine road—the Broom-road, the loveliest promenade in the world, made under the orders of the missionaries, for their convenience in visiting their stations,—must witness occasional meetings between the rival Christian teachers. Among those grassy glens, palm groves, forest-covered hills, and leaping streams, the spirit of hatred burns as fiercely as, in the cells of the Inquisition. "On a fine evening—but all are fine evenings there,—you see a bevy of silk bonnets and

parasols passing along the Broom-road: perhaps a band of pale little white urchins—sickly exotics,—and oftener still, sedate elderly gentlemen, with canes, at whose appearance the natives here and there slink into their huts. These are the missionaries, their wives and children, taking a family airing." Approaching may be seen, peeping from their preposterous hats, "like a couple of snails, the two little Frenchmen." If any natives have ventured to abide the approach of the missionaries, they see the scowl on the brows of the rival professors of the religion of peace. On the Sunday, they hear something like this,—for there seems to be a general resemblance between the sermons preached from Sunday to Sunday,—none of them requiring any strenuous intellectual exercise, though all the force of passion and prejudice goes into denunciations of the Wee-wees (the French):—

"Wicked priests here: and wicked idols in women's clothes, and brass chains. Good friends, no you speak or look at them—but I know you want: they belong to a set of robbers—the wicked Wee-wees. . . . Good friends, this small island, but very wicked, and very poor: these two go together. Why Beretanee (Britain) so great? Because that island good island, and send *mickonaree* to poor Kannaka (Polynesian). In Beretanee, every man rich: plenty things to buy, and plenty things to sell. Houses bigger than Pomare's, and more grand. . . . Good friends, little to eat left at my house. Schooner from Sydney no bring bag of flour; and Kannaka no bring fig and fruit enough. Mickonaree do great deal for Kannaka: Kannaka do little for Mickonaree. So, good friends, weave plenty of cocoa-nut baskets, fill 'em, and bring 'em to-morrow."*

And is it so? The people, themselves scantily fed, and growing more hungry year by year in their cabins, must carry their meat and fruit to the grand house with the verandah and lawn, and make roads and build houses, with the Gospel, as above, for wages! This is the successful side,—of those who secure the ground first. And, for the Catholic phase, the idle priests, destitute of disciples, have their bamboo chapel to themselves, and obtain intercourse only by bribes of brandy, with Protestant spies peeping in at the midnight carouse! Is this the issue of the system instituted by the Xaviers and Vicyras, and occupying the complete organization of the most proselyting church in the world? Counting each baptism as a soul saved, the Catholics may consider their missions successful: but from every other point of view, what can be more complete than the failure? No civilization, no enlightenment,—not even superficial success and external prosperity to show for centuries of missionary effort and sacrifice!

• If such is the result in the Catholic case, which comprehends

all conceivable advantages, the completest organization in the world, the sanction of kings, the wealth of empires, and the facilities arising from unity of doctrines, what could be hoped from Protestant missions, in which all these aids are wanting? Missionaries of different sects are more apt to denounce than to aid each other; and the individuals who go forth are not appointed under any extensive organization, but represent sectional opinions and sympathies, and are sustained by voluntary contributions. What success we hear of is of the Catholic sort,—souls saved by baptism (for we shall see presently what the amount of success in a wider view really is); and yet there has recently appeared a book in which the failure of missions is attributed by an earnest divine to the very doctrine of eternal punishment which alone furnishes to missions their plea of success. The Rev. Edward White, in his "Theory of Missions," reprobates the horrible conception of hell as unscriptural, and causing a vast amount of infidelity; and he recommends, as a fair medium between that dogma and the doctrine of Universal Restoration, his view of the annihilation of the wicked. One section of his tract is this:—

"III. Another benefit arising from the adoption of the Scripture doctrine here advocated is, that it places the MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE in the light of the glory of God before the churches at home and the heathen abroad. I would ask of any frequenter of our 'May meetings' whether the aspect of the Exeter Hall assemblages is one which betokens a very earnest belief in the *everlasting suffering* of the Barbarians of Asia, Africa, and America. The pious persons thus gathered are among the flower of the churches. They believe, as strongly as they are able, in what they profess; but the doctrine is incredible, and therefore produces but small impression, in proportion to the general earnestness of the believers. I have the authority of missionaries for affirming that some of our best evangelists, living in personal contact for years with the Pagan millions, are driven almost to despair and paralysis of heart by the pressure of the doctrines which they have been sent out to proclaim. This has been repeatedly admitted to me by some whose names are honoured far as they are known. Now, let the churches of Christ embrace the doctrine of *life in Jesus Christ alone*, and of graduated punishment; let the missionaries carry it abroad—the doctrine that the Gospel is the literal word of *life* and immortality to literally dying men, and it is impossible not to anticipate at least the arising of a more joyous zeal at home, and a more welcome reception of the message in foreign lands. The annual reports of our societies do not conceal the fact that at present scarcely anything has been done by modern Christianity for the overthrow of the great Paganisms of the East. There are scattered bands of converts; but China and India, with their 500,000,000 of mankind, are heathen, obstinately heathen, still."—p. 73.

Sparing our readers the melancholy list of failures and infinitesimal successes—the “one convert” in five years, in ten, in twenty, or the falling back of a dozen or a score, or of a whole island population, like that of which we are told by the martyr of Errömanga, Mr. Williams, when the people assembled, and solemnly re-established their Paganism, we will at once confront the case put forward by the missionary world as their *chef-d'œuvre*,—that of the Pacific Islands, and Tahiti in particular. It is between seventy and eighty years since the Polynesian missionary movement began, the reading of “Cook’s Voyages” having fixed the attention of pious men on that field. The subject was brought under Lady Huntingdon’s notice in 1787; and two missionaries approved by her would have been sent out, but that they could not obtain episcopal ordination. In 1796, twenty-nine missionaries went out in the *Duff*, and most of them settled in Tahiti, a few dispersing themselves to the Friendly Islands and the Marquesas. It is now therefore sixty years since that attack was made on the superstition of the heathen which is put forward as the most successful. An entire generation of the islanders and the youth of another have grown up in the presence of Christianity; and for a whole generation the old faith is considered to have been uprooted. Twenty-five Christians were immediately established in comfort and abundance; they went to work at once, and their successors have been overseers of that work to this hour. Commander Wilkes, of the United States Exploring Expedition, was surprised to find in 1839 that there was scarcely a native, even of the elderly generation, who could not read and write. To a careless eye, no trace of Paganism was apparent. The Sunday was observed with a strictness worthy of New England; yet the missionaries complained to Commander Wilkes that it was difficult to meet with a case of sincere piety. In 1840, when the American visitors were present at a religious service—a missionary who had lived forty years in the island being in the pulpit—there was a fray among the natives present which threatened to deluge the church with blood, and compelled the ladies and children of the mission to fly. The queen and her consort both drank outrageously, and were not seldom seen boxing one another’s ears, and grappling and growling in the dust, like fighting-dogs. The good Quaker Wheeler, who went out in a ship of his own to ascertain the real state of things in the South Sea Islands, said of Tahiti in 1834, after a long and careful investigation of its state, “Certainly, appearances are unpromising; and, however unwilling to adopt such a conclusion, there is reason to apprehend that Christian principle is a great rarity.” Since that time, the difficulties with the French have wrought to lessen the church gatherings, and

empty the schools. The people have the Bible in their own tongue, and they turn over its pages in a listless sort of way. Their old notion of the *taboo* is concentrated upon the Sunday; so that Sabbatarian observances are genuine; yet their spiritual state is one so painful and disagreeable that, as it must be indicated, we would rather do it by an extract than in language of our own, observing that the missionaries themselves, while the most superficially-informed people in the island as to the real condition of its morals, mournfully admit that the great problem, which they have hitherto failed to solve is bringing the new faith to bear on the purification of works. They take care that their children shall not learn one word of the native language; they permit no intercourse between their families and the inhabitants; and, when a playground is wanted for the European pupils of a school, a wall of great height is built all round it—a curious illustration, however necessary, of the equal brotherhood of men theoretically introduced by Christianity!

But to our extract, which illustrates the native view of what the profession of Christianity includes. Mr. Herman Melville and the doctor of a whaler were desirous of ascertaining what the converts understood by becoming Christians, when the opportunity occurred in the course of a visit to an old servant or messenger of Queen Pomare, a widower with three daughters, all communicants:—

“We dropped in one evening, and found the ladies at home. My long friend engaged his favourites, the two younger girls, at the game of ‘how,’ or hunting a stone under three piles of tappa. As for myself, I lounged on a mat with Ideea, the eldest, dallying with her grass fan, and improving my knowledge of Tahitian. The occasion was well adapted to my purpose, and I began—

“‘Ah, Ideea, mickonaree ooe?’ the same as drawing out, ‘By the by, Miss Ideea, do you belong to the Church?’ ‘Yes, me mickonaree,’ was the reply. But the assertion was at once qualified by certain reservations so curious that I cannot forbear their relation. ‘Mickonaree *ena*’ (church member *here*), exclaimed she, laying her hand upon her mouth, and a strong emphasis on the adverb. In the same way, and with similar exclamations, she touched her eyes and hands. This done, her whole air changed in an instant; and she gave me to understand, by unmistakable gestures, that in certain other respects she was not exactly a ‘mickonaree.’ In short, Ideea was (as Pope gives it)—

* A sad good Christian at the heart,
A very heathen in the carnal part.

“The explanation terminated in a burst of laughter, in which all three sisters joined; and, for fear of looking silly, the doctor and myself. As soon as good breeding would permit, we took leave.”*

* “Omoo,” p. 177.

In church, indifference is the most obvious state of mind in the congregation; so that one understands why it is sometimes necessary to send men out into the highways with ratans, to drive the people into the church, in the way which so keenly disgusted the excellent Daniel Wheeler. What is overheard among the gossips on the benches is censorious remark on their neighbour's dress or behaviour; and then they sit down to their "Eucharist feast of bread-fruit," keep the rest of the Sabbath wholly idle, and, as soon as it expires, plunge into week-day practices such as well-nigh paralyze the heart and tongue of the true missionary. We need not add that this method of reception of Christianity is not to be supposed universal; but we find the missionaries owning that it is a rare thing to find a sincere Christian among their converts; and we observe that voyagers, who go a second time to the islands inhabited by missionaries, are usually found to retract their praises of the religious bearing of the people. Commander Wilkes, for one, admits certain conditions of Tahitian life, especially in the palace, "which were little dreamed of in our former visit." In Captain Beechey's "Narrative" of his Pacific voyage in 1831, we find a protest against the *couleur de rose* statements of Mr. Ellis, the missionary, in his "Polynesian Researches," and a declaration that he, who saw the people as they were, and not behind the decorous veil of superstition or hypocrisy, witnessed scenes "which must have convinced the greatest sceptic of the thoroughly immoral condition of the people."—Vol. i. p. 287.

To this it must be added, that the poor creatures have lost some of the best virtues that they had. Christian missionaries go forth in a spirit of complacency which to the philosopher appears really mournful. The one supposition on which missionaries proceed is, that the heathen are in a wholly lost and damnable state. It never occurs to them that there are things in heathen morals and manners which might edify Christian missionaries; as, for instance, the brotherly love and social harmony which exist before missionaries appear to awaken thought and create opinion, and then take flight for ever.

Enormous evils undoubtedly coexist with this harmony—as a life of pleasure-seeking, of indolence, of ignorance, and other bad things; but, as far as it goes, the amiability and instinctive kindness and joyousness are a good, and any one who chooses to break in upon the old state of things is bound to take care that the society he takes in hand is left in at least as good a state as that in which he found it. If this test were applied, we fear it would be discovered that the well-meaning, but bigoted and conceited missionaries, have destroyed the old graces without introducing any virtues which can be relied upon; just as all

missionaries go to work to root out the faiths by which men have lived, and thrust upon them another which can never be as congenial to them. It does not seem to have occurred to any of these special friends of the heathen that there is a genuine religious faith at the root of the practice of cannibalism, and again of the suttee, and other Pagan observances. It might do them good to learn that, man being a supposed compound of body and spirit, and the gods having decreed that all things should return into their origin, it may be a pious observance, however rude, to eat captives, or other resplendent offerings to the gods. The gods imbibe and assimilate the spirit as a man dies; and it is supposed to be pleasing to them that body should, in an analogous way, be assimilated by body. In Ellis's "Polynesian Researches" this view is exhibited repeatedly and clearly. Our readers will probably remember the account in the eighteenth chapter of the first volume, of the native notion of death:—That the spirit is drawn out of the body as the sword out of the scabbard; and that it is conveyed to the region of Night, and there devoured by the gods, after being scraped with a shell by its deceased relations for the divine feast: and how, if it was not finished at once, but divided into three meals, it came forth immortal. The corresponding body, if eaten in a single meal, was altogether assimilated, like the spirit so devoured by the god; and the paramount qualities of the deceased were appropriated when his body was assimilated. In the eighth chapter of the second volume, the subject is resumed, so as to leave no doubt of the missionaries' view of cannibalism, though they have so little regarded in their own teachings the existence of any traditional principle at all. Mr. Ellis says—

"From the many favourable traits in their character, we have been unwilling to believe they had ever been cannibals: the conviction of our mistake has, however, been impressed by evidence so various and multiplied as to preclude uncertainty. Their mythology leads them to suppose that the spirits of the dead are eaten by the gods or demons, and that the spiritual part of their sacrifices is eaten by the spirit of the idol before whom it is presented. . . . In some of the islands 'Man-eater' was an epithet of the principal deities; and it was probably in connexion with this that the king, who often personated the god, appeared to eat the human eye (handed to him on a leaf, at the time of sacrifice). Part of some human victims were eaten by the priests."—Vol. ii. p. 221.

Thus might there be an idea and a belief at the bottom even of cannibalism.

By considerations of faith is the practice of the suttee sanctified to the Hindoos, as our readers may remember the English

public learned through an admirable article on Major Ludlow and his Indian reforms, in the "Quarterly Review" of September, 1851. Unlike Major Ludlow, the sectarian missionaries whom Exeter Hall sends forth pay no attention—much less respect—to observances which are no more the product of nothing than their own rites of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. The consequences of their method of merciless extirpation are seen, in religion, in such ineffectual conformity as the missionaries themselves lament; and in morals and social welfare, in such deterioration as we must briefly exhibit. The missionaries have cleared away from the field of their own vision the old sacrifices, garlands, and festivals, and have caused the old idols to be laid down as doorsteps, to be trampled on every hour; but they themselves admit, as we have said, that a sincere Christian is a great rarity, while some other modes of belief are becoming less scarce. The influence of the Romish mission in the Pacific Islands will probably appear by-and-by in something of the same form as now in China,—in a mongrel profession, bred of the new and the old ritual religions. Meantime, Paganism lurks in recesses of the mountains, and discreet visitors, who prove their dislike of the "mickonaree" doings altogether, may get a sight of it, under heavy pledges of secrecy; and it is not very long since a new sect arose which caused much anxiety, from the number of people whom it induced to believe in three separate gods—Jehovah, Jesus Christ, and the indigenous prophetess of a former century, Hapa, whom no doubt the Romish priests could easily transform into the Virgin. It is for the thousands at home who supply the funds of our missions to decide whether it is for Christianizing in this manner and to this degree that they contribute their money—from the pious banker, who announces from the chair in May the tens or hundreds with which he heads the subscription, to the maid-of-all-work, who hides her silver under copper at the door of the Methodist chapel.

When the statistics of proselytism exhibit failure too thorough to be disputed about, the missionary party take refuge in the plea of the good done by the spread of civilization. Some have a right to do this. It appears that the Moravians are distinguished from all other Christian sects by their success; and that their peculiarity consists in taking care of works in the first place, confident that Christian faith will follow when its preachers can assume the strong ground of beneficence and morality. There have been American missions of a character which the Protestant world elsewhere would do well to imitate,—missions both to Pagans and monotheists, which have done a world of good by rendering their pupils industrious and happy in the first place, as the best means of rendering them pious afterwards.

The late Sir Alexander Johnston, who abolished slavery and instituted trial by jury in Ceylon, bore the strongest testimony to the merits of the sensible, cheerful, and disinterested American missionaries in that island. They showed there what they could do with Pagans; and in Greece, Asia Minor, and Syria, they have proved among monotheists how superior their method is to that of teachers who begin with "essential doctrines" which must be mere gibberish to the unprepared popular mind of a different race. The difference lies in the teachers' belief or disbelief in the peril threatening the heathen and heretics. Of course, if men are saved by baptism and damned without it, there can be no time spared from baptizing; and thus the Catholics were swinging their bosoms, and orthodox Protestants driving the multitude in to Christian ordinances by the ratan, while teachers with cooler brains, and hearts more at peace, were helping their charge to dig and sow, to spin and weave, and store up means of comfort for themselves and one another. While this last order of scholars has at least preserved traces of the imported civilization, the former have, for the most part, lapsed into deeper corruption, and are in danger (according to the creed of their instructors) of being damned for their vices, if not for their idolatry. Having described what our missionary authorities parade every year as their chief success, we will append the latest case of what we should call failure, as indicating the difficulties of the enterprise. We have seen what a Romanist missionary had to say after twenty-five years of labour in India; and we know that our Protestant mission to New Zealand produced only one convert in the interval between 1814 and 1825. Here is the latest case within our knowledge, which tells of a period of seven years. The scene is Loo-Choo, where Captain Basil Hall's imagination was so curiously enchanted by some indigenous influence or other. It is probable that his report of the paradisiacal innocence and bliss of the inhabitants originated the very scheme which at present stands thus as to results:—

"The same evening," says Bayard Taylor in 1854, "a native boat came off, bringing Dr. Bettelheim, the sole European resident on the island. He was a missionary who had been placed there by a society of English naval officers who, about seven years ago, formed the design of Christianizing those parts, and selected the doctor as their first instrument. It was eighteen months since any vessel had touched at Napa; and the missionary came on board in a state of great excitement. He was received by the Commodore, and, after a stay of an hour, returned to the shore. . . . On my return to the vessel (after an exploration of the island), I called at the residence of Dr. Bettelheim, which was a very neat cottage, furnished him by the authorities of Loo-Choo, on a slope behind Capstan Rock. His family

consisted of his wife—a mild, amiable Englishwoman—and two children. The house was plain, but comfortable, and the view of the neighbouring rock enchanting; yet I could not but doubt whether anything can atone for such a complete removal from the world of civilised men. Even the zeal of the missionary must flag when it is exercised in vain. After seven years' labour, all the impression which Dr. Bettelheim appears to have produced upon the natives is expressed in their request, touching from its very earnestness—'Take this man away from among us!'"*

"Those who can conceive of a Confucian priest being turned out into the Isle of Man in like manner, or a zealous Mussulman in the Isle of Wight, trying to persuade everybody to see as he sees, and hope and fear exactly the same things as himself, and to do as people do in his climate and stage of civilization, may easily sympathize with both the Loo-Choo people and their uninvited visitor. Or, the actual spectacle of our own island of Achill, where a Pagan sort of Romanist peasantry gnash their teeth at once at the emissaries of "John Tuam," and at the Scripture readers sent by the Evangelicals, may serve very well as a specimen of missionary life and influence, in the South or any other sea. As for the results on human morals and happiness, we will recur to the great show case, put forth as the best.

In 1777, Captain Cook found 200,000 people inhabiting Tahiti. He declared his estimate to be rather under than over the mark. Those were the days of wars, human sacrifices, infanticide, and that ordinary recklessness of life which the missionaries profess to have, generally speaking, cured. Aged natives at that time remembered the high-priest Teearmour, who uttered the prophecy which the people caught up for its strangeness at first, and repeat now for its dread pathos. It is at this day sung in the depths of retreat, where the missionaries cannot overhear—

"A harree ta fow,
A toro ta farraro,
A now ta tararta."

"The palm-tree shall grow,
The coral shall spread,
But man shall cease."

A census taken just before the American Exploring Expedition was there, showed the indigenous population to be 9000. The missionaries called it 8000. In the Sandwich Islands, the decline of the population is such as history can scarcely parallel, and as every hearer at an Exeter Hall May meeting should be informed of. We are told, not only by native tradition, but by the early navigators of the Pacific, that there were once human abodes wherever there was good soil and water, and that the population of this group was not less than 400,000. Now it is

* "India, China, and Japan," by Bayard Taylor, pp. 366, 369.

under 65,000. Twenty-five years ago—within the period of strenuous missionary effort,—it was double this. If Tahiti had its ancient high-priest, with his doleful prophecy, the Sandwich Islands have their historian, with his equally mournful comment on his own times. “On account of the woful events which have happened, the kingdom is sick;—it is a skeleton, and near death. Yes,—the whole Hawaiian nation is near its end.” These facts may appear to need no comment: but it is of importance to ascertain what relation the presence of missionaries bears to the broad and clear fact of the unchecked depopulation of the islands in which they have settled. According to the missionaries themselves, an unbounded licentiousness prevailed before any European had set foot anywhere in the Pacific; and it continued after foreigners had begun to resort to the islands, and before the missionaries arrived. During the first period there were the wars and barbarous heathen customs which tend to depopulation, and a truly heathen licentiousness. During the second period, there was the addition of physical and moral mischiefs—diseases and intemperance,—which, acting upon the established licentiousness, might account for even such a depopulation as is recorded. But now, when the missionaries declare the people to be pure, in comparison with their former condition, and cured of their tendency to war, infanticide, and recklessness of life, the depopulation is found to have proceeded faster than ever,—even to the extent of half the total number in five-and-twenty years. The natives themselves charge the missionaries with no small portion of it; and a good many visitors are of the same opinion. The people say that the missionaries promised them life, but have brought them only death; and that it is not a future life that they want, but to live long where they are, and as happily as they used to do before all their customs were changed, and their pleasures taken away. There can be no question of the injurious effects upon health and life of the forcible change of habits imposed by the missionaries, nor of the fatal results of some of their over-legislation. Even the least important change of all—that of dress,—has rendered the people liable in a much increased degree to consumption and related maladies. Far worse is the effect of the suppression of the old sports and festivals. The people cannot receive hymn-singing and prayer-meetings as a substitute; and they relapse into an indolence and sensuality which leave nothing to be wondered at in the shortening of their lives. Of the deepening of the poverty of the poor with the growth of the aristocratic spirit under the missionaries, and of the deterioration of the health of whole settlements by a chronic hunger which their forefathers never knew, recent accounts from the most various quarters leave no

room to doubt. And when the dullness of their lives has aggravated their licentiousness, how do the missionaries deal with it? How do they treat the milder forms of licence which they have not succeeded in extirpating? They put upon tropical lovers the screw of puritanical laws too strict for Old England and New England two centuries ago. It is very well understood that infanticide is most frequent in societies where public shame awaits the unmarried mother, and that sensual vices are most gross where they are most harshly dealt with; and, as might be expected, the Pacific Islands are no exception to this rule. The girls of those islands are as proud of having white husbands (knowing them to be local husbands only) as the women of Cape Coast now, and the Indian women of the western hemisphere in the early days of its discovery: but the South Sea islanders, having learned the consequence of the appearance of half-caste children, resort to practices which render the decline of population no wonderful matter at all. Like the grim old Pilgrim Elders, the missionaries inflict imprisonment and public shame where young mothers are not married in their Church. If, in New England, such culprits suffered in heart-broken silence, or were hardened, or rendered hypocrites, the effect on a people whose ancestors practised infanticide as a duty, is easily conceivable. The children of the tropics suffer under the missionary method more bitterly than their childish hearts can bear. On the one hand, they are accessible to new temptations, and perpetuate frolics which their spiritual masters are the last to know of; and, on the other, they escape punishment by those very forms of crime which Exeter Hall orators hold up to public horror as the most monstrous features of heathenism. Under every imaginable incentive to abortion and infanticide, and to licentiousness aggravated by the necessity of secrecy, it is no wonder if depopulation advances, and if the natives consider the missionaries accountable for it. Commander Wilkes, whose prepossessions are all in favour of the missionaries, remarks on their unpardonable inattention to the physical welfare of their charge. After citing the extraordinary fact that there were no physicians in the settlements, he adds (vol. ii. p. 49), "This struck me as an instance of neglect in its managers; and I was surprised to hear that the London Society did not employ any medical men." Will not the subscribers to missions inquire how it is that, while the desolation of death creeps over the neighbourhood of settlements where missionaries flourish, no measures are taken for the most effectual treatment of disease? Under any methods whatever now, however, the case will apparently be solved by the elimination of the principal element—the disappearance of the people proposed to be saved.

It must be remembered, as we have said in another connexion, that each condition and mode of life has its own virtues—the savage among the rest. The natives of these islands have lost the virtues they were once known by,—their social harmony (arising from a course of instinctive, instead of thoughtful and opinionated life), their frankness and truthfulness, and their quiety of heart. Childish qualities these were, certainly; virtues sure to be superseded, sooner or later: but the question is all-important to these poor people, whether their old qualities shall be superseded by better or worse. The question is answered by facts in more ways than one; and especially by the depopulation of the region. The people were never very industrious. They are now fatally idle. Of old, there was food enough for the multitude of inhabitants seen by Captain Cook; now, whole districts, then fertile, have lapsed into mere wilderness; and the disciples who are taxed in fig, bread-fruit, and banana, for the use of the missionaries, have to go without themselves. The testimony to a large proportion of the people being actually underfed, is too strong to be questioned for a moment. That form of pauperism is perpetually on the increase,—the aristocracy, who are favoured by the missionaries, becoming more and more tyrannical in their requisitions on “the common people.” In former days, even the belles of the island—the prettiest daughters of the richest chiefs,—used to make tappa for clothing; and the sound of the tappa-hammer was perpetually heard. Now, Manchester cottons are worn as gowns and mantles, and the poke bonnet (the religious bonnet of England) has superseded other head-coverings: and the hands which made tappa and head-gear are idle. Tools and utensils are purchased from the ships by easy services, and the making of these has ceased. The culture of cotton was attempted, some years ago, and a factory was set up in Eimeo. The people were amused at first; but in a few months they would work no more, and the machinery was sent to Sydney. The sugar-cane was found to flourish; but native labour could not be depended on, nor, in a little while, obtained at all. Whatever is done, in the way of tillage or of the arts, is done by foreigners. The natives are what Friend Wheeler described them, when he said, “There is scarcely anything so striking or pitiable as their aimless, nerveless mode of spending life.” Quaker as he was, he would not have so judged if he had seen them in their best days, amidst their few employments and their vivacious amusements,—before they made themselves of a sad countenance, that they might stand well with the missionaries. Children’s lives may be aimless, but they are not nerveless; and neither were those of the Tahitians before the date of their spiritual conquest. Here are two testimonies. Mr. Melville says,—

“For what reasons necklaces and garlands of flowers among the women were also (in addition to the native costume generally) forbidden; I never could learn; but it is said they were associated in some way with a forgotten heathen observance. Many pleasant and seemingly innocent sports and pastimes are likewise interdicted. In old times there were several athletic games practised, such as wrestling, foot-racing, throwing the javelin, and archery. In all these they greatly excelled; and, for some, splendid festivals were instituted. Among their every-day amusements were dancing, tossing the football, kite-flying, flute-playing, and singing traditional ballads: now, all punishable offences, though most of them have been so long in disuse that they are nearly forgotten. In the same way, the ‘Opio,’ or festive harvest-home of the bread-fruit, has been suppressed; though as described to me by Captain Bob (a native) it seemed wholly free from any immoral tendency. Against tattooing, of any kind, there is a severe law.

“That this abolition of their national amusements and customs is not willingly acquiesced in, is shown in the frequent violation of many of the statutes inhibiting them, and especially in the frequency with which their ‘hevars,’ or dances, are practised in secret. Doubtless, in thus denationalizing the Tahitians, as it were, the missionaries were prompted by a sincere desire for good; but the effect has been lamentable. Supplied with no amusements in place of those forbidden, the Tahitians, who require more recreation than other people, have sunk into a listlessness, or indulge in sensualities, a hundred times more pernicious than all the games ever celebrated in the temple of Tance.”*

Commander Wilkes says,—

“Though much has been done for the improvement of the natives, still it appears evident that much more might have been done if the missionaries had not confined themselves so exclusively to teaching from the Scriptures. The natives, by all accounts, are extremely fond of story-telling; and marvellous tales of their ancestors and ancient gods are even now a source of amusement. The missionaries . . . would have succeeded sooner in eradicating the practice of reciting these legends, had they provided a substitute in works of fiction inculcating moral and religious lessons, or teaching useful knowledge. So also, while it was indispensable to put down those amusements which were the means or incentives to debauchery, this measure ought to have been accompanied by the introduction of innocent modes of recreation. For want of the first resource, much time is now spent in unmeaning gossip; and the necessity for the other is often shown in listless idleness.”†

After bearing at some length his testimony to the failure of “mickonaree” industry and notions of dress, Commander Wilkes adds, “Many of the missionaries now see these things in their true light, and informed me that they were endeavouring to pur-

* “Omoo,” p. 181.

† “Personal Narrative,” vol. ii. p. 14.

sue a more enlightened course? Have they informed their supporters and subscribers to the same effect? Was anything said at the last or any preceding May meeting,—and will anything be said at the next, about these mistakes and failures? It was a pretty strong confidence which led men forth to impose on a vast majority of mankind the dogmas and tastes of a very small minority; not to communicate proveable knowledge, it must be observed, but to impose dogmas, at the cost of eradicating beliefs, warring against all natural influences, local and moral, and thereby breaking the spring of the native character, and preparing a whole race for premature extinction. One would think that when the agents of such an operation found themselves more or less mistaken in their aims and methods, they would learn modesty in their office, and possibly sympathy with their perishing charge. But where are there evidences of this?

“The natives of both sexes,” says Commander Wilkes, “seem passionately fond of flowers; but the use of them in dress has been discouraged by their teachers, who have taught them that such vanities are unbecoming to Christians. I am at a loss to understand why so innocent a pleasure should not have been encouraged, rather than discountenanced. In conformity with this opinion, the absence of flowers around the missionaries’ dwellings is universal, and cannot fail to be remarked, in a climate where the plants most admired in their own country as exotics, are of almost spontaneous growth.”*

Alas! thus it is. Coulsuttle bonnets for the garland and palm-leaf! The Old Hundred for the national ballad! Levitical law for heroic tradition! A taboo-Sunday every week, and no harvest-home once a year! Idleness, breeding slander and dissoluteness, for the easy but willing occupation of former days! All distinctive character covered over with hypocrisy, and native prattle absorbed by cant! The palm-tree growing, the coral spreading, and man dwindling and perishing! If such are the best and choicest fruits of English Protestant missions, with what grace can Protestants scoff at Romish failures?

The natural question here arises—How we happen to have foreign missions still, if these are the results? This significant and comprehensive question could not be fully answered in smaller compass than a volume; but such reply as we can give in a few pages will be better than nothing, if it sets our readers at a point of view from which they may discover more for themselves.

The balance-sheet of the Foreign and Colonial Missions for 1855, exhibited at the May meetings and in the religious newspapers of this year, shows that the amount spent in this kind of

* “Personal Narrative,” vol. ii. p. 23.

charity is nearly half a million—in the precise figures 479,055*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.* This does not include the expenditure for translations of the Scriptures. The Church Society spent above 116,000*l.*, the Wesleyan above 111,000*l.* These are the largest amounts. The remaining fifteen descend from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 94,000*l.*, to the little Loo-Choo mission, the results of which we saw just now, and the cost of which is set down at 637*l.* That is the only item under a thousand pounds. The missionaries of the most lavish of these societies—the Church—are 160 in number, besides 29 native clergymen. Of teachers, there are 50 European, and 1,713 native. The communicants are 17,889, at 121 stations. At the other extremity of the scale, we find “One missionary at Loo-Choo is translating the Bible for Japan.” One is glad that the poor doctor has something to do, to relieve the forlorn compulsory idleness of his position. These figures will suffice to give an idea of the scale on which this form of charity is conducted,—a thing which it is desirable to do before inquiring why it is that so unprofitable a concern is upheld. The supporters of missions are, above all people, familiar with the instance of a certain fig-tree which, if it does not bear properly, is to be dug round about and dunged; and then, if it is still barren, is to be cut down. The supporters of missions would be as much surprised as other people to see a farmer set his mind on producing a certain crop, and no other, by a particular method, and no other, which yields nothing that can pay; or a nurseryman for ever making grafts, which would not unite with the stock. Supporters of missions, like other people, would look on with amazement if the farmer spent largely in expensive manures and management, to obtain half-a-dozen ears of wheat from a meadow always thick with grasses when treated according to its capacity; or on an orchard which produced a worse fruit than the native wild sort. Yet this is what they are doing; and there is no small interest, while there may be some use, in discovering why.

The phenomenon may be partly accounted for, in the first place, by the fact—(exceedingly clear to the impartial observer),—that the missionary schemes of our time are a sort of reflexion of the objects of the time, however little some of those objects may appear to have to do with missions. The most striking instance of this is, perhaps, the American mission to Liberia, Cape Palmas, and other stations held by the American Colonisation Society. After all that has been said in this “Review” about slavery in the United States, we need not waste any of our present space in explaining that slavery is the master difficulty of the Republic; and that it has determined all the conditions, and directed all the efforts of American policy for nearly half

a century past. It entered some astute head, thirty or forty years since, that it would ~~thus~~ relieve the embarrassments of slave-owners if they could ship off "hands" (with heads to them) which were too clever, or otherwise troublesome. If Africa could receive back her grandchildren (not children, as the slave-trade ceased, theoretically, in 1808), it might be represented as a benevolent scheme—even as a missionary scheme,—and thus obtain the support of the religious world in the Free States, and also in Europe. It was a clever sham: and a clever sham it remains, though it has never succeeded to any considerable extent. That it exists at all is owing to the many uses to which it can be turned. Is any slave-holder's conscience uneasy? his spiritual adviser shows him how he may make all right by his will. He had better not send his negroes to Liberia now, because it would inconvenience him, and it might draw attention to his private scruples: but he can, ordain by will that negro children, born after a certain date, shall be emancipated at five or eight-and-twenty, on condition of going to Liberia. Thus, he keeps his property on the estate for his own life, and perhaps his son's; certainly for as long as it is at all likely that slavery will exist in the State in which he lives: also, he bears such testimony against slavery as may ease his conscience, by thus prospectively washing his hands of it: also, he has an answer ready for any foreigner, or other simple-minded inquirer who may desire to know what will be the upshot of slavery in the United States; and above all, he can rid himself in the most convenient manner, winning a reputation for benevolence at the same time, of any negro who is above his place—who wants to learn to read, or shows his children the north star on winter nights. The Colonisation Society was not much heard of before Abolitionism arose in 1831; but Garrison's benevolent sympathies were caught by its professions, and he became a member. His sincere and upright mind soon discovered the cheat, and he exposed it. Hence his imprisonment for libel; hence his perception of his own particular mission; hence abolitionism in the United States. The Colonisation Society—always officered by slave-holders politically pledged to the "peculiar institution,"—sent over an agent to England in 1831—the notorious Eliot Cresson. He collected money from credulous quakers, and from not a few abolitionists who should have known better. According to the audience, the Liberia scheme was to plant civilisation in Africa, to open a trade in African products, to free American slaves, to evangelise the heathen, or to do other great and good things. The one unvarying practice was to slander Garrison, and the real abolitionists, in all accessible newspapers, and from all platforms. At that time Mr. Clay was vice-president of the

Society; and soon after he became president. He talked to all strangers suspected of anti-slavery tendencies, of the evils of slavery, and of the glorious means of escape afforded by the Society. If asked how many slaves had actually been freed since the foundation of the Society, the documents were never at hand. If plainly asked whether it was not true that if government took the entire expense, and devoted the whole American marine to the object, it would be impossible to dispose in this way of the more annual increase of the slaves, Mr. Clay took snuff, and vehemently admired some feature in the landscape, or some picture in the room. If asked whether he had emancipated his own slaves, he shrugged his shoulders, and said he thought he had better do so, for they almost ate him out of house and home. Yet, dying president of the Society, he made just the will we have described,—with a parade of manumitting slaves still in their cradles, or unborn, under stringent conditions of banishment, and with very good care to keep the property in the family for a longer period than, by his own confession, he believed slavery could possibly exist in Kentucky, the State in which his property lies. We observe that one of the missionary stations in the African colony of Monrovia is called after him and his estate,—Clay Ashlaud. During the long period of much talk and little result, it was difficult to learn what was really taking place in Monrovia. Everybody knows what unchecked missionary reports, which are one form of begging-letters, are worth; and it was only from passing voyagers that other information could be had. At one time it came out that the black or mulatto immigrants died off as fast as the whites; then, that the most flourishing business at Liberia was the blacksmith's, making shackles for the slavers touching at the coast; and again, that fearful wars were going forward between all manner of tribes,—the American blacks being victims, unless they lapsed into the savage state, which many of them did. The best of them—the too-clever slaves who had been shut down under hatches, and sent away from the American shores, escaped by the first opportunity, to Canada or the Northern States. At last—a few months ago,—a remarkable letter from a Liberian missionary found its way into print. The writer declared that he must risk all consequences—censure, dismissal, ruin in his career,—but he must speak the truth about the colony and the mission. Fearful was the truth he told; and fain would we cite the letter, if we could get hold of it again. Perhaps we may, sooner or later; but missionary authorities will not help us. The honest and grieving missionary showed, by the strength of his self-vindication for telling the truth, what compulsion he and his brethren were living under. He told of the selfishness of those in authority and prosperity, and of the

horrors of want and neglect suffered by the manumitted slaves. He told of lapse into barbarism, amidst all the talk of planting civilisation; and of the desperate feuds which bathed in blood the first footsteps of the religion of peace. Here is the other side, as offered to the pious in the States, who would do something for the slaves, but want to do only what is "safe;" those, in short, who, in the words of a true-hearted American clergyman, "take no heed to the people laid in their very bosom to be cherished and trained, but cast them out, trample them in the dust, and then shout out, 'From Greenland's icy mountains,'" &c. In a report of last year, we find the following appeal:—

"The influence of the Gospel upon them is gradually becoming perceptible; and there is reason to hope that at no distant day, multitudes will experience its transforming agency. But thus far only the faintest dawn of the approaching day is manifest. The day will assuredly come, and in its genial ray all Africa will bask. But oh, how much is demanded of God's people! What increase of fervent prayer! what enlarged contributions! what increasing numbers of consecrated labourers! before this blessed hour shall arrive! May God open the eyes of his people in America, to see that missionary work among the heathen is the great, the divinely-appointed, and divinely-sanctioned business of the Church! and that the prosperity of the Church, as of individual piety, will ever be in proportion to the fidelity with which this work is sustained. It is determined that I shall remain at Cavalla during the season of my acclimation, or until the Orphan Asylum shall be completed. I am then to remove to the Cape (Palmas), occupy a room in the Asylum, and devote my energies to the instruction of the native population on and about the Cape. There number about four thousand; and I am disposed to cry, in view of the work before me—What am I among so many? Oh that God would put it in the heart of some Christian brother in America to come and help me! I believe he will. With what depth of feeling do we, in our own closets and at the family altar, ask the glorious Lord of the harvest to send hither a host of consecrated and qualified labourers! They are imperatively demanded, to carry to a glorious consummation the work so well begun. Who will be the next to join our ranks? Let them come in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of peace, and verily their labour shall not be in vain in the Lord."*

Less has been heard of the Society and the Mission since ~~political~~ political affairs in the United States have taken that turn which shows that the whale is becoming too turbulent, and has come too close under the ship of the State to be diverted by any tub that could be thrown to it. While the Colonisation Society has been doing nothing, but in the way of obstruction, abolitionism has been doing what will free the Union. When that has happened,

* "Spirit of Missions, p. 554." United States, 1855.

no more will be heard of Liberia and Cape Palmas, in the way of Colonisation. Meantime, the mission to Liberia reminds us of another American mission described by a traveller of twenty years ago:—

“Mr. K.,” says Miss Martineau, in her ‘Retrospect of Western Travel,’ (vol. iii. p. 8), “a missionary among a tribe of Northern Indians, was wont to set some simple refreshment—fruit and cider—before his converts, when they came from a distance to see him. An old man who had no pretensions to be a Christian, desired much to be admitted to the refreshments, and proposed to some of his converted friends to accompany them on their next visit to the missionary. They told him he must be a Christian first.—What was that? He must know all about the Bible. When the time came, he declared himself prepared, and undertook the journey with them. When arrived, he seated himself opposite the missionary, wrapped in his blanket, and looking exceedingly serious. In answer to an inquiry from the missionary, he rolled up his eyes, and solemnly uttered the following words, with a pause between each,—‘Adam—Eve—Cain—Noah—Jeremiah—Beelzebub—Solomon—’

“‘What do you mean?’ asked the missionary,

“‘Solomon—Beelzebub—Noah’—

“‘Stop, stop! What do you mean?’

“‘I mean—cider.’”

Thus, if the slave-holders were only as honest as the old Indian, they would, if asked what they meant by their solemn talk at Liberia about Beelzebub, Cain, and the other worthies, answer by one word, and that word would be—slavery. In aid of slavery the mission was founded; for the sake of slavery it has been kept alive; and with slavery in America, its African offspring will disappear. We do not know a more striking instance of the direction of a temporary social perturbation into a missionary channel; but there are others.

In the West India struggle, the missionaries were on the other side. It is a rule, in the case of Protestant missions, as necessarily in the original Catholic experiment, that missionaries are found on the strong and victorious political side. This is one of the reasons of our confident anticipation that the Monrovia and Cape Palmas Mission, already so weak at the end of a quarter of a century, will sink altogether. It lived by the preponderance of a pro-slavery policy at home; and the reversal of that policy will extinguish it, in spite of all such appeals as we have cited above. In a converse way, the missionaries in Barbadoes, Demerara, and Jamaica, thirty years ago, were persecuted by the slave-holders; but they were on the strong side,—with not only true principle and sentiment in their favour, but the British government and public opinion at home. The West India missions, when Brother Shrewsbury had to fly for his life

from Barbadoes, and Brother Smith was tried under martial law in Demerara, and the planters and the "sectaries" called heaven and earth to witness against each other, were a mirror of the chief social conflict and tendency of the time. In the American case, the mission is on the conservative, and in the British it was on the reforming side,—the missionaries sincerely believing in both, that their single aim is the salvation of the negro.

In a third instance, that of the Polynesian Islands, the British and Americans found a third party, the French, beginning to haunt their ground. The missionary history of these peoples since 1810 has become a chapter of national history. The American constitution does not recognise colonisation as a function of a federal republic; and the answer always given to hints about the territorial ambition of the American people is that there is nothing to fear, because the Republic can have no colonies. In lieu of planting colonies, she accomplishes annexations; and, more innocently and respectably, establishes a commercial connexion wherever she can obtain access. Her citizens are found fngering cotton in the very centre of Africa, by our scientific travellers who had supposed themselves the first civilized explorers. Americans have crept up into Central Asia through Beloochistan, while we supposed ourselves in possession of the only route; and it will come out some day how much lambswool, tortoiseshell, and other Thibetian produce they have carried across our very path, just outside our own frontier, while we were watching the Affghans. They have been fraternizing with the Russians, from Vancouver's Island to Behring's Straits, while our ships were playing bo-peep with our enemy among the bays and islands of the northern Pacific; and whenever we come to negotiate for commerce between our American ports on the Pacific and our Russian neighbours, we shall find that our Yankee friend has stepped across our path there too, and made a good bargain before we were ready. In Japan, and other improbable and even impossible places, the American merchant-ships turn up as surely as Russian forts; while elsewhere, wherever "merchants most do congregate," the American super-cargo is first on the ground. In missions we find these tendencies reflected; and a Bingham is exactly the representative we should look for on the very spot on which he was found. That spot was the Sandwich Islands, where the zealous missionary dexterously gathered up the reins of government into his own hand,—even to the point of compelling the king to send to the American consul to beg a little bread. This is literally true, as avouched by Beechey in a published letter of that date. "The efforts of a few zealous missionaries," says Beechey, "are tending, as fast as possible, to lay waste the whole country, and plunge the

inhabitants into civil war and bloodshed. Thousands of acres of land that before produced the finest crops, are now sandy plains. Provisions are so extremely scarce, that not long since, the king sent to beg a little bread of the American consul: the fishery is almost deserted, and nothing flourishes but the missionary school." At this school, and from the pulpit, the people were taught to "take no thought for the morrow," and to expect to be clothed like the lilies and fed by ravens; and moreover, that all men were created free and equal; so that they indulged their natural indolence, refused to work for their chiefs whom they had learned to look down upon, and made Bingham virtually their autocrat. While the islands were becoming objects of rivalry among the Western Powers, France was pretty sure to thrust herself in; and her tendency also was expressed by a mission. Pious members of the then reigning family in France became uneasy about the souls of the islanders; and priests were sent to the very places where the British and the Americans had most converts. Once more were Christian missions and politics so mingled, that the one became the expression of the other. Admiral Du Petit Thouars landed his priests and his guns at the same time; and while his missionaries unfurled the banner of salvation in Tahiti, he demanded the lowering of the British flag. It was one sign of the time that the leading English missionary there had for some months assumed a secular function. Mr. Pritchard had become British consul, and his abduction, in assertion of French honour, took place in that capacity. How missionary ladies became diplomatists at a moment's notice, proving how easily convertible the two functions really are, the following anecdote shows:—

"In the grounds of the famous missionary consul, Pritchard, then sent in London, the consular flag of Britain waved as usual during the day, from a lofty staff planted within a few yards of the beach, and in full view of the frigate. One morning an officer, at the head of a party of men, presented himself at the verandah of Mr. Pritchard's house, and inquired in broken English for the lady, his wife. The matron soon made her appearance; and the polite Frenchman, making one of his best bows, and playing gracefully with the aiguillettes that danced upon his breast, proceeded in courteous accents to deliver his mission. 'The admiral desired the flag to be hauled down—hoped it would be perfectly agreeable—and his men stood ready to perform the duty.' 'Tell the pirate your master,' replied the spirited Englishwoman, pointing to the staff, 'that if he wishes to strike those colours, he must come and perform the act himself; I will suffer no one else to do it.' The lady then bowed haughtily, and withdrew into the house. As the discomfited officer slowly walked away, he looked up to the flag, and perceived that the cord by which it was elevated to its place, led from the top of the staff, across the lawn, to an open upper window

of the mansion, where sat the lady from whom he had just parted, tranquilly engaged in knitting. Was that flag hauled down? Mrs. Pritchard thinks not; and Rear-Admiral Du Petit Thouars is believed to be of the same opinion.*

The whole business ended, as everybody remembers, in a political settlement. The Sandwich Islands were going to ruin under Bingham's and Judd's pious caprices about law, and politic steadiness in their grasp of power; but they made one mistake, at least as mischievous as that of enforcing the Blue Laws of Connecticut (which might have been and perhaps were, the joint production of Moses and Cromwell) against a tropical people not half redeemed from licentiousness; they rendered the abode of the British consul intolerable, and compelled him to depart. He returned in a frigate; and the king (that is, the missionaries) proposed, in full expectation of a refusal, "the provisional cession of the islands," till the London negotiations were terminated. Lord George Paulet agreed to the proposal, and for five months ruled the islands in a better spirit and method than had ever been seen there before. When the requisite authority arrived from England, he hoisted the native flag, and prepared to depart. This was the moment of disclosure of the real effect of the mission which had had all its own way so long. The people believed that the abhorred "laws" were "tied up;" and they exhibited the utmost excess of licence. While Bingham was there, he had stopped the exhibition of the magic-lantern which the king had ordered one Saturday evening,—the polite missionary sending a message to the assembled royalty and commonalty that "on so near an approach of the Sabbath, prayer was a fitter employment." What must he have felt in his American home when the news reached him of the orgies which celebrated the rehoisting of the native flag! Here was a result of the Blue Laws of Connecticut! Of course, the English were accused (as they are on occasion to this hour) of wanting to annex the Sandwich Islands. As the tipsy man charges everybody near him with being drunk, the Americans regard us and the French as hungry lions, going about seeking whom we may devour. The acquisition of the Sandwich Islands, since seriously contemplated by the government of Washington, was never desired nor thought of by the English. To the odd exhortation of the missionary, Luther Severance, on behalf of the annexation of the islands to the Union, we have to oppose the act of the English sailor who, at the command of his officer, hauled down the British, and substituted the native flag, when the period of British stewardship had expired. These islanders have since

* Melville's "Marquesas Islands," p. 19.

thought proper to adopt a constitution like ours; but that is their own affair; and their choice of a government is of importance chiefly as showing that the American propositions of equality and pursuit of happiness do not at present work much better for Polynesians than for Africans.

As for the snatching and tugging for the Tahitians (at once a spiritual and political struggle) between the French and British in the Pacific, it is so instructive, that we wish we had more space to devote to it. The French were not at all carried away by any sort of affection for the people, whom Du Pétit Thouars described as "Un peuple sale, triste, paresseux, et dissimulé, qui ne danse plus, et ne rit plus." Ambition and jealousy about territory and influence were at work in French breasts under the names of honour and glory,—as was admitted at home by the disavowal of the admiral's acts by his own government; and missionary effort was the form in which the aspiration clothed itself. Then were the priests landed; and from that day to this have the rival missions shown the natives how strong is the power of sectarian hatred among Christians. If Liberia holds up the mirror to American politics, not less does Polynesia reflect in its missions the tendencies and passions of the Western Europe of our day.

New Zealand, again, yields its true reflexion. If our generation do not, in England, care for annexation of new territory to the empire, they do exceedingly desire the acquisition of land for personal or corporate objects. The desire, when kept within honest bounds, is natural enough, and often very beneficial. When we consider what our missionaries usually are, in these sectarian days, when there is no comprehensive Christian organization, no pre-eminent constituted authority, no general department of missions by which agents are trained, selected, sent forth and supported, but that, on the contrary, our modern missionaries are usually half-educated men, going out on their own impulse, supported by some one of a hundred sects; or, if selected, chosen with a view to a sectarian policy, the wonder is that the passions and desires, the sins and follies of the age are not more strikingly reflected than they are. A poor student of some sectarian college, or a humble schoolmaster, goes out with a young wife whose little learning was all got at Sunday-school and chapel. They have been pitched in their circumstances—he has been educated by some endowment, and she has meritoriously earned her bread. They go out prepared to be burnt or cut to pieces. They find that their troubles are not of the martyrdom order; and when the fervour of expectation of that sort has died out, a void is left, into which the seven devils of worldliness rush and take possession before the victim

is aware. Hence the silk bonnets and parasols in the Broom-road; hence the little carriages drawn by converts, and driven by a lady's fan; hence the taxing decrees in the form of sermons from the pulpit; hence the handsome abodes, and elegant lawns, and landed estates, or capital invested in shipping for the children, while the native population is starving, dwindling, and perishing: hence the confidence with which government and laws, taken from Moses, or from Blackstone, or from the Long Parliament, or from the imagination of a modern Pharisee, are imposed on whole peoples; hence the gusto with which political power is enjoyed; and hence the conversion, now so common, of religious into secular office, as when missionaries, who went out amidst prayers and hymns, and the laying on of hands, and tokens from the church or chapel, are heard of as consuls, prime ministers of native sovereigns, viceroys, or proprietors of land to an extent which would make them the George Hudsons of the landed interest at home. No stronger contrast between the ancient and modern missions appears than in the state of New Zealand, when Marsden's scheme of civilizing before converting merged in that of preaching and praying missionaries. The earlier missionaries were charged by the pious with having grown worldly,—being traders, farmers, justices of the peace, &c.; and those who went out to preach, pray, and baptize, as means of social as well as spiritual redemption, were presently found to be, when not themselves political dictators, the adherents of the despotism of a Hobson and a Fitzroy, and bound by their own vast landed possessions to the interests of land-sharks whom they would otherwise have anathematised. The New Zealand Land Commissioners declared in their published Report of 1843, that nineteen church missionaries at that time claimed 192,371 acres; and that to thirteen of them had been actually awarded 20,628 acres.

This is something very unlike the lot of the missionary of old. It is not easy to fancy Xavier (even if we could conceive of him as a family man) laying field to field for his own behoof; or Vieyra shipping a cargo of his own merchandise; or Schwartz humouring a tipsy king to get the better of a rival at court; or Henry Martyn whipping his converts into church; or Brainerd ~~or that~~ taking lands in pawn, well knowing that they would never be redeemed; or indeed any missionaries in the organic season of missionary effort doing what is done everywhere in the critical period in which we are living. The failure of the primary or ostensible object is much the same in the two cases; but in all else they are as different as the influences by which they are surrounded. We repeat, the phases of social life and the general mind are mirrored in missions as in many other institutions;

and missions exist by this relation to their time. Herein we find the answer to the question which introduced this section of our discourse—how it is that missions are still supported, if they so signally fail in their proposed object. To this question there is, however, another reply.

We have seen that the spiritual organization of the Romish missions has given place to desultory effort and heterogeneous instruction in our Protestant times. But we have an organization, in our day, which may have as much effect in sustaining missions against the circumstances of the time as the Romish had in promoting them under favourable influences. Our organization is not spiritual, but, on the contrary, filled full of the spirit of Mammon. Power and lucre are in its heart, while its professions and its trappings are all spiritual. Exeter Hall is one of the institutions of our age, appropriate to a critical period of a Protestantism threatened by High-Churchism or Romanism on the one hand, and science and philosophy on the other. When the Clapham Church began its ministrations, nobody had the least idea of such a result as the Exeter-Hall institution and its staff. The Bible Society was formed, and the religious leaders of the Anti-slavery movement were its originators and officers. Some of us are old enough to remember the conflicts about the admission of the Nonconformists to the Bible Society, and the zeal of the orthodox Dissenters when admitted. All these parties, and the Quakers as a body, and the leaders of missionary enterprise, held periodical meetings in London, and most of them at the same time of year. When the menagerie was removed from Exeter Change, and the old edifice pulled down, the Low Church and Nonconformist leaders of the philanthropy of the age proposed to build a place which might be the head-quarters of their enterprises—and Exeter Hall was opened in 1831. Great boast has been made of the crowds assembled there, of the magnitude of their accommodation, and of the prodigious amount of the funds contributed for benevolent objects; but it does not appear that sufficient attention has been given to the bureaucratic interests created by such an organization. The expenditure of an annual million and a half in objects as various as the sects of the religious world, and reaching to the ends of the earth, must require a large and diverse agency; and the agency, with the money in its hands, constitutes a power—a power abundantly able to sustain missions under any adverse influences whatever. The mere collecting of the funds employs no small number of poor clergymen, and laymen who make themselves as like clergymen as they can. Vain men, and men who think it a duty to let their name and station be used in a good cause, are on committees; and the real business of committees is done by

secretaries; and the secretariats, which confer enormous unrecognised power, and prodigious patronage, are objects of ambition to the active and aspiring men of all sects that can get a footing in Exeter Hall. Whatever their sectarian differences may be, these men have a strong interest in such concert as may keep up the organization in vigour and authority. They are the paid staff of a rich social department; and the zeal of a paid staff on behalf of the department by which it lives and enjoys life may always be depended on. That zeal cloaks all deformities, conceals all delinquencies, gets rid of sinners, and obtrudes its saints; denies failure, magnifies success, and devotes some of its professional benevolence to "making things pleasant" for contributors who enjoy giving their money, but would be painfully disturbed by hearing that anything was going wrong. The subscribing multitude assemble to hear of widows rescued from the pile, children snatched from the Ganges, savages singing hymns, missionaries dying in the odour of sanctity, Jews extolling the cross, and infant converts from Romanism spitting out texts in the priests' faces; and it would be a chilling disappointment to them to hear that widows still choose to burn: that the heathen are perishing out of their lands; that a dying missionary now and then hopes that no more brethren will come out into the wilderness, and waste their lives as he has done; that some hypocrite has embezzled funds; that a devoted member here and there has turned secular, and become devoted to Mammon in one form or another. The rule of conduct in such cases is, "feast said, soonest mended;" and the glow of hope and complacency is not to be clouded over by bad tidings which nobody will be the better for hearing, while some will be the worse for the telling. Thus the servants of Exeter Hall become its masters. While professing to render their account, they lead the religious public whithersoever they will. Now and then some story comes out which reveals the true quality of some of the managers of missions and other enterprises. Such a case as that of Davies, *versus* Pratt, which our readers may remember, and other disclosures occasionally made in the law and arbitration courts, justify any strength of expression that can be used in warning the donors of the annual million and a half to look to the spending of ~~their money~~, and to the character of the agents they employ to promote the spread of Christianity. We need not descend into the dirt of sectarian and philanthropic intrigue and scandal, to bring up specimens. The reports of the law-courts are doing that work for us. We need only point to facts open to general knowledge, and registered already as material for history.

• The missionary instinct of a religious and generous nation has been so used, as to bring us occasionally into extreme political

mischief and peril. We need refer only to Mr. Pritchard's feat of setting England and France by the ears; or to the ruin of the fine project of New Zealand Colonization, by the ascendancy of missionary counsels at the Colonial Office; or to the unbounded and permanent mischief done to our national character and influence in Africa, by the absurd, conceited, and wicked conduct of the Niger Expedition, forced on in spite of warning from men who were already effectually civilizing Africa, and ending in such a forfeiture of pledges, such an abandonment of good faith, as will never be forgotten in the heart of that continent. We have no room to enlarge on the political peril to which the ascendancy of Exeter Hall exposes us abroad and at home;—abroad, through jealousies and meddlings; and at home, through the attempts to impose ascetic coercion on our own people on Sundays and week days: This pregnant topic we must put aside; but we may and must appeal to the public, lying under a philanthropic taxation, to summon courage to look a little into their affairs; to take means to ascertain the number, not only of catechists and converts, but of clerks, secretaries, collectors, dispensers of patronage, and persons maintained under that patronage. This ascertained, let a real responsibility be substituted for a sham one. Let the religious public insist on hearing all the bad news as well as the good; all the failures abroad, all the delinquencies at home; all the follies and scandals which corrupt the whole mass, if concealed within it, instead of cast out from it. This is the pressing duty of the philanthropic world. Meantime, we have done ours in showing them that their missions are not succeeding any better than the old Romish ones, or any other form of religious proselytism; and, moreover, that the character of missions has changed and become strikingly deteriorated, while the instinct in the great heart of the nation remains unexhausted and undebased. Like all our instincts, and especially the loftiest, this instinct requires enlightening and training. Knowledge and experience will teach us in time, it may be hoped, what presumption and narrowness there is in our self-estimate, and our passion for forcing our own beliefs and ways on tribes and peoples whom we pity and despise. It appears that in our pride and selfwill we have done a world of harm, amidst whatever good. We have driven out Nature with a fork, and she has returned with a vengeance. Death has come into her place. We must take a lesson from the mischief we have done,—from the faiths we have uprooted, the graces we have extinguished, the sins we have manufactured, the hypocrisy we have induced, the bastard polities—religious, political, and social, that we have generated. If we can humble ourselves to admit the smallness of the virtue of delegated beneficence, and the greatness of the vice of trifling with solemn

things, and using them for self-complacency and indulgence, we may learn how to do what we want in the right way.

We have referred to the success of an American mission in Ceylon. There are other American missions which might be an example to us. The readers of the late Mr. Stephens's "Incidents of Travel in Greece," &c., cannot but remember the chapter (the fourth) in which he gives an account of the proceedings of Dr. and Mrs. Hill, at Athens. The promise manifested so many years ago has expanded into achievement of no small consequence. Visitors to Greece, and all who have any accurate knowledge of Greek affairs, are agreed that the best hope for the country lies in the young generation, who have been reared under the influence of the Hills and their coadjutors, amongst the most honoured of whom are Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge and Lady Byron. Dr. Hill was at Athens before the Turks left it, after the battle of Navarino; and thus, during the whole term of the new Greek kingdom, he has been present, bravely enduring and prudently dealing with the evils of the time, and preparing a brighter and better day. Hundreds of Mrs. Hill's female pupils are becoming the mothers of the next generation; and no modern Greek children ever had such a chance of intelligence and virtue before. Hundreds of young men come from Dr. Hill's tuition, not only aspiring after the improvement of their country, but resolved and qualified to promote it. It is a good thing to know that the Hills have succeeded thus far, in consequence of their liberality and prudence about religious matters. They say and do nothing in opposition to the Greek Church, but even, when desired, teach Plato's (the Odessa bishop's) catechism as a lesson: and they, in their turn, are allowed the freest use of the Bible in their own schools. No wonder that a Greek patriot said to Mrs. Hill, pointing up to the Parthenon, and with a voice half stifled by emotion, "Lady, you are setting up in Athens a monument more enduring and more noble than yonder temple!"

This is a specimen of right conduct of a mission of the new order,—the missions from Christians, not to Pagans, but to Monotheists of one sort or another. American missions to Mohammedans are thickly sown in Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, and the further East; and, as we learn by Dr. Sandwith's book, the Greek and Armenian Churches share the benefit. Our own missions to the Jews engross more money and effort than almost any others. The Church of England Mission to the Jews spent 29,000*l.* last year, and boasted thirty-two stations and twenty-four ordained ministers. The Dissenters' Jew Mission cost, last year, 4238*l.*, and supplied fourteen stations and twenty-one ministers. After much study, and some personal observation on the spot, we confidently declare success in this kind of mission

to be impossible, as long as it is based on a religious ground, and prosecuted by any theological agency. Sir Moses Montefiore, himself a Jew worthy of his faith and lineage, is doing more to convert the Jews than all Christians of all Churches. For want of space to explain our meaning, we refer our readers to that most interesting of advertisements,—the Report of Sir M. Montefiore and his Commission, on their return from their Relief-Mission to the Holy Land.

While missions to the heathen have changed their character, and are yielding to the new order of missions to Monotheists, we are blessed with a spectacle which teaches the whole world what the spirit and conduct of all missions should be. Rajah Brooke was too far before the world, too wise in his heroism, too far-sighted in his enthusiasm, for the world to understand him at first; and, considering what the facts of some missions are, it is not, perhaps, to be wondered at that a good many small-minded and small-hearted persons took him to be a sort of Pritchard, or worse, an adventurer, hungering and thirsting after wealth and power. The English public always did, for the most part, do him justice; and now the justice is becoming signal and complete. In a former number* we told how it is his way to act about religion and missionary teachers who visit Sarawak; and we showed how he and his influence were regarded by the missionaries on the spot, (now become the Bishop of Borneo and his lady.) And what is the result thus far? Instead of depopulation, there is such an improvement in industry and enterprise, that the Rajah may stand on the mountain, and almost see his nation grow. Decency and comfort prevail; there is the most absolute freedom that exists in any country; and under it, the most absolute frankness of manners,—to the total discredit of hypocrisy, and the great benefit of morality. Rajah Brooke is of opinion that those people are best governed who are governed least; and he therefore calls upon his dyaks to agree on their own laws, constitute their own courts of justice, and manage their affairs by consultation with him and with each other. By watching, by helping (when asked, and not otherwise), by being always ready to hear, and free from all bias of interest in deciding, by superior knowledge, calm, sound sense, abstinence from verbal profession, and steadiness in a cheerful and quiet devotedness, free from dictation and meddling, Sir James Brooke is evangelising and civilizing the heathen at a rate which Exeter Hall might envy, and with a soundness which Exeter Hall management has never rivalled.

Thus, if we have warnings before us, we have also examples.

* *Westminster Review*, No. XII., pp. 393, 401, 403. October, 1854

If the trial is to be made whether barbaric nations are to advance to high civilization through a stage of monotheistic belief, the real experiment will not be of the Exeter Hall sort, but with more or less resemblance to the process going forward at Sarawak. If those nations are to die out before European successors, the process will be hastened by Exeter Hall practices, and duly authenticated by the higher method. If the people should die out under Rajah Brooke's method, it will plainly be through a law of nature which cannot be resisted; a supposition which we see no reason to entertain. If they are to attain civilization otherwise than through any theological phase, the Exeter Hall method can do nothing but mischief, while the opposite one leaves room for natural laws to work out their end freely. Surely the lesson is one which ought to be deeply studied by all, of any Church or no Church, who regard the destinies of mankind in a spirit of faith and love.



ART. II.—THE NATURAL HISTORY OF GERMAN LIFE.

1. *Die Bürgerliche Gesellschaft.* Von W. H. Riehl. Dritte Auflage. 1855.
2. *Land und Leute.* Von W. H. Riehl. Dritte Auflage. 1856.

IT is an interesting branch of psychological observation to note the images that are habitually associated with abstract or collective terms—what may be called the picture-writing of the mind, which it carries on concurrently with the more subtle symbolism of language. Perhaps the fixity or variety of these associated images would furnish a tolerably fair test of the amount of concrete knowledge and experience which a given word represents, in the minds of two persons who use it with equal familiarity. The word *railways*, for example, will probably call up, in the mind of a man who is not highly locomotive, the image either of a "Bradshaw," or of the station with which he is most familiar, or of an indefinite length of tram-road; he will alternate between these three images, which represent his stock of concrete acquaintance with railways. But suppose a man to have had successively the experience of a "navvy," an engineer, a traveller, a railway director and shareholder, and a landed proprietor in treaty with a railway company, and it is probable that the range of images which would by turns present themselves to his mind at the mention of the word "railways," would include

all the essential facts in the existence and relations of the *thing*. Now it is possible for the first-mentioned personage to entertain very expanded views as to the multiplication of railways in the abstract, and their ultimate function in civilization. He may talk of a vast net-work of railways stretching over the globe, of future "lines" in Madagascar, and elegant refreshment-rooms in the Sandwich Islands, with none the less glibness because his distinct conceptions on the subject do not extend beyond his one station and his indefinite length of tram-road. But it is evident that if we want a railway to be made, or its affairs to be managed, this man of wide views and narrow observation will not serve our purpose.

Probably, if we could ascertain the images called up by the terms "the people," "the masses," "the proletariat," "the peasantry," by many who theorize on those bodies with eloquence, or who legislate for them without eloquence, we should find that they indicate almost as small an amount of concrete knowledge—that they are as far from completely representing the complex facts summed up in the collective term, as the railway images of our non-locomotive gentleman. How little the real characteristics of the working-classes are known to those who are outside them, how little their natural history has been studied, is sufficiently disclosed by our Art as well as by our political and social theories. Where, in our picture exhibitions, shall we find a group of true peasantry? What English artist ever attempts to rival in truthfulness such studies of popular life as the pictures of Teniers or the ragged boys of Murillo? Even one of the greatest painters of the pre-eminently realistic school, while, in his picture of "The Hireling Shepherd," he gave us a landscape of marvellous truthfulness, placed a pair of peasants in the foreground who were not much more real than the idyllic swains and damsels of our chimney ornaments. Only a total absence of acquaintance and sympathy with our peasantry, could give a moment's popularity to such a picture as "Cross Purposes," where we have a peasant girl who looks as if she knew L. E. L.'s poems by heart, and English rustics, whose costume seems to indicate that they are meant for ploughmen, with exotic features that remind us of a handsome *primo tenore*. Rather than such cockney sentimentality as this, as an education for the taste and sympathies, we prefer the most crapulous group of boors that Teniers ever painted. But even those among our painters who aim at giving the rustic type of features, who are far above the effeminate feebleness of the "Keepsake" style, treat their subjects under the influence of traditions and prepossessions rather than of direct observation. The notion that peasants are joyous, that the typical moment to represent a man in a smock-frock is when

he is cracking a joke and showing a row of sound teeth, that cottage matrons are usually buxom, and village children necessarily rosy and merry, are prejudices difficult to dislodge from the artistic mind, which looks for its subjects into literature instead of life. The painter is still under the influence of idyllic literature, which has always expressed the imagination of the cultivated and town-bred, rather than the truth of rustic life. Idyllic ploughmen are jocund when they drive their team afield; idyllic shepherds make bashful love under hawthorn bushes; idyllic villagers dance in the chequered shade and refresh themselves, not immoderately, with spicy nut-brown ale. But no one who has seen much of actual ploughmen thinks them jocund; no one who is well acquainted with the English peasantry can pronounce them merry. The slow gaze, in which no sense of beauty beams, no humour twinkles,—the slow utterance, and the heavy slouching walk, remind one rather of that melancholy animal the camel, than of the sturdy countryman, with striped stockings, red waistcoat, and hat aside, who represents the traditional English peasant. Observe a company of haymakers. When you see them at a distance, tossing up the forkfuls of hay in the golden light, while the wagon creeps slowly with its increasing burthen over the meadow, and the bright green space which tells of work done gets larger and larger, you pronounce the scene "smiling," and you think these companions in labour must be as bright and cheerful as the picture to which they give animation. Approach nearer, and you will certainly find that haymaking time is a time for joking, especially if there are women among the labourers; but the coarse laugh that bursts out every now and then, and expresses the triumphant taunt, is as far as possible from your conception of idyllic merriment. That delicious effervescence of the mind which we call fun, has no equivalent for the northern peasant, except tipsy revelry; the only realm of fancy and imagination for the English clown exists at the bottom of the third quart pot.

The conventional countryman of the stage, who picks up pocket-books and never looks into them, and who is too simple even to know that honesty has its opposite, represents the still lingering mistake, that an unintelligible dialect is a guarantee for ingenuousness and that slouching shoulders indicate an upright disposition. It is quite true that a thresher is likely to be innocent of any adroit arithmetical cheating, but he is not the less likely to carry home his master's corn in his shoes and pocket; a reaper is not given to writing begging-letters, but he is quite capable of cajolling the dairymaid into filling his small-beer bottle with ale. The selfish instincts are not subdued by the sight of buttercups, nor is integrity in the least established by

that classic rural occupation, sheep-washing. To make men moral, something more is requisite than to turn them out to grass.

Opera peasants, whose unreality excites Mr. Buskin's indignation, are surely too frank an idealization to be misleading; and since popular chorus is one of the most effective elements of the opera, we can hardly object to lyric rustics in elegant laced boddices and picturesque motley, unless we are prepared to advocate a chorus of colliers in their pit costume, or a ballet of char-women and stocking-weavers. But our social novels profess to represent the people as they are, and the unreality of their representations is a grave evil. The greatest benefit we owe to the artist, whether painter, poet, or novelist, is the extension of our sympathies. Appeals founded on generalizations and statistics require a sympathy ready-made, a moral sentiment already in activity; but a picture of human life such as a great artist can give, surprises even the trivial and the selfish into that attention to what is apart from themselves, which may be called the raw material of moral sentiment. When Scott takes us into Luckie Mucklebackit's cottage, or tells the story of "The Two Drovers,"—when Wordsworth sings to us the reverie of "Poor Susan,"—when Kingsley shows us Alton Locke gazing yearningly over the gate which leads from the highway into the first wood he ever saw,—when Hornung paints a group of chimney-sweepers,—more is done towards linking the higher classes with the lower, towards obliterating the vulgarity of exclusiveness, than by hundreds of sermons and philosophical dissertations. Art is the nearest thing to life; it is a mode of amplifying experience and extending our contact with our fellow-men beyond the bounds of our personal lot. All the more sacred is the task of the artist when he undertakes to paint the life of the People. Falsification here is far more pernicious than in the more artificial aspects of life. It is not so very serious that we should have false ideas about evanescent fashions—about the manners and conversation of beaux and duchesses; but it is serious that our sympathy with the perennial joys and struggles, the toil, the tragedy, and the humour in the life of our more heavily-laden fellow-men, should be perverted, and turned towards a false object instead of the true one.

This perversion is not the less fatal because the misrepresentation which gives rise to it has what the artist considers a moral end. The thing for mankind to know is, not what are the motives and influences which the moralist thinks *ought* to act on the labourer or the artisan, but what are the motives and influences which *do* act on him. We want to be taught to feel, not for the

heroic artisan or the sentimental peasant, but for the peasant in all his coarse apathy, and the artisan in all his suspicious selfishness.

We have one great novelist who is gifted with the utmost power of rendering the external traits of our town population; and if he could give us their psychological character—their conceptions of life, and their emotions—with the same truth as their idiom and manners, his books would be the greatest contribution Art has ever made to the awakening of social sympathies. But while he can copy Mrs. Plornish's colloquial style with the delicate accuracy of a sun-picture, while there is the same startling inspiration in his description of the gestures and phrases of "Boots," as in the speeches of Shakspeare's mobs or numskulls, he scarcely ever passes from the humorous and external to the emotional and tragic, without becoming as transcendent in his unreality as he was a moment before in his artistic truthfulness. But for the precious salt of his humour, which compels him to reproduce external traits that serve, in some degree, as a corrective to his frequently false psychology, his preternaturally virtuous poor children and artisans, his melodramatic boatmen and courtezans, would be as noxious as Eugène Sue's idealized proletaires in encouraging the miserable fallacy that high morality and refined sentiment can grow out of harsh social relations, ignorance, and want; or that the working-classes are in a condition to enter at once into a millennial state of *altruism*, wherein everyone is caring for everyone else, and no one for himself.

If we need a true conception of the popular character to guide our sympathies rightly, we need it equally to check our theories, and direct us in their application. The tendency created by the splendid conquests of modern generalization, to believe that all social questions are merged in economical science, and that the relations of men to their neighbours may be settled by algebraic equations,—the dream that the uncultured classes are prepared for a condition which appeals principally to their moral sensibilities,—the aristocratic dilettantism which attempts to restore the "good old times" by a sort of idyllic masquerading, and to grow feudal fidelity and veneration as we grow prize turnips, by an artificial system of culture,—none of these diverging mistakes can co-exist with a real knowledge of the People, with a thorough study of their habits, their ideas, their motives. The landholder, the clergyman, the mill-owner, the mining-agent, have each an opportunity for making precious observations on different sections of the working-classes, but unfortunately their experience is too often not registered at all, or its results are too scattered

to be available, as a source of information and stimulus to the public mind generally. If any man of sufficient moral and intellectual breadth, whose observations would not be vitiated by a foregone conclusion; or by a professional point of view, would devote himself to studying the natural history of our social classes, especially of the small shopkeepers, artisans, and peasantry,—the degree in which they are influenced by local conditions, their maxims and habits, the points of view from which they regard their religious teachers, and the degree in which they are influenced by religious doctrines, the interaction of the various classes on each other, and what are the tendencies in their position towards disintegration or towards development,—and if, after all this study, he would give us the result of his observations in a book well-nourished with specific facts, his work would be a valuable aid to the social and political reformer.

What we are desiring for ourselves has been in some degree done for the Germans by Riehl, the author of the very remarkable books the titles of which are placed at the head of this article; and we wish to make these books known to our readers, not only for the sake of the interesting matter they contain and the important reflections they suggest, but also as a model for some future or actual student of our own people. By way of introducing Riehl to those who are unacquainted with his writings, we will give a rapid sketch from his picture of the German Peasantry, and perhaps this indication of the mode in which he treats a particular branch of his subject may prepare them to follow us with more interest when we enter on the general purpose and contents of his works.

In England, at present, when we speak of the peasantry, we mean scarcely more than the class of farm-servants and farm-labourers; and it is only in the most primitive districts, as in Wales, for example, that farmers are included under the term. In order to appreciate what Riehl says of the German peasantry, we must remember what the tenant-farmers and small proprietors were in England half a century ago, when the master helped to milk his own cows, and the daughters got up at one o'clock in the morning to brew,—when the family dined in the kitchen with the servants, and sat with them round the kitchen fire in the evening. In those days, the quarried parlour was innocent of a carpet, and its only specimens of art were a framed sampler and the best tea-board; the daughters even of substantial farmers had often no greater accomplishment in writing and spelling than they could procure at a dame-school; and, instead of carrying on sentimental correspondence, they were spinning their future table-linen, and looking after every saving in butter and eggs that might enable

them to add to the little stock of plate and china, which they were laying in against their marriage. In our own day, setting aside the superior order of farmers, whose style of living and mental culture are often equal to that of the professional class in provincial towns, we can hardly enter the least imposing farm-house without finding a bad piano in the "drawing-room," and some old annuals, disposed with a symmetrical imitation of negligence, on the table; though the daughters may still drop their *h's*, their vowels are studiously narrow; and it is only in very primitive regions that they will consent to sit in a covered vehicle without springs, which was once thought an advance in luxury on the pillow.

The condition of the tenant-farmers and small proprietors in Germany is, we imagine, about on a par, not, certainly, in material prosperity, but in mental culture and habits, with that of the English farmers who were beginning to be thought old-fashioned nearly fifty years ago, and if we add to these the farm servants and labourers, we shall have a class approximating in its characteristics to the *Bauernthum*, or peasantry, described by Riehl.

In Germany, perhaps more than in any other country, it is among the peasantry that we must look for the historical type of the national *physique*. In the towns this type has become so modified to express the personality of the individual, that even "family likeness" is often but faintly marked. But the peasants may still be distinguished into groups by their physical peculiarities. In one part of the country we find a longer-legged, in another a broader-shouldered race, which has inherited these peculiarities for centuries. For example, in certain districts of Hesse are seen long faces, with high foreheads, long, straight noses, and small eyes with arched eyebrows and large eyelids. On comparing these physiognomies with the sculptures in the church of St. Elizabeth, at Marburg, executed in the thirteenth century, it will be found that the same old Hessian type of face has subsisted unchanged, with this distinction only, that the sculptures represent princes and nobles, whose features then bore the stamp of their race, while that stamp is now to be found only among the peasants. A painter who wants to draw mediæval characters with historic truth, must seek his models among the peasantry. This explains why the old German painters gave the heads of their subjects a greater uniformity of type than the painters of our day; the race had not attained to a high degree of individualization in features and expression. It indicates, too, that the cultured man acts more as an individual; the peasant, more as one of a group. Hans drives the plough, lives, and thinks just as Kunz does; and it is this fact, that many thousands

of men are as like each other in thoughts and habits as so many sheep or oysters, which constitutes the weight of the peasantry in the social and political scale.

In the cultivated world each individual has his style of speaking and writing. But among the peasantry it is the race, the district, the province, that has its style; namely, its dialect, its phraseology, its proverbs and its songs, which belong alike to the entire body of the people. This provincial style of the peasant is again, like his *physique*, a remnant of history to which he clings with the utmost tenacity. In certain parts of Hungary, there are still descendants of German colonists of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, who go about the country as reapers, retaining their old Saxon songs and manners, while the more cultivated German emigrants in a very short time forget their own language, and speak Hungarian. Another remarkable case of the same kind is that of the Wends, a Slavonic race settled in Lusatia, whose numbers amount to 200,000, living either scattered among the German population or in separate parishes. They have their own schools and churches, and are taught in the Slavonic tongue. The Catholics among them are rigid adherents of the Pope; the Protestants not less rigid adherents of Luther, or *Doctor Luther*, as they are particular in calling him—a custom which, a hundred years ago, was universal in Protestant Germany. The Wend clings tenaciously to the usages of his Church, and perhaps this may contribute not a little to the purity in which he maintains the specific characteristics of his race. German education, German law and government, service in the standing army, and many other agencies, are in antagonism to his national exclusiveness; but the *wives* and *mothers* here, as elsewhere, are a conservative influence, and the habits temporarily laid aside in the outer world are recovered by the fireside. The Wends form several stout regiments in the Saxon army; they are sought far and wide, as diligent and honest servants; and many a weakly Dresden or Leipzig child becomes thriving under the care of a Wendish nurse. In their villages they have the air and habits of genuine, sturdy peasants, and all their customs indicate that they have been, from the first, an agricultural people. For example, they have traditional modes of treating their domestic animals. Each cow has its own name, generally chosen carefully, so as to express the special qualities of the animal; and all important family events are narrated to the *bees*—a custom which is found also in Westphalia. Whether by the help of the bees or not, the Wend farming is especially prosperous; and when a poor Bohemian peasant has a son born to him, he binds him to the end of a long pole and turns his face towards Lusatia, that he may be as lucky as the Wends who live there.

The peculiarity of the peasant's language consists chiefly in his retention of historical peculiarities, which gradually disappear under the friction of cultivated circles. He prefers any proper name that may be given to a day in the calendar, rather than the abstract date, by which he very rarely reckons. In the baptismal names of his children he is guided by the old custom of the country, not at all by whim and fancy. Many old baptismal names, formerly common in Germany, would have become extinct but for their preservation among the peasantry, especially in North Germany; and so firmly have they adhered to local tradition in this matter, that it would be possible to give a sort of topographical statistics of proper names, and distinguish a district by its rustic names as we do by its Flora and Fauna. The continuous inheritance of certain favourite proper names in a family, in some districts, forces the peasant to adopt the princely custom of attaching a numeral to the name, and saying, when three generations are living at once, Hans I., II., and III.; or—in the more antique fashion—Hans the elder, the middle, and the younger. In some of our English counties there is a similar adherence to a narrow range of proper names, and as a mode of distinguishing collateral branches in the same family, you will hear of Jonathan's Bess, Thomas's Bess, and Samuel's Bess—the three Bessies being cousins.

The peasant's adherence to the traditional has much greater inconvenience than that entailed by a paucity of proper names. In the Black Forest and in Hüttenberg you will see him in the dog-days wearing a thick fur cap, because it is an historical fur cap—a cap worn by his grandfather. In the Wetterau, that peasant girl is considered the handsomest who wears the most petticoats. To go to field-labour in seven petticoats can be anything but convenient or agreeable, but it is the traditionally correct thing, and a German peasant girl would think herself as unfavourably conspicuous in an untraditional costume, as an English servant-girl would now think herself in a "linsey-woolsey" apron or a thick muslin cap. In many districts no medical advice would induce the rustic to renounce the tight leather belt with which he injures his digestive functions; you could more easily persuade him to smile on a new communal system than on the unhistorical invention of braces. In the eighteenth century, in spite of the philanthropic preachers of potatoes, the peasant for years threw his potatoes to the pigs and the dogs, before he could be persuaded to put them on his own table. However, the unwillingness of the peasant to adopt innovations has a not unreasonable foundation in the fact, that for him experiments are practical, not theoretical, and must be made with expense of money instead of brains—a fact that is not, perhaps,

sufficiently taken into account by agricultural theorists, who complain of the farmer's obstinacy. The peasant has the smallest possible faith in theoretic knowledge; he thinks it rather dangerous than otherwise, as is well indicated by a Lower Rhenish proverb—"One is never too old to learn, said an old woman; so she learned to be a witch."

Between many villages an historical feud, once perhaps the occasion of much bloodshed, is still kept up under the milder form of an occasional round of cudgelling, and the launching of traditional nicknames. An historical feud of this kind still exists, for example, among many villages on the Rhine and more inland places in the neighbourhood. *Rheinschnacke* (of which the equivalent is perhaps "water-snake") is the standing term of ignominy for the inhabitant of the Rhine village, who repays it in kind by the epithet "karst" (mattock) or "kukuk" (cuckoo), according as the object of his hereditary hatred belongs to the field or the forest. If any Romeo among the "mattocks" were to marry a Juliet among the "water-snakes," there would be no lack of Tybals and Mercutios to carry the conflict from words to blows, though neither side knows a reason for the enmity.

A droll instance of peasant conservatism is told of a village on the Taunus, whose inhabitants, from time immemorial, had been famous for impromptu cudgelling. For this historical offence the magistrates of the district had always inflicted the equally historical punishment of shutting up the most incorrigible offenders, not in prison, but in their own pig-sty. In recent times, however, the government, wishing to correct the rudeness of these peasants, appointed an "enlightened" man as magistrate, who at once abolished the original penalty above-mentioned. But this relaxation of punishment was so far from being welcome to the villagers, that they presented a petition praying that a more energetic man might be given them as a magistrate, who would have the courage to punish according to law and justice, "as had been beforetime." And the magistrate who abolished incarceration in the pig-sty could never obtain the respect of the neighbourhood. This happened no longer ago than the beginning of the present century.

But it must not be supposed that the historical piety of the German peasant extends to anything not immediately connected with himself. He has the warmest piety towards the old tumble-down house which his grandfather built, and which nothing will induce him to improve, but towards the venerable ruins of the old castle that overlooks his village he has no piety at all, and carries off its stones to make a fence for his garden, or tears down the gothic carving of the old monastic church, which is "nothing to him," to mark off a foot-path

through his field. It is the same with historical traditions. The peasant has them fresh in his memory, so far as they relate to himself. In districts where the peasantry are unadulterated, you discern the remnants of the feudal relations in innumerable customs and phrases, but you will ask in vain for historical traditions concerning the empire, or even concerning the particular princely house to which the peasant is subject. He can tell you what "half people and whole people" mean; in Hesse you will still hear of "four horses making a whole peasant" or of "four-day and three-day peasants;" but you will ask in vain about Charlemagne and Frederic Barbarossa.

Riehl well observes that the feudal system, which made the peasant the bondman of his lord, was an immense benefit in a country, the greater part of which had still to be colonized,—rescued the peasant from vagabondage, and laid the foundation of persistency and endurance in future generations. If a free German peasantry belongs only to modern times, it is to his ancestor who was a serf, and even, in the earliest times, a slave, that the peasant owes the foundation of his independence, namely, his capability of a settled existence,—nay, his unreasoning persistency, which has its important function in the development of the race.

Perhaps the very worst result of that unreasoning persistency is the peasant's inveterate habit of litigation. Every one remembers the immortal description of Dandie Dinmont's importunate application to Lawyer Pleydell to manage his "bit lawsuit," till at length Pleydell consents to help him ruin himself, on the ground that Dandie may fall into worse hands. It seems, this is a scene which has many parallels in Germany. The farmer's lawsuit is his point of honour; and he will carry it through, though he knows from the very first day that he shall get nothing by it. The litigious peasant piques himself, like Mr. Saddletree, on his knowledge of the law, and this vanity is the chief impulse to many a lawsuit. To the mind of the peasant, law presents itself as the "custom of the country," and it is his pride to be versed in all customs. *Custom with him holds the place of sentiment, of theory, and in many cases of affection.* Riehl justly urges the importance of simplifying law proceedings, so as to cut off this vanity at its source, and also of encouraging, by every possible means, the practice of arbitration.

The peasant never begins his lawsuit in summer, for the same reason that he does not make love and marry in summer,—because he has no time for that sort of thing. Anything is easier to him than to move out of his habitual course, and he is attached even to his privations. Some years ago, a peasant youth, out of the

poorest and remotest region of the Westerwald, was enlisted as a recruit, at Weilburg in Nassau. The lad, having never in his life slept in a bed, when he had to get into one for the first time began to cry like a child; and he deserted twice because he could not reconcile himself to sleeping in a bed, and to the "fine" life of the barracks: he was homesick at the thought of his accustomed poverty and his thatched hut. A strong contrast, this, with the feeling of the poor in towns, who would be far enough from deserting because their condition was too much improved! The genuine peasant is never ashamed of his rank and calling; he is rather inclined to look down on every one who does not wear a smock-frock, and thinks a man who has the manners of the gentry is likely to be rather windy and unsubstantial. In some places, even in French districts, this feeling is strongly symbolized by the practice of the peasantry, on certain festival days, to dress the images of the saints in peasant's clothing. History tells us of all kinds of peasant insurrections, the object of which was to obtain relief for the peasants from some of their many oppressions; but of no effort on their part to step out of their hereditary rank and calling, to become gentry, to leave the plough and carry on the easier business of capitalists or government-functionaries, there is no example.

The German novelists who undertake to give pictures of peasant-life, fall into the same mistake as our English novelists; they transfer their own feelings to ploughmen and woodcutters, and give them both joys and sorrows of which they know nothing. The peasant never questions the obligation of family-ties—he questions *no custom*,—but tender affection, as it exists amongst the refined part of mankind, is almost as foreign to him as white hands and filbert-shaped nails. That the aged father who has given up his property to his children on condition of their maintaining him for the remainder of his life, is very far from meeting with delicate attentions, is indicated by the proverb current among the peasantry—"Don't take your clothes off before you go to bed." Among rustic moral tales and parables, not one is more universal than the story of the ungrateful children, who made their grey-headed father, dependent on them for a maintenance, eat at a wooden trough, because he shook the food out of his trembling hands. Then these same ungrateful children observed one day that their own little boy was making a tiny wooden trough; and when they asked him what it was for, he answered—that his father and mother might eat out of it, when he was a man and had to keep them.

Marriage is a very prudential affair, especially among the peasants who have the largest share of property. Politic marriages are as common among them as among princes; and

when a peasant-heiress in Westphalia marries, her husband adopts her name, and places his own after it with the prefix *geborner (née)*. The girls marry young, and the rapidity with which they get old and ugly is one among the many proofs that the early years of marriage are fuller of hardships than of conjugal tenderness. "When our writers of village stories," says Riehl, "transferred their own emotional life to the peasant, they obliterated what is precisely his most predominant characteristic, namely, that with him general custom holds the place of individual feeling."

We pay for greater emotional susceptibility too often by nervous diseases of which the peasant knows nothing. To him headache is the least of physical evils, because he thinks headwork the easiest and least indispensable of all labour. Happily, many of the younger sons in peasant families, by going to seek their living in the towns, carry their hardy nervous system to amalgamate with the over-wrought nerves of our town population, and refresh them with a little rude vigour. And a return to the habits of peasant life is the best remedy for many moral as well as physical diseases induced by perverted civilization. Riehl points to colonization as presenting the true field for this regenerative process. On the other side of the ocean, a man will have the courage to begin life again as a peasant, while at home, perhaps, opportunity as well as courage will fail him. *Apropos* of this subject of emigration, he remarks the striking fact, that the native shrewdness and mother-wit of the German peasant seem to forsake him entirely when he has to apply them under new circumstances, and on relations foreign to his experience. Hence it is that the German peasant who emigrates, so constantly falls a victim to unprincipled adventurers in the preliminaries to emigration; but if once he gets his foot on the American soil, he exhibits all the first-rate qualities of an agricultural colonist; and among all German emigrants, the peasant class are the most successful.

But many disintegrating forces have been at work on the peasant character, and degeneration is unhappily going on at a greater pace than development. In the wine districts especially, the inability of the small proprietors to bear up under the vicissitudes of the market, or to ensure a high quality of wine by running the risks of a late vintage, and the competition of beer and cider with the inferior wines, have tended to produce that uncertainty of gain which, with the peasant, is the inevitable cause of demoralization. The small peasant proprietors are not a new class in Germany, but many of the evils of their position are new. They are more dependent on ready money than formerly; thus, where a peasant used to get his wood for

building and firing from the common forest, he has now to pay for it with hard cash; he used to thatch his own house, with the help perhaps of a neighbour, but now he pays a man to do it for him; he used to pay taxes in kind, he now pays them in money. The chances of the market have to be discounted, and the peasant falls into the hands of money-lenders. Here is one of the cases in which social policy clashes with a purely economical policy.

Political vicissitudes have added their influence to that of economical changes in disturbing that dim instinct, that reverence for traditional custom, which is the peasant's principle of action. He is in the midst of novelties for which he knows no reason—changes in political geography, changes of the government to which he owes fealty, changes in bureaucratic management and police regulations. He finds himself in a new element before an apparatus for breathing in it is developed in him. His only knowledge of modern history is in some of its results—for instance, that he has to pay heavier taxes from year to year. His chief idea of a government is of a power that raises his taxes, opposes his harmless customs, and torments him with new formalities. The source of all this is the false system of "enlightening" the peasant which has been adopted by the bureaucratic governments. A system which disregards the traditions and hereditary attachments of the peasant, and appeals only to a logical understanding which is not yet developed in him, is simply disintegrating and ruinous to the peasant character. The interference with the communal regulations has been of this fatal character. Instead of endeavouring to promote to the utmost the healthy life of the Commune, as an organism the conditions of which are bound up with the historical characteristics of the peasant, the bureaucratic plan of government is bent on improvement by its patent machinery of state-appointed functionaries and off-hand regulations in accordance with modern enlightenment. The spirit of communal exclusiveness—the resistance to the indiscriminate establishment of strangers, is an intense traditional feeling in the peasant. "This gallows is for us and our children," is the typical motto of this spirit. But such exclusiveness is highly irrational and repugnant to modern liberalism; therefore a bureaucratic government at once opposes it, and encourages to the utmost the introduction of new inhabitants in the provincial communes. Instead of allowing the peasants to manage their own affairs, and, if they happen to believe that five and four make eleven, to unlearn the prejudice by their own experience in calculation, so that they may gradually understand processes, and not merely see results, bureaucracy comes with its "Ready Reckoner" and works all the

peasant's sums for him—the surest way of maintaining him in his stupidity, however it may shake his prejudice.

Another questionable plan for elevating the peasant, is the supposed elevation of the clerical character by preventing the clergyman from cultivating more than a trifling part of the land attached to his benefice; that he may be as much as possible of a scientific theologian, and as little as possible of a peasant. In this, Riehl observes, lies one great source of weakness to the Protestant Church as compared with the Catholic, which finds the great majority of its priests among the lower orders; and we have had the opportunity of making an analogous comparison in England, where many of us can remember country districts in which the great mass of the people were christianized by illiterate Methodist and Independent ministers, while the influence of the parish clergyman among the poor did not extend much beyond a few old women in scarlet cloaks, and a few exceptional church-going labourers.

Bearing in mind the general characteristics of the German peasant, it is easy to understand his relation to the revolutionary ideas and revolutionary movements of modern times. The peasant, in Germany as elsewhere, is a born grumbler. He has always plenty of grievances in his pocket, but he does not generalize those grievances; he does not complain of "government" or "society," probably because he has good reason to complain of the burgomaster. When a few sparks from the first French Revolution fell among the German peasantry, and in certain villages of Saxony the country people assembled together to write down their demands, there was no glimpse in their petition of the "universal rights of man," but simply of their own particular affairs as Saxon peasants. Again, after the July revolution of 1830, there were many insignificant peasant insurrections; but the object of almost all was the removal of local grievances. Toll-houses were pulled down; stamped paper was destroyed; in some places there was a persecution of wild boars, in others, of that plentiful tame animal, the German *Rath*, or councillor who is never called into council. But in 1848, it seemed as if the movements of the peasants had taken a new character; in the small western states of Germany, it seemed as if the whole class of peasantry was in insurrection. But in fact, the peasant did not know the meaning of the part he was playing. He had heard that everything was being set right in the towns, and that wonderful things were happening there, so he tied up his bundle and set off. Without any distinct object or resolution, the country people presented themselves on the scene of commotion, and were warmly received by the party leaders. But, seen from the windows of ducal palaces and minis-

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terial hotels, these swarms of peasants had quite another aspect, and it was imagined that they had a common plan of co-operation. This, however, the peasants have never had. Systematic co-operation implies general conceptions, and a provisional subordination of egoism, to which even the artisans of towns have rarely shown themselves equal, and which are as foreign to the mind of the peasant as logarithms or the doctrine of chemical proportions. And the revolutionary fervour of the peasant was soon cooled. The old mistrust of the towns was reawakened on the spot. The Tyrolese peasants saw no great good in the freedom of the press and the constitution, because these changes "seemed to please the gentry so much." Peasants who had given their voices stormily for a German parliament, asked afterwards, with a doubtful look, whether it were to consist of infantry or cavalry. When royal domains were declared the property of the State, the peasants in some small principalities rejoiced over this, because they interpreted it to mean that every one would have his share in them, after the manner of the old common and forest rights.

The very practical views of the peasants, with regard to the demands of the people, were in amusing contrast with the abstract theorizing of the educated townsmen. The peasant continually withheld all State payments until he saw how matters would turn out, and was disposed to reckon up the solid benefit, in the form of land or money, that might come to him from the changes obtained. While the townsman was heating his brains about representation on the broadest basis, the peasant asked if the relation between tenant and landlord would continue as before, and whether the removal of the "feudal obligations" meant that the farmer should become owner of the land?

' It is in the same *naïve* way that Communism is interpreted by the German peasantry. The wide spread among them of communistic doctrines, the eagerness with which they listened to a plan for the partition of property, seemed to countenance the notion, that it was a delusion to suppose the peasant would be secured from this intoxication by his love of secure possession and peaceful earnings. But, in fact, the peasant contemplated "partition" by the light of an historical reminiscence rather than of novel theory. The golden age, in the imagination of the peasant, was the time when every member of the commune had a right to as much wood from the forest as would enable him to sell some, after using what he wanted in firing,—in which the communal possessions were so profitable that, instead of his having to pay rates at the end of the year, each member of the commune was something in pocket. Hence the peasants in general understood by "partition," that the State lands, especially the forests,

would be divided among the communes, and that, by some political legerdemain or oddier, everybody would have free fire-wood, free grazing for his cattle, and over and above that, a piece of gold without working for it. That he should give up a single clod of his own to further the general "partition," had never entered the mind of the peasant communist; and the perception that this was an essential preliminary to "partition," was often a sufficient cure for his Communism.

In villages lying in the neighbourhood of large towns, however, where the circumstances of the peasantry are very different, quite another interpretation of Communism is prevalent. Here the peasant is generally sunk to the position of the proletaire, living from hand to mouth; he has nothing to lose, but everything to gain by "partition." The coarse nature of the peasant has here been corrupted into bestiality by the disturbance of his instincts, while he is as yet incapable of principles; and in this type of the degenerate peasant is seen the worst example of ignorance intoxicated by theory.

A significant hint as to the interpretation the peasants put on revolutionary theories, may be drawn from the way they employed the few weeks in which their movements were unchecked. They felled the forest trees and shot the game; they withheld taxes; they shook off the imaginary or real burdens imposed on them by their mediatized princes, by presenting their "demands" in a very rough way before the ducal or princely "Schloss;" they set their faces against the bureaucratic management of the communes, deposed the government functionaries who had been placed over them as burgomasters and magistrates, and abolished the whole bureaucratic system of procedure, simply by taking no notice of its regulations, and recurring to some tradition—some old order or disorder of things. In all this it is clear that they were animated not in the least by the spirit of modern revolution, but by a purely narrow and personal impulse towards reaction.

The idea of constitutional government lies quite beyond the range of the German peasant's conceptions. His only notion of representation is that of a representation of ranks—of classes; his only notion of a deputy is of one who takes care, not of the national welfare, but of the interests of his own order. Herein lay the great mistake of the democratic party, in common with the bureaucratic governments, that they entirely omitted the peculiar character of the peasant from their political calculations. They talked of the "people," and forgot that the peasants were included in the term. Only a baseless misconception of the peasant's character could induce the supposition that he would feel the slightest enthusiasm about the principles involved in the

re-constitution of the Empire, or even about that re-constitution itself. He has no zeal for a written law, as such, but only so far as it takes the form of a living law—a tradition. It was the external authority which the revolutionary party had won in Baden that attracted the peasants into a participation in the struggle.

Such, Riehl tells us, are the general characteristics of the German peasantry—characteristics which subsist amidst a wide variety of circumstances. In Mecklenburg, Pomerania, and Brandenburg, the peasant lives on extensive estates; in Westphalia he lives in large isolated homesteads; in the Westerwald and in Sauerland, in little groups of villages and hamlets; on the Rhine, land is for the most part parcelled out among small proprietors, who live together in large villages. Then, of course, the diversified physical geography of Germany gives rise to equally diversified methods of land-culture; and out of these various circumstances grow numerous specific differences in manner and character. But the generic character of the German peasant is everywhere the same: in the clean mountain hamlet and in the dirty fishing village on the coast; in the plains of North Germany and in the backwoods of America. “Everywhere he has the same historical character—everywhere custom is his supreme law. Where religion and patriotism are still a naive instinct—are still a sacred *custom*, there begins the class of the German Peasantry.”

Our readers will perhaps already have gathered from the foregoing portrait of the German peasant, that Riehl is not a man who looks at objects through the spectacles either of the doctrinaire or the dreamer; and they will be ready to believe what he tells us in his Preface, namely, that years ago he began his wanderings over the hills and plains of Germany for the sake of obtaining, in immediate intercourse with the people, that completion of his historical, political, and economical studies which he was unable to find in books. He began his investigations with no party prepossessions, and his present views were evolved entirely from his own gradually amassed observations. He was, first of all, a pedestrian, and only in the second place a political author. The views at which he has arrived by this inductive process, he sums up in the term—*social-political-conservatism*; but his conservatism is, we conceive, of a thoroughly philosophical kind. He sees in European society *incarnate history*, and any attempt to disengage it from its historical elements must, he believes, be simply destructive of social vitality.*

* Throughout this article, in our statement of Riehl's opinions, we must be understood not as quoting Riehl, but as interpreting and illustrating him.

What has grown up historically can only die out, historically, by the gradual operation of necessary laws. The external conditions which society has inherited from the past are but the manifestation of inherited internal conditions in the human beings who compose it; the internal conditions and the external are related to each other as the organism and its medium, and development can take place only by the gradual consentaneous development of both. Take the familiar example of attempts to abolish titles, which have been about as effective as the process of cutting off poppy-heads in a corn-field. *Jedem Menschen, says Riehl, ist sein Zopf angeboren, warum soll denn der sociale Sprachgebrauch nicht auch seinen Zopf haben?*—which we may render—“as long as snobbism runs in the blood, why should it not run in our speech?” As a necessary preliminary to a purely rational society, you must obtain purely rational men, free from the sweet and bitter prejudices of hereditary affection and antipathy; which is as easy as to get running streams without springs, or the leafy shade of the forest without the secular growth of trunk and branch.

The historical conditions of society may be compared with those of language. It must be admitted that the language of cultivated nations is in anything but a rational state; the great sections of the civilized world are only approximately intelligible to each other, and even that, only at the cost of long study; one word stands for many things, and many words for one thing; the subtle shades of meaning, and still subtler echoes of association, make language an instrument which scarcely anything short of genius can wield with definiteness and certainty. Suppose, then, that the effort which has been again and again made to construct a universal language on a rational basis has at length succeeded, and that you have a language which has no uncertainty, no whims of idiom, no cumbrous forms, no fitful shimmer of many-hued significance, no hoary archaisms “familiar with forgotten years”—a patent de-odorized and non-resonant language, which effects the purpose of communication as perfectly and rapidly as algebraic signs. Your language may be a perfect medium of expression to science, but will never express *life*, which is a great deal more than science. With the anomalies and inconveniences of historical language, you will have parted with its music and its passion, with its vital qualities as an expression of individual character, with its subtle capabilities of wit, with everything that gives it power over the imagination; and the next step in simplification will be the invention of a talking watch, which will achieve the utmost facility and dispatch in the communication of ideas by a graduated adjustment of ticks, to be represented in writing by a corresponding arrangement of

dots. A melancholy "language of the future!" The sensory and motor nerves that run in the same sheath, are scarcely bound together by a more necessary and delicate union than that which binds men's affections, imagination, wit, and humour, with the subtle ramifications of historical language. Language must be left to grow in precision, completeness, and unity, as minds grow in clearness, comprehensiveness, and sympathy. And there is an analogous relation between the moral tendencies of men and the social conditions they have inherited. The nature of European men has its roots intertwined with the past, and can only be developed by allowing those roots to remain undisturbed while the process of development is going on, until that perfect ripeness of the seed which carries with it a life independent of the root. This vital connexion with the past is much more vividly felt on the Continent than in England, where we have to recal it by an effort of memory and reflection; for though our English life is in its core intensely traditional, Protestantism and commerce have modernized the face of the land and the aspects of society in a far greater degree than in any continental country:—

"Abroad," says Ruskin, "a building of the eighth or tenth century stands ruinous in the open street; the children play round it, the peasants heap their corn in it, the buildings of yesterday nestle about it, and fit their new stones in its rents, and tremble in sympathy as it trembles. No one wonders at it, or thinks of it as separate, and of another time; we feel the ancient world to be a real thing, and one with the new; antiquity is no dream; it is rather the children playing about the old stones that are the dream. But all is continuous; and the words 'from generation to generation,' understandable here."

This conception of European society as incarnate history, is the fundamental idea of Riehl's books. After the notable failure of revolutionary attempts conducted from the point of view of abstract democratic and socialistic theories, after the practical demonstration of the evils resulting from a bureaucratic system which governs by an indiscriminating, dead mechanism, Riehl wishes to urge on the consideration of his countrymen, a social policy founded on the special study of the people as they are—on the natural history of the various social ranks. He thinks it wise to pause a little from theorizing, and see what is the material actually present for theory to work upon. It is the glory of the Socialists—in contrast with the democratic doctrinaires who have been too much occupied with the general idea of "the people" to inquire particularly into the actual life of the people—that they have thrown themselves with enthusiastic zeal into the study at least of one social group, namely, the factory operatives; and here lies the secret of their partial success. But unfortunately, they have

made this special study of a single fragment of society the basis of a theory which quietly substitutes for the small group of Parisian proletaires or English factory-workers, the society of all Europe—nay, of the whole world. And in this way they have lost the best fruit of their investigations. For, says Riehl, the more deeply we penetrate into the knowledge of society in its details, the more thoroughly we shall be convinced that *a universal social policy has no validity except on paper*, and can never be carried into successful practice. The conditions of German society are altogether different from those of French, of English, or of Italian society; and to apply the same social theory to these nations indiscriminately, is about as wise a procedure as Triptolemus Yellowley's application of the agricultural directions in Virgil's "Georgics" to his farm in the Shetland Isles.

It is the clear and strong light in which Riehl places this important position, that in our opinion constitutes the suggestive value of his books for foreign as well as German readers. It has not been sufficiently insisted on, that in the various branches of Social Science there is an advance from the general to the special, from the simple to the complex, analogous with that which is found in the series of the sciences, from Mathematics to Biology. To the laws of quantity comprised in Mathematics and Physics are superadded, in Chemistry, laws of quality; to these again are added, in Biology, laws of life; and lastly, the conditions of life in general, branch out into its special conditions, or Natural History, on the one hand, and into its abnormal conditions, or Pathology, on the other. And in this series or ramification of the sciences, the more general science will not suffice to solve the problems of the more special. Chemistry embraces phenomena which are not explicable by Physics; Biology embraces phenomena which are not explicable by Chemistry; and no biological generalization will enable us to predict the infinite specialities produced by the complexity of vital conditions. So Social Science, while it has departments which in their fundamental generality correspond to mathematics and physics, namely, those grand and simple generalizations which trace out the inevitable march of the human race as a whole, and, as a ramification of these, the laws of economical science, has also, in the departments of government and jurisprudence, which embrace the conditions of social life in all their complexity, what may be called its Biology, carrying us on to innumerable special phenomena which outlie the sphere of science, and belong to Natural History. And just as the most thorough acquaintance with physics, or chemistry, or general physiology will not enable you at once to establish the balance of life in your private vivarium, so that your particular society of zoophytes, molluscs, and echinoderms may feel them-

selves, as the Germans say, at ease in their skin; so the most complete equipment of theory will not enable a statesman or a political and social reformer to adjust his measures wisely, in the absence of a special acquaintance with the section of society for which he legislates, with the peculiar characteristics of the nation, the province, the class whose well-being he has to consult. In other words, a wise social policy must be based not simply on abstract social science, but on the Natural History of social bodies.

Riehl's books are not dedicated merely to the argumentative maintenance of this or of any other position; they are intended chiefly as a contribution to that knowledge of the German people on the importance of which he insists. He is less occupied with urging his own conclusions than with impressing on his readers the facts which have led him to those conclusions. In the volume entitled *Land und Leute*, which, though published last, is properly an introduction to the volume entitled *Die Burgerliche Gesellschaft*, he considers the German people in their physical-geographical relations; he compares the natural divisions of the race, as determined by land and climate, and social traditions, with the artificial divisions which are based on diplomacy; and he traces the genesis and influences of what we may call the ecclesiastical geography of Germany—its partition between Catholicism and Protestantism. He shows that the ordinary antithesis of North and South Germany represents no real ethnographical distinction, and that the natural divisions of Germany, founded on its physical geography, are threefold; namely, the low plains, the middle mountain region, and the high mountain region, or Lower, Middle, and Upper Germany; and on this primary natural division all the other broad ethnographical distinctions of Germany will be found to rest. The plains of North or Lower Germany include all the seaboard the nation possesses; and this, together with the fact that they are traversed to the depth of 600 miles by navigable rivers, makes them the natural seat of a trading race. Quite different is the geographical character of Middle Germany.* While the northern plains are marked off into great divisions, by such rivers as the Lower Rhine, the Weser, and the Oder, running almost in parallel lines, this central region is cut up like a mosaic by the capricious lines of valleys and rivers. Here is the region in which you find those famous roofs from which the rain-water runs towards two different seas, and the mountain-tops from which you may look into eight or ten German States. The abundance of water-power and the presence of extensive coal-mines allow of a very diversified industrial development in Middle Germany. In Upper Germany, or the high mountain region,

we find the same symmetry in the lines of the rivers as in the north; almost all the great Alpine streams flow parallel with the Danube. But the majority of these rivers are neither navigable nor available for industrial objects, and instead of serving for communication, they shut off one great tract from another. The slow development, the simple peasant life of many districts is here determined by the mountain and the river. In the south-east, however, industrial activity spreads through Bohemia towards Austria, and forms a sort of balance to the industrial districts of the Lower Rhine. Of course, the boundaries of these three regions cannot be very strictly defined; but an approximation to the limits of Middle Germany may be obtained by regarding it as a triangle, of which one angle lies in Silesia, another in Aix-la-Chapelle, and a third at Lake Constance.

This triple division corresponds with the broad distinctions of climate. In the northern plains the atmosphere is damp and heavy; in the southern mountain region it is dry and rare, and there are abrupt changes of temperature, sharp contrasts between the seasons, and devastating storms; but in both these zones men are hardened by conflict with the roughnesses of the climate. In Middle Germany, on the contrary, there is little of this struggle; the seasons are more equable, and the mild, soft air of the valleys tends to make the inhabitants luxurious and sensitive to hardships. It is only in exceptional mountain districts that one is here reminded of the rough, bracing air on the heights of Southern Germany. It is a curious fact that, as the air becomes gradually lighter and rarer from the North German coast towards Upper Germany, the average of suicides regularly decreases. Mecklenburg has the highest number, then Prussia, while the fewest suicides occur in Bavaria and Austria.

Both the northern and southern regions have still a large extent of waste lands, downs, morasses, and heaths; and to these are added, in the south, abundance of snow-fields and naked rock; while in Middle Germany culture has almost overspread the face of the land, and there are no large tracts of waste. There is the same proportion in the distribution of forests. Again, in the north we see a monotonous continuity of wheat-fields, potato-grounds, meadow lands, and vast heaths, and there is the same uniformity of culture over large surfaces in the southern table-lands and the Alpine pastures. In Middle Germany, on the contrary, there is a perpetual variety of crops within a short space; the diversity of land surface and the corresponding variety in the species of plants are an invitation to the splitting up of estates, and this again encourages to the utmost the motley character of the cultivation.

According to this threefold division, it appears that there are

certain features common to North and South Germany in which they differ from Central Germany, and the nature of this difference Riehl indicates by distinguishing the former as *Centralized Land* and the latter as *Individualized Land*; a distinction which is well symbolized by the fact that North and South Germany possess the great lines of railway which are the medium for the traffic of the world, while Middle Germany is far richer in lines for local communication, and possesses the greatest length of railway within the smallest space. Disregarding superficialities, the East Frieslanders, the Schleswig-Holsteiners, the Mecklenburghers, and the Pomorians are much more nearly allied to the old Bavarians, the Tyrolese, and the Styrians, than any of these are allied to the Saxons, the Thuringians, or the Rhinelanders. Both in North and South Germany original races are still found in large masses, and popular dialects are spoken; you still find there thoroughly peasant districts, thorough villages, and also, at great intervals, thorough cities; you still find there a sense of rank. In Middle Germany, on the contrary, the original races are fused together or sprinkled hither and thither; the peculiarities of the popular dialects are worn down or confused; there is no very strict line of demarcation between the country and the town population, hundreds of small towns and large villages being hardly distinguishable in their characteristics; and the sense of rank, as part of the organic structure of society, is almost extinguished. Again, both in the north and south there is still a strong ecclesiastical spirit in the people, and the Pomeranian sees Antichrist in the Pope as clearly as the Tyrolese sees him in Doctor Luther; while in Middle Germany the confessions are mingled, they exist peaceably side by side in very narrow space, and tolerance or indifference has spread itself widely even in the popular mind. And the analogy, or rather the causal relation, between the physical geography of the three regions and the development of the population goes still further:

“For,” observes Riehl, “the striking connexion which has been pointed out between the local geological formations in Germany and the revolutionary disposition of the people has more than a metaphorical significance. Where the primeval physical revolutions of the globe have been the wildest in their effects, and the most multiform strata have been tossed together or thrown one upon the other, it is a very intelligible consequence that on a land surface thus broken up, the population should sooner develop itself into small communities, and that the more intense life generated in these smaller communities, should become the most favourable nidus for the reception of modern culture, and with this a susceptibility for its revolutionary ideas; while a people settled in a region where its groups are spread over a large space will persist much more obstinately in the retention of its original character. The people of Middle Germany have none of that exclusive one-sided-

ness which determines the peculiar genius of great national groups, just as this one-sidedness or uniformity is wanting to the geological and geographical character of their land."

This ethnographical outline Riehl fills up with special and typical descriptions, and then makes it the starting-point for a criticism of the actual political condition of Germany. The volume is full of vivid pictures, as well as penetrating glances into the maladies and tendencies of modern society. It would be fascinating as literature, if it were not important for its facts and philosophy. But we can only commend it to our readers, and pass on to the volume entitled *Die Bürgerliche Gesellschaft*, from which we have drawn our sketch of the German peasantry. Here Riehl gives us a series of studies in that natural history of the people, which he regards as the proper basis of social policy. He holds that, in European society, there are *three natural ranks or estates*: the hereditary landed aristocracy, the citizens or commercial class, and the peasantry or agricultural class. By *natural ranks* he means ranks which have their roots deep in the historical structure of society, and are still, in the present, showing vitality above ground; he means those great social groups which are not only distinguished externally by their vocation, but essentially by their mental character, their habits, their mode of life,—by the principle they represent in the historical development of society. In his conception of the "Fourth Estate" he differs from the usual interpretation, according to which it is simply equivalent to the Proletariat, or those who are dependent on daily wages, whose only capital is their skill or bodily strength—factory operatives, artisans, agricultural labourers, to whom might be added, especially in Germany, the day-labourers with the quill, the literary proletariat. This, Riehl observes, is a valid basis of economical classification, but not of social classification. In his view, the Fourth Estate is a stratum produced by the perpetual abrasion of the other great social groups; it is the sign and result of the decomposition which is commencing in the organic constitution of society. Its elements are derived alike from the aristocracy, the bourgeoisie, and the peasantry. It assembles under its banner the deserters of historical society, and forms them into a terrible army, which is only just awaking to the consciousness of its corporate power. The tendency of this Fourth Estate, by the very process of its formation, is to do away with the distinctive historical character of the other estates, and to resolve their peculiar rank and vocation into a uniform social relation founded on an abstract conception of society. According to Riehl's classification, the day-labourers, whom the political economist designates as the Fourth Estate, belong partly to the peasantry or agricultural class, and partly to the citizens or commercial class.

Riehl considers, in the first place, the peasantry and aristocracy as the "Forces of social persistence," and, in the second, the bourgeoisie and the "fourth estate" as the "Forces of social movement."

The aristocracy, he observes, is the only one among these four groups which is denied by others besides Socialists to have any natural basis as a separate rank. It is admitted that there was once an aristocracy which had an intrinsic ground of existence, but now, it is alleged, this is an historical fossil, an antiquarian relic, venerable because grey with age. In what, it is asked, can consist the peculiar vocation of the aristocracy, since it has no longer the monopoly of the land, of the higher military functions, and of government offices, and since the service of the court has no longer any political importance? To this Riehl replies that in great revolutionary crises, the "men of progress" have more than once "abolished" the aristocracy. But remarkably enough, the aristocracy has always re-appeared. This measure of abolition showed that the nobility were no longer regarded as a real class, for to abolish a real class would be an absurdity: It is quite possible to contemplate a voluntary breaking-up of the peasant or citizen class in the socialistic sense, but no man in his senses would think of straightway "abolishing" citizens and peasants. The aristocracy, then, was regarded as a sort of cancer, or excrescence of society. Nevertheless, not only has it been found impossible to annihilate an hereditary nobility by decree; but also, the aristocracy of the eighteenth century outlived even the self-destructive acts of its own perversity. A life which was entirely without object, entirely destitute of functions, would not, says Riehl, be so persistent. He has an acute criticism of those who conduct a polemic against the idea of an hereditary aristocracy while they are proposing an "aristocracy of talent," which after all is based on the principle of inheritance. The Socialists are, therefore, only consistent in declaring against an aristocracy of talent. "But when they have turned the world into a great Foundling Hospital, they will still be unable to eradicate the 'privileges of birth.'" We must not follow him in his criticism, however; nor can we afford to do more than mention hastily his interesting sketch of the mediæval aristocracy, and his admonition to the German aristocracy of the present day, that the vitality of their class is not to be sustained by romantic attempts to revive mediæval forms and sentiments, but only by the exercise of functions as real and salutary for actual society as those of the mediæval aristocracy were for the feudal age. "In modern society the divisions of rank indicate *division of labour*, according to that distribution of functions in the social organism which the historical constitution of society has deter-

mined. In this way the principle of differentiation and the principle of unity are identical.

The elaborate study of the German bourgeoisie, which forms the next division of the volume, must be passed over, but we may pause a moment to note Riehl's definition of the social *Philister* (Philistine), an epithet for which we have no equivalent, not at all, however, for want of the object it represents. Most people, who read a little German, know that the epithet *Philister* originated in the *Burschen-leben*, or Student-life of Germany, and that the antithesis of *Bursch* and *Philister* was equivalent to the antithesis of "gown" and "town;" but since the word has passed into ordinary language, it has assumed several shades of significance which have not yet been merged in a single, absolute meaning; and one of the questions which an English visitor in Germany will probably take an opportunity of asking is, "What is the strict meaning of the word, *Philister*?" Riehl's answer is, that the *Philister* is one who is indifferent to all social interests, all public life, as distinguished from selfish and private interests; he has no sympathy with political and social events except as they affect his own comfort and prosperity, as they offer him material for amusement or opportunity for gratifying his vanity. He has no social or political creed, but is always of the opinion which is most convenient for the moment. He is always in the majority, and is the main element of unreason and stupidity in the judgment of a "discerning public." It seems presumptuous in us to dispute Riehl's interpretation of a German word, but we must think that, in literature, the epithet *Philister* has usually a wider meaning than this—includes his definition and something more. We imagine the *Philister* is the personification of the spirit which judges everything from a lower point of view than the subject demands—which judges the affairs of the parish from the egotistic or purely personal point of view—which judges the affairs of the nation from the parochial point of view, and does not hesitate to measure the merits of the universe from the human point of view. At least, this must surely be the spirit to which Goethe alludes in a passage cited by Riehl himself, where he says that the Germans need not be ashamed of erecting a monument to him as well as to Blucher; for if Blucher had freed them from the French, he (Goethe) had freed them from the nets of the *Philister*—

"Ihr mögt mir immer ungeschcut
Gleich Blüchern Denkmal setzen!
Von Franzosen hat er euch befreit,
Ich von Philister-netzen."

Goethe could hardly claim to be the apostle of public spirit; but he is eminently the man who helps us to rise to a lofty point

of observation, so that we may see things in their relative proportions.

The most interesting chapters in the description of the "Fourth Estate," which concludes the volume, are those on the "Aristocratic Proletariat" and the "Intellectual Proletariat." The Fourth Estate in Germany, says Riehl, has its centre of gravity not, as in England and France, in the day labourers and factory operatives, and still less in the degenerate peasantry. In Germany, the *educated* proletariat is the leaven that sets the mass in fermentation; the dangerous classes there go about, not in blouses, but in frock-coats; they begin with the impoverished prince and end in the hungriest *littérateur*. The custom that all the sons of a nobleman shall inherit their father's title, necessarily goes on multiplying that class of aristocrats who are not only without function but without adequate provision, and who shrink from entering the ranks of the citizens by adopting some honest calling. The younger son of a prince, says Riehl, is usually obliged to remain without any vocation; and however zealously he may study music, painting, literature, or science, he can never be a regular musician, painter, or man of science; his pursuit will be called a "passion," not a "calling," and to the end of his days he remains a dilettante. "But the ardent pursuit of a fixed, practical calling can alone satisfy the active man." Direct legislation cannot remedy this evil. The inheritance of titles, by younger sons is the universal custom, and custom is stronger than law. But if all government preference for the "aristocratic proletariat" were withdrawn, the sensible men among them would prefer emigration, or the pursuit of some profession, to the hungry distinction of a title without rents.

The intellectual proletaires Riehl calls the "church militant" of the Fourth Estate in Germany. In no other country are they so numerous; in no other country is the trade in material and industrial capital so far exceeded by the wholesale and retail trade, the traffic and the usury, in the intellectual capital of the nation. *Germany yields more intellectual produce than it can use and pay for.*

"This over-production, which is not transient but permanent, nay, is constantly on the increase, evidences a diseased state of the national industry, a perverted application of industrial powers, and is a far more pungent satire on the national condition than all the poverty of operatives and peasants. . . . Other nations need not envy us the preponderance of the intellectual proletariat over the proletaires of manual labour. For man more easily becomes diseased from over-study than from the labour of the hands; and it is precisely in the intellectual proletariat that there are the most dangerous seeds of

disease. This is the group in which the opposition between earnings and wants, between the ideal social position and the real, is the most hopelessly irreconcilable."

We must unwillingly leave our readers to make acquaintance for themselves with the graphic details with which Riehl follows up this general statement; but before quitting these admirable volumes, let us say, lest our inevitable omissions should have left room for a different conclusion, that Riehl's conservatism is not in the least tinged with the partisanship of a class, with a poetic fanaticism for the past, or with the prejudice of a mind incapable of discerning the grander evolution of things to which all social forms are but temporarily subservient. It is the conservatism of a clear-eyed, practical, but withal large-minded man—a little caustic, perhaps, now and then in his epigrams on democratic doctrinaires who have their nostrum for all political and social diseases, and on communistic theories which he regards as "the despair of the individual in his own manhood, reduced to a system," but nevertheless able and willing to do justice to the elements of fact and reason in every shade of opinion and every form of effort. He is as far as possible from the folly of supposing that the sun will go backward on the dial, because we put the hands of our clock backward; he only contends against the opposite folly of decreeing that it shall be mid-day, while in fact the sun is only just touching the mountain-tops, and all along the valley men are stumbling in the twilight.

ART. III.—SMITH'S LATIN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

1. *Wörterbuch der Lateinischen Sprache, nach historisch-genetischen Principien, mit steter Berücksichtigung der Grammatik, Synonymik und Alterthumskunde, bearbeitet von Dr. Wilhelm Freund. Nebst mehreren Beilagen linguistischen und archäologischen Inhalts.* 8vo. IV. Bände. Leipzig: 1834—1840.
2. *A Copious and Critical Latin-English Lexicon, founded on the larger Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. William Freund, with Additions and Corrections from the Lexicons of Gesner, Facciolati, Scholler, Georges, &c.* By E. A. Andrews, LL.D. New York: 1851.
3. *A Latin-English Dictionary, based upon the Works of Forcellini and Freund.* By William Smith, LL.D., Editor of the Dictionaries of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Biography, and Geography. London: 1855.

IT has been a standing complaint for many years, that although England by her Universities at Oxford and Cambridge offers the highest rewards to those who cultivate the classical languages, the returns are by no means proportionate to the value of the prizes, so that the country still looks to Germany for the main supply of materials for these pursuits. There is however beyond all doubt much exaggeration in the statement of this as of other grievances; and assuredly in the department of history, more particularly that of Greece, the literary labours of England occupy an indisputable pre-eminence over those of the Continent. To limit the pretensions of Englishmen to this one portion of the field would be an injustice; yet after the most careful examination of all the claims that can with reason be put forward in favour of English scholars, a candid inquirer must admit that he is far from satisfied. A considerable proportion of the evil is probably to be ascribed to the limitation by which the full advantages of collegiate success are confined to such as enter into holy orders, and to the additional fact that those who devote themselves to this profession, soon find that their duties and their interests alike forbid an active prosecution of classical studies. On the other hand, a large majority of those who forfeit their title to fellowships by not taking orders, are before long swallowed up in the all-absorbing occupations of legal or political life. In a country in which the tyranny of habit punishes, by the loss of caste, those whose limited income will not allow them

to maintain the requisite standard of what is called respectability, few indeed are those who will find in the warmth of their own zeal and in the pleasures of a literary life, a compensation for the sacrifice of many social comforts and the supercilious regards of those around them. No doubt there are men who, working in the field of classical pursuits, attain a solid reward for their exertions; but these are for the most part precluded by the drudgery of their professional duties, even supposing them to possess the requisite ability, from pushing forward the boundaries of classical science. On the other hand, the book-makers, with few and honourable exceptions, divide themselves into two classes; those, the great mass, who work up old materials into new shapes, carefully retaining the current errors to suit the taste of the market; and, on the other hand, the shrewd manufacturers, men not without practical merit, who, availing themselves directly or indirectly, occasionally with acknowledgment, more commonly without, of the intellectual labours of others, contrive to reap a twofold harvest of cash and credit, a substantial present reward, together with the advantages of a cheaply-earned reputation, which again, while acceptable in itself, is chiefly valued by them as so much capital to be invested in future commercial speculations.

But, with all drawbacks allowed for, and all deductions made, there is still in this country, and has been for many years, a large amount of latent scholarship of the first quality; and no slight debt was due to the editor of the several classical dictionaries which have been published or commenced in the last thirteen years, for drawing that scholarship into the public service, and not less to the publishers who had the courage to support him in the effort.

In the list of the contributors to the Dictionaries of Antiquities and Biography, there occur the names of some twenty gentlemen who belong to the first rank of classical literature in the country; and these two works, in spite of occasional defects, may challenge comparison with anything of the kind in Germany or France. In the "Dictionary of Geography," which is proceeding with creditable regularity towards completion, we regret to find so few of the names which gave to its predecessors the best guarantee for accuracy and completeness. Among those few, there are indeed several of the very ablest of the old contributors; but we fear that the work will be found to be of very unequal merit, and, at any rate, many of the articles exhibit a wild luxuriance which might well have been pruned by the editorial knife. But the great mass of consumers in the literary, as in the other markets, are apt to give a ready welcome to what is offered under the seeming sanction of a good name. While those who speak

from knowledge ascribe the merit of the several dictionaries which Dr. Smith has edited to the individual contributors, the public looks only to what is seen in the first page, or rather to that other and shorter title which is stamped on the back of a book. Even the members of the literary fraternity, in their careless indolence or for the sake of brevity, are apt to make their references not to Mr. Donkin's "Essay on Greek Music," or Mr. Long's "Papers on Roman Law," or Professor Brandis's "Treatise on Plato," or Professor De Morgan's "Biography of Euclid;" but, in shorter phrase, to Smith's "Antiquities" or Smith's "Biography." The error is further encouraged by the growing practice on the part of the publishers of themselves ascribing the authorship to the editor alone. Thus, we have before us an advertisement, not the first of its kind, bound up with the very book we propose to examine, which commences, "Classical Dictionaries, by Wm. Smith, LL.D.;" and we shall be guilty of no injustice in assuming that this is done with the sanction of that gentleman, when he himself, in the preface to the volume (p. xi.), writes: "Such names are explained at proper length in my Classical Dictionaries." These, it may be said, are little personal matters in which the public is not concerned. But it is by little matters of this kind, accumulating imperceptibly from time to time, that a great error is eventually built up, and the public mind subjected to serious misconceptions. In the present instance, we are aware that the editor of the Dictionaries has been himself a contributor of numerous articles, and some of considerable extent. Occasionally he found in existing German or English publications matter which, more or less abridged, might take a place beside the able articles of other writers; but, on the whole, we hesitate not to say that all the Dictionaries would have been improved if the editor had confined himself to his editorial duties. Those duties indeed were slight, after he had once secured the services of contributors for the most part so highly qualified; for we think that his modesty must have checked any critical interference with their labours, except perhaps in an occasional hint at the importance of condensation. And so it might have remained for him, had he been prudent, to do little more than arrange the distribution of work between the writers, quietly to importune those who were disposed to lag behind, and to superintend the mechanical labours of publication.

These remarks, however invidious, will, we believe, find their excuse with our readers from their bearing upon the question we have proposed to discuss, nor shall they be left in the form of vague and unsupported generality. As a slight specimen of the sort of contributions which Dr. Smith is qualified to produce, we

may refer to the article on Plancius, which called for the more care, as it is so likely to be consulted by those who are reading the well-known speech of Cicero in his defence. The first portion is open to no very serious objection, with the exception of what is possibly a typographical error—the substitution of M. Crassus for P. Crassus; but the latter half has as many errors as sentences, and those for the most part affecting the essence of the narrative. Dr. Smith tells us:—

“Before they (Plancius and Plotius) entered their office (the curule ædileship), Juventius Laterensis, in conjunction with L. Cassius Longinus, accused Plancius of the crime of *sodalitium*, or the bribery of the tribes by means of illegal associations in accordance with the Lex Licinia, which had been proposed by the consul Licinius Crassus in the preceding year. By this law, the accuser had not only the power of choosing the president (*quæstor*) of the court that was to try the case, but also of selecting four tribes from which the judices were to be taken, and one of which alone the accused had the privilege of rejecting. The prætor C. Alfius Flavius was the *quæstor* selected by Laterensis. Cicero defended Plancius, and obtained his acquittal. He subsequently espoused the Pompeian party in the civil wars, and after Cæsar had gained the supremacy, lived in exile at Coreyra. While he was living there, Cicero wrote to him two letters of condolence which have come down to us.”

For the first word of this paragraph there is just no authority, and if we must needs draw inferences from probabilities, there is better ground for saying “after they had entered upon their office,” as, in consequence of the postponement of the comitia, the time for the preceding ædiles’ going out of office had already elapsed long before the election of Plancius, and a second argument in the same direction may be drawn from what will presently follow. Again, *sodalitium* (or rather, *sodalitium*) denotes not a crime, but a social club (of *sodales*); and a prosecution of those who employed such clubs for election purposes in the way of treating, bribery, intimidation, and violence, was always expressed by the words *de sodalitiis*. The prostitution of clubs and city companies for electioneering objects, is a matter only too familiar to Englishmen; and, though the blunder may in some sort be excused perhaps in a German, no one acquainted with the doings of our own election committees should have believed on any than the strongest evidence, that the promoter of an election petition, much less a prosecutor *ad pœnam*, was allowed to nominate the judge* who should preside at the trial. And what

* That is, the *quæstor*, a term which must not be confounded with the *judices* or jury. The prosecutor under the Lex Licinia had the right of nominating four tribes, out of which, after one had been challenged by the defendant, the jury was to be selected (probably by lot). This was something

authority has Dr. Smith for the assertion? None, except the one sentence in Cicero's speech, where, congratulating himself and his client on their having so highly respectable a man as C. Alfius on the bench, he says (c. 17),—Indeed, had Plancius been permitted himself to select his own judge, there is not a man whom he would have preferred to Alfius. Dr. Smith seems to have inferred that, as by Cicero's own admission the choice was not given to the defendant, *argals* it must have belonged to the prosecutor. At any rate, this is the only argument we can find, either in the speech *pro Plancio*, or in the eight passages to which he himself makes reference. But, setting aside all considerations of equity, we would ask whether it be conceivable that so experienced an advocate as Cicero would have failed to draw the attention of the jury to such a fearful defiance of the first principles of justice, as giving to a private prosecutor the nomination of the judge. At any rate, he was not so forbearing on the similar topic, the novel mode of striking the special jury (*editicios judices*). It might appear a minute criticism to object that Dr. Smith without sufficient warrant gives to C. Alfius the surname of Flavus, if a question of some importance in the habits of Roman life were not involved therein. Not only is the reading, *C. Flave* in the concluding chapter of the speech a mere conjecture, but the conjecture carries with it a violation of Roman etiquette, which required that on all formal occasions, even a humble citizen, much more a judge on the bench, should be addressed by his prænomen and gentile name, and by these alone. In the senate for example, the presiding magistrate, when calling on a member to speak, used such a phrase as *Dic M. Tulli*, never *M. Cicero*.

Our next point is of leading moment to those who take an interest in Plancius. Dr. Smith tells us, that Cicero obtained his acquittal. For this assertion we defy him to produce the slightest ancient authority; and indeed, what evidence there is, points unmistakeably the other way. The punishment for the offence *de sodaliciis* under the Licinian law was exile, and in all probability not less than ten years' exile (see Wunder's "Prolegomena," p. lxxix.). Accordingly, we have the evidence of Cicero himself, that Plancius was living in exile at Corcyra during some portion at least of the decennial period which followed the trial. We see indeed that Dr. Smith implies that this exile was the consequence of the enmity which Cæsar felt towards him, as a partisan of the Pompeian interest; but again

equivalent to a modern prosecutor having it in his option to bring a case before a Middlesex or Essex jury, and is very different from allowing him to select the individual jurymen.

he has not one word in any ancient author to support any one of these assumptions, simply because no ancient author makes the slightest allusion to the acts or feelings of Plancius in relation to Pompey or Cæsar. It is difficult to believe that any writer by the most unhappy concurrence of mischances should have gone so wholly wrong; and it may be suggested, that possibly the biographer has come across some historical statements unknown to ordinary students. Unfortunately, his authorities, so far as the ancients are concerned, are duly appended by him; and we believe that we can furnish the clue to an explanation of the case, in that he found it convenient to avail himself of Drumann's "Geschichte Roms," and to abridge the section in that work which treats of Cicero's life in his relations with Plancius. This German writer seems to have an imaginative mind; and, with an occasional "wohl" ripening at times into a "muss," often puts forward as facts what are in truth only hasty inferences of his own, so that no prudent scholar will venture to transfer his assertions without previous verification. Fortunately he gives his authorities in some profusion; and it is on the perfect identity of these with Dr. Smith's, as well as on the identity of errors, that we found our assumption of Dr. Smith's having drawn his life of Plancius from this source, though he has not acknowledged it.

But we have not done with Plancius. There occurs in Eckhel's well-known work a coin with the legend: CN. PLANCIUS. AED. CVR. S. C., which we have no doubt refers to Cicero's friend. From the speech we gather that this Plancius was the first of his family who attained to public office, and we may with some safety assume that he had no children; for when the orator, so celebrated for his *miserales epilogi* (c. 34), had to defend a father against an accusation involving exile, he was pretty certain not to have lost the opportunity of appealing to the jury on so affecting a topic. But what says Dr. Smith? Why, we have one single gentleman split into two, as follows:—" (The Plancius) mentioned as curule ædile on the coin . . . must, of course, be different from the preceding Cn. Plancius, since we have seen that he failed in obtaining the curule ædileship." Thus, he forgets what he has written in the very paragraph preceding, and, going on the other tack, implies that Cicero's efforts were fruitless, and his client convicted. Yes, he was in all probability convicted; but there was still abundant time for striking the coin in the period of his holding the office between his election and his trial. But the same haste, or whatever it may be, which marks Dr. Smith's use of Drumann's writings, attends him in his dealings with Eckhel. The reverse of the coin has a female head, which we may interpret with all cer-

tainly (not mere "probability") as the head of Diana. Not only the bow and quiver point to this goddess, but still more unequivocally the *capra silvestris*, to use Eckhel's words, which we take to mean, most probably the ibex, possibly the chamois, but which Dr. Smith translates "a she-goat," as though *silvestris* were an unmeaning epithet, and as though in the language of science *capra* were limited to the female. *Eine dumme Gans* applied to a man would be, we admit, a solecism as against good manners, but not as against good grammar. But that the head is Diana's, is placed beyond doubt by evidence which, besides bearing on the present point, is interesting to the student of Roman religion, and certainly forms an important item in the biography of the Plancian family. As among the Fabii there were *sacra privata* connected with the worship of Hercules, so Diana appears to have been the patron saint, so to say, of the gens Plancia; and accordingly Visconti has given an inscription of a dedication DIANÆ PLANCIANÆ. But of this not a word in the "Biographical Dictionary." With one more remark we leave the article "Plancius." In the life of "Cicero," an enumeration of the best editions of his complete works was followed by a promise that, under the names of the persons chiefly concerned, mention should be made of any meritorious editions of his separate writings. Surely, then, we might have expected here some notice of Wunder's "Oratio pro Plancio," 4to, Lipsiæ, 1830, which may safely be pronounced to be the most elaborate, if not the ablest, edition of any of Cicero's works. To say nothing of the "Prolegomena" (pp. xevi.), which contain original and valuable dissertations on several important matters, nowhere else have we so minute or so accurate a record of the manuscript readings of any Latin author.

Regretting that so much space should have been required for exposing the errors and omissions of thirty demi-lines, we proceed to the consideration of the main matter which now claims our attention.

The formula "by A. B." in the title-page of a dictionary may mean much or may mean little. With Forcellini it implied the labour of almost a life. Commencing in 1715 with an attempt to prepare a new edition of the dictionary, then most in favour, by Ambrogio da Calepio, after some three years misspent, he found the plan to be utterly unsatisfactory, and, encouraged by Facciolati to construct an original work, he boldly set about it at the close of 1718. The scale of his labours may be estimated from the fact of his having devoted three years and a half to the letters. After an interruption of seven years (1724-31), and a partial interruption of nine years (1742-51), during which he was only able to proceed "*quasi claudus et subinde insistens*," he

arrived at the close of his task Feb. 21, 1753. But there still remained the duty of reading it over himself, and then getting a fair copy of it made before it was printed. This revision lasted from June 5, 1753, to April 9, 1755, and the fair copy was not completed till Nov. 13, 1761. These dates are *ex autographo ipsius* (see his *Dict. Præf.*, p. 48). The work was actually published in 1771; but the author had already died, April 4, 1768.

Of Freund's labours we are not able to speak with the same precision, but he also has spent *magnum ævi spatium* on his great work. Although he had the Lexicon of Forcellini as an aid, it was only as an aid; and the "Wörterbuch der Lateinischen Sprache" is truly an original production, upon which a vast amount of classical knowledge as well as intellectual and physical energy must have been expended. Without knowing the precise date when the work was first taken up, we may still, from even a superficial view, infer that many and many a long year in the Riesengebirge was spent in the careful study of the various authors which constitute the literature of Rome. It has been said with justice of the Lexicon of Forcellini, that for no other language does the world yet possess so complete a work; yet the improvements made by Freund on that Lexicon are great in many directions. Not a few words which had escaped the Italian scholar were added; many advantageous changes were made in the exegetical department; thousands of additional authorities, sometimes to excess, brought forward; archaistic and irregular forms collected from all quarters; and all references, itself an Herculean task, given with no little accuracy—book, chapter, section, and, where necessary, even subsection. Thus the work extended through 4600 large octavo pages, the first volume being printed in 1834, the last in 1845. Had the interpretations been given in Latin in place of German, Freund's Dictionary would at once have supplanted that of Forcellini in this country. But it has still a high value, even for those of our countrymen who are wholly ignorant of German, inasmuch as the mere collocation beside each other of many similarly constructed passages must be instructive to one who already possesses some scholarship. Indeed, the chief use of Forcellini's great work is derived from this source, and not from his Latin or Italian definitions.

Such being the services which Italy and Germany have conferred upon Latin literature in the way of lexicography, what, we would ask, has been contributed in those countries where the English language holds sway? We fear that the answer to this question cannot be satisfactory. But a few years back, the only Latin-English Dictionary of any pretensions that had a large circulation in this country, was one which bore on the face

of it that it was the production of a native scholar; but we have a strong feeling that it would have been more in accordance with the state of facts, had the title-page run: "Lünemann's Latin Dictionary, translated by," &c. It is true that some acknowledgments to Lünemann are made in the preface, but nothing commensurate with the actual obligation. The original is far from a scholarlike performance; but the translation falls a long way below it, partly from the undue haste with which the German has been rendered into English, so that when passages are referred to they are often at variance with the meanings assigned, and partly from the omission of many words through simple carelessness. Thus the work was but ill entitled to the description given in the title-page — "A Complete Latin-English Dictionary."

In the commencement of the year 1851, the first copy was brought to this country of "A Copious and Critical Latin-English Lexicon, founded on the larger Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. William Freund, with Additions and Corrections from, &c., by E. A. Andrews, LL.D., New York." Here, again, the phrase "founded on" implies a much greater amount of original labour than we can find traces of in a somewhat careful examination of the book. "The additions from other sources are inserted," says the editor, "in a parenthesis, and distinguished by a prefixed asterisk;" but certainly the eye does not very often come across parentheses so marked. Still, we are not justified in opposing the negative evidence of our failing to find them to the distinct averment of Dr. Andrews in his preface (p. iv.), and must be content to express our regret that he has not given in that preface any definite references to instances of valuable additions. We are the more disappointed at this, as the editor himself tells us that the body of the work was translated by the Rev. Professor Robins and Mr. W. W. Turner, of New York, and Freund's preface by the Rev. Dr. Wolsey, of Yale College. Thus it is difficult to lay a finger on anything contributed by Dr. Andrews; yet his name occupies the most important place in the title, and at the same time, by the greater magnitude of the type, eclipses that of Dr. Freund. In short, we shall not be very wrong in suggesting as a title for the next edition: "An Abridged Translation of Freund's Latin Dictionary, by several hands." But in criticising the form, we must do justice to the substantial merit of the work. This however can be most conveniently done in considering a publication which has recently been put forth in this country. We therefore return to our little sketch of lexicography in reference to the Latin language.

The appearance of a translation of Freund's great work, containing nearly all the substance of the original in the compass of

one large volume of nearly 1700 pages, and those pages consisting of three columns, with all but a hundred lines in each, while the type, though small, rivalled the Elzevirian editions in neatness and accuracy, was enough to alarm those in the book-trade who had an interest in existing Latin dictionaries; and, to complete that alarm, the American publishers sent over stereotype plates of the work, so that it was placed before English purchasers at a most tempting price. We are not unduly betraying the secrets of the trade in stating that two of the first houses in London negotiated for a time, hoping to form an alliance and publish conjointly a Latin-English dictionary that should be able to confront the American invader. Diplomacy was however without effect, and after a short delay the two powers resolved to act independently, and each to favour the world with a dictionary. Already in the summer of 1851 there came from Albemarle Street an announcement: "In the press, a Latin-English Dictionary, by William Smith, LL.D., Editor of the Dictionaries of Antiquities, Biography, and Geography." Thus we have this industrious man of letters in a new character—an author, and not a mere editor. His progress has been sufficiently gradual. One of his first publications was an edition of part of the writings of Tacitus, the text being copied from a German edition, the essay of Bötticher "de Stylo Taciteo" being translated by a friend, as a sort of introduction, and the notes translated by another friend from those of some German scholars. The union of these three portions completed the book, saving the title-page, which was the genuine contribution of Dr. Smith himself.* But the then author of a title-page has at last assumed his full proportions, and we have before us the promised Dictionary in 1225 pages 8vo. If speed is to be the test of success, Albemarle Street has won a signal triumph over the Row; for Messrs. Longman have not yet made any very distinct announcement, although it is well known that the energies of themselves and their literary coadjutors have been unremittingly devoted to the preparation of a rival lexicon. How humiliated must they have felt, when they saw that Dr. Smith had reached the goal, while they were nowhere!—and this though he had run under every disadvantage, having been weighted to such a degree that the horse's back might well have been broken. Forcellini thought three and a half years' employment of his undivided time not more than enough for the single letter A, to say nothing of revising that letter, copying it for the press, and printing. In a

*. In the first edition his name appears, with proper modesty, only at the end of the preface. In the second edition it is advanced to the title-page—
"By W. Smith, LL.D."

shorter period than this, Dr. Smith throws off a lexicon of more than 1200 closely-printed three-columned pages, and this as a bit of bye-play; for simultaneously he was fulfilling the duties of three professorships—Latin, Greek, and History—in the “New College” of the Independent denomination; secondly, he was editing and himself writing largely in the Dictionary of Geography; thirdly, he was putting together a School History of Greece, requiring no slight amount of labour, though little more than an abridgment of Mr. Grote’s work; fourthly, he was abridging the Classical Dictionary down to a volume in 12mo; fifthly, he drew up, within the same period, a second edition of the “Smaller Dictionary of Antiquities,” with “alterations and additions so numerous, that it must be regarded,” he tells us, “to a considerable extent as a new work;”* sixthly, he superintended the preparation of “A Smaller Latin-English Dictionary,” abridged from the larger work; and seventhly, we do not know whether we are justified in saying lastly, he gives us what might have taken an ordinary mortal a large portion of a life—an edition of Gibbon’s “Decline and Fall.” The *magnam opus*, however, despite the varied and heavy claims on the author’s time, was completed in the early part of last year, but was not to be exposed to the vulgar gaze without being heralded in due form. As we read in our old tragedies, “Flourish of trumpets, enter —;” so, before the public were allowed to feast their eyes, copies were privately distributed in certain quarters, and several weekly journals, which lay claim more or less to a literary character, expatiated on the merits of the forthcoming work in unqualified collaudation. But we imagine that such panegyrics must, in City phrase, be subject to a heavy discount, if only because they followed too immediately on the receipt of the volume; unless indeed the newspapers in question possess a staff of reviewers who can perform their office with a velocity equal to that of Dr. Smith’s own pen.

We find it no easy thing, we confess, to write gravely on this subject, and can only plead that our judges, even on the bench, have at times their jokes. Still the matter has its serious aspect, not only as bearing directly on the interests of the consuming public, but also for the value which is to be attached to literary character. And the feeling that moral questions enter deeply into the inquiry, makes our responsibility the more onerous. But, independently of this consideration, to investigate the merits of any large work for one’s own satisfaction alone, and far more so when the object is to bring conviction to the minds of others, is a difficult task; but the difficulty applies with special force to

* See his own Preface.

the present case. The multifarious character of the book constitutes a claim for indulgence, in case of partial failure. To compose a Latin Dictionary in perfection is, in some sense, to edit at once all the authors that lie within the sphere of Roman literature, and thus even the most competent of lexicographers must exhibit inequalities. Errors will assuredly present themselves here and there; and a malicious or even honest but hasty reviewer, by throwing such errors together, may easily lead others to a most unjust condemnation. On the other hand, the drudgery of a close examination must be repulsive to the critic himself; and when he has performed the task ever so conscientiously, he may still be embarrassed in placing the tedious evidence distinctly before others. From such labour we have not shrunk; we are fully alive to the duty of indulgence; and we shall be careful to report facts with the minutest accuracy.

The title-page distinctly informs us that the book is "based on the works of Forcellini and Freund," and a large portion of the Preface is employed in the most vehement condemnation of Dr. Andrews's Dictionary. After this, it is somewhat startling to find that Dr. Smith "determined to take the latter as the basis of his labours."* The admission contained in these words may be most liberally interpreted, for full ninety-five per cent. of the book is servilely copied† from this translation; insomuch that the American public may point to Smith's "Andrews" as so many pages of answer to the charge of literary piracy, so freely and sometimes so justly made against themselves. When the author in his Preface (p. xii.) talks of the manuscript which he sent to the printers, we would with all due modesty ask whether the printed pages of the American Dictionary did not in fact constitute "the copy," of course more or less blackened with marks of omission and so-called corrections and improvements. This question is suggested by the repetition, in Dr. Smith's book, of a number of accidental errors, in which it looks like a mathematical impossibility that two independent blunderers should so often coincide. Take for example the evidence of erroneous quantities,—evidence the stronger the more glaring the error. Without any violent stretch of our candour, we may give our

* There is a strange epigrammatic sentence in the first page of the Preface: (The) design and general plan (of the present work) were formed nearly twenty years ago. Thus the author, by an unparalleled exertion of second sight, foresaw that Freund would compose just such a Latin Dictionary, and that Andrews and his associates in the New World would be so obliging as to translate it for him.

† If an attempt be made to import the book into the United States, which we understand has hitherto not been the case, there will be an opportunity of legally trying the question of piracy.

author credit for knowing the quantity of the penult in the Greek words *νεκταροσ* and *σιδηροσ*, particularly of the latter, when placed before him in the Greek character; yet we find Andrews and Smith most happily coinciding in the following groups of words: *sīdērītēs* = *σιδηρίτης*, &c.; *sīdērītēsis*, [*σιδηρίτις*], &c.; *sīdērītis* = *σιδηρίτις*, &c.; *sīdērōpocēilos* = *σιδηροποικιλος*, &c.; — *nectar āris*, &c.; *nectārēa*, &c., *nectārēus*, (*nectārius*), &c.; *nectārites*, &c. Of isolated errors in the quantity of Latin words, We have noticed in the pages of Andrews more than a hundred other specimens: of these but three have been corrected by our author. Secondly, Freund at times, and Andrews more frequently, have ventured to assign a particular quantity to words of origin utterly unknown, and devoid of all poetical authority. In these Dr. Smith invariably follows Andrews. Thus, *nātinor*, "to be busy," and its family of derivatives, for the existence of which we have no other authority than that of Cato and Festus, and *arrūgia*, "the shaft of a mine," in Pliny, have the quantities here marked, first in Freund, then in Andrews, then in Smith. In the cases of *serichatum*, "an aromatic plant" (Plin.), and *carracutum*, "a two-wheeled vehicle" (Isid.), Freund abstains from defining the quantity; but Andrews gives *serichatum* (the first syllable not marked), and *carracutum*, which are accurately copied by Smith. Again in not a few cases Andrews accidentally omits to report well-known quantities, and then the same omission occurs in his copier. It is only in two classes of words that Dr. Smith shows the slightest independence. When a word has varied in quantity for different periods, and when a vowel is followed by a mute and liquid, he feels distrust alike of himself and his guide, and prudently ignores the quantity. It is left for such go-ahead scapegraces as the German and American lexicographers to write *cōchlēa*, *pātrīus*, *lūgūbris*, *mālōbāthron*, *coturnix* (ō, Lucr. 4, 643; ō, Ovid, Am., 2, 6, 27; Juv. 12, 97); Smith, with dignified silence, has *cochlēa*, *patrīus*, *lūgubris*, *mālōbathron*, *coturnix*.

We have stated that Dr. Smith has in three solitary cases out of some hundred and more, corrected the prosodiacal errors of Andrews. Two of the words in question are *verētrum* and *mēta*. Now, we have a slight suspicion that these would have been left uncorrected by him, had not their origin been discussed by a writer in "Bell's Journal of Education" (Vol. ix., pp. 154 and 281); for Dr. Smith, we observe, adopts that writer's theory (without acknowledgment), that *meta* is an abbreviated form of *men-tā*, and so derived on the one hand from that ultimate root *MEN*, whence *mensus*, *mentor*, *mensura* are formed, and the parent on the other hand of *metari*. We will add, in confirmation of this argument, that *mentula*, only too familiar to the

readers of Catullus, evidently implies a primitive *menta*, and thus obtains by this theory a simple explanation both of its origin and meaning. It may be thought that we are doing an injustice to Dr. Smith, in supposing for a moment that he could have failed to have learned the quantity of *meta* from the first stanza of Horace. But the fact is, we have very grave doubts about his prosodiacal knowledge. A man who could substitute *verētrum* for *verētrum*, when the line in Phædrus (IV. 14) was placed before him, and then retain beside it a diminutive marked *verē. tillum*, must have very loose notions of metrical matters. We remember too, that when his "Abridged Classical Dictionary of Biography" was first published, the exhibition of quantities was such as to excite ugly suspicions. So long as the Greek name, written beside the Latin form, furnished a guide, it was found practicable to mark the quantities in full; as *Sēmēle*, (Σεμελη); *Tēlēgōnus*, (Τηλέγονος); *Tēnēdos*, (Τένεδος); *Xēnōphōn* (Ξενοφών); but this guide removed, we were favoured with such safe assertions as *Lucilius*, *Scribonius*, *Pompilius*, *Palatium*; or, failing the good old rule of "one vowel before another," &c., we had often to be content with an unmarked *Roma*, *Plato*, *Thales*, *Numa*, *Saturnus*, &c. At times, indeed, he did venture on a bold blunder, as *Valerius* repeated some dozen times, despite Horace's *Valeri genus*. But, fortunately, the state of things was detected in a few days by a friendly eye; and it was happily no very expensive or troublesome affair to punch out the offending metal from the stereotype plates, and insert the proper types. Nor indeed is his weakness on this side inconsistent with the history of his training in boyhood. While nearly all the public schools of England devote an undue share of their energies to the composition of Latin verse, and so become familiar with the arcana of metrical science, the Dissenters for the most part have run into the opposite extreme.

The evidence of servile copying which we have found in the habitual reproduction of the merest blunders in quantity, will be confirmed before we have done by a similar reproduction of errors in numerical references; nor is this inconsistent with the admission that the work is based on the translation of Andrews. Yet an unsuspecting reader of that passage would probably not have inferred quite so much, especially as he had been told but a few lines before. "I soon found that I could not avail myself of the labours of Dr. Andrews and his associates to the extent I had anticipated."* We also now understand what Dr. Smith

* It is to be regretted that he has not told us what that extent was. Did he purpose to reprint the work bodily, merely substituting his own name for that of Andrews?

means, when he says with literal truth that "not a single article of any length or importance has been taken either from Forcellini or from Freund without considerable changes." At the speed he proposed to himself, it would have been overmuch to translate into English the Italian and Latin of Forcellini's work or the German of Freund's, especially when there lay beside him the translation of Freund's book by Dr. Andrews, protected by no copyright in England, and at the same time so convenient for his purpose. He had perhaps heard of the dialogue between the two costermongers, while hawking about their brooms: "I can't, for the life of me, make out, Bill, how you undersell me so. Here, I prigs my broom, and I prigs my handle, and all I've to do is to stick 'em together." "Aye," says Bill, "I knows a better dodge nor your'n; I prigs mine ready-made."

But it may be pleaded that to appropriate the translation of Andrews, is in substance to appropriate the matter of Freund. Be it so. But in the first place this cannot apply to Forcellini's book. Now, while we everywhere detect wholesale borrowings from Andrews, or if it be preferred, from Freund, we have looked carefully, but looked in vain for any the slightest traces of matter taken directly from Forcellini. Of course our failure is no proof of the negative. There may be, nay, we have little doubt there are some needles in the vast bottle of hay, though we have not found them. We make the admission in good faith, for it was a trifling trouble, and commercially most important to manufacture an excuse for decking the title-page with the telling name of Forcellini, in addition to that of Freund. The sanction of Andrews's authority was less desirable on two accounts. Not only is his name without any great celebrity in England, but its appearance in Dr. Smith's title-page might have had something of a suicidal effect, acting as a sort of puff of the book he was to rival, to the detriment of his own. Why buy a Dictionary "based on Andrews," it would have been said, when I can get the entire original for less money.

But we proceed to a closer examination of the work. Suspicion might well attach to any selection of passages made by ourselves; but happily we are able to avail ourselves of Dr. Smith's own services for the purpose. In page ix. of his Preface, he "briefly describes the leading characteristics of the present work," commencing thus:—

"In the Exegetical department, which is necessarily the most important in every lexicon, the great object has been to arrange the significations in a simple and consistent method. A careful definition of the primary meaning of every word is given, and then follow the derivative significations arranged in the natural order as far as this can be ascertained. The etymological meaning has always been regarded

is the original one; and in the case of primitive words, the physical signification is assumed to have preceded the figurative and the moral. In classifying the various definitions, while care has been taken to separate those which are really different, a needless multiplication of distinctions has been avoided as much as possible. As examples of the difference between the present work and that of Freund in the Exegetical department, the following articles may be pointed out for comparison: *impero, par, quum, spatium, ut, valeo*, and nearly all the pronouns and prepositions."

The generalities of this paragraph are most satisfactory as a lexicographical creed, and if Dr. Smith's performances agreed with his words, the lexicon would be unexceptionable. But knowing what we do, we can scarcely suppress a smile at the imperturbable gravity with which he thus addresses his readers, as though he had been composing an original dictionary. It reminds us of a passage in a similar strain of affected scholarship in the Preface to his "School History of Greece:" "As my own studies have led me over, the same ground as Mr. Grote, I have carefully weighed his opinions and tested his statements by a reference to his authorities; and in almost all cases I have been compelled to adopt his conclusions." A person who thus lends his support to an eminent scholar from that scholar's own level, owes it both to himself and his client to point out and support one or two of those rare cases in which he cannot adopt the other's conclusions. Let me see, Mr. Grote might say, how you can oppose me, that I may know the value of your support.

But we pass from generalities to what is special; and though the six words are certainly not such as we should ourselves have selected as tests of lexicographical excellence, we cordially accept his proposal. The word *spatium* indeed, does suggest a topic for philological inquiry not without interest, and that in a quarter to which the preceding paragraph justly points our attention—the etymological origin of the word. While Latin scholars of the present day commonly claim it as a derivative from *pateo*, Forcellini and our best Greek-English lexicon treat it as the analogue of *σπαδιον*, the Doric variety of *σταδιον*. The forms of the Latin and Greek nouns are all but identical; and the special sense of "race-course," held by both in common, also argues affinity; but then, as the original power of *σταδιον* is declared to be the *stade* or Greek *standard* of length, we are compelled to give our assent to the doctrine that it is only the neuter of the adjective *σταδιος*, "standing," and so, derived from the parent verb *ιστημι*. In confirmation of the argument, we may notice that *spatium* carries with it the notion of a "race-course" much more frequently than editors suppose. What we may well call the *locus classicus* for this sense of the word is the

Sicut fortis equus spatio qui sæpe supremo Vicit Olympia of Ennius; and in the application of the metaphor to the race of life, we have the phrases *decurso ætatis spatio* and *excursio jam spatio* in Plautus and Terence. The *spatium declivis Olympi* in Ovid is another metaphorical application of the term; and Cicero avails himself of the simile for literary contests. While these passages cannot well be mistaken, there occurs a phrase in the "Georgics," which we do not recollect to have seen correctly interpreted by any editor. We refer to *quum carceribus sese ecfudere quadrigæ Addunt in spatia** (i. 513), where the sense of *addere* has been probably derived from the fuller phrase, *addere gradum* of military language, for *adde gradum*, "quick march," as addressed to soldiers, would by a practical necessity be soon reduced to *adde*; and among the Romans, such words (*imperare*, is another example) would soon pass beyond their original sphere into the language of common life. On the other hand, *in spatia* (as in the forms *in dies*, *in horas*) means "each course or circuit of the race,"—for it is precisely with words denoting increase, that this usage of the preposition *in* commonly occurs. Further, this more limited application of the word belongs to the Greek *στανδιον*, (a single course opposed to the *διδυλος*, says Liddell); and we are therefore inclined to connect with the Greek word the employment of *spatia* for the turns in a walk, as we say, "take another turn;" for example, in *duobus spatiis tribusve factis*, or *uno basilicæ spatio* in Cicero.† It was after musing in this way, that we turned to the two articles in Andrews and Smith, to perform the duty of comparison. Our report is this. To convey a general idea of what we found, we first give the "Exegesis" by itself, apart from examples. Andrews has,—

* "Spatium [perh. kindred with pateo] I. room, a space;—(limited) space, distance, interval; . . . size, bulk;—an open space for walking, racing, etc., in, *A walk, promenade, race-ground, public place or square*, etc.; . . . the action of walking, a walk, turn, promenade;—II. Trop. of time: a space of time, interval, period;—time . . . to do anything, space, time, leisure, opportunity;—metrical time, measure, quantity;—a path, course, race, track," (under this last head metaphors from the race-course are collected).

Smith has:—

"Spatium [perh. akin to pateo] room, space;—a walk, promenade, race-ground, public place, etc.; . . . Meton, a walking, a walk, turn, . . .

* We once saw these three words translated by an editor, "Dash into space"†—dashing enough, certainly.

† What right Freund, Andrews, and Smith, have to translate the word generally a *promenade* or *walk*, is for them to show.

promenade;—*distance, interval*:—*size, dimension*;—|| *Fig. of time: a space of time, interval, period*;—*Esp. time, leisure, opportunity*;—*metrical time, measure, quantity.*”

Thus in substance, Dr. Smith may take credit for four items; the use of the word “Meton;” the substitution of “akin” for “kindred,” “dimension” for “size,” and “Fig.” for, “Trop.” As regards the arrangement of ideas, his superiority, if it be superiority, must consist in having removed to a greater distance from the primitive idea, the section, or as he has it, the two sections, “*distance, interval,*” “*size, bulk.*” Further be it observed, that besides the identity of the English words in each section, the order of such words also is identical. Then as to the examples by which the several meanings are supported, every one of the fifty-four which Smith has given is also in Andrews, with this qualification, that in two passages from Cæsar, where the other has given only the references, Smith has added the words. To be precise, we will add that two other passages have been transferred by Smith to different sections from what they occupy in Andrews, and in neither case with any advantage. We may also note that Andrews has twenty-one sentences and seventeen references which Smith does not give, and among these passages not quoted by Smith, are those from Ennius, Plautus, and Terence, of which we spoke above. When we say that the fifty-four examples given by Smith are all of them in Andrews, we have not done justice to our argument, that the copying is most servile. We have still to add, as in the translations at the head of each section, first, that in no case (save the two just mentioned) do the examples, as found in Smith, contain a single word of the original Latin beyond what Andrews has thought proper to quote, or fail to follow in the order, in which Andrews has happened to arrange them. Nor does the identity stop here. It occasionally occurs that a quotation is itself translated by Andrews more or less fully. Here also the agreement is pretty invariable. Thus under the present word, our eye in running over the ninety-eight lines which constitute the article in Smith, catches the following phrases in English, all of which are common to him with Andrews: “*room or space in a building—the inner space, the interior—colonnades, porticoes—the length—lengthens them out—after the sixtieth year.*” The only English phrases which Smith has and Andrews has not, are the translations of the two quotations from Cæsar, of which we have already twice made mention. We have for once entered into these minute details, as they place in the clearest light the utter emptiness of Dr. Smith’s pretensions to originality, and the truth of our own allegation of servile plagiarism.

But to proceed. The two articles on *impero* start thus: Andrews with, 'impĕro (imp.), avi, atum I. (archaic form IMPERASSIT, Cic. Leg. 3, 3, 6) v. a. and n. [in-paro];'—and Smith with, 'im-pĕro (imp.) avi, atum (old form, imperassit, Cic. Leg. 3, 3, 6) I. v. a. [paro].' These words are followed in Smith by eight lines, to which Andrews has no claim, but of these more anon; and in the remainder, that is, 114 lines, we can trace nothing that is due to Smith, except a miscopied reference to Cicero and some transpositions of sections, one alone of which has any importance, and this one is a necessary consequence of the principle contained in the said new matter. It would seem, therefore, that we have here hit the point upon which Dr. Smith so confidently requests our opinion; but it is our office to inform him, or rather his readers, that neither in this has he any property. In the table of abbreviations which face the first page of his lexicon there occur the words, 'Key, Key's Latin Grammar.' Now in this very book (§§ 1289—91) is given the theory which forms the substance of the said new matter; so that the improvement, if it be improvement, is not Dr. Smith's. Nor is this all, for he not merely kidnaps the poor child but mangles it, as a few words will show. It has been long known that certain Latin verbs, belonging to political and legal language, first obtained a peculiar sense through connexion with a participle, and then by an easy abbreviation dropped the participle, still retaining the modified meaning. Thus while *locare* in itself signifies nothing more or less than 'to place,' *portorium exigendum alicui locare* signifies 'to place in a person's hands the collection of the customs,' 'to farm them out, or let them;' *agrum colendum tibi locare*, 'to let you a farm;' and as for each noun so used, the participle was always the same, this participle became so thoroughly a matter of course that it was easily dispensed with. Further, the author of the above-named grammar compares, in a note, the verb *impera-re* with *separa-re* 'to put apart,' *dispara-re*, 'to put in different places,' *compara-re*, 'to put together,' and so arrives at the conclusion that *impera-re*, in itself, is simply 'to put upon,' 'to impose,' and consequently, that *imperare equites Æduis* is to be explained by reference to some participle understood, such as *cogendos*, 'to impose on the Ædui the duty of getting together a body of cavalry.' This theory implies, of course, that the political or military meaning of the term is entitled to precedence, and hence the derived noun *imperium* has the same special power. We now give the eight lines in question: 'lit. to put upon (cf. comparo "to put together," separo "to put asunder") used in the fig. sign. only: c o n s t r. with acc. of direct object, and dat. of indirect: noli obsecro lacrimis tuis mihi exercitum imperare, do not bring trouble upon me, Pl. Cist. 1, 1, 60. Hence

to impose as a burden, tax, etc.' It will here be seen that the need of a participle for the explanation has escaped Dr. Smith; and we much fear that the passage from Plautus, and especially the translation of *exercitum*, as given by him, are not altogether trustworthy. For the rest, what we have said under *spatium* of the identity of the matter in Smith with that of Andrews in respect of the English words used in translation, of the order of such words, of quotations, and of the order of quotations, applies *totidem verbis* to the article *impero*, and indeed to nearly every article in the book, except some on Natural History, and to a certain extent those in the early part of the book, where there are traces of, at any rate, a more conscientious treatment.

The articles on *valeo* both commence with the physical idea of "to be strong, stout, vigorous." In both the main division of sections consists in setting apart under the heading "II. Transf." what is deemed a metaphorical employment of the verb, as opposed to the physical. This is the principle (not a very new one) which Dr. Smith announced in his 'brief description;' but his ideas seem rather confused. The first example under his metaphorical division is, *alios videmus velocitate ad cursum, alios viribus ad luctandum valere*, which, to our apprehension, savours of the physical, as also what we see a little below, *nec Lethæa valet Theseus abrumperè vincula*. Andrews has placed the section containing these instances in the first, or physical division, so that the merit of the transposition is wholly due to the new editor. But we will admit that there is a certain confusion in the arrangement of Andrews as well as of Smith, which is the result of a not unusual error, the attempt to combine two incompatible principles of distribution. Thus Freund thought it right to place under one head those examples which to the notion of power add that of some object to which the power is directed, this object being expressed by the preposition *ad*, or by an infinitive. Now it is evident that such a heading will comprise under it alike the physical and metaphorical uses of the word; and hence the difference between the two editors, Andrews, throwing all the passages about applied power under his first division, Smith, who usually copies the section *verbatim*, transferring them bodily to the second. We notice one other transposition. The construction, *valere jubeo*, Andrews has placed at the end of the section headed by 'vale, farewell.' But Smith, while he places it in the same section as Andrews, thinks it entitled to an earlier position in that section, viz., between *vale* (*æternumque vale*) as applied to the dead, and *valeas* as significant of scornful dismissal. We fear that our readers will get weary of such petty matters, but in dealing with the petty, how is this to be avoided? Our minuteness has had for its sole object to do justice to the pretensions of Dr.

Smith; but we can find nothing under *valeo* to be urged in his favour of greater moment than what has been already quoted unless it be that he has inconsiderately added under the head 'money value' the quotation *nescis quo valeat nummus*, and in another part has changed for the better we admit, 'adverbial qualifications' into 'qualifying adverbs.' These apart, all is copying, and copying to the letter.

Again, under *par*, excepting a few of the most idle transpositions of sections, there is not a trace of new matter beyond two quotations; and what are they? After copying four examples from Andrews in support of the not very recondite doctrine that *par est* means 'it is fit,' he gives in the said two quotations of his own the further information that *par est* may still be used in this sense when preceded by *ut* 'as.'

We shall be forgiven, we trust, if we have shrank from comparing, in every detail, the 400 lines which Andrews, and the 300 which Smith, has consecrated to the monosyllabic *ut*. What we have done is this. First running the eye over the columns of Andrews, we looked out for misdoings, and we invariably found them repeated in Smith. We then skimmed the Smithian Essay on *ut* in search of matter at once new and good, but the failure was complete. Our survey was enough to show a very general identity of treatment and of matter. Both hold that *ut*, before an indicative is an adverb, not a conjunction; and both huddle together, in spite of the large space at their disposal, constructions the most heterogeneous. For example, under the impression that the elliptical sentences of which Horace's *ut in magno populo*, or Cicero's *multe ut in homine Romano literæ*, may be taken as types, require more particular illustration from the lexicographer, we looked out for the section in which this idiom was treated, and found that both mixed up with it such passages as *Africanum ut deum colebat*; *homo ut erat furiosus respondit*; *proficiscuntur ut quibus esset persuasum*, &c.

Again, it is inexplicable how Dr. Freund, having four hundred lines at his command for marshalling his meanings, was led to throw into the same section two such different uses of a particle, as, 'while the money was being counted down, in popped the fellow,' and 'from the hour of your leaving Brundisium to the present moment, not a letter from you has come to hand.' Yet this strange combination, supported by the same examples, is in Smith also. Further, they agree in pronouncing the two constructions to be rare. The former is so, and it would be difficult to find a passage of the kind in the first-class writers. But the use of *ut* for *ex quo* is far from uncommon, if we limit ourselves to Cicero alone. Our memory at once suggests an example from

one of the most familiar of his writings: *Ut Catilina erupit ex urbe, semper vigilavi.*

Wearied as we are, and still more wearied as our readers must be, we must yet bespeak their particular attention to the article on *quum*. Not merely is it one of the six words thrown down as gauntlets to the world, but it is also the object of special honour in the following sentence (Pref. p. x.): "In some cases, as, for instance, in the articles *quum* and *si*, the results of original investigation have been stated, although they differ in some respects from generally received views." With this prize in prospect, we once more roused our exhausted energies, and were pleased to find the two articles on *quum* so unusually short for these books, Andrews having only 83 lines, Smith 91. We at once saw that Andrews' article was very unsatisfactory. In the first undivided section were thrown into one and the same medley senses so widely differing, as, *preclare facis quum eorum tenes memoriam* — *multi anni sunt quum in ære meo est*—*legebam tuas epistolas, quum epistola affertur a Lepta*. We turned to Smith, and there, as usual, they all were, word for word, order for order. But if an identical confusion characterized the two articles under the section '*ind.*,' we were rewarded with novelty under '*subj.*' Here Smith had made sad havoc indeed with his predecessor, striking out *quum Athenis essem*, Cic., and substituting *quum ad lacum Averni esset*, Liv.; then cancelling *quum in Africam venissem*, Cic., in favour of *quum Lentulus Romam venisset*, Cæs. Further, Smith gives us, what Andrews had evidently no notion of, '*quum* with *subj.* especially used by way of substitution for the participles wanting in Latin.' To Smith also belongs the credit of supplying under *quum*, 'as a causal particle,' the meaning 'although,' with a passage of Cicero in support of it. But this was hardly new matter; and as nothing had turned up to justify Dr. Smith's twofold suggestion that we should find under *quum* something of special merit, we made a second comparison, and were then satisfied that the valuable discovery resides in the opening paragraph. To do full justice to him, we give what Andrews has, and what he has. The former writes thus:

'I, a particle of time, *When, since, as, after that, since that, as soon as*, etc.; when simply indicating time, with the *indic.*; in historical narration, to indicate that two events stand to each other in a causal relation, that one transaction has grown out of the other, in the *imperf.* and *pluperf. subjunct.*'

Smith has:—

"Of time, *when, since, as, after that, since that, as soon as*, etc. **C O N S T R.**: in *oratio directa*, it is usu. foll. by *indic.*, when the clause is categorical, and denotes time merely, the events described by the

two clauses not being spoken of as standing in the relation of cause and effect; but when this relation is implied, or even when the clause with *quoniam* describes only one of several concurring clauses, the *subj.* is gen. used: in *oratio obliqua* it is always employed."

We fear to trouble the reader with any formal consideration of the model article on *si*; but the curious will find in lines 4—19 what we suppose to be that "result of original investigation" to which we were referred.

Having placed ourselves under Dr. Smith's guidance so far, we may as well continue with him a few steps onward. The next paragraph in the preface consists mainly of two propositions, that he (Dr. S.) has "inserted a very large number of important passages, which do not occur either in Forcellini or Freund;" and "that he has rendered intelligible many passages quoted by Dr. A. in a mutilated form." Reserving for the present all consideration of charges against Dr. Andrews, we must say that we have not had the good fortune ourselves to discover a single instance of an important quotation added by Dr. Smith, or of such a *mutilated* quotation restored to integrity. We do not deny that some few passages misquoted by Freund have been set right by Smith; but these are far more than counterbalanced by new errors in this kind due to the new editor. For example, he corrects the passage of Gellius, which constitutes the last quotation under *vicis*, and by way of balance reduces to nonsense a passage from Columella, eight lines above. In the same page of the Preface, we are told that "Archaic and irregular forms have been specified:" and, as Dr. Smith professes to be describing "the characteristics of the present work," an unsuspecting reader would conclude that what is thus formally announced, must be matter foreign to Freund. The contrary is the fact. We venture to say, that there is not one word of this nature in the pages of Smith that he has not copied from Andrews, as Andrews translated it from Freund (see *do, deus, facio, inquit, mitto, sursum;*) and we challenge Dr. Smith to produce a single instance at variance with our assertion. Still more startling to those who have a knowledge of the facts, is the conclusion of the same paragraph:—"The nomenclature adopted throughout, is that which is most in accordance with modern philology, and which is both more philosophical and more intelligible than that which still keeps its place in many grammars." But for the word "throughout," we might have supposed that he was taking credit for the occasional use of an improved terminology which had escaped our observation. As it is, a more extraordinary case of self-delusion—if indeed it be delusion—we have never met with. This is a matter that involves no question of scholarship. Any one who, as a schoolboy, ever had six months of Latin, and

consequently knows what is meant by the abbreviations, *rb.*, *sb.*, *pron.*, *v.a.*, *v.n.*, *pass.*, *ind.*, *subj.*, *pres.*, *impers.*, *nasc.*, *sb.m.*, &c., has only to open the book, and see all his old friends in any page; or, better still, in the table of abbreviations, where they are all assembled, without the intrusion of a single stranger from the regions of "modern philology." Nor is this the only instance of delusion. In the department of Natural History, the editor, it appears, obtained the aid of a gentleman who has made that subject a special study. This was very right; but what can possibly be meant by the following words?—"This is the first time that an attempt has been made in a Latin Dictionary to give the modern scientific terms . . . which correspond to the names applied to natural objects by the Latin writers." Dr. Smith very probably has never seen Lünemann's Dictionary; it is just possible that he has never seen Mr. Riddle's; and he may, therefore, be ignorant that "the attempt" has been made in those two books. Still he should not have made so sweeping an assertion without first making some inquiry. But he cannot well deny the having a tolerably intimate acquaintance with the dictionaries of Freund and Andrews, at any rate the latter; and not only are the modern scientific terms here given pretty regularly; but, stranger still, Dr. Smith has himself copied not a few such articles from Andrews. See, for example, *polyanthenum*, *pon-pilus*, *porphyrio*, *pyrethrum*, *pyrrhocorax*, which occur in the compass of a few pages; or *chamæacte*, *chamæcerasus*, *chamæcissos*, *chamæsyce*, which we gather from a single column; or within the limits of forms more familiar to scholars, *abies*, *apium*, *fraxinus*, *inula*, *ulva*.

We proceed with our quotations: "In Etymology little assistance has been derived from my predecessors." To test this we laid down the pen for a while, and got the articles under F examined as to this point. The result was, that those wherein there was *perfect identity* of matter in respect of etymology, were reported to us as 1016. Hence, as F forms something less than a twentieth of the book, we cannot be far wrong in setting down the total at 20,000—a number, one would have thought, of somewhat respectable dimensions. But we shall be told that he was speaking only of the more difficult *etyma*, and that this large total is made up chiefly of those words whose derivation is self-explained. We will therefore limit our remaining observations on this head to the more recondite problems. "To scholars both in this country and abroad, I am under considerable obligations," he says, "which have been acknowledged in their proper places," if not, "it has been through inadvertence;" and we are thus left to ascribe to the scholarship of the editor himself a large residue. Now, setting aside references to the two authors

of the *Etymologische Forschungen* and the *Glossarium Sanscriticum* (the borrowings from which belong rather, as the editor says, to 'Comparative Philology'), the acknowledgments to "scholars abroad" are, so far as we have been able to discover, limited to two scholars and two words (v. *haruspex* and *elementa*). Then, as regards "scholars of this country," the editor of the "Verrine Orations" is credited for matter under *domicilium*, *impro* and *supellex*; and the author of "Varronianus" has his name duly honoured under the six words, *ancus*, *considerare*, *forceps*, *idoneus*, *obliviscor*, and *sicilicus*. Beyond these, we have come across but one other writer to whom a single acknowledgment of obligation is made; we say but one writer, for the papers in the "Transactions of the Philological Society," and those in Bell's "Journal of Education" (as Dr. Smith himself correctly assumes, v. *membrum*), are all by the author of the Latin Grammar mentioned in his table of abbreviations. Add then the references to this writer (somewhere about fifty), and we have all the admissions of external aid that we have found in the volume. Are we then, deducting these, to ascribe what remains to the scholarship of the editor? No; there is still a correction to be made, and not a slight one, for those matters which the editor has left his readers to regard as the "results of his own original researches," his habitual course being to acknowledge his obligations in the proportion of about one in three. At any rate, we are able to place our fingers on a round hundred outstanding obligations, for which no provision has yet been made by Dr. Smith in the way of acknowledgment; and thus we would begin with presenting for acceptance, as the mercantile phrase is, some dozen bills growing out of what he has printed under the words—*cerebrum*, *consul*, *consulo*, *contio*, *frenum*, *infra*, *invitus*, *mora*, *necesse*, *polleo*, *turma*, *umbra*, *vulgus*. Let this be regarded as one instalment; we will talk about the others afterwards.

And, all such debts in etymology paid, application may perhaps then be made for the discharge of some similar obligations in the "Exegetic" department, of which one specimen here. Some readers of the new Dictionary may perhaps have stared at the strange translation of the preposition in the verb *prætorqueo*, "to twist off the end of a thing," the more so as it no way fits either of the passages quoted in support of the translation. The explanation may possibly be this. There occurs in Bell's "Journ. of Educ.," vol. ix. p. 69: "*Præ* in *prætorqueo* has the same power which it possesses in *præustus*, 'burnt at the end,' *præcutus*, 'sharpened at the end.' The passage in Plautus, *præcollum*, is a metaphor from 'wringing the neck of a fowl.' The word also occurs in Columella, *præcaput succuli*, 'to twist the

end of a vine shoot." "Thus the verb is just what the Romans would have needed to express the little action by which, after folding up a piece of paper, to form a match, we fix the position by giving a twist to the end of the paper. Now did Dr. Smith see and copy this idea, with the trifling mistake of adding an *f*, "to twist the end off," which, by a little transposition of the words, would readily become "to twist off the end"?"

But, after all deductions from what, at first sight, may appear to be Dr. Smith's own contributions in *Etymology*, there will still be found a residuum of some amount; and, in justice to him, we give a little batch of words as specimens of what he can himself do in the way of "original research," or, at any rate, would sanction with his authority. We are still afraid that it will be regarded by the unfriendly as a somewhat rickety family. Some of the children we have found, on closer inquiry, to have been merely adopted by him, and so have marked them with an asterisk. To the remainder, his paternal rights we believe are indisputable.

"*Abdomen** [perh. a corruption of *adipomen*, from *adeps*].—

A youngster, accustomed to the use of the slang-word, *bread basket*, in this sense, begs we will ask Dr. Smith, whether, after all, *abdo-men* may not be from *abdo*, and so denote the place where he "stows away" his wittels? We think the boy has the advantage over the learned doctor.

*Ceu** [contr. from *ci-ve*, *qui-ve*, &c.].—Is meaning of no moment in etymology?

Famulus [perh. from *facio*, instead of *faculus*].—What other word has a suffix, *mulus*?

Fungor [prob. connected with *fugio*].

*Limes** [akin to *limen*].

Maturus [*Ma-turus*, perh. orig. *mac-turus*, from an obsol. verbal root *MAG*, same as Sans. *mah*, 'crescere,' v. *magnus*].—*i. e.*, about to grow=done growing=ripe.

Omentum [contr. of *opimentum*, from *opimus*].

Pluma [perhaps comes from the same root as *pluo*, *fluo*].

*Pruina** [perh. from *pro*].

Saltem [a contr. of *salutem*].

Stolidus [and *stultus*, perh. belong to a secondary root of *sto*. cf. Germa. *stellen*].

Tranquillus [belongs to the same root as *quiesco*].

Urbs [perh. the same as Sans. *pura*, *puri*, 'urbs;' Gk. *πολις*].

Sometimes it may be a hard task to supply the several steps of the process by which the learned author has been led to his results. In the case of *otium*, we believe that we have succeeded in tracing the course of discovery. To the noun *officium*, Dr. Smith appends the etymological note "[contr. of *opificium*]" This, by

the way, is one of the words in which, "through inadvertence," he has omitted to notice the source; for, in p. 385, of one of the few books mentioned in his table of abbreviations, there occurs this note:—

"In the phrase *tuum officium facere*, 'to do your duty,' it would, at first, seem that *tuum* has no title to the emphatic position [before the substantive]; but the answer is, that *officium* (= *opificium*) originally meant not *duty*, but *work*; so that the phrase, literally translated, is, 'to do your own work, not another person's.'"

Now, we suspect that this etymology has been commended in his hearing, so that he has not merely been tempted to appropriate it, but had the ambition to copy the lesson in his own way. If *officium* is a contr. of *opificium*, and *omentum* of *opimentum* (v. supra), then, surely, he might reason, *otium* must be a contr. of *opitium*. It was somewhat awkward perhaps, that according to the analogy of *initium*, "going in," "beginning," and *exitium*, "going out," "end,"—*opitium* would signify "the going to work," which seems hardly to agree with the notion expressed in *otium*. However, the evidence as to form was so complete, that he could not resist inserting the brilliant idea in the Dictionary, and there it stands. Attempts even at imitation are in some hands dangerous. Let the editor for the future take warning from the old story of the common-councilman and his *lapsus linguæ*, or from that of the unlucky monkey, who, having seen a sailor wash his hands in a basin, went to the pitch tub, got his paws fixed, and was made prisoner.

Whatever the result be, we have endeavoured to do Dr. Smith ample justice, following his own guidance in the selection of the questions to be tried and the evidence to be produced. The witnesses, we may truly say, have been chiefly those of his own calling, and, if the testimony has been adverse, it is not our fault. Further, if our readers have followed us thus far, we may also say that he has had, as the phrase is, a most patient and attentive jury. It remains to observe, that if he has anything to say in defence, the world is just, and will give him a ready hearing. Meanwhile, we must here record our own conviction that Dr. Smith, while pirating the work of Andrews so unscrupulously, has contributed *de suo* not one single idea that any scholar will approve.

We now proceed to a cross trial, so to say, *Smith v. Andrews*. The counts are six, and given at length in p. vii. of Dr. Smith's preface. We propose, as self-constituted counsel for the defendant, to take them separately:—

1. "The strangest mistakes," as in translating the German;

three examples given.—Prisoner pleads guilty as to the three errors alleged. *Im Gesichte* should have been translated “on the face,” *unter die Armen* should not have been confounded with *unter die Armeen*, nor *die Alte* with *Alter*. “Similar instances might be multiplied to almost any extent.”—Not guilty.

2. “Quotations constantly given . . . in a garbled form, and not unfrequently abridged,” so as to be “nonsensical.”—Not guilty. “Thousands of such quotations amended in the present work.”—Queried, especially as this word “thousands” is softened down to “many” in p. ix.; but “many” also queried.

3. “False references literally innumerable, . . . one author quoted for another, one work for another, works which never existed,” &c.

It is *à priori* so probable that, in a volume of 1600 pages, each containing some 300 lines, errors may have occurred, that we may at once plead guilty to the last charges. Andrews may very possibly somewhere have quoted one author for another, seeing that the critic has himself quoted *Juvenal* for *Cicero* (v. *secundarius*) and *Terence* for *Plautus* (v. *diu*);* he may also have quoted “one work of an author” for another, or a “non-existing work,” seeing that the same critic refers to the *Asinaria* of Plautus what belongs to the *Casina* (v. *efficio*), and quotes a non-existing scene of the *Mercator* (v. *exsistium*).

But with regard to the assertion of “literally innumerable false references,” we plead not guilty; and the following evidence is offered. It happened in the course of the years 1853 and 1851, that the present writer had much occasion to consult the work of Andrews in the words which begin with D and E. In so doing, he had from time to time marked any occasional errors of reference that presented themselves (including the most trifling as well as the important), little thinking that these notes would be of any service to others than himself. On reading this part of Dr. Smith’s Preface, he turned to them again, and at once compared them with the corresponding articles in both Freund and Smith. The number in all was twenty-eight.† Now, every one of the twenty-eight errors was in Freund. Six‡ of the passages had been omitted in Smith, so that, of course, the references also were wanting; but of the remaining twenty-two he had copied all, with this exception, that in one case he had aggravated the error. Now, be it observed, that in laying to the charge of

* The errors under *diu* and *efficio* are copied, we find, from Andrews.

† The words under which these errors occur are,—*deciduus*, *decolo*, *deflagro*, *defluo*, *describo*, *detergeo*, *dextre*, *distraho*, *diu*, *divisio*,* *do*, *dolabra*, *ebito*, *efficio*, *egestio*,* *elido*, *emolo*, *enato*, *equidem*,* *eventiculum*, *eventus*,* *evincio*,* *exaudio*, *excetra*,* *excipio*, *exinde*, *expugno*, *expecto*.

‡ Marked with a following asterisk in the preceding note.

Andrews these. "false references literally innumerable," he implies two things; first, that they were the produce of Andrews's carelessness, and not due to Freund himself; secondly, that he himself corrected these errors, if he had occasion to use the passages, for he would hardly with his eyes open have repeated the blunders. Such being the case, we must call in the aid of those who are versed in the mathematical theory of probabilities to deal with the problem. "Literally innumerable" must mean some multiple of a thousand, for it is employed as a climax after that term; and on the other hand, in justice to Dr. Smith, who "has had a very large number of the references verified," (Pref. p. xii.), we must suppose that his own copying of errors is something short of innumerable, say only hundreds, at the most, for the thousands of his opponent. Thus the question takes some such shape as this; 5000 black balls and 500 white being thrown together in a bag, what is the chance that in 28 successive dips every ball shall be white? The odds against such a combination of improbable events are more than 144 thousands of millions of millions of millions to one.*

4. "The grammatical terminology unphilosophical."—And yet always copied by himself, with the four exceptions that Smith has *subjunctive* where Andrews has *conjunctive*, *inceptive* and *frequentative* in lieu of *inchoative* and *intensive*, and *old* in preference to *archaic*.

5. "English uncouth, and frequently vulgar."—Yet "topology," "vastitude," and "grow thrifty," &c., bad as they are, seem entitled to stand beside phrasology to which he himself lends a sanction, such as *blearedness*, (v. lippitudo); *somewhen*, (v. aliquando); *elsewards*, (v. aliorsum); *octupled*, (v. octuplicatus); *half in full*, (v. semiplene).

6. "Verbiage."—If it refers to the excessive number of passages quoted, Freund guilty, not Andrews; in any other sense, neither guilty.

The charges which we have thus met are remarkable for their wide generality—"might be multiplied to almost any extent," "constantly," "in every page," "without exaggeration, thousands," "literally innumerable." We may now notice matter of a more definite nature. The text (p. viii.) runs,—"Every article (of Andrews) was first compared with the German original . . . and in this revision many errors were corrected." To this a note is appended: "The following are a few samples of the errors in Andrews's Dictionary," &c.;—and then follow thirteen alleged

* The exact odds are 11^{28} —1 to 1, or 144209,936106,499234,037676,064080 to 1, supposing indeed the ball to be restored each time, but we shall not stop to recalculate how far this modifies the answer.

blunders. Any reader of these two sentences, which Smith himself connects by means of the usual asterisk, must conclude that the errors are those of Andrews, whereas twelve out of the thirteen (*i. e.* all except *Coryceum*) are truly rendered by the translator from the German; so that the errors, if they be errors, are due to Freund himself. Let this misstatement be considered in connexion with the fact that it was Dr. Smith's interest to extol Freund's work as that on which his own professed to be founded, and equally his interest to depreciate the translation by Andrews, as his particular rival in the market;—let this, we repeat, be considered, and the transaction assumes a darker aspect.

If the thirteen alleged errors had been as certain and as grave as the triumphant tone of the accuser implies, and had they justly been laid at the door of Andrews, even then we should not at once have inferred the worthlessness of the book; or how would Dr. Smith like to have the same measure meted to himself. For instance, we have above exhibited not less than ten grave errors in half a column, or a fourth of a page, of the "Biographical Dictionary," which is a very different matter from a culling of errors out of various parts of a book. Now, if we were to put this half column forward as a fair sample, the inference would be, that in the 2600 pages which constitute the whole work, there might be expected a total of 10,400 errors. Thus, if a year had been the time required for publishing, there must have been a constant supply of 2000 errors per week. Now, with all reasonable faith in his capabilities in this line, we still think that Dr. Smith would have been over-taxed.

Moreover, it is due to Dr. Andrews and those who acted with him, to say that in our examination of his book, we have rarely found errors which were not already in the original. We recollect at the present moment to have detected but two or three. The noun *taura* is correctly defined by Freund to be eine unfruchtbare Zwitterkuh, *i. e.* what our farmers call a *freemartin*; Andrews gives us, a *barren hybrid cow*, where the epithet *hybrid* wholly misrepresents the idea. Secondly, the interrogative *quotus*, and the Plautian equivalent, *quotumus*, which by their terminations, (compare *sextus* and *septimus*), claim connexion with the ordinal series of numbers, are well fitted to ask those questions for which the answer must be expressed by an ordinal number,—as *quota* or *quotuma hora est?* Answer: *Sexta*, &c. The German language agrees with the Latin in having a special form for this interrogative, *der wievielste*, while in English there is no possibility of expressing the same by a single word. Still Andrews might easily have described its power in some such manner as that just adopted;

but instead of so doing, he gives us, "quotumus, of what number," (which is vague), "how many," (which is wrong). Take for example, the passage he himself quotes from Plautus: *quotumas ædes dixerit, ego incerto scio*, "he told me the number of his house, but I'm not clear what it was (whether the 6th or 16th, or 26th in the street I cannot say)." This is something very different from "how many houses he spoke of." *Quotus* also in Andrews is not without error. Oddly enough, Smith has copied all the errors, that under *taura* and those under *quotus* and *quotumus*, at the same time improving the last by limiting his translation to the phrase, "how many." By the way, how does he reconcile these little facts with his assertion that every article was first compared with the German original?

As for errors in Freund, reproduced by Andrews, and then copied by Smith, these are far from few. Take this specimen—a passage in Livy: *quem percontatus esset, utrumnam Pataris universa classis in portu stare posset*, is the last quotation which Freund gives under *utrum*. By a slip he has written *Patris* in place of *Pataris*, an error somewhat excusable, as *Patræ* (now *Patras*) in the Corinthian gulf is a place of more historical celebrity for a Roman, than *Patara* in Lycia. We cannot throw any serious reproach then on Andrews for repeating the error; but Smith writes *patris*.

Again, in the fourth section of *peniculus*, Freund has an error founded on a misunderstanding of the passage he quotes from Plautus, where he imagines to himself an obscene *double entendre*, (in zweideutigem Sinne); Andrews duly renders this German phrase by the words, "in an ambiguous sense." Smith however in copying Andrews, drops these words; and so his reader is led to infer that what is the mere name of a character in the play (*Peniculus*) "perh. = membrum virile."* Plautus is sufficiently coarse in his language and ideas; but not quite so bad as some dictionaries would make him. Thus the verb *subigitare* and its derivatives, which, as the reader of Plautus only too soon learns, carry with them the notion *lasciviter attrahendi* are forced by Freund into a much stronger signification (*rem cum muliere habere*); and the error of course passes through Andrews into Smith, and again through Smith's larger book into his abridgment for schools, expressed too in rather coarse terms. Now, what must have been Dr. Smith's feeling of Roman decency, when, in accordance with that rule he so

* An error the less excusable, as we have historic evidence that the simple noun from which this diminutive is deduced did not obtain its offensive signification till long after the death of Plautus. Nay, the first lines of the very play from which the passage is quoted, should have told these three gentlemen what the meaning of the diminutive was in those early times.

invariably followed (?) he compared this article with that in Freund's book, and came across the passage: *Neque ego unquam alienum scortum subigito in convivio*; or again, *ad pulicos mores facta hæc fabula est: neque in hac subigitationes sunt*, &c. Faith, one would hope not.

We have quoted these errors in Smith's book, partly in retaliation for his own charges against Andrews; but we have further to say, that some of the allegations in his note are petty, are unfounded, are worse than unfounded.

Some are petty,—for example, the mere typographical error of omitting *quam* in the quotation, 'insipientior [quam] illi ipsi,' where Freund's sole object was to substantiate the use of the comparative. Amusingly enough, the very error is repeated by the corrector himself, so carefully does he copy Andrews. Again, he throws out the two taunts: '*Lux* is derived from *luceo*, and *luceo* from *lux*: in the same manner *obliviscor* comes from *oblivio*, and *oblivio* from *obliviscor*.' Such slips are very pardonable, where the direction of the etymological stream is difficult to detect. This is particularly the case with *lux* and *luceo*. Ahrens, in his "Homeric Grammar," inclines to the doctrine that all such verbs as *τελεω*, *φιλεω*, are immediately deduced from substantives, and accordingly he, no doubt, would have given us, '*luceo* [lux].' But while points of this nature remain in dispute, the judgment naturally vacillates, and such vacillation shows itself in inconsistencies. It is in this way probably, that it has happened to the excellent Greek Lexicon, of which we have already made mention, to derive *μειρομαι* from *μερος*, and yet *γενοσ* from *γενω* (*γγυνομαι*). Nay, even in Dr. Smith's pages there stands not very satisfactory matter (copied, probably, from Andrews): '*vivo* [vivo] and yet '*parco* [parcus];' '*hariolus* [hariolor]' and yet '*lanio* [lanius];' '*imperium* [impero]' and yet '*patrocinator* [patrocinium].' There is a current joke against Dr. Johnson, that he defined 'cow, not a bull,' and 'bull, not a cow.' This is something like Dr. Smith's derivational comments: '*creber* [another form of *celeber*, *q. v.*],' and when you follow the direction expressed in the *quod vide*, you are rewarded with '*celeber* [another form of *creber*].'

Again, his selection of such a word as *transenna* by way of testing another's scholarship, savours a little of the sciolist, for, in the first place, many well-read scholars will probably see this word for the first time in the accusation he has made; and after all, it is one about which those of the learned, who have had their attention drawn to it, have been, and perhaps still are, divided. Dr. Smith too himself, in his own article, *transenna*, is pleased to translate the word, in the very first passage, as 'a window.' This, we are satisfied, is wrong, and indeed wholly at variance

with the context, while the idea of 'a rope,' or 'noose,' or 'network of rope,' will well suit the meaning. In the narrative as quoted from a lost work of Sallust, the object was to let down a figure of Victory, so that the Goddess should suspend a wreath over the head of a public guest as he sat at a banquet. A roof then, rather than a window, must be the point of departure; but why name this? The means of letting the statue down was more to the point. Besides, if we must enter into the learning of so rare a word, the notion of 'a netted rope' suits every one of the four passages in which it occurs, and also agrees with the "Gloss. Philox.," where it is defined as a sort of $\beta\rho\rho\chi\omicron\varsigma$, which certainly was never yet translated 'window.' Lastly, the reading of the Sallustian fragment, as given in Macrobius, is: *in transenna demissum*, which it will require some courage to translate 'from a window.' In short, Dr. Smith's criticism on *transenna* is simply contemptible. But we have something graver behind. The eighth, in his series of petty charges, is in these words: 'Municipium is defined to be a town out of Rome.' Thus, to raise a laugh, or, we fear, with a still more discreditably object, he suppresses some nine-tenths of the definition really given by Andrews, which, instead of stopping at the word 'Rome,' runs on four lines further. It is this: 'Municipium, a town out of Rome, particularly in Italy, which possessed the right of Roman citizenship (together with, in most cases, the right of voting), but was governed by its own laws, a free town.'

The feelings with which we lay down the pen, are far from agreeable, but it is our duty to state them. That promise of future scholarship which Dr. Smith gave in his early years, we find upon closer examination was soon blighted by a spirit which has reduced him at last to the most unscrupulous class of book-manufacturers. A man who for twenty years never applies his mind to an exact study of a language, must be ill qualified to compose a Dictionary. We were not surprised therefore, to find that Dr. Smith had put forward a wholesale repetition of old blunders, unrelieved by a single spark of original truth from himself. But we soon lost sight of this consideration in other reflections. The *homo trium litterarum* has no right to depreciate the person from whose warehouse he procures his own materials. According to Solomon, the buyer saith, It is naught; but when he goeth away, then he boasteth. We do not admire this buyer: but what are we to say to like conduct in an appropriator?

ART. IV.—FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. I. and II. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1856.

CRITICISM is a pleasant task when the book to be criticised is such a book as Mr. Froude's. Clear and effective in style, spirited in narrative, and written in a large and generous spirit, this history promises, when completed, to be one of those rare works which really rescue from oblivion a portion of the past. French and English historians have, in different ways, given us what may, on the whole, be called a satisfactory picture of the great political struggle of the seventeenth century. But we are almost entirely without a history of that greater revolution in the thoughts and lives of men which, under the Tudor dynasty, divided modern from ancient England. There must have been many subjects of James I. who had been born before the fall of Wolsey; and within the short span of their life they had seen their country pass through a change to which there is no parallel, except that undergone by the Roman Empire in the days of Constantine. A historian could not have a greater subject, nor the nation a greater need that the subject should be treated worthily. We may dispense with any further expressions of praise when we say that Mr. Froude has shown that he is capable of treating it.

This change was the change to Protestantism,—a change so great that we who have grown up under it can scarcely estimate its vastness. It altered the whole aim of human life, and reset the mainsprings of all human action. Protestantism is the religion of this world, as Catholicism, in the days of its real influence, had been the religion of the next world. For centuries men had tried, and tried often with a noble success, to treat this life as really nothing more than a stepping-stone to another, and to measure the littleness of earth by the greatness of heaven. Since Protestantism has penetrated into the hearts of men, and has even changed Catholicism itself, it is impossible not to see that the attention and interests of nations and individuals have been concentrated on the things of time. Christianity has imprinted the belief in the soul's immortality so deeply in the breasts of the European races, that the religious life of the Protestant may still be said to derive all that it has of

greatest vigour and peculiar character from the hope or dread of what lies beyond the grave. But terrestrial concerns are permitted to exercise a constant and absorbing empire over our thoughts, which was never dreamt of, and if dreamt of would have seemed the height of sin, in the days when the Church was the mistress of the world. This may be a cause of regret: it may have been nobler to look perpetually onwards; it may have been more literally in accordance with the tenets of the Christian dispensation to think scorn of this life, and to long for the land of promise; but the change was inevitable, because the time had come when the world had corrupted the Church, instead of the Church reforming the world. This life and the next intersect each other at countless points: this life has the power of actual presence; the next has that of coming greatness. The Church, having risen by its appeal to what men felt when they pondered on futurity, succumbed when it became itself subject to the attractions of the life that now is. Government, it was plain, could not be carried on except by men who threw themselves into its duties, and enjoyed the temporal gratifications which good government gives to the governors. But directly a spiritual power came to take a true and living interest in temporal concerns, it ceased to preserve its spiritual purity. The spiritual power was incompetent; it could not rule men; and this incompetence, inherent in its nature, was quite as much a cause of the abuses of the ecclesiastical body as those abuses were a cause why men could not permit ecclesiastics to rule them. The change was made, and thenceforth the type of excellence was altered for the emulation of mankind. The model Protestant is a man of this world, a man who can govern and obey, a man who gets money, who performs great deeds of endurance, strength, or heroism, who benefits the condition of others, who is an honest citizen, who marries and gives in marriage, who walks in the paths of godliness, and brings up his family in the fear of the Lord;—the Protestant, in fact, is the Jew of the modern world, and any one who cares to do so, may trace in many ways how curiously the notions, the principles, the theory of life painted in the writings and acted on in the lives of the best Jews in the best days of Judæa, resemble those which are valued most highly in the City of London, or the State of Massachusetts.

The contemplation of the countries where Catholicism still retains its hold, gives us a very feeble means of estimating what Catholicism must have seemed to men in the days of the Tudors. We compare the virtues of a pious alderman with the drivelling bigotry of an Italian priest, and it seems idle to hesitate between the two creeds. We look on the deplorable imbecility

that characterizes the administration of the States of the Church, and we can scarcely believe it cost any Englishman pain to save his country from such a fate. But the shock of schism must have been enormous; the boldness of preferring good order in this world to the Church's promise of salvation in the next must have been very great, in an age which came at the end of a thousand years of an undivided Latin Church, and when every lesson of youth had inculcated, every form of solemn speech had reflected, every usage of daily life had brought home, the doctrines of spiritual ascendancy. The English of the Tudor period stood this shock and exhibited this boldness, but they did it in a manner peculiar to the nation—not working out the change with logical precision or conscious completeness,—acting partly under the guidance of political interests, partly under the impulse of a strong religious conviction, and partly, perhaps, from an instinctive consciousness that they were exactly fitted to seize the goods of the present world. In a historian of the period we want an appreciation of all this; we want him to show us at once the greatness of the change, its causes and its limits. Mr. Froude has done this; he has done it with so lively and poetical a feeling, so much transparent sincerity and breadth of view and purpose, that we feel that he deserves to have Protestantism for his subject, and to write the history of Elizabeth.

In the numerous State Papers which the labours of Sir Francis Palgrave and his assistants in the Record Office have made available to the historian, Mr. Froude has had a source of new materials so great and so valuable, that he stands in quite a different relation to his subject from that occupied by any of his predecessors. He has also taken Lord Bacon's hint, and made great use of the Statute Book. We think that there is something to be said against the manner in which he has employed both the State Papers and the Statute Book, and we shall briefly state hereafter some of our objections. But the light which his study of these contemporary documents has enabled him to throw on the history of the period is so great, that we feel that what he has done well immensely outweighs what he has done not so well. We must criticise imperfections; and very often the better the book the more must this be the case. Perfections can only be judged of by those who give time and thought to the perusal of the book itself.

Mr. Froude commences his history with a sketch of England under the Tudors. The materials at his disposal are so scanty, that the most practised skill and the most conscientious labour must fail to give more than a very dim outline of what the men of that time really were, and of what was the fashion of their life. It requires but a minute's reflection for any one who traverses

the streets of a great city, to perceive how slight his knowledge is of his contemporaries; and the further we go back from the present the less clear is our vision. Even when materials are comparatively abundant for a picture of external life, the entire separation which lies between the inner life, the thoughts, the hopes and the fears of us and of men who lived centuries ago, divides by an impassable gulf the present from the past. We cannot feel as an Englishman felt who had been nursed in reverential awe of the unity of Christendom; who was bound by the ties of the feudal hierarchy, and thought the recovery of Guienne and Aquitaine a much more important object than the extension of foreign trade. And in spite of the writings of the Elizabethan dramatist, and of those who figured in or chronicled the great ecclesiastical struggle, we have no sources from which we can fill up the shadowy outline of English daily life, during the period which Mr. Froude describes. What can be done, and that only imperfectly, is to ascertain some of the conditions under which that life was carried on; the relative position of different classes, the state of agriculture and trade, and the leading notions on social and economical politics which influenced the minds of those who held the reins of government.

Assuming that population was nearly, if not quite stationary in England during the sixteenth century, Mr. Froude shows the great prosperity which the labouring classes must then have enjoyed. With wheat at six-and-eightpence a quarter, beef at a halfpenny a pound, and mutton at three farthings, strong beer at a penny a gallon, and agricultural wages at an average of threepence-halfpenny a day, the labourer received, he says, what in our present money would be equivalent to twenty shillings a week. And according to Mr. Froude's view, the State anxiously and successfully protected him against the pressure of the capitalist. It was not, he tells us, the state of the market so much as the paternal care of Government which decided the labourer's position. Parliament ensured him a rate of wages adjusted to the price of food; Parliament prevented the depopulation consequent on the system of large farms; Parliament forbade proprietors to throw tilled land into pasture. Labour under the Tudors was not looked on as a commodity, but as a sacred title to the enjoyment of physical comfort. The State cared also for something more than the physical comfort of its subjects; it insisted on every child being educated, and every adult eschewing idleness, and living by honest industry. Repeated acts were passed against the attempts of able-bodied men to support themselves by vagrant begging. Nor were traders and artisans less cared for: the guilds and companies insured skill and honesty, and improvements were not permitted in manufac-

ture which threatened to displace labour. The higher classes also shared the advantages and discipline of the control of the State. The wages of the labourer were not permitted to exceed a certain rate, and those who were reluctant or idle might be compelled to work; at the same time the rich trader who purchased land, was forced to fulfil the duties of the old feudal proprietor, and to think not how he could turn his land to the best advantage for himself, but how he could most benefit those who toiled in its cultivation. All classes were prosperous; all classes shared in out-of-door amusements; all classes were taught to bear arms, and to fight for their country. In the upper ranks might be found no inconsiderable amount of mental cultivation; and if refinement did not penetrate very far, yet the people were a happy people,—frank, loyal, honest, blest with a sufficient store of the goods of this life, and temperately and modestly preparing for their passage to another.

This is a bright picture, and it would be hard to show that it is not in many respects a true one. Mr. Froude does not conceal that this order of things was changing, and must soon pass away. A new spirit was creeping into men's hearts, breathing into them new feelings, and inspiring them with new wishes. The old influences were fast fading, the bands of the Church were loosened, and feudalism was dying out. What Mr. Froude undertakes to show is that the strong Tudor government checked the advance of that which was new, and protected the decaying form of that which was old. He does not say that England was thereby made rich, but he says that it was made happy and powerful. Now, we cannot doubt that there is some truth in this. The Government of England was a conservative Government, and Conservatism has the indisputable merit of smoothing the path which leads men through eras of transition. Nor again, can it be denied that the State did interfere during the sixteenth century in a way in which it had never interfered before, for the purpose of carrying out political designs, although at the expense of disturbing the operations of trade, and impeding the progress of commercial wealth. Lord Bacon in his "History of the Reign of Henry VII.," remarks that the system was then first begun of admitting certain foreign goods only when conveyed in English ships, saying that previous princes had only cared for cheapness, but that Henry wished to foster the maritime power of England. So too, he says, houses to which a farm of twenty acres or upwards had been annexed, were not suffered to go into decay, or to be severed from the land; and the object of this was both to increase the revenue, and to provide a higher class of infantry. Even speaking the language of the present day, we could not call either of these measures economically wrong, if it could be shown that the

safety and legitimate power of the country depended on them ; and we may admit that it is difficult for one age to estimate what is requisite for the safety of the country in another age. But we must remember that Lord Bacon evidently thought that aggressive warfare was in itself a national good ; and as this opinion was common to all the statesmen of his time, we may deduct something from the fulness of the assent we should be otherwise inclined to give, when he tells us what England required. So too, although in these days we do not wish for legislation on such a subject, but for the influence of public opinion and private conviction, it may be contended that the system of clearing large estates of their population is economically, as it certainly is morally, injurious. But we differ from Mr. Froude, inasmuch as he seems to think that on points where there can be no sort of doubt as to economical expediency, the Tudor government acted on principles at variance with modern notions, because though it saw all the objections that could be urged, it overruled them in conformity with a large and generous policy, and that it was justified by success. On the contrary, it seems to us perfectly clear that those who then governed England, infringed the doctrines of political economy, simply because they were entirely ignorant of them, and were possessed by very natural but very mistaken fancies. They thought, as their posterity thought for many generations, that every export was a gain and every import a loss, and that the money in their strongbox was their real wealth. Accordingly, if we turn over the pages of the Statute Book, we find act after act forbidding the introduction of new kinds of foreign manufacture ; and the preamble almost invariably recites that the importation tended greatly to enrich the commonwealth of the foreigner, and to make poor and idle the class of English workmen occupied in the same branch of trade. Such statutes are not to be explained or defended, as it seems to us, on any grounds of a great policy, but are simply due to the ignorance of the times. Every little town that found money going out of its pockets and getting into the pockets of its neighbour, threw itself on the mercy of Parliament, and got an act to set matters straight. Bridport procured an Act to prevent persons within five miles from making cables ; Shrewsbury protected itself against Welsh competition ; the poor of Norwich had the sale of wool at their market regulated by statute. Parliament was always willing to make things comfortable ; and directly the smallest vested interest could be shown, it delighted in protecting it. That the rivals of Bridport and Shrewsbury were kept from growing rich, and from exercising the virtues and faculties on which the growth of riches depends, that the sellers of wool may have been much inconvenienced,

and that the community generally suffered, was as little a matter of consideration as the impolicy of monopolies, when they were first introduced.

Nor do we think that Mr. Froude is quite justified, in saying that labour was at that period not treated as a commodity, but recognised as sacred and protected against the capitalist. As to wages, all that we know is, that a statute was passed in the reign of Henry VIII., manifestly in the interests of the employers, by which the rate of wages was not to exceed a certain sum,—that complaints were made against this Act, and that a remedial statute was passed early in the reign of Elizabeth. But even then, the rate of wages was to be fixed by justices of the peace; and if their honesty could on the whole be trusted, it is evident that their interest must often have thrown temptation in their way. And the Act contains a rather significant clause, invalidating all contracts made for higher wages than the permitted rate, while no penalty is attached to giving less than the standard. With respect, to the turning of tillage land into pasture, Lord Bacon, who must have seen the working of the prohibitory enactments, pronounces them as contrary to nature and to utility. Sometimes the experiment might, if permitted, have turned out well; generally, it must have turned out ill. But utility certainly required that nature should be consulted, and that, if the proprietor thought fit, the trial whether the land would pay better as grass or arable, should be made. It was true that while the experiment was being made a certain amount of labour must be displaced, and while communication between different neighbourhoods was so scanty, any displacement of labour was a matter of some moment. But here the legislators stopped, and did not consider the compensating effect of ulterior benefits. They acted very naturally. English notions of legislative interference were then very like those which obtain at this day in many continental states. The police undertake to set everything right and to keep everything straight. We avoid such excess of intermeddling, not because we are more selfishly careless for the poor, but simply because the interference frequently does not even accomplish the limited end it assigns itself, and because the attempt to attain this end is accompanied by many material and moral evils.

This, indeed, seems to us an error that pervades Mr. Froude's account of England generally: he speaks as if society breathed, at the age of which he writes, a better and a nobler spirit than now, and that the great sign of this superiority is to be found in the laws then passed. Inoperative laws are but wishes,—the aspirations of men who feel deeply the diseases of society, and clutch at the most obvious remedy. And how many of the restrictive laws passed were operative? Is it, for instance, possible to

believe that in every parish in England throughout the sixteenth century, all who chose to work could earn a sum per week equivalent to twenty shillings of our money? The history of the Poor-laws supplies a valuable comment on this portion of Mr. Froude's work. They disclose a very different condition of the lower classes from that which Mr. Froude deduces from his construction of the statutes relating to wages. Between the 11th Henry VII., the first enactment respecting the poor passed under the Tudor dynasty, to the 43rd Elizabeth, which gave a final shape to the scheme gradually invented for the relief of the poor, we may trace three marked stages of legislation, each stage indicating the increase of pauperism. The statutes of Henry VII. confined the poor to special localities, permitting the impotent to beg, and inflicting on able-bodied beggars the punishment of whipping and imprisonment. Then came the statutes of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.; it was found that the able-bodied man would beg, and the legislature determined that he should not. The act of Henry VIII. imposed the penalty of death as in felony or extreme cases of persevering begging; but the administrators of the law refused to allow practical effect to so harsh a measure, and the statute of Edward was passed to clear up any doubt as to the mode in which the governing bodies wished the able-bodied poor to be treated. It was enacted, that every able-bodied poor person who did not apply himself to some honest labour, or offer to serve though only for meat and drink if nothing more was to be obtained, should be taken for a vagabond, branded on the shoulder with the letter V, and adjudged a slave for two years to any person who should demand him. It is worth noticing that this statute expressly states that beggary on the part of the able-bodied was on the increase, and we also learn from it that instead of getting an equivalent in money to twenty shillings of the present day, the poor man was to put up with the receipt of meat and drink alone, as wages, unless the demand for labour in the particular district obliged the employer to give more. In a country where, as Mr. Froude tells us, a benevolent legislation had taken care that everybody should get good money wages, a statute is passed, telling the poor man that if an employer offers him no money wages at all, and he will not take mere sustenance, he is to be adjudged a slave for two years? But, in spite of this legislative severity, the begging of the able-bodied, that is, pauperism, increased, and the legislature were obliged to succumb; and in the third stage we have parish officers who are appointed for this particular purpose, intrusted with the charge of carrying out the scheme of Henry VIII., of providing work for those out of employment, and of taxing the parish to provide funds to carry this labour on.

There is also another set of facts which may advantageously be placed by the side of the laws regulating wages. Within the period of four years, between 1543 and 1546 (inclusive), Henry VIII. debased the silver money of the realm so rapidly, that whereas at the beginning of 1543 the pound sterling contained 2,368,000 grains of fine silver, at the end of 1546 it only contained 800,000. In the fifth year of Edward VI. (1551) the number of grains was reduced to 400,000; and as this rapid debasement of the coinage naturally checked the sale of commodities, a maximum was set on the price of corn, and holders of corn were forced to bring it into the market. It is true, that the amount of debased money coined in this year was very small, and that it being found impossible to tamper so flagrantly with the circulating medium of the country, the number of grains was raised within a twelvemonth to 1,760,000, and that as the cotemporary fluctuation in the gold coinage was much less, we must not speak as if, during these eight years, prices varied so much as the different value of the shilling would lead us to suppose: But after every allowance is made, enough remains to show that the government, instead of exercising a paternal care over the adjustment of wages and prices, was ready to throw confusion into every monetary transaction of ordinary life, in order to provide a fund, for temporary exigencies; or, if, as Latimer hints, the debasement of the currency was due in a great measure to the frauds of the mint officials, at any rate the Government permitted and profited by the wrong.

This question of the rate of wages may seem both an isolated and an unimportant one, but we cannot test the accuracy of a general picture like that given by Mr. Froude, unless we fix our attention on some particular part, and examine it in detail. Mr. Froude says, that one statute gives the labourer a certain fixed sum as wages, others determine the price of provisions, and that thus it is evident that the legislature, not caring for political economy, but caring for the real happiness of society, ensured every honest labourer an ample subsistence. We reply, that there is no statute which gives an available remedy to a labourer who should receive less wages than he ought; that the poor man was not allowed to go where his labour was wanted; but was obliged to put up with a bare maintenance in his own locality, whenever the demand for labour in that locality was small; that the government constantly changed the value of the sum it professed to secure to him, and that the general spirit of the legislation of the period is not that of men having a large complete coherent system which they accept, as opposed to another system which they reject, but rather that of men who are feeling their way in the dark, who consult their own interests, who try to

repress inevitable changes by restrictive enactments, and are only taught by experience that they cannot do as they please. It is obviously a matter of some moment to decide which of these views is right, and a reader will view Mr. Froude's preliminary chapter in a different light, according to the decision he comes to.

The whole question of the manner in which the reign of Henry VIII. should be treated, depends on the light in which we regard, not particular events, but the general character and temper of the time. Not that we can separate the two, for there is but little that can enable us to judge of men so long dead, except the study of those acts which appear to us each isolated and apart, but were, we know, only the conspicuous links in the long chain of life. Mr. Froude urges us to remember that we may also judge our ancestors by the written words left behind them, and that men who wrote with such breadth of view, and so much nobleness of heart, as appears in the Acts of Parliament and the State Papers of the sixteenth century, could not have been so foolish and so wicked as modern calumny has painted them. We have no doubt that Mr. Froude speaks with real historical insight, and that many popular mistakes must be corrected, and many cherished prejudices swept away, before we can apprehend the true story of the period. Henry VIII. has been popularly regarded as a vulgar tyrant, a purposeless, capricious, and coarse despot, whom his people must have hated in the way which modern school-boys hate and despise him. But that his cotemporaries had a very different opinion is well-known; and making every allowance for the partisanship of combatants in a religious quarrel, we cannot mistake the tribute of genuine admiration which the Protestant writers of the period pay to his merits. He was a statesman as well as a king; and his whole policy, both at home and abroad, is stamped with the impress of a mind at once large and strong. But what we object to in Mr. Froude's picture of Henry is, that perceiving the popular judgment to be unjust, and thinking that truth demands that he should rectify the balance, he has gone too far—has admitted no mixture of qualities in the king's character, and justifies every act of tyranny by the requirements of a great and comprehensive policy. These volumes do not contain the chronicle of Henry's last and worst years, and it is therefore easier in them to extenuate his faults and find lofty and pure motives for his conduct; but the memory of what followed continually haunts us, and we involuntarily allow the shadow of the dark years of his madness and passion to cloud, in our eyes, the picture of the meridian of his life. We do not know what Mr. Froude thinks it in his power to defend satisfactorily: he may have a reason for the murder of

Cromwell, or the rejection of Anne of Cleves. But we speak of the possibility of this as we should speak of the possibility that a historian might show that Charles I. was an honest man, or Charles II. a virtuous one.

If it is difficult to set before our minds with anything like truth the character of a single man, even when that man was the foremost man of his country, and is made known to us by hundreds of papers either written or dictated by him, it is infinitely more difficult to estimate the temper of the whole nation at that period, and the spirit which animated those who were set on the seat of power. Mr. Froude appeals to the tone of the acts of Parliament passed in Henry's reign, and to the improbability that the nobility and gentry of England would ever have been the passive and unreflecting tools of a despot, in order to convince us that those who then composed the two houses were men of high and independent mind; and that, if they acted with the king, it was because they honestly approved of what he did, and because they tacitly suggested most of the measures which his ministers urged them to adopt. It is undeniable that the language of our older statutes, which seems to us either high flown, vague, and unmeaning, with its appeals to principles of thought and action now long obsolete, or is else passed over as nothing but a form, had a reality to those who used it, and expressed the feelings with which they regarded the duties and solemnities of public life. But it is quite possible that men should have a kind of sincerity in using good words, and yet be weak and self seeking. In these days we have grown ashamed of talking better than we act, and are even inclined to depreciate our motives, and throw a veil over the strength of our convictions. It was not so in the days of Henry VIII.; those who then drew up state-papers and statutes expressed what they felt, and made frequent reference to everything divine and high which they believed to encompass human life. But there is a dishonesty which is not exactly a conscious one; and nothing is easier than for men to act as they please, and to embellish their actions by talking as they ought to do. A statesman may do a very cruel or a very treacherous deed, in the name of God, and yet may not mean to take the name of God in vain. We may allow that in a different age such a man might be using the language of the heart and not of the lips, and yet be sure that in our time such an act would only have been the fruit of a black heart, and the words only those of a lying tongue. Mr. Froude appears to us to think that there is no such thing as the relative value of sincerity in different ages. He is perpetually contrasting our times with those of the Tudors, and the contrast in the shape which he presents it, is entirely based on the assumption that we and our ancestors are alike in every respect, except that

we do not act on high motives, and they did. He therefore interprets their actions by looking at all they did in the light which it would wear in the eyes of a modern statesman who formed the same opinion on any particular question as the Tudor parliament. But this is to suppose that the only change that three centuries have introduced on public men, has been in the notions of right and wrong, and to ignore the effect of a wider experience, a settled state of the law, and a juster appreciation of the condition of society.

An instance may serve to show what we mean. In 1530 an attempt was made to poison Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, the guilty person being a certain Richard Rouse, the cook in the Bishop's palace. This is what was said, but it is not at all clear that the object of the attempt was to kill the bishop. All that appeared was, that poisoned yeast had been used in various dishes partaken of by the bishop's household and dependents, and in two cases the poison was fatal. The bishop seems to have escaped altogether, but as he was the greatest personage that could have suffered, it was taken for granted that the cook must have wished to kill him; and it was further conjectured, but as far as we know without any grounds whatever, that the cook had been instigated by the party anxious for the king's divorce, of which the bishop was the most formidable opponent. Rouse, although a clerk, might have been tried by a lay tribunal, under a statute passed in the fourth year of Henry's reign. But Parliament took the matter up, and passed a retrospective statute, made to meet a particular case, by which it was enacted that Rouse should be boiled alive. This sentence was carried into effect, and we may safely say that, if the crime imputed was heinous, the injustice of the Act itself was perfectly monstrous. Every line of this statute contains an infraction of some well-known principle of the law of England, and of obvious justice. All that Parliament knew, or cared to know, was that death had followed the admixture of certain ingredients in dishes served in the episcopal household. Instead of inquiring what possible motive the cook could have had for committing a random and wholesale murder; instead, in fact, of ascertaining his guilt as a modern jury would ascertain it, they passed an Act full of stately language about his damnable disposition; and being frightened lest malice or carelessness should make common the use of so fearful an instrument of death as poison administered in daily food, they condemned this poor man to a death of the most horrible kind, and violated two of the most fundamental maxims of law,—that no crime shall be punished more severely than the law warrants at the moment of the commission of the offence, and that no law shall be made to the detriment of a particular and single individual. The Legislature acted on that impulse which makes

children long to inflict the most fearful tortures on any one who happens to move their wrath; and though such childish impetuosity is much more excusable at a time when society does not possess fixed legal notions, yet it cannot be divested of its true character. Even in the sixteenth century, such a statute exhibited a great want of reflection and of even-handed justice. Mr. Froude, however, speaks of this Act as affording a sign that the English of those days were stern haters of wrong-doing, "possessed of an awful and solemn horror of evil things;" and he expressly says that he calls attention to this Act, "because the temper which it exhibits is the key to all which has seemed most dark and cruel in the rough years that followed." If we are to describe all harsh and inconsiderate legislation as a noble hatred of evil, it is obvious that our greatest praise must be bestowed where the penalty is most disproportionate to the offence; and we shall learn to look back with a fond regret to the days of our fathers, when stealing a sheep was a capital crime.

It is, indeed, in our eyes the fault, the one fault of Mr. Froude's history, that its tone is pitched too high for truth. The annals of the past cannot be written on the principle of dividing men into two ranks, and gathering up their lives, opinions, and acts under the opposing standards of God and the Devil. Mr. Froude forms his judgment of the time of which he writes; and, substantially, we believe his judgment to be correct; but he colours all the reflections which this judgment prompts by a tacit assumption that those whom he condemns and those whom he approves were morally separated by that broad line which marks off abstract wrong from abstract right. He is thus led perpetually to judge of acts and opinions not by their intrinsic merit, but by the motives which might have originated them, finding good motives for those whom he represents as on God's side, and bad motives for those whom he implies were on the Devil's side. We must candidly state that this is the general impression which his work produces on our minds; but that, if we take any particular instance, we come upon many counterbalancing expressions which seem shot across the texture of the main language of the story by an unconscious but unfailing honesty. They do not, however, seem to have made much impression on Mr. Froude himself, and the general aspect presented to us is as little affected by them. Nothing is easier than to distort history by the sort of moral grandiloquence in which Mr. Froude indulges. There is so much good feeling and so much sincere desire for what is right at the bottom of almost all erroneous legislation, that it is easy to invest foolish laws with a halo of moral excellence. The triumphs of legislation are, in fact, most frequently procured by the efforts of reason against the dictates of an unreflecting morality; and we have only to extol this morality, and to sink the

fact that a higher morality is satisfied by increasing wisdom of government, and the old seems bright and glorious by the side of the new. If Parliament had passed an Act this session to boil Palmer, a panegyrist might have pointed out that the statute showed a commendable horror of crime; but common sense, the common sense, that is, of a nation that has learnt something in the last three hundred years, would have stigmatized the enactment as the offspring of a puerile vengeance.

The four principal subjects comprised in these volumes are the divorce of Catharine, the triumph and fall of Anne Boleyn, the ecclesiastical struggle down to the dissolution of the monasteries, and the Irish war. We wish that our space sufficed to give our readers something like an adequate notion of the way in which Mr. Froude has written the history of these subjects. It is in the conduct of a narrative, in the appreciation of the feelings and motives of men in their minor actions, in a genuine admiration for everything worthy to be admired, that Mr. Froude shows his historical gifts. We have been obliged to dwell on what we think the strained and overheated enthusiasm with which Mr. Froude has persuaded himself to regard some of the great features of the Tudor period. But although this is so salient a point that to have passed it over would have been impossible, yet it would be giving a wholly untrue notion of the work, if we allow it to be supposed that its merits are very seriously affected by what is, so far as it goes, a departure from strict and sober truth. There are many occasions on which, as we read the main body of the story, we ask ourselves whether a particular comment is warranted, or a particular argument tenable. An enthusiastic writer never entirely shakes off his enthusiasm. But we feel that, after all possible deductions, we still have a history of real value; and the charm and grace of the story, and the interest which the writer's skill and his own strong sympathy with the great men of that day keep perpetually alive, are equalled by the instruction he affords; and we know by the brightness of the colours and the general cast of the composition, that, even if we are made to look through a slightly refracting medium, we yet behold a genuine picture of the past.

The popular estimate of a character is always of a simple kind, admits no discrimination of time and circumstance, and avoids the confusing consideration of counterbalancing qualities. Henry has been set down as a tyrant, and that has explained everything. The tyrant got tired of Catharine, and divorced her; the tyrant got tired of Anne Boleyn, and murdered her. Thus all his victims become heroes and heroines; and if any investigation is thought necessary into the facts of each case, it is rather because a narrative must be filled up, or because the

feelings of rival religious bodies have been enlisted in some ancillary question, than from it being thought necessary to find any remoter cause for an effect which may be so easily and satisfactorily referred to the capricious will of a despot. From this way of writing history, or at any rate from the way of writing the history of the Tudors, Mr. Froude has, we hope, for ever delivered us. Whatever Henry's faults may have been, and however selfish may have been the hidden springs of his actions, Mr. Froude has made it not only clear, but indisputable, that on the two great questions of these first years after the fall of Wolsey, —the divorce, and the separation from Rome, Henry was but carrying out the wishes of the great body of his people, and obeying the dictates of a policy which long suffering and long indignation at wrong had impressed on the public mind. We often find that a small thing decides, or seems to decide, the particular direction in which a great current of thought shall flow. The pretty face and gay manners of Anne Boleyn made Henry defy the Emperor, and England break with the Pope. But deep in the heart of all but a small minority of Henry's subjects, lay the memory of the dreadful and senseless struggle caused by the disputed succession of the Plantagenets; and even more widely, perhaps, prevailed the bitter regret, the despair, the sense and shame of injury which the abuses of a decaying Church had struck into the breasts of the faithful. If Henry had not fallen in love with his Queen's maid of honour, or if he had not loved her well and wisely enough to wish to make her the mother of lawful children, it is highly improbable that Parliament, or that any one, would have ventured to bid him sacrifice his queen in order to give a male heir to the crown. But directly his passions were excited, and directly he proclaimed that his duty to his country pointed out the way in which he ought to gratify them, his voice was echoed by his subjects, and they let him and the world know that they saw in his divorce the hope, the sole hope, of settled order, and the sole refuge from future war. After the Princess Mary, whose weak health made the prospect of her outliving her father at least doubtful, there was no claimant to the succession who could have counted on the support of a fourth part of the population of England; and none who could have gained the crown without provoking Scotland, backed by France, to question their title. Such a future was enough to appal any one who knew what a civil war meant; and its terrors were heightened by the sense of peace and security which fifty years of a strong and wise government had fostered. That a middle-aged lady, now beyond the hopes of issue, of unconciliating manners, and of a foreign race, should retire into a dignified obscurity, seemed a very small price at which to purchase so great a blessing. It was the doctrine of

the Church that the Pope had, in extreme cases, the power and the right to dissolve the marriage tie; there was also a doubt, and a very reasonable doubt, whether in Henry's case the tie had ever been binding. . If ever there was an extreme case, the peril of a whole people was an extreme case; and if there could be even the remotest hope of showing that the King was, and always had been, at liberty to take a younger and more fruitful bride, the plainest interests of England demanded that he should not hesitate to do what, for his own and his country's sake, his mind was bent so eagerly on doing.

It is remarkable that the earliest suggestion of the invalidity of Henry's first marriage came from a foreigner, the Bishop of Tarbes, who questioned the legitimacy of the Princess Mary on the occasion of a marriage being proposed between her and a son of the French King. Henry made use of the suggestion, and decided on attempting to show that the marriage had never existed. In the state to which the papacy had then fallen, it was perhaps the readiest method. For the Pope, the puppet of every political intrigue, would require strong motives of fear and interest to make him use such a bold method of solving the difficulty as to grant a divorce on the score of expediency. . Had Henry ruled the continent, as Napoleon did, he would have ordered the head of Christendom to free him from his Josephine; but he was only one of the three masters of the Pope, and the least able to bring force directly to bear on him. The dread of the Emperor ultimately prevailed, and Henry could not extort from the Pope even the more moderate demand he thought it prudent to make. But the struggle was long and hard, and while it did as much discredit to Rome, as the Rome of Clement VII. was capable of sustaining, it was far from a source of unmingled triumph to Henry. The choice he made of trying to avoid the marriage by questioning its original validity, made him in a much worse position with reference to the Queen herself than if he had appealed to her sense of duty and spirit of self-sacrifice, by asking her to save a nation at the expense of the empty honour of royalty. Mr. Froude hardly seems to us to do her justice in this respect. She was surely quite right to maintain her position as a lawful wife, and she could not be expected to yield unless she yielded as a queen. She had also her daughter's interests to defend, and was quite right to defend them pertinaciously. We must not confuse the two courses open to Henry,—we must not speak as if, choosing one, he could reap the advantages of both. For political reasons, he chose the course that aggrieved and insulted Catharine, not without a defensible ground, certainly, but still in a manner that a woman of courage and high feeling must necessarily resent. She must not be treated as if she had refused to consult the good

of England; she was not asked to do so. She was asked to acknowledge that she had lived for years as the wife of a man who was not her husband.

Mr. Froude draws out, with the adroitness of a practised writer, the fluctuations of the miserable contest, the altered position which the several parties came to assume, and all the petty tergiversations, the shifting interests, the play and counter-play of those who had the issue in their direction. It is a sad history, and yet it seems almost bright by the side of the dark tragedy that followed. Catharine, in the hour of her bitterest disappointment, could not have wished her rival a more dreadful fate than that which actually befel the unfortunate Anne Boleyn. If she were guilty of all that was imputed to her, an early grave never closed suddenly on one arrested in a more fearful career of vice: if she was innocent, there is something sickening, even at this distance of time, at the thought of a young wife and mother, the hope of so long a passion, the favourite of so treacherous a fortune, sinking defenceless before the stroke of such terrible injustice. We do not know, and in all probability we never shall know, whether she was guilty or not. But the arguments urged by Mr. Froude to persuade us of her criminality, fail to convince us. Not that Mr. Froude writes with the partisanship of an advocate, who thinks it conducive to his own reputation to inspire us with faith in his historical accuracy; but he tells us that he thinks her guilty, because he cannot believe it possible that three juries and the House of Lords should have been deceived, or should have conspired to effect a judicial murder. An indictment was drawn up against her, which is still preserved, and the definite and precise language of which has been thought, by other judges than Mr. Froude, to be an evidence of the Queen's guilt. It is impossible, it is said, that the ingenuity of a malicious invention should have gathered together so many slight yet coherent details. We cannot attach very much weight to this, because, as in all probability the Queen was indiscreet and unguarded, there was a basis of fact, and a slight distortion of facts will, without requiring any great cunning in the narrators, make a story wear a complexion that is at once like and unlike the reality. All that we know is, that this indictment was drawn up against the Queen, and that two grand juries, a petty jury, and the House of Peers found her guilty. We do not know the merits of this particular case, but we do know that at that period, and long afterwards, the English law of treason was so abominable that the prisoner had hardly a chance of escape. The case was never really submitted to the tribunal which had to decide it: the judges resorted to shifts, so as to bring the accused within the law, that are hardly credible,—so strange is the contrast between the awfulness of the penalty

and the trifling with legal language displayed by the interpreter of the law; and the prisoner knew nothing of the charges to be brought against him, nor had any means of preparing a defence. Therefore, we do not speak as if it were necessary, on the supposition of the Queen's innocence, to impute to the peers and the jurors such dreadful dishonesty as would be implied by a hasty and unwarranted verdict in these days. Nor was it so grovelling an act of dependence as it would be now, to condemn for little other reason than that the Crown originated the prosecution. When the law and its machinery were defective, and when the Crown was a real power, having charge of the conduct of all important affairs, it was at best a sanction for indolence, an escape from endless hesitation, a strong temptation to those whose interest it was to find excuses for approving all that the Crown did; if they could look on the Crown as really responsible for the verdict. Mr. Froude says that it is hardly possible to believe that Henry would be guilty of a cold-blooded murder, and at any rate he would not have had recourse to a judicial process when assassination would have been so easy, or called Parliament together to look into the question, if he had felt himself guilty. No such supposition is necessary; the Queen had been foolishly familiar—of that there can be no doubt—with persons whom her new rank had placed beneath her. The King was obviously tired of her, and as obviously in love with Jane Seymour. Mr. Froude, with a devotion to Acts of Parliament that shows what enthusiasm can do, refuses to credit the story of the King's new passion, because, in a statute passed three weeks after Anne Boleyn's death, it is asserted that the King married Jane Seymour to give England an heir to the crown: as if an Act of Parliament would be likely to recite that the King's majesty had, in the lifetime of his Queen, conceived a sudden and irrepressible passion for the Lady Jane Seymour. Anne Boleyn, in a letter to the King, written just before her death, and which Mr. Froude inserts as genuine, although its genuineness is open to suspicion, speaks of the King's love for Jane Seymour as a notorious and admitted fact. If, then, those about the court watched the King's growing fondness for a new face, and saw that Anne laid herself open to animadversion, it would be easy to frame charges of some sort of definiteness, and such charges might be welcomed by Henry without his having any purpose of deliberately murdering his wife. When once such charges were brought together, countenanced by the King, and shaped into lawyer's language, there was slight chance of escape in any court of justice.

We think also that here, as elsewhere, Mr. Froude overrates the independence of the position which the peers and the whole legislative body held with respect to the Crown. The lay-peers

numbered only twenty-seven, and of these a great portion sat with peerages of Tudor creation. We wish that Mr. Froude, in his preliminary sketch, had attempted an estimate of the changes in the ownership of land and in the possession of hereditary rank which divided the era that followed from that which preceded the Wars of the Roses. There can be no doubt that in both Houses there sat many men of new families, and that these men were, in a peculiar sense, dependent on the Crown. The later years of Henry's reign showed conspicuously what the execution of Buckingham had foreshadowed,—that the Crown could, when it pleased, exercise an unresisted control over the lives and fortunes even of men of the highest rank and noblest family. It is quite possible that a legislative body should have an independence, in the sense that on great national questions the Crown only acts with their concurrence, and yet should fear to stand between the Crown and an individual. It is certain that in the case of the divorce, and in the ecclesiastical struggle, the two Houses and the King acted together, and Parliament, as representing the opinion of the great majority of the nation, quite as much supported the King as received guidance from him. But it is also certain that Parliament was always ready to please the King whenever he chose to rid himself of any one obnoxious to him.

It is very instructive to notice how different is the way in which Hall, who wrote his history during Henry's life-time, speaks when high treason is the subject of his history, from that in which he speaks when he tells us of any other exercise of Crown influence. He tells us, for instance, that the King procured an Act to be passed for the release of the debts incurred by the King to his subjects in order to defray the expenses of the French war; and he adds, that the Act was strongly resisted in the Commons, but that a great portion of the House were the King's servants, and that the independent members were so "laboured to by others," that at last they consented. This at once shows that the Crown had a commanding influence, that it exercised it, and that Hall had no hesitation in saying that popular feeling was adverse to the Act. But he never ventures to criticise, or hints that any one ever objected to any condemnation for high treason. He relates, in the barest and simplest language, the fact of the condemnation of Anne Boleyn, and of the Duke of Norfolk and his son. High treason was a charge which silenced discussion and criticism. When the Crown indicated that any one was to be tried for treason, it was understood that there should be a sort of machinery of justice set in motion, but that there should be only one result; and the severest penalties would have fallen on any one who had stigmatized the proceeding as a judicial murder.

It cannot be denied that it lends a great additional interest to the history of the ecclesiastical struggle, to see as clearly as Mr. Froude has made us see, that the separation from Rome was a national act, and not merely the result of the King's difficulties in the matter of the divorce. Long before the Tudor reigns, before even the War of the Plantagenet Succession broke out, England had rebelled against the jurisdiction of the Pope in temporal affairs. By the time of Henry VIII. the discipline of the Church had got so lax, that mere indignation at patent and flagrant vice bound all honest men together when the Crown attacked the institutions which had sheltered the villany of long years of corruption. But we must remember, and it is well worth remembering as a point bearing on the questions of our own day, that the first suppression of monasteries, and the application of their revenues to other than strictly religious purposes, was made under the sanction and authority of the Pope, and the statesmen of Henry VIII.'s time did not appear to have been troubled with that excess of Conservatism which refuses to apply existing materials to a good use because their abuse has been hallowed by time. When the Parliament that met on Wolsey's fall turned to account the ecclesiastical difficulties that pressed upon them, they found three directions in which the safety and honour of England required that they should strike home. There were the Consistory Courts, of which all the spiritual life had long died out, and which now existed merely as an incumbrance on the administration of justice: with these we must class the independent power of Convocation, and all the claim to a jurisdiction which had been more or less conceded to the Pope. Secondly, there were the exactions in the shape of fees paid to ecclesiastics, —such as probate and mortuary fees, which were not only a great burden on the property of laymen, but were of a peculiarly vexatious character. And, lastly, there were the grievous failings in the life both of the secular and the regular clergy, gross neglect of cures, and sins against God and against nature veiled, but scarcely veiled, in the darkness of the monasteries. The generation that set to work earnestly yet temperately to get rid of these things, deserves to live in the memory and affection of all Englishmen; and not a little is due to a writer who has set before us vividly and distinctly what it was that was then done, and how the work was wrought.

Still, as has often been said, the deliverance of the nation from its spiritual fetters was the victory of the foolish, not of the wise; —of the poor, not of the rich,—of the suffering outcasts of society, not of the rulers of the people. Cromwell and Latimer favoured, but did not create, Protestantism; the legislature that lopped off the rank growth of ecclesiastical abuses, delighted to

show its orthodoxy, by persecuting the Reformers. No part of Mr. Froude's book has given us greater pleasure than his narrative of the trials through which the poor men passed whose blood was the seed of spiritual liberty. We may refer our readers especially to a story, given at some length, which tells of the fortunes of some who, in those early days, bore testimony to their faith at Oxford. It was in the time of Wolsey, who was a merciful man, but who could not refuse, holding the position that he did, to punish heretics, that an order was sent down to arrest one Thomas Garret, a fellow of Magdalen, who had introduced into Oxford forbidden books from Germany. He was sheltered, and his escape ensured by the self-devotion of an undergraduate of Alban Hall, named Anthony Dalaber. A fragment still remains, written by Dalaber himself, in which the events of those anxious days are set down in a simple and touching narrative. Mr. Froude has worked this fragment into his own story, and the whole forms a picture without a parallel, perhaps, as an illustration of what was really going on at that time beneath the surface of English life. Mr. Froude appears to us to treat the subject of the martyrs with such a union of skill and sympathy as to make us seem to be reading of them for the first time. No one should speak of such a subject as the death of these pure and noble-minded men, without the capacity to feel as they did, and to estimate rightly how men think and act who are willing to lose their life in order to find it. Certainly, the Catholic martyrs deserve equal reverence, and can only be appreciated by one who understands how dear the bands may seem which unite a long-acknowledged spiritual authority with those who have grown up under its influence. But Mr. Froude would be unworthy to write the history of England, if he did not let us clearly perceive that the Protestant martyrs have in his eyes the inestimable advantage of having witnessed for the greater truth, — for a truth of which the world then stood in sore need, and, lacking which, it was going speedily to perdition.

There are points in his history of the ecclesiastical struggle in which, we think, Mr. Froude hardly treats with sufficient impartiality those with whom he differs. Here, as elsewhere, having made up his mind on the general question, he sees everything by the light of the opinion he has formed. We especially allude to his justification of the premunire under which the clergy were brought for their recognition of Wolsey as legate, and to the excuses he proffers for the execution of Sir Thomas More. Mr. Froude does not in so many words justify either of these acts of violence, and he states very candidly the objections to which they are open; but he speaks so favourably of them, and considers them so necessary and so reasonable, as parts of a policy gene-

rally good, that his method of dealing with them amounts to a justification.

Before we close our notice, we must say a few words to express our admiration of the chapter on the Irish War. This war is an episode in the main story, for the affairs of Ireland were not of much real importance, but it is an episode which we should have been very sorry to lose. It is quite a masterpiece of narration. The subject is less susceptible of great interest, and the style of the writer is less brilliant, but in many ways it seems to us to rival Mr. Macaulay's description of the Irish wars of William III. We must remember how entirely Mr. Froude had to make his bricks without straw. The Irish of Henry VIII.'s day were such hopeless savages, the cause for which they fought was so undisguisedly the licence to plunder, the English Government was so completely a no-government, the English General was so wholly destitute of military skill, that there seems, at first sight, nothing for the narrator to lay hold of. But, as we read Mr. Froude's pages, the affairs of this unhappy country seem attractive and important. We are warmed into an interest in the revolt of the Geraldines, we grow anxious for the fate of Dublin Castle, and are relieved when, at last, Fitzgerald himself is executed; and there is not only a present pleasure in reading this chapter, but we have the gratification of anticipating; if an Irish war can be told in this way, what, in such hands, will be the story of the Armada, and of the last days of the Queen of Scots.

We must forbear to say more of a book to which we have not attempted to do justice,—for that would be impossible in our space, but to which we have wished to call the attention of our readers. It is a book that will bear reading again and again. Mr. Froude appears to us to want only one quality, that of sobriety of judgment, to be in every way a great historian. He combines, in a rare degree, honesty with imagination, but he seems to us carried away by a fondness for applying a true theory so far as to make it false. His greatest difficulties are yet before him, and we ought not, perhaps, to judge him until we see how he surmounts them. If he can give, on good grounds, a new colouring to the story of the last years of Henry's life, we may allow that he is right in using language, when speaking of the events of the preceding years, which seems overcharged to those who are biassed by remembering the sins which the received version of the history lays at the door of the declining King.

ART. V.—HEREDITARY INFLUENCE, ANIMAL AND HUMAN.

1. *Traité de l'Hérédité Naturelle dans les Etats de Santé et de Maladie du Système Nerveux.* Par le Dr. Prosper Lucas. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1847-1850.
2. *On the Physiology of Breeding. Two Lectures delivered to the Newcastle Farmers' Club.* By Reginald Orton, M.R.C.S. Sunderland. 1855.
3. *De la Génération.* Par M. C. Girou de Buzareingues. Paris. 1828.

THE problem of hereditary transmission, physical and moral, although one of the most interesting of physiological problems, is also one of the most baffling. In spite of its obscurity, it fascinates the inquirer; perhaps with all the greater force because of its obscurity, for, as Spinoza truly says, men cease to admire that which they fancy they understand: *tum enim vulgus rem aliquam se satis intelligere existimat quum ipsam non admiratur.* The question of hereditary influence has descended from antiquity encumbered with prejudices and deceptive facts, which seemed coercive and conclusive, but were in truth only one-sided; and encumbered still more with hypotheses formed in ignorance of Nature's processes. It has reached us a problem still; every scientific mind not prepossessed by an hypothesis, nor content to disregard a mass of facts, must pronounce the answers hitherto proposed deficient in the primary requisite of comprehending all the phenomena. Nevertheless, answers abound. Every cattle-breeder, who rises to the height of a theory, has his theory on this complex matter, and acts upon it in the breeding of cattle and poultry. Every village gossip, every Mrs. Gamp, has her facts and her opinions, which, in expansive moments, she delivers with great confidence. Every physician has his theory, especially with reference to the transmission of disease. Even the man of letters is not without his generalization on the transmission of genius: "all men of genius," he tells you, "have had remarkable mothers;" in support of which generalization he counts off upon his fingers the illustrations which occur to him, perfectly heedless of the mass of cases in which the mothers have not been remarkable.

The various theories imply variety of interest in the question, and a practical need for the solution. A subject at once so interesting and important may well claim some attention from

us here; and we shall endeavour to disengage it from all technical difficulties, so as to present it in a form intelligible to the general reader, and to clear up many misconceptions, popular and scientific, which at present obstruct the question. The three works placed at the head of this paper, with many others less directly bearing on the subject, will supply us with abundant facts, and may be recommended to readers desirous of pursuing the inquiry. Dr. Lucas has in two bulky octavos gathered from far and wide a mass of material, good, bad, and indifferent, with laudable diligence, but with a want of discrimination not so laudable. He is erudite, but he has *les défauts de sa qualité*. His erudition is utterly uncritical; and yet it is obvious that the sole value of the cases collected depends on their authenticity. It is the common error of erudite men to imagine that quantity supplies the place of quality. They fancy themselves rich when their purses are filled with forged notes; and so long as these notes are kept from presentation at the Bank, their delusion is untroubled. Dr. Lucas has far too many of these notes in his purse: the reader must take up his volumes with great caution. Mr. Orton makes no such erudite display; but he has collected some curious facts, both from his own experience and from the experience of other breeders. M. Girou is one of the authorities most frequently referred to by writers on this topic. To vast practical experience in cattle-breeding he adds very considerable physiological knowledge and force of intellect.

Heritage (*l'hérédité*), or the transmission of physical and mental qualities from parents to offspring, is one of those general facts of Nature which lie patent to universal observation. Children resemble their parents. Were this law not constant, there could be no constancy of Species: the horse might engender an elephant, the squirrel might be the progeny of a lioness, the tadpole of a tapir. The law, however, is constant. During thousands of years the offspring has continued to exhibit the structure, the instincts, and all the characteristics of the parents. Every day some one exclaims—as if the fact surprised him—“That boy is the very image of his father!” yet no one exclaims, “How like that pug dog is to its parent!” Boys or pug dogs, all children resemble their parents. We do not allude to the fact out of any abstract predilection for truisms, but simply to marshal into due prominence an important truth, on which the whole discussion of heritage must rest. The truth is this: Constancy in the transmission of structure and character from parent to offspring, is a law of Nature. *

* That this truth is not a truism we shall show by at once contradicting, or at least qualifying it. The very same experience

which guarantees the constancy, also teaches, and with almost equal emphasis, that this constancy is not absolute. Variations occur. Children sometimes do *not* resemble their parents; which accounts for the exclamation of surprise when they do resemble them. Nay, the children are sometimes not only unlike their parents, they are, in important characteristics, unlike their Species. We then call them Deformities or Monsters, because, while their Species is distinguished by having four legs, they themselves have six or none; while their Species possesses a complex brain, they are brainless, or have imperfect brains; while their Species is known by its cloven hoofs, they have solid hoofs, and so on.* Dissemblances as great are observable in moral characteristics. We see animals of ordinary aptitudes engender offspring sometimes remarkable for their fine qualities, and sometimes for their imbecility. The savage wolf brings forth occasionally a docile amiable cub; the man of genius owns a blockhead for his son. In the same family we observe striking differences in stature, aspect, and disposition. Brothers brought up together in the same nursery, and under the same tutor, will differ as much from each other as they differ from the first person they meet. From Cain and Abel down to the brothers Bonaparte, the striking opposition of characters in families has been a theme for rhetoric. Nor is this all. In cases where the consanguinity may be said to be so much nearer than that of ordinary brotherhood, namely, in twins, we see the same diversity; and this diversity is exhibited in those rare cases where the twins have *only one body between them*. The celebrated twins Rita and Christina† were so fused together, that they had only two legs between them: two legs and four arms and two heads; yet they were quite different in disposition. The same difference was manifested in the celebrated Presburg twins, and in the African twins recently exhibited in London.

It is clear, then, that offspring do not always closely resemble parents; and it is further clear, from the diversities in families, that they do not resemble them in equal degrees. Two brothers may be very unlike each other, and yet both like their parents; but the resemblance to the parents must, in this case, be variable. So that when we lay down the rule of *constancy in transmission*, we must put a rider on it, to the effect that this Constancy is not absolute, but is accompanied by a law of Variation. It is the

* "Flachsland rapporte que deux époux bien constitués mirent au monde trois enfans sans avant-bras ni jambes; d'autres dont parle Schmucker n'eurent que des enfans munis de douze orteils et douze doigts."—Burdach *Traité de Physiologie*, ii. 264.

† See Geoffroy St. Hilaire, "Philosophie Anatomique," vol. ii.; and Serres, "Recherches d'Anatomie Transcendante."

intervention of this law which makes hereditary influence a problem; without it, heritage would be as absolute as the union of acids with bases.

Some philosophers have tried to explain the law of constancy in transmission, and its independence of the law of variations, by maintaining that it is the Species only, not the Individual, which is reproduced. Thus a sheep is always and everywhere a sheep, a man a man, reproducing the *specific type*, but not necessarily reproducing any individual peculiarities. All sheep resemble each other, and all men resemble each other, because they all belong to specific types. What does the reader say to this hypothesis? Burdach, who adopts it,* adduces his facts: for example, a dog from whom the spleen was extirpated reproduced dogs with perfect spleens; an otter, deprived of its fore paws, produced six young with their legs quite perfect; in a word, "l'idée de l'espèce se reproduit dans le fruit et lui donne des organes qui manquaient au père ou à la mère." The hypothesis has seemed convincing to the majority of thinkers, but it labours under one fatal objection—namely, Species cannot reproduce itself, for Species does not exist. It is an entity, an abstract idea, not a concrete fact. It is a fiction of the understanding, not an object existing in Nature. The *thing* Species no more exists than the thing Goodness or the thing Whiteness. Nature only knows individuals. A collection of individuals so closely resembling each other as all sheep resemble each other, are conveniently classed under one general term, named species; but this general term has no objective existence; the abstract or typical sheep, apart from all concrete individuals, has no existence out of our systems. Whenever an individual sheep is born, it is the offspring of two individual sheep, whose structures and dispositions it reproduces; it is not the offspring of an abstract idea; it does not come into being at the bidding of a Type, which as a Species sits apart, regulating ovine phenomena. The facts of dissemblance between offspring and parents we shall explain by-and-by; they do not plead in favour of Species, because Species is a figment of philosophy, not a fact. The sooner we disengage our Zoology from all such lingering remains of old Metaphysics the better. Nothing but dreary confusion and word-splitting can come of our admitting them. Think of the hot and unwise controversies respecting "transmutation of species," which would have been spared if a clear conception of the meaning of Species had been steadily held before the disputants, or if the laws which regulate heritage had been duly considered. In one sense, transmutation of

* "Physiologie," ii. 245.

Species is a contradiction in terms. To ask if one species can produce another, *i. e.*, a cat produce a monkey—is to ask if the offspring do not inherit the organization of their parents. We know they do. We cannot conceive it otherwise. But the laws of heritage place the dispute in something of a clearer light, for they teach us that “Species” is constant, because individuals reproduce individuals closely resembling them, which is the meaning of “Species;” and they also teach us, that individuals reproduce individuals *varying* in structure from themselves, which Varieties, becoming transmitted as part and parcel of the parental influence, will, in time, become so great as to constitute a difference in Species. It is in vain that the upholders of “fixity of Species” assert, that all the varieties observed are differences of *degree* only. Differences of degree become differences of kind, when the gap is widened: ice and steam are only differences of degree, but they are equivalent to differences of kind. If, therefore, “transmutation of Species” is absurd, “fixity of Species” is not a whit less so. That which does not exist, can neither be transmuted nor maintained in fixity. Only individuals exist; they resemble their parents, and they differ from their parents. Out of these resemblances we create Species, out of these differences we create Varieties; we do so as conveniences of classification, and then believe in the reality of our own figments.

“Les espèces,” said Buffon, boldly, “sont les seuls êtres de la nature,” and thousands have firmly believed this absurdity. The very latest work published on this subject,* reproduces the dictum, and elaborately endeavours to demonstrate it. “Les espèces sont les formes primitives de la nature. Les individus n'en sont que des représentations, des copies.” This was very well for Plato; but for a biologist of the nineteenth century to hold such language shows a want of philosophic culture. A cursory survey of the facts should have shown the error of the conception, if nothing else would. Facts plainly tell us that the individual and the individual's peculiarities, not those of the abstract Type, are transmitted. Plutarch speaks of a family in Thebes, every member of which was born with the mark of a spear-head on his body; and although Plutarch is not a good authority for such a fact, we may accept this because it belongs to a class of well authenticated cases. An Italian family had the same sort of mark, and hence bore the name of *Lansada*. Haller cites the case of the Bentivoglie family, in whom a slight external tumour was transmitted from father to son, which always swelled when

*“Cours de Physiologie Comparée,” par M. Flourens, 1856. A feeble and inaccurate book.

the atmosphere was moist. Again, the Roman families *Nasones*, and *Buccones*, indicate analogous peculiarities; to which may be added the well-known "Austrian lip" and "Bourbon nose." All the Barons de Vessins were said to have a peculiar mark between their shoulders; and by means of such a mark, La Tour Landry discovered the posthumous legitimate son of the Baron de Vessins in a London shoemaker's apprentice. Such cases might be received with an incredulous smile if they did not belong to a series of indisputable facts noticed in the breeding of animals. Every breeder knows that the colours of the parents are inherited, that the spots are repeated, such as the patch over the bull-terrier's eye, and the white legs of a horse or cow; and Chambon* lays it down, as a principle derived from experience, that by choosing the parents you can produce *any* spots you please. Girou noticed that his Swiss cow, white, spotted with red, gave five calves, four of which repeated exactly the spots of their mother, the fifth, a cow-calf, resembling the bull. And do we not all know how successful our cattle breeders have been in directing the fat to those parts of the organism where gourmandise desires it? Have not sheep become moving cylinders of fat and wool, merely because fat and wool were needed?

Still more striking are the facts of *accidents* becoming hereditary. A superb stallion, son of *Le Glorieux*, who came from the Pompadour stables, became blind from disease: all his children became blind before they were three years old. Burdach cites the case of a woman who nearly died from hæmorrhage after blood-letting; her daughter was so sensitive that a violent hæmorrhage would follow even a trifling scratch; she, in turn, transmitted this peculiarity to her son. Horses marked during successive generations with red-hot iron in the same place, transmit the visible traces of such marks to their colts. A dog had her hinder parts paralysed for several days by a blow; six of her seven pups were deformed or excessively weak in their hinder parts, and were drowned as useless.† Treviranus‡ cites Blumenbach's case of a man whose little finger was crushed and twisted, by an accident to his right hand: his sons inherited right-hands with the little finger distorted. These cases are the more surprising, because our daily experience also tells us that accidental defects are *not* transmitted; for many years it has been the custom to cut the ears and tails of terriers, and yet terrier pups do not inherit the pointed ears and short tails of their parents; for centuries men have lost arms and legs, without affecting the limbs of our species. Although, therefore, the deformities and

* "Traité de l'Education des Moutons," i. 116.

† "Girou," p. 127.

‡ "Biologie," iii. 452.

defects of the parent may be inherited, in general they are not. For our present argument it is enough that they are so *sometimes*.

Idiosyncrasies assuredly belong to the individual, not to the species; otherwise they would not be idiosyncrasies. Parents with an unconquerable aversion to animal food, have transmitted that aversion; and parents, with the horrible propensity for human flesh, have transmitted the propensity to children brought up away from them under all social restraints. Zimmermann cites the case of a whole family upon whom coffee acted like opium, while opium had no sensible effect whatever on them; and Dr. Lucas knows a family upon whom the slightest dose of calomel produces violent nervous tremblings. Every physician knows how both predisposition to and absolute protection against certain specific diseases are transmitted. In many families the teeth and hair fall out before the ordinary time, no matter what hygiene be followed. Sir Henry Holland remarks, "the frequency of blindness as an hereditary affection is well known, whether occurring from cataract or other diseases of the parts concerned in vision. The most remarkable of the many examples known to me, is that of a family where four out of five children, otherwise healthy, became totally blind from amaurosis about the age of twelve; the vision having been gradually impaired up to this time. What adds to the singularity of this case is the existence of some family monument long prior in date, where a female ancestor is represented with several children around her, the inscription recording that all the number were blind."* But not only are structural peculiarities transmitted, we see even queer tricks of manner descending to the children. The writer had a puppy, taken from its mother at six weeks old, who although never taught "to beg" (an accomplishment his mother had been taught), spontaneously took to begging for everything he wanted, when about seven or eight months old: he would beg for food, beg to be let out of the room, and one day was found opposite a rabbit hutch begging for the rabbits. Unless we are to suppose all these cases simple coincidences, we must admit individual heritage; but the doctrine of probabilities will not permit us to suppose them coincident. Let us take the idiosyncrasy of cannibalism, which may be safely said not to appear more than once in ten thousand human beings; if, therefore, we take one in ten thousand as the ratio, the chances against any man manifesting the propensity will be ten thousand to one, but the chances against his son also manifesting it will be—what some more learned calculator must declare.

Not the Species, but the Individual, then, we are forced to

* "Medical Notes and Reflections," p. 23.

admit, presides over heritage; and this will help to explain many puzzling phenomena." Thus M. Danney made experiments during ten years with rabbits, a hundred couples being selected by him with a view to the creation of peculiarities. By always choosing the parents "d'après des circonstances individuelles fixes et toujours les mêmes dans certaines lignées," he succeeded in obtaining a number of malformations according to his preconceived plan. And such experiments have been repeated on dogs, pigeons, and poultry with like success. It is on this fact of individual heritage that longevity depends. There is no term of life for the "species," only a term for the individual; a fact which sets all the speculations of Cornaro, Hufeland, and Flourens at naught. There are limits which neither the "species" nor the individual can be said to pass; no man has been known to live two hundred years; but the number of years which each individual will reach, without accident, is a term depending neither on the "species," nor on his own mode of life, but on the organization inherited from his parents. Temperance, sobriety, and chastity, however desirable, both in themselves and in their effects, will not ensure long life; intemperance, hardship, and irregularity will not prevent a man, living for a century and a half. The facts are there to prove both propositions. Longevity is an inheritance. Like talent, it may be cultivated; like talent, it may be perverted; but it exists independent of all cultivation, and no cultivation will create it. Some men have a talent for long life.

M. Charles Lejoncourt published, in 1842, his *Galerie des Centenaires*, in which may be read a curious list of examples proving the hereditary nature of longevity. In one page we have a day labourer dying at the age of 108, his father lived to 104, his grandfather to 108, and his daughter then living had reached 80. In another we have a saddler whose grandfather died at 112, his father at 113, and he himself at 115; this man, aged 113, was asked by Louis XIV. what he had done to so prolong life; his answer was—"Sire, since I was fifty I have acted upon two principles; I have shut my heart and opened my wine-cellar." M. Lejoncourt also mentions a woman then living aged 150, whose father died at 124, and whose uncle at 113. But the most surprising of the cases cited by Lucas is that of Jean Golembiewski, a Pole, who in 1846 was still living, aged 102, having been eighty years as common soldier, in thirty-five campaigns under Napoleon, and having even survived the terrible Russian campaign, in spite of five wounds, and a soldier's recklessness of life. His father died aged 121, and his grandfather, 130. Indeed, the practice of every annuity and insurance office suffices to convince us of ordinary experience having discovered that length of life is somehow dependent on hereditary influence.

Although instincts, in the general acceptation of the term, may be said to belong to the species and to be transmitted with the specific type, we have abundant evidence of the individual transmission of what are called instinctive peculiarities, or acquired habits. Thus Girou relates the case of a sporting dog, taken young from its mother and father, who was singularly obstinate, and exhibited the greatest terror at every explosion of the gun, which always excites the ardour of the species. On the owner expressing his surprise to the gentleman from whom he received the dog, he was told that nothing was more likely, for the dog's father had the same peculiarity. How the vicious disposition of horses is transmitted all breeders know. Again, we know that the vice of drunkenness is very apt to be inherited; and that the passion for gambling is little less so. "A lady with whom I was very intimate," relates Da Gama Machado, "and who possessed great wealth, passed her nights in gaming; she died young, from pulmonary disease. Her eldest son was equally addicted to play, and he also died of consumption at the same age as his mother. His daughter inherited the same passion and the same disease."* Other and more crapulous vices are inherited, and are exhibited in cases where the early death of the parents, or the removal of the children in infancy, prevents the idea of any imitation or effect of education being the cause. That the "thieving propensity" is transmitted from father to son through generations, all acquainted with police-courts know. Gall† has cited some striking examples; and that murder, like talent, runs in families, is too notorious to need illustrations here. Dogs taught to "point" or "set," transmit the talent. The American dogs inherit the peculiar cunning necessary to hunt the peccari without danger. F. Cuvier has observed that young foxes, in those parts of the country where traps are set, manifest much more prudence than even the old foxes in districts where they are less persecuted. Again, birds born in a country inhabited by man inherit their alarm at his presence; but travellers narrate that the same species encountered on uninhabited islands manifest no alarm; and are knocked down as easily as a gentleman in Fleet-street; they soon, however, learn to dread man, and this dread they transmit. As these last illustrations may be relegated to the vague region of instincts, we will confine ourselves to more individual and accidental characteristics. Thus Girou relates how a man known to him had the habit of sleeping on his back, with his right leg crossed over the left; one of his daughters showed the same peculiarity from her birth, and constantly assumed it

* "Théorie des Ressemblances," p. 154, quoted by Lucas.

† "Fonctions du Cerveau," i. 207.

in her cradle, in spite of her swathings. Venette knew a woman who limped with the right leg; her daughter was born with the same defect in her right leg. Ambrose Paré noticed that several children who had a peculiar mode of shaking the head, inherited it from their parents.

The inevitable conclusion from all these facts is, that parents transmit their individual peculiarities of colour, form, longevity, idiosyncrasy, &c., to their offspring, and that they do this *not as reproducing the species*, but as reproducing *their own individual organizations*. But now comes the difficult part of our inquiry:—Which is the predominating influence, that of the male or that of the female? If both parents join to form the child, does one parent give one group of organs, and another parent another group; or do both give all?

“Half is his, and half is thine: it will be worthy of the two!”

sings the poet; and the physiologist asks,—*Which half?*

Speaking of mules, Vicq-d'Azyr says, with proper caution, that “it seems as if the exterior and the extremities were modified by the father, and that the viscera emanate from the mother.” The reserve with which the great anatomist expresses himself has not been imitated by his successors; indeed, men are generally averse from uncertainties—they like a decisive opinion, a distinct formula. Hence we have the very popular formula adopted by Mr. Orton in his “Lectures”—“That the male gives the external configuration, or in other words, the locomotive organs; while the female gives the internal, or in other words, the vital organs;” which is generally stated with more scientific precision thus—“the male gives the animal system, the female the organic or vegetative.” Very great and authoritative names may be cited in support of this view; and as all such formulas are the expressions of numerous facts, we must expect to find their advocates powerful in facts to support them. If there are facts which are equally explicit and diametrically opposed to those used as evidence for the theory, it is clear that the theory expresses only part of the truth. Let us see how the case stands.

Linnæus says that the *internal* plant (*i.e.*, the organs of fructification) in all hybrids is like the female; the *external* (organs of vegetation), on the contrary, resembles the male. This is, however, diametrically opposed by De Candolle, who announces it as a general law that the organs of vegetation are given by the female, those of fructification by the male.* When two doctors of such importance differ on a point like this, we may suspect

* “*Physiologie Végétale*,” p. 716.

that both are right and both are wrong; and here our suspicion is supported by the mass of facts adduced in the experiments of M. Sagaret,* which refute the hypothesis of Linnæus and the hypothesis of De Candolle. What we have just indicated with regard to plants, has been the course pursued with regard to animals: one class of observations has seemed to prove that the father bestows the "animal system;" another class of observations has seemed to prove that the mother bestows it; and a third class has proved both theories inadequate. Quite recently General Daumas published the result of his long experience with Arab horses,† arguing that according to the testimony of the Arabs, the stallion was the most valuable for purposes of breeding. Upon this, the *Inspecteur des Haras*, who had traversed Asia for the express purpose of collecting evidence on the subject, published his diametrically opposite conclusion, declaring that it was the mare whose influence preponderated in the foal. General Daumas replied, and cited a letter addressed to him by Abd-el-Kader, who may certainly be said to understand Arab horses better than Europeans. The letter is worth reading for its own sake; we can, however, only quote its testimony on the particular point now under discussion. "The experience of centuries has established," he says, "that the essential parts of the organization, such as the bones, the tendons, the nerves, and the veins, are always derived from the stallion. The mare may give the colour and some resemblance to her structure, but the principal qualities are due to the stallion." This is very weighty testimony, on which we will only for the present remark, that it merely asserts the *preponderance* of the male influence as respects the locomotive system; it does not assert that absolute independence of any female influence, maintained in the formula of Prevost and Daumas, Lallemand and others, which we are now combatting. Abd-el-Kader's statement is tantamount to that made by Mr. Orton,—

"I do not mean it to be inferred that either parent gives either set of organs uninfluenced by the other parent; but merely that the leading characteristics and qualities of both sets of qualities are due to the male on the one side, and to the female on the other, the opposite parent modifying them only."

This is a much more acceptable theory than the other, but it is only an approximation to the truth. Mr. Orton's first illustration is the hybrid of the horse and ass.

• "It is known that the produce of the male ass and the mare is a mule; but I do not think it is equally well-known that the produce

* "Pomologie Physiologique," p. 555, *sq.*

† "Les Chevaux de Sahara;" see also an article in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," May, 1855, on *Le Cheval de Guerre.*

of the stallion and the female ass is what has been denominated a hinny—yet such is the case. . . . The mule, the produce of the ass and mare, is essentially a modified ass—the ears are those of an ass somewhat shortened—the mane, is that of an ass—the tail is that of an ass—the skin and colour are those of an ass somewhat modified—the legs are slender, the hoofs high, narrow, and contracted, like those of an ass. The body and barrel are round and full, in which it differs from the ass and resembles the mare.”

• This description is accurate, but—we put it interrogatively—is it *always* the description of a mule, and *never* that also of a hinny? This latter, the produce of the stallion and the female ass, “is essentially a modified horse—the ears like those of a horse somewhat lengthened—the mane flowing—the tail bushy like that of a horse—the skin is fine like that of a horse—the legs are stronger, and the hoofs broad and expanded like those of a horse. The body and barrel are flat and narrow, in which it differs from the horse, and resembles its mother the ass.” From these facts, Mr. Orton deduces the conclusion, that the offspring of a cross is not simply a mixture of the two parents, nor is it an animal that has accidentally “a similitude” to one or other of its parents, inasmuch as we can produce at will either the hinny or the mule. The reader will presently see why such a conclusion cannot be accepted; and we may at once anticipate what will hereafter be more fully explained, by saying that the differences Mr. Orton signalizes are easily interpreted by another theory. In point of fact, both mule and hinny are modified asses: in each the structure and disposition of the ass predominates; and it does so in virtue of that greater “potency of race” which belongs to the ass—a potency which is less effective on the hinny, because the superior vigour of the stallion modifies it, according to ascertained laws.

“I would call your consideration,” Mr. Orton continues, “to a very curious circumstance pertaining to the voice of the mule and the hinny; to which my attention was called by Mr. Lort. The mule *brays*, the hinny *neighs*. The why and wherefore of this is a perfect mystery, until we come to apply the knowledge afforded us by the law I have given. The male gives the locomotive organs, and the muscles are amongst these; the muscles are the organs which modulate the voice of the animal; the mule has the muscular structure of its sire the ass, and brays; the hinny has the muscular structure of its sire the horse, and neighs.”

This seems decisive, until we extend our observations, and then we find the law altogether at fault. Thus the produce of a bull and a mare neither *lowed* nor *neighed*, but uttered a shrill cry somewhat like that of the goat. The produce of a dog and a she-wolf sometimes bark and sometimes howl, according to

Buffon; and the produce of a bitch-fox and a dog, according to Burdach, barked like a dog, though somewhat hoarsely, and howled like a wolf when it was hurt. A similar remark has been made by all who have attended to cross-breeding in birds; the hybrid of the goldfinch and the canary has the song of the goldfinch mingled with occasional notes of the canary, which seem perpetually about to gain the predominance. Finally, we know how, in the human family, a magnificent voice is inherited from a mother as often as from a father.

These illustrations, apart from their interest, teach us to be cautious in generalizing from a few facts, however striking, in questions so complex as all biological questions are. Let us, however, continue to call on Mr. Orton for facts. He quotes a letter from Dr. George Wilson (whose opinion on any subject will be worth hearing) to Dr. Harvey, respecting the produce of the Manx cat and the common cat. The Manx cat has no tail, and is particularly long in the hinder legs. "You will see," says Dr. Wilson, "from the facts communicated, that where the Manx cat was the mother, the kittens had tails of a sort; where the Manx cat was the father, three-fourths of the kittens had no tail." Mr. Orton also quotes a communication made to him by Mr. Garnett, of Clitheroe:—

"From these I select those pertaining to the Muscovy duck and some hybrids produced between it and the common duck. You are aware that the Muscovy drake exceeds in a striking degree the duck in size; the drake weighing from 8 to 9½ lbs., while the duck weighs only from 3 to 4 lbs. Hybrids produced from the Muscovy drake and common duck followed this peculiarity of the male parent as to the relative size of the male and female hybrids; the male weighing from 5 to 6 lbs., the females not half as much. On the other hand, the difference in the size of the sexes when the hybrids were the produce of the common drake and the Muscovy duck, was not apparent."

A valuable observation; certainly. Mr. Orton adds the following of his own. He placed a Cochin cock with his common hens:—

"Reasoning that if the vital organs were due to the female, then the cross between these birds (being externally Cochins and internally common hens) should lay white eggs, the secretion of the egg being a vital function. You know that the Cochin lays a chocolate-coloured egg. The half-breed did what theory said they should do—laid white eggs; and not only white eggs, but eggs also which, on the evidence of myself and family, were very inferior in taste, having lost the mellow, buttery taste of the Cochin egg."

But he has recorded another curious fact respecting this same experiment, which might have made him aware of the problema-

tical nature of his theory, had not his sagacity been hoodwinked by the theory:—

“These same half-bred birds afforded another and a very unlooked-for illustration of the position we have taken. They were all, when first hatched, like the Cochin cock, profusely feathered on the legs and feet, so much so, that they had to be marked to distinguish them from the pure bred birds. We see here that, according to the law, the male parent implanted his characteristics; but what was curious, in a few weeks, in some of the half-breeds all, and in many most of the leg feathers were shed. Two out of some twenty birds only retained them in any very conspicuous degree. Now, why was this? The cock had implanted his external characteristics, the hen had given her vital organs. The feathers of the male were there; but the vital organs necessary to their growth were not there; and consequently, after a time, for want of nutriment, these feathers were shed.”

We will not here enter on the question of the growth of feathers (a very complex matter), but, accepting his own premises, ask him, if the external characteristics are thus dependent on the vital organs for their growth and development, and these vital organs are given by the female, how does the child ever exhibit the characteristics of the male, after infancy? Of what use is it for the male to implant his characteristics, when the female influence is thus certain to annihilate them?

Mr. Orton further cites the practice of Bakewell with respect to his celebrated Dishley sheep. His rams might be bought or hired, for a good price; but his best ewes were sacred. These he would neither sell nor let.

As a counter-statement, let it be noted that, according to Girou, the farmers are more particular about the bull than about the cow when they want a good milking cow, for it is observed that the property of abundant secretion of milk is more certain to be transmitted from a bull than from a cow. We question the fact of the bull having greater influence than the cow, believing that in each case the property is transmitted according to direct heritage; but that the bull should be known to have any importance in this respect, is an evidence that the “vital organs” are not solely given, by the female.

The result of Mr. Orton’s researches proves that the male *does* transmit his qualities to his descendants; as a matter of fact this must be always distinctly remembered; but neither his researches nor those of his predecessors suffice to prove this transmission to be *absolute*, in the sense required by those who maintain that the male gives the *animal* and the female the *vegetative* organs; as well as by those who maintain that the male influence necessarily and invariably predominates in the animal, the female in the vegetative organs. Still it is important to know that by the

pollen of flowers we can modify the tints, and produce any varieties of tulip, violet, or dahlia; important to know that we can also modify the plumage of birds, and the colour of animals: it is important to know that the male qualities are transmissible. But for scientific rigour this is not enough. Before we can establish a law of this kind, we must be sure that the fact is constant and admits of no exceptions, or only of such apparent exceptions as may be classed under unexplained perturbations. Now daily observations, no less than recorded cases, assure us that the law is very far from being constant, that the female as unmistakeably transmits her qualities as the male transmits his, and that any theorist who should reverse the current theory and declare the mother bestowed the animal system, leaving the vegetative to the father, would be able to make a formidable array of facts. Let us glance awhile at the evidence.

It is said the male gives the colour, but the female does so likewise. A black cat and a white cat will have kittens which may be all black, all white, or black spotted with white, and white spotted with black. Every street will furnish examples. Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire speaks of a case under his observation, of a black buck and a white doe; the first produce was a black and white fawn; the second a fawn entirely black, except a white spot above the hoof.* Burdach mentions the case of a raven and a grey crow, who had a brood of five: two black like the father; two grey like the mother; and one mixed. The same result is observed with respect to all other qualities. But perhaps the most decisive example we could quote of the twofold influence of parents is in the singular instance recorded by Buffon. The Marquis Spontin Beaufort had a she-wolf living in his stables with a setter dog, by whom she had two cubs, a male and a female. The male resembled externally his father the dog, except that his ears were pointed and his tail like that of the wolf; the female, on the contrary, resembled her mother, the wolf, in all external characteristics *except* the tail, which was the same as her father's. Here in one case, the father gave the external characteristics, in the other the mother, while the tail was in each case, as it were, transposed. But the marvel of this case does not stop here: the cubs manifested a striking difference in disposition, in each case *resembling in character*, the parent it did *not resemble in appearance* and in sex; thus the male cub, which had all the appearance of a dog, was fierce and untameable as the wolf; the female cub, which had all the appearance of a wolf, was familiar, gentle, and caressing even to importunity. Lucas records an analogous case. These hybrids are very

* "Dict. Classique d'Histoire Naturelle," x. 121.

instructive, because the wide differences in the aspect and nature of the parents enable us to separate, as it were, the influence of each. The wolf and the dog often breed together; and the following observations, interesting in themselves, will suffice to show the reader how much caution is necessary before drawing absolute conclusions from single illustrations. Valmont Bouare observed in the various hybrids of wolf and dog which came under his notice at Chantilly, a striking preponderance of the wolf over the dog; Marsch, on the contrary, observed in his experience a preponderance of the dog over the wolf; Geoffroy St. Hilaire and Pallas found the wolf to predominate; whereas, Marolle found the cubs remarkable for their gentleness and dog-like instincts, only recalling the wolf in their voracity and fondness for flesh. Girou found the preponderance to vary; sometimes the father, sometimes the mother re-appeared in the offspring. If there were no other evidence, this would suffice to disprove the hypothesis of either parent contributing one group of organs, to the absolute exclusion of the other parent.

The same fact of twofold influence is shown in the transmission of deformities, such as extra toes, extra fingers, &c.: sometimes the male, and sometimes the female is shown to preponderate, by the offspring inheriting the deformity of the male or the female. It is well said by Girou,* that "if the organization of the male was the only one which passed to the child, the child would resemble the father, as the fruit of a graft resembles the tree from which the graft was taken, and not at all the tree on which it was grafted." And what is here said of the whole organization, applies with equal force to any one system, such as the nervous or the nutritive.

Moreover, if the hypothesis we are combating be admitted—if the father bestows the nervous system—how are we to explain the notorious inferiority of the children of great men? There is considerable exaggeration afloat on this matter, and able men have been called nullities, because they have not manifested the great talents of their fathers; but allowing for all overstatement, the palpable fact of the inferiority of the sons to their fathers is beyond dispute, and has helped to foster the idea of all great men owing their genius to their mothers, an idea which will not bear confrontation with the facts. Many men of genius have had remarkable mothers; and that one such instance could be cited is sufficient to prove the error both of the hypothesis which refers the nervous system to paternal influence, and of the hypothesis which only refers the preponderance to the paternal influence. If the male preponderates, how is it that Pericles,

* "De la Génération," p. 113.

who "carried the weapons of Zeus upon his tongue," produced nothing better than a Paralus and a Xanthippus? How came the infamous Lysimachus from the austere Aristides? How was the weighty intellect of Thucydides left to be represented by an idiotic Milesias, and a stupid Stephanus? Where was the great soul of Oliver Cromwell in his son Richard? Who were the inheritors of Henry IV. and Peter the Great? What were Shakspeare's children, and Milton's daughters? Unless the mother preponderated in these and similar instances, we are without an explanation; for it being proved as a law of heritage, that the individual does transmit his qualities to his offspring, it is only on the supposition of *both* individuals transmitting their organizations, and the one modifying the other, that such anomalies are conceivable. When the paternal influence is not counteracted, we see it transmitted. Hence the common remark: "talent runs in families." The proverbial phrases, "l'esprit des Mortemarts," and the "wit of the Sheridans," imply this transmission from father to son. Bernardo Tasso was a considerable poet, and his son Torquato inherited his faculties heightened by the influence of the mother. The two Herschels, the two Colmans, the Kemble family, and the Coleridges, will at once occur to the reader; but the most striking example known to us is that of the family which boasted Jean Sebastian Bach as the culminating illustration of a musical genius, which, more or less, was distributed over three hundred Bachs, the children, of course, of very various mothers.

Here a sceptical reader may be tempted to ask, how a man of genius is ever produced, if the child is always the repetition of his parents? How can two parents of ordinary capacity produce a child of extraordinary power? The answer must be postponed until we come to treat of secondary influences. For the present, we content ourselves with insisting on the conclusion to which the foregoing survey of facts has led, namely, that *both* parents are *always* represented in the offspring; and although the male influence is sometimes seen to preponderate in one direction, and the female influence in another, yet this direction is by no means constant, is often reversed, and admits of no absolute reduction to a known formula. We cannot say absolutely, "the male gives such organs;" we cannot even say, "the male always preponderates in such or such a direction." Both give all organs; sometimes one preponderates, sometimes the other. In one family we see children resembling the father, children resembling the mother, and children resembling both.

This is the conclusion inevitable on a wide survey of the facts. It is equally inevitable *a priori*, if we take our stand upon the evidence of embryology; and as some readers prefer logical

deductions to any massive accumulation of facts, we will ask them to consider the question, from this point of view. Reproduction, in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, is known to naturalists under three forms. In the first, a single cell spontaneously divides itself into two cells. Here it is quite clear that the child reproduces the totality of the parent. In the second form, the process called "budding" takes place: the child here grows out of the substance of the parent, until its development is completed, and then it separates itself from the parent to live a free life. Here also the parent is reproduced in its totality. In the third form, a higher complexity of organization has led to a more complex and more special mode of reproduction: the parent gives off from its own substance, by what may be also considered a "budding process," a mass of cells, which as pollen and ovule, as sperm-cells and germ-cells, unite to develop into plants or animals. Here again, there ought to be no doubt that the parents are reproduced; their offspring truly may be called "their own flesh and blood." Nor would the doubt have ever arisen, had not the great complexity of the organisms admitted the intervention of the Law of Variations, to which all disseminances are due. But however such interventions may baffle our inquiries, the mind recognises at once the truth of the proposition that sperm-cell and germ-cell are as much to be regarded in the light of reproductions of the parents, as the cells produced by spontaneous division are to be regarded in the light of repetitions of the parent-cell.

And here we may glance at an ingenious hypothesis which would explain the fact of all our organs being double, by the concurrence of both parents; so that the father will give one half, the mother the other half, the father the right, the mother the left side:* "Cette idée ferait présumer que notre corps est double, et que nous sommes composés de deux corps finis artistement adossés l'un à l'autre." The fact that all our organs are double—some primitively, others permanently—was first demonstrated by Serres, who, in his very remarkable work on transcendental anatomy,† has given a rapid outline of this *Lex Serriana*, as Meckel calls it. In consequence of this primitive duality of all organs (the single organs being those in the median line, and formed by the fusion of two originally distinct organs), "l'embryon résulte de la réunion de deux moitiés d'embryon; l'animal unique,

* Brouzet: "Essais sur l'Education Médicinale des Enfants." Paris, 1754. (Quoted by Lucas.)

† "Précis d'Anatomie Transcendante." Paris, 1842, p. 238. Dr. Lucas is in error when he attributes to Flourens the conception and demonstration of this important point. It is true Flourens himself claims it in his last work, "Cours de Physiologie Comparée," 1856.

si l'on peut s'exprimer ainsi, est le produit de deux moitiés d'animaux." Serres would not, however, give any countenance, we imagine, to the hypothesis of each half being furnished by each parent; for the hypothesis is contradicted by the facts of the perfect resemblance as well as perfect symmetry of each side, whereas if one parent only gave one side, we should see realized in life the fantastic combinations sometimes seen at masquerades, presenting us with a figure, half of which wears the dress of a man, and half of a woman; or half of an Italian bandit, and the other half of a good peaceful shopkeeper.

It is now time that we should direct our attention to some of the perturbing causes, which mask the laws of transmission from our perfect apprehension. While proclaiming as absolute the law of individual transmission, while proclaiming that the parents are always reproduced in the offspring, we are met by the obvious fact of the offspring often exhibiting so marked a departure from their parents, being so different in form and disposition, that the law seems at fault. For instance, Gall speaks of a brood of wolf-cubs taken from their mother and brought up together; one was as gentle as a dog, the others retained the savageness of their species. We may also point to the fact of a man of genius suddenly starting up in an ordinary family; or to a thousand illustrative examples in which the law of individual transmission seems at fault. To explain these would be to have mastered the whole mystery of heritance; all that we can do is to mention some of the known perturbing influences.

Sir Everard Home mentions a striking case, which has become celebrated, of a thorough-bred English mare, who, in the year 1816, had a mule by a quagga—the mule bearing the unmistakable quagga marks. In the years 1817, 1818, and 1823, this mare again foaled, and although she had not seen the quagga since 1816, her three foals were all marked with the curious quagga marks. Nor is this by any means an isolated case. Meckel observed similar results in the crossing of a wild boar with a domestic sow; in the first litter several had the brown bristles of the father; and in each of the sow's subsequent litters by domestic boars, some of the young ones were easily distinguished by their resemblance to the wild boar. Mr. Orton verified this fact in the cases of dogs, pigs and poultry. Of the latter he says: "The so-called silk fowl have certain marked peculiarities—a silky, or downy plumage, a black skin and face, black bill and mouth, black legs, and dark or even black bones; they have, moreover, a fully-developed tuft on the head, five toes, and are feathered on the legs and feet." Peculiarities such as these were invaluable for the experiment. He found the produce of a silk cock with a common white hen to be "twelve or fifteen

chickens, the whole of which had the black skin, black mouth, and five toes of the silk cock—his external development. As to their plumage, I could only judge in the case of four, the rest having died in the downy state. Of these four, then, they have all the black skin and five toes of the silk cock, but, strange enough, while three of them have downy plumage, the other has feathers."

Besides this very remarkable perturbing influence, we must also consider the phenomenon of *atavism*, or ancestral influence, in which the child manifests striking resemblance to the grandfather or grandmother, and not to the father or mother. The fact is familiar enough to dispense with our citing examples. How is it to be explained? It is to be explained on the supposition that the qualities were transmitted from the grandfather to the father, in whom they were *masked* by the presence of some antagonistic or controlling influence, and thence transmitted to the son, in whom, the antagonistic influence being withdrawn, they manifested themselves. As Longet remarks, "S'il n'y a pas héritage des caractères paternels il y a donc au moins *aptitude* à en hériter, disposition à les reproduire, et toujours cette transmission de cette aptitude à de nouveaux descendants, chez lesquels ces mêmes caractères se manifestent tôt ou tard."* Mr. Smith, let us say, has a remarkable aptitude for music; but the influence of Mrs. Smith is such that their children, inheriting her imperfect ear, manifest no musical talent whatever. These children, however, have inherited the disposition of their father in spite of its non-manifestation; and if, when they transmit what in them is latent, the influence of their wives is favourable, the grandchildren may turn out to be musically gifted. In the same way Consumption or Insanity seems to be dormant for a generation, and in the next flashes out with the same fury as of old. Atavism is thus a phenomenon always to be borne in mind as one of the many complications of the complex problem. Very remarkable is the atavism exhibited by some of the lower animals, who bring forth young so utterly unlike themselves as to have been long mistaken for different species; while these young in their turn bring forth animals exactly like their ancestors. Here the children of one generation always resemble their grandfathers and grandmothers, and never their fathers and mothers.†

A third cause of complication is one which we propose to call "the potency of race or individual." Both father and mother transmit their organizations, but they do so in unequal degrees: the more potent predominates; just as if you mix brandy with

* "Traité de Physiologie," ii. 133.

† See Steenstrup on "The Alternation of Generations;" and Owen on "Parthenogenesis."

equal amounts of water, soda water, and ginger beer, the taste of the brandy will predominate more in the water than in the soda water, more in the soda water than in the ginger beer.

According to Rush (quoted by Lucas), the Danes, intermarrying with women of the East, always produce children resembling the European type; but the converse does not hold good when Danish women intermarry with the men of the East. Klaproth observes the same in the mingling of the Caucasian and Mongolian races. Girou, after five-and-twenty years' experience in the breeding of sheep, found this "potency" destroy his calculations. He fancied that, by means of his Roussillon sheep and the Merino rams, he could sooner arrive at the fineness of wool which distinguishes the Merino, than if he coupled the Aveyron sheep with the Merino rams; but he found that the Roussillon type resisted the Merino so energetically that, after a quarter of a century of successive crossings, it still reappeared, whereas the Aveyron sheep had long ceased to be distinguishable from the Merinos. The same potency of particular species is noticeable in plants. Koelreuter is quoted by Burdach as having fecundated the *Nicotiana paniculata* with the pollen of *N. rustica*; and the hybrids thus produced were fecundated with the pollen of *N. paniculata*, but the plants resembled the *N. rustica*. On reversing this experiment, he still found the female *N. rustica* to have the preponderance; so that, cross the species how he would, the *N. rustica* showed most potency.

But although we thus see that Race has a marked preponderance, we must also remember that it is subject to the individual variations of vigour, health, age, &c. Girou sums up his observations with this general remark: the offspring of an old male and a young female resembles the father less than the mother in proportion as the mother is more vigorous and the father more decrepit; the reverse is true of the offspring of an old female and a young male. In fact, if we consider that the offspring reproduces the organization of its parents, and, consequently, the organization of *that particular period*, we see at once that age, health, and general potency of organization, must be taken into the account of complicating causes. This also will help to explain—but not wholly explain—the great differences observable in the same family: differences of sex, of strength, and appearance. At present, however, science can only take note of it as a "perturbing influence."

Our survey of this great subject, brief though it has been, has enabled us to note four general facts, which sum up the present state of knowledge, and which must be steadily borne in mind in all inquiries into Hereditary Influence:—

1st. Heritage is constant: it is a law of organized beings that the organization of parents should be transmitted to their offspring.

2nd. The offspring directly represents both parents, and indirectly it represents its ancestors.

3rd. The offspring never represents its parents with absolute equality, although it represents them in every organ. Sometimes one parent predominates in one system, sometimes in another, sometimes in all.

4th. The causes of this predominance are various, some being connected with "potency" of race, or individual superiority in age, vigour, &c.; others being, in the present state of knowledge, not recognisable.

Leaving these facts without any hypothetical explanation for the present, let us pass on to a consideration of the meaning of the Law of Variation, which we have seen to be so perturbing an influence. Like produces like: that is the Law of Constancy. But we see it producing *unlike*, and the variation must have its cause. Development, whether taking place in a simple tissue or in the whole organism, must proximately arise from some alteration in the series of organic combinations. A cellular tissue would never develop into a nerve tissue, unless some new element were introduced into its composition. A whole dynasty of blockheads would never produce a man of genius by intermarriage with blockheads; the intermarriage must introduce "new blood." There is no chance in Nature. If two parents produce a child which is unlike them both, this child is not an accident: the unlikeness consists in the new combination of old elements. The cipher which stood before the numeral, thus, 01, has been transposed; and we have 10 as the result. Nature transposes in this way. Out of several elements of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, in the same proportions, she will arrange substances so various as starch, gum, and sugar. We need not be surprised, then, if, with elements so complex as those of an organism, a great variety of combination is produced; and, far from marvelling because children sometimes are unlike their parents, the marvel truly is that they are ever like them.

The old theories could make nothing of these variations; they quietly ignored them. The once dominant, and still famous, theory of the "pre-existence of germs," which lingers in the popular expression of the "oak being contained in the acorn," maintained that the embryo is the animal in miniature. The early microscopists observing the gradual appearance of the organs, jumped to the conclusion that the organs pre-existed in the ovum, and were gradually unfolded to view as they became larger. Indeed, when we see an egg by no means increased,

either in size or weight, suddenly open, and a full-formed chick emerge, the idea that the chick was pre-existent in that liquid mass which once constituted the egg, seems plausible enough. Swammerdam and Malebranche pushed this notion to its logical conclusion, and declared that not only was the embryo a miniature of the adult, but the first created embryo of each species necessarily contained within itself all the germs of the future race; so that each generation included all subsequent generations. This is the famous *théorie de l'emboîtement*, which was advocated even by Cuvier. That Bonnet, Haller, and lesser men, should have been seduced by such a theory, is not remarkable when we consider the state of knowledge in their days; but after C. F. Wolff, Blumenbach, and Von Baer, had utterly refuted it, and replaced it by the sounder theory of epigenesis, to find Cuvier still giving it the sanction of his great name, is a point to be remembered in the history of opinion. At the present day, we believe no one of any authority maintains the theory of pre-existence. The microscope plainly shows us that, at first, the embryo is *not* like the adult animal in any respect; the resemblance grows as development goes on; the presence of one organ determines the presence of another; and, in the earlier stages, we cannot tell whether the embryo is that of a fish, a reptile, a bird, or a mammal, much less what *kind* of fish, reptile, bird, or mammal. It is the immortal honour of C. F. Wolff to have demonstrated the great law of epigenesis,* by which the parts of an animal are made one *after* another, and *out* of the other; so that each organ may be considered as a secreting organ with respect to the others. Treviranus subsequently adopted this idea of each organ having, as it were, a secretory function with respect to the others; and M. Paget has luminously expanded it in his masterly "Lectures on Surgical Pathology."

When it was believed that animals *pre-existed* in the germs of the original parents, the difficulty of accounting for variations, such as deformities and malformations, was either ignored, referred to "Satanic agency," or eluded by the convenient supposition that deformed germs also pre-existed. Still there were troublesome facts not to be so got rid of. There were hybrids, for example. No one could say that there were pre-existent germs which were half horse and half donkey, or half wolf and half dog, or quarter wolf and three-quarters dog.

We will not, however, linger over such hypotheses, anxious as we are to glance at matters of more practical interest; among

* "Theoria Generationis," 1759; and in a more popular version of the same work, "Théorie von der Generation." We have never seen the first-named work; the second we can commend to philosophic readers.

them, the very important question of hereditary *insanity*. Every one is familiar with the fact of the transmission of this terrible malady, but not every one is aware of the extraordinary resemblance sometimes manifested in the nature of the attacks, and their periodical recurrence. Moreau relates the case of a man who, greatly agitated by the events of the French Revolution, shut himself up in one room from which he never stirred during ten years; his daughter, on reaching the age at which he was attacked, fell into the same state, and could not be made to quit her apartment. Esquirol tells of a lady who in her twenty-fifth year went out of her mind after her accouchement; her daughter was afflicted in the same way, at the same age, and under the same circumstances. We cannot here afford space for more illustrations;* the two just cited will suffice to indicate the tragic fact, that insanity is not only transmissible, but may suddenly manifest itself in persons who have hitherto shown no predisposition to it. The fact forces upon every mind an awful sense of responsibility, when a parent or guardian has to decide on permitting a marriage where the "hereditary taint" exists. It is a subject which has recently been handled in four fictions: in the "House of Raby," in Miss Jewsbury's "Constance Herbert," in Holme Lee's "Gilbert Messenger," and in Wilkie Collins's "Moncktons of Wincot Abbey." The three first named have used it not only as a tragic pivot, but as a moral lesson; and in so doing have taken the licence of fiction to promulgate very absolute moral views, upon which it is our duty to make some remarks.

These writers all assume that the transmission of the malady is inevitable, and hence they insist on the duty of renunciation. No one with the "hereditary taint" is justified in marrying. He must bear his burden; he must not compromise for selfish enjoyments the happiness of descendants. Were the problem really so simple as these writers make it, their moral conclusions would be indisputable. But artists are not bound to be physiologists, and are assuredly bad law-givers in such cases. As artists, they employ their permitted licence in simplifying the problem of insanity to suit their stories; but when they transcend the limits of Art, and moralize on their selected cases, placing them before the world as typical, they commit a serious error, and they teach questionable doctrine, because they teach it by means of fallacious facts. Let us be understood. If it were absolutely *certain* that a man whose family had the "hereditary taint" could not escape the terrible inheritance, the moral rule would be clear, the ver-

* Dr. Forbes Winslow might take up this topic in his valuable "Journal of Psychological Medicine" with good effect.

dict against his marrying would be absolute. But happily this is by no means the case. The Law of Variation here intervenes. Vulgar observation confirms science in declaring this inheritance of insanity to be very *uncertain*. “*La transmission héréditaire,*” says Burdach, in summing up, “*ne s’étend, la plupart du temps, qu’à quelques enfans.*” In many cases the malady is not transmitted at all. That is to say, it is so neutralized by the influence of the other parent as not to manifest itself. Out of three children two may inherit the malady—or only one—or none. Are all three children to be debarred from marriage on the chance that one or all may be affected? But the difficulty is further complicated. The three children, let us say, are perfectly healthy, passing into manhood and womanhood without once indicating any trace of the disease; suddenly, in mid-life, the disease breaks out,—for we are never certain of its non-appearance. Again, the three marry, have children, and die, without manifesting any of the fatal symptoms of the disease; yet their children may all be insane, because the law of *atavism* intervenes to frustrate calculations.

With such facts before us, consider the straits into which we are driven by the novelist’s verdict. Three perfectly sane people are not to marry because there is a possibility of their one day becoming insane, or of their children inheriting the grandfather’s malady. The same difficulty meets us in the case of *consumption* and *scrofula*, two diseases equally transmissible and almost as terrible. Are all the families in whom the consumptive “taint” exists to be excluded from marriage? To say so would be to make marriage a rarity, since few indeed among English families could be found, in which no consumption has appeared during two generations. Such difficulties the novelist eludes. Yet in real life these difficulties must be met. For our own parts, while fully sensible of the responsibility, we frankly confess that we should hesitate before pronouncing against marriage, even when one of the lovers had already exhibited unequivocal signs of insanity or consumption. Nor is this said from any love of paradox; it is quite serious, as the reader will admit, when he considers that the probability of transmission to children is very *uncertain*, and is entirely dependent on the other parent. A man with tubercles already formed may marry one woman who shall bear him children all perfectly healthy; whereas another woman would bear him children all inevitably doomed. It is entirely a question of organic combination; one parent’s influence being neutralized or fostered by the influence of another. The same is true, if we take the case of a woman with tubercle marrying a healthy man.

Although everything depends on the constitution of the untainted parent, there is a further difficulty with human beings

not felt with animals; we allude to affection, which does not spring up when bidden. You may pair your dogs and cattle according to theory; human beings must pair according to far other impulses. Nevertheless, the parent or physician who has to adjudicate in these delicate cases, may gain some guidance from general principles. We have seen that the predominance of one parent mainly consists in a superior potency which is derived from race, age, health, &c. Thus a young man, in whom the hereditary taint is visible, might fall in love with a woman some few years his senior, who, to superiority of age, might add that of belonging to a more vigorous race. There would be scarcely any danger in such a marriage. But reverse the conditions—let the woman be younger and of a less vigorous race, and marriage would present such probabilities of danger that every means of prevention should be employed. At the best, our judgment can be given with great hesitation, for the laws of organic combination, on which parental influence depends, are as yet wholly unknown.

We must forbear entering upon the many interesting topics which the application of the laws of heritage suggest, and conclude this paper with a glance at the influence of these laws in the development of the human race. History is one magnificent corollary on the laws of transmission. Were it not for these laws, civilization would be impossible. We inherit the acquired experience of our forefathers—their tendencies, their aptitudes, their habits, their improvements. It is because what is organically acquired becomes organically transmitted, that the brain of a European is twenty or thirty cubic inches greater than the brain of a Papuan, and that the European is born with aptitudes of which the Papuan has not the remotest indication. Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his very original and remarkable "Principles of Psychology," quotes the evidence of Lieut. Walpole, that "the Sandwich Islanders, in all the early parts of their education, are exceedingly quick, but not in the higher branches; they have excellent memories, and learn by rote with wonderful facility, but will not exercise their thinking faculty;" which, as Mr. Spencer truly observes, indicates that they can receive and retain simple ideas, but are incompetent to the more complex processes of intelligence, because these have not become organized in the race. A similar fact is noticed in the Australians and Hindoos. Nor is this wide difference between them and the European confined to the purely ratiocinative processes; an analogous difference is traceable in their moral conceptions. In the language of the Australians there are no words answering to our terms *justice*, *sin*, *guilt*. They have not acquired those ideas. In all savages the *sympathetic* emotions are quite rudimentary, and the horror which

moves a European at the sight of cruelty would be as incomprehensible to the savage, as the terror which agitates a woman at the sight of a mouse. What we observe in the development from childhood to manhood, we also observe in the development of the Human Family, namely, a slow subjection of the egotistic to the sympathetic impulses. This has been overlooked, or not sufficiently appreciated, in the dispute about a Moral Sense. One school of thinkers has energetically denied that we are born with any Moral Sense; another school has energetically affirmed that we are born with it. And of the two we think the latter are nearest the truth. It is certain that we are so organized as to be powerfully affected by actions which appeal to this "Moral Sense," in a very different way from mere appeals to the intellect—the demonstration of abstract right and wrong will never move the mind to feel an action to be right or wrong; were it otherwise, the keenest intellects would also be the kindest and the justest. What is meant by the "moral sense" is the aptitude to be affected by actions in their moral bearings; and it is impossible to consider various individuals without perceiving that this aptitude in them varies not according to their intellect but according to their native tendencies in that direction. This aptitude to be so affected is a part and parcel of the heritage transmitted from forefathers. Just as the puppy pointer has inherited an aptitude to "point"—which, if it do not spontaneously manifest itself in "pointing," renders him incomparably more apt at learning it than any other dog—so also has the European boy inherited an aptitude for a certain moral life, which to the Papuan would be impossible. "Hereditary transmission," says Mr. Spencer, "displayed alike in all the plants we cultivate, in all the animals we breed, and in the human race, applies not only to physical but to psychical peculiarities. It is not simply that a modified form of constitution, produced by new habits of life, is bequeathed to future generations; but it is, that the modified nervous tendencies produced by such new habits of life are also bequeathed: and if the new habits of life become permanent, the tendencies become permanent."* As a consequence of this inheritance we have what is called National Character. The Jew, whether in Poland, in Vienna, in London, or in Paris, never altogether merges his original peculiarities in that of the people among whom he dwells. He can only do this by intermarriage, which would be a mingling of his transmitted

* "Principles of Psychology," p. 526. In this work *Heritage*, for the first time, is made the basis of a psychological system; and we especially recommend any reader interested in the present article, to make himself acquainted with a treatise in every way so remarkable.

organization with that of the transmitted organization of another race. This is the mystery of what is called the "permanence of races." The Mosaic Arab preserves all the features and moral peculiarities of his race, simply because he is a descendant of that race, and not a descendant of the race in whose cities he dwells. That the Jew should preserve his Judaic character while living among Austrians or English, is little more remarkable than that the Englishman should preserve his Anglo-Saxon type while living among oxen and sheep; so long as no intermarriage takes place, no important change in the race can take place, because a race is simply the continual transmission of organisms. The Scotchman "caught young," as Johnson wittily said, will lose some of the superficial characteristics, but will retain all the national peculiarities of his race; and so will the Irishman. "We know," says Mr. Spencer, "that there are warlike, peaceful, nomadic, maritime, hunting, commercial races—races that are independent or slavish, active or slothful; we know that many of these, if not all, have a common origin; and hence there can be no question that these varieties of disposition have been gradually induced and established in successive generations, and have become organic." This, indeed, is evident *a priori*: we have already seen that the instincts and habits, even the trifling peculiarities of an individual, have a tendency to become transmitted; and, what is true of the individual, is true of the race.*

It is owing to the transmission of incidentally acquired characters that every great movement in human affairs achieves much more than its immediate object. It tends to cultivate the race. How could that new, unheard-of feeling for the wives, widows, and orphans of soldiers, which so honourably distinguished the war just closed, have ever arisen, had not the sympathetic feelings of the race been cultivated during centuries of slow evolution? How could Englishmen manifest their sturdy political independence, their ineradicable love of liberty so strikingly contrasted with the want of that feeling in other nations, had not our whole history been one bequeathed struggle against the encroachments of governments? It is, however, needless to continue: wherever we look in physiological, psychological, or sociological questions, we are certain to observe the operation of the laws of Hereditary Transmission.

* M. Gosse, in a recently published "*Essai sur les Déformations artificielles du Crâne*" (Geneva, 1855), shows that the forms artificially impressed on the skull during successive generations tend to become hereditary, and that, consequently, we must assign less value than has been hitherto assigned to those characteristics of distinct races which the forms of the skull have supplied.

ART. VI.—POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

THE subject of Popular Amusements, if we may trust to the evidence of book-catalogues, has hitherto been very imperfectly discussed. Of histories and treatises, indeed, classical or archæological, there is a sufficient supply; what is needed is examination of the question in all its bearings, from a social and ethical point of view. We desire to know, not so much the form of public recreations at different eras and among various nations, as the spirit which has actuated them, and the effect they have produced upon the character of mankind. We would have their physiognomy and philosophy more closely scrutinized, especially at the present moment, when the topic of public amusements seems likely to press itself on the attention of those who make and of those who obey the laws.

In the absence of any leading authority upon a question of no ordinary importance, we propose to interrogate the past briefly, and to ascertain, as far as our means of information and our limits allow, what have been the expressions among different nations of their emotions earnest or mirthful, and what, socially or ethically, have been the results of popular amusements as delineated in the pages of history. We neither attempt nor presume to offer anything beyond the most general of surveys, and our object will be completely answered, if we succeed in drawing the attention of others to the records or the results of the spontaneous pastimes that often embody national character more completely than chronicles, state-papers, or even works of fiction.

We do not propose to enter again upon the Sabbath controversy, having so recently discussed it. This controversy, indeed, is rather a branch and corollary of the problem of public amusements than distinct and several in itself. If it be right and expedient to reflect whether recreations on one day in the week should be supplied or sanctioned, it is equally meet and right to consider whether it may not be advisable also to provide them for every reasonable interval of business. We have laws innumerable for making and keeping men grave; is it impossible to devise others which, if they do not make them merry, may at least elevate and refine them when disposed of their own accord to be so? Are governments and statute-books, in short, to be always a terror to evil-doers, but never able or allowed to render the life of labour more endurable, or the life of leisure more dignified?

If an answer to these queries be sought in the statute-books, or theological and ethical treatises, during the last two centuries, it will not be favourable to the humanity of legislators or the wisdom of divines. "Lex surda et inexorabilis est," says the historian of Rome, and yet the Roman law was by no means regardless of the recreations of the people. And law is neither more deaf nor more inexorable than divinity. Divines, not content with describing this world as a world of probation, represent it as one of duration also. To be happy, or to seem so, is to tread the primrose path of sin: philosophy taught that health of mind was connected with, if not dependent upon health of body; but theology, at least such as is expounded from the pulpit or in books, seldom if ever teaches anything of the sort; health and cleanliness are sublunary considerations savouring of the earth, and as for cheerfulness, it is not so much as to be named in the congregation. Clearly, then, as regards popular amusements, no hope is to be looked for from the pulpit. Brave old Latimer, indeed, was of a different way of thinking, and delighted in turning his hearers' attention to subjects connected with their daily lives and recreations. But preachers of his stamp are as rare as able-bodied and able-minded bishops; and so far from desiring to send home his hearers with renewed interest in their daily life, the shepherd dismisses his flock with the assurance that this is the worst possible of worlds, and that the best use we can make of it is to be as ungenial and uncomfortable in it as we can. Nor is the flock generally a whit behind the shepherd in its relish for discomfort. The more vinegar and gall there is in a sermon the better it is relished; a cheerful view of religion, or monitions to cater for body's health as well as soul's health, would empty half the churches in the United Kingdom.

Nor are legislators more disposed to look with an eye of favour on public recreations than divines. Littleton and Coke are as harsh and unsympathising as Calvin and Toplady. "Legislators," says Sir William Blackstone, "have for the most part chosen to make the sanction of their laws rather *vindictory* than *remuneratory*, or to consist in punishments rather than in actual particular rewards. Because, in the first place, the quiet enjoyment and protection of all our civil rights and liberties, which are the sure and general consequence of obedience to the municipal law, are in themselves the best and most valuable of all rewards. Because also, were the exercise of every virtue to be enforced by the proposal of particular rewards, it were impossible for any State to furnish stock enough for so profuse a bounty. And further, because the dread of evil is a much more forcible principle of human action than the prospect of good. For

which reasons, though a prudent bestowing of rewards is sometimes of exquisite use, yet we find that those civil laws which enforce and enjoin our duty, do seldom, if ever, propose any privilege or gift to such as obey the law; but do constantly come armed with a penalty denounced against transgressors." We have no quarrel with this theory of rewards and punishments in its proper relations to the innocence or guilt of those who live under the law; yet the learned justice of the Common Pleas has, in our opinion, by no means exhausted, and, indeed, has hardly touched on the philosophy of remuneration.

In whatever light we regard the State, whether as a parent regulating his children's actions, and exacting from them implicit obedience, or as a body of trustees appointed by the governed for their own good, it has a direct interest in the well-being of its members. It is not enough for them to be negatively benefited, as Blackstone insists, by the vigilance and wisdom of their rulers. Man is not formed to live by law alone, any more than he is by bread alone. His animal and intellectual faculties alike demand nurture and relaxation, and the Government which shuts its eyes to the amusements of the people, and considers that if life and goods be protected, all its duties are performed, beholds only half of its proper functions, and performs imperfectly even that moiety.

For, if work and its fair recompense be a preventive against crime, occasional leisure and recreation are not less good prophylactics in their way. The unbent mind is, at times, in as much peril from temptation as the unemployed. Even holidays are tedious, unless they interpose one kind of mental or bodily activity for another: and the ale-house is filled as much by those who are wearied with doing nothing, as by the habitually intemperate. If proof of this assertion be required, let the reader accompany us for a moment, in imagination, to a village wake, or even to the larger assembly of a town-fair. He will see there an assemblage of people in better than their ordinary attire, and bearing the traces of a recent application of soap and water. The smith's sooty visage looks scarified by his ablution, and the miller and mason are no longer to be detected by their professional hue. If it be Whitsuntide or May-day, there is some approach to a feast of Tabernacles, for the booths and skittle-grounds are decked with boughs—the nearest approach now to pastoral sentiment in England. The whole affair, indeed, has a very business-like aspect. Listen to the conversation of the groups of holiday-makers, and it is mostly of a serious cast—of markets and prices among the men, of family casualties and scandal among the women. Now and then, the children appear a little exhilarated by the apparition of Mr. Merryman, or the con-

versation of Mr. Punch. As the afternoon wears on, it may be expected that the mirth will become fast and furious. The contrary is generally the case. The men are besotted: the women weary, and, anxious to return home: and, probably, in low life as well as in high life, a day's pleasure is one of the most truly wearisome in the year.

If we may trust to books, such matters were managed better in days of yore. Towns and villages were isolated from the capital, and from one another, by the badness or non-existence of roads. and the squire and lord of the manor was really a potentate in his own district, and, like other magnates, held his courts and levees. The fair was one of his annual ceremonies, and he or his family would no more have absented themselves from such gatherings, than from the family pew on Sundays. We cannot revert to the days of the Blacebridges and de Coverleys, but we may well doubt whether, if we have gained in wisdom, we have not lost something in social happiness. Certainly the isolation of classes from each other has increased with the facility of locomotion, and the wealthy now generally present themselves to their humbler neighbours under the grave aspect of founders of schools and restorers of churches, instead of partakers in their mirth and relaxations. He who shall devise a form of popular amusement attractive to every grade of society, will merit a civic wreath, as well as he who leads forth a colony, or opens new avenues to labour.

So many obstacles present themselves to this most desiderated discovery, that we have not the vanity even to suggest either an outline of it, or the direction in which it may, perhaps, be found. Our immediate object is, rather to survey briefly what has been the aspect of popular amusements in various nations, and at different epochs of the world, and to consider their influence on the character and culture of those who devised or delighted in them. From the results of an historical survey some general hints may, perchance, be derived. Of written and monumental records there is no scarcity. The recreations of Assyria and Egypt are graven on stone, or traced on papyrus: those of Greece and Rome are described by the sculptor's chisel and the artist's pencil, in sonorous verse and in measured prose. The manuscripts of the Middle Ages exhibit, in quaint forms and bright colours, the sports of the people; and, since printing became common, the lighter literature of the press abounds with details of whatsoever has been the business of the idle, or has lightened the toils of the busy. But it seems never to have occurred to any one, that popular amusements have an ethical as well as an historical or antiquarian aspect, and are an index of the national mind, almost if not quite as instructive as the records of war, diplomacy, or legislation.

The amusements of the people in early stages of civilization are naturally martial in their character, and are mostly reflexions of war and the chase. The effeminate Lydians are said to have been the inventors of sedentary games; but the monuments of Egypt and Assyria attest the active energies of their inhabitants. It has been too hastily assumed that common life wore a melancholy aspect among the Egyptians; and their oppressive ritual and sovereign priesthood have the credit of rendering them spiritless and sad. But the insight which their sculptures afford into their interior life, acquits both the people and its rulers from this imputation. They had, it is true, no theatre like the Greeks, and no circus like the Romans: and their religious festivals were not diversified like the Olympian and Pythian games by exhibitions of strength and skill. The life of the people, however, was far from being monotonous. In the grottoes of Benihasan, on which the sports and pastimes of Egypt are so vividly depicted, we find not only representations of martial exercises, but also games carried on by men and women, evidently intended for the amusement of spectators. There are jugglers, often females, playing with balls, sometimes as many as six at once, and engaged in gymnastical exercises, that evince a wonderful control and suppleness of limbs. Many of the contortions exhibited a few years since by the Arabs at the London theatres, were practised by these Coptic tumblers. In these feats, the women are dressed in tight pantaloons: The flinging the *jereed*, in which the Saracens were so expert, was an Egyptian pastime; but with this difference, that at Granada and Bagdad it was performed on horseback, whereas in Egypt it was performed in boats impelled by strong rowers. The Thames in the sixteenth century exhibited a similar spectacle, and the London apprentices often disturbed the equanimity of sober citizens by hurling or thrusting blunt javelins against their stately barges. Professor Anderson might have met with his match in Egypt, where the jugglers were as adroit as the wizards; and no Neapolitan at the present day plays the game of *mora* with more eagerness or livelier gesticulations than the Egyptians played at even and odd. Dice are at least four thousand years old, since they have been found marked in the modern manner at Thebes; and drafts coloured green and yellow, and arranged in lines along a board, are represented at Benihasan. It would seem that the two latter games were favourites with the Egyptian clergy, owing doubtless to the tranquil and meditative turn of mind required for such pastimes. The recreations of Thebes and Memphis did not, like the Grecian panegyrics, elevate or refine the taste of the people; but neither do they imply either melancholy or indolence in either exhibitors or spectators. If we are to judge of their disposition by their sculptures, we can hardly believe in the existence of a cheerful

Assyrian. Those aquiline countenances seem to defy *risus jocosque*. We can imagine the Sphynx relaxing into a smile, and even Memnon laughing on such particular occasions as the Feast of Lamps, when all Egypt was on the river, and as bousy as a piper. There was indeed an essential difference in the lands of Cham and Ninus. In the Nile valley, fringed on each side by a desert, the population was close packed in towns, and the wits of men were sharpened by constant attrition with one another. Provision was also plentiful; since the Egyptians generally were vegetarians, and leguminous plants grew rapidly in the teeming mud of Nilus. Neighbourhood and abundance incline people to recreation, and even the numerous festivals of the calendar were antidotes to sadness. Whereas the Assyrian was little more advanced in civilization than the pastoral races which still occupy upper Asia. Even his cities, although notorious for licence and the coarse ostentation of wealth, reflected the image of a nomad encampment. Vast parks were inclosed within the walls of Babylon, and sheep and oxen grazed in multitudes in the heart of Nineveh. Beyond their precincts, except in that Mesopotamian district called the garden of Chaldæa, enormous and arid plains stretched on every side, and since vegetation extended but a little beyond the banks of the Euphrates, population was scanty, and it was often a day's journey from one village to another. The character of the people corresponded to that of their land. Both the Hebrew and Greek writers agree in describing them as a fierce, grave, and violent race; with faces like an eagle's, with hair like lions, terrible as archers, wasteful as locusts, and more to be dreaded than the wolf or the hyena. Their sculptures represent them as rending the lion and the bear, and surrounded by the symbolisms of a race conversant with the hardy life of shepherds—bronzed by the morning-frost and the noonday sun, tense in fibre, eager of eye, with sinewy chests and dilated nostrils, scenting the battle from afar. It is not among such a nation that we should seek for popular amusements. On the eastern verge of Asia, we come upon a people whom travellers have not unfrequently, although inaccurately, compared to the Egyptians. The Chinese resemble the inhabitants of the Nile valley, in the burdensome character of their ceremonies, and in the sluggish permanence of their customs. It requires an effort of the imagination to picture to ourselves a youthful Chinese. From his cradle and swaddling-clothes, he is the slave of prescription. The spontaneous impulses of his childhood are repressed by education, and the recreations of his manhood are grave, solemn, and ungenial. No feeling of the beautiful is apparent in any of his pursuits or productions; he paints, designs, and carves as his forefathers did centuries ago; his demeanour and ordinary speech

are regulated by strict laws; and what is not written in the books of the wise, is not permitted to be done or said without a serious breach of law and decorum. There is indeed a certain impressive grandeur in many of his festivals, in his prayers at the tomb of his ancestors, his ever-burning lamps, and his reverence for what his teachers have prescribed or time has hallowed. But China is not the land of cheerfulness: even its amusements bear a weighty and a serious brow; and the land presents the aspect which the Greeks attributed to their Hades—a land where all things always seem the same—and where the sports and exercises of youth afford no pleasure, and admit of no variety. Throughout Asia indeed an air of melancholy prevails, which is not wholly attributable to the civil or spiritual despotism of its rulers and its castes. Man in those regions is a weed; he is dwarfed by the colossal scale on which nature works: his religions are ancient, monumental, elaborate, and cruel; his philosophy is ascetic and contemplative; and his recreations partake of the earnest and sombre genius of his creeds, traditions, and institutions.

It is from the inventive and practical sons of Hellas that we must seek for the true theory and example of popular amusements. The Greeks were the first to announce the law of education—that it should consist in nearly equal proportion of the arts which elevate the mind and the exercises which strengthen the body. The combination of the *musical* with the *gymnastic* was first displayed in the public games of Greece, and was repeated in the daily life of every Grecian commonwealth. So salient a feature was this of Hellenic manners, that we find Paul of Tarsus drawing from the race-course one of his liveliest and most expressive illustrations, and Plato preluding so many of his dialogues with references to the palaestra, the stadium, and the sports that accompanied the festivals of Pallas, Apollo, and Ceres. "All pastimes," says Roger Ascham, "generally, which be joynd with labour and in open place, and on the day-lighte, be not only comelie and decent, but verie necessarie for a courtly gentleman;" and the Greeks, although they admitted a certain coarseness of speech and action, which the greater decency or the better regulated hypocrisy of modern life prohibits, were, in comparison with other contemporary nations, a race of "courtly gentlemen." It was deemed discreditably for anyone above the condition of a slave or a barbarian, to be unable to express himself in society or in public with freedom and ease upon any topic of discussion: he was deemed awkward and ill-trained who could not add to the conviviality of the table by song or recitation; and it needed all the fame and ingenuity of Themistocles to excuse himself for his inability to play on the flute. It was considered

unbecoming a citizen to be inexpert in any warlike or manly accomplishment, and the Greek admiration for physical beauty rendered indispensable the exercises that develop the muscles, or give precision to the eye and the hand. The instincts of the people were nurtured by the habits of their daily life. It was for women to be sedentary, because, according to the erroneous notions of her master, she was a slave. But an indolent or invalid man was a prodigy and a laughing-stock; and some of Pláto's keenest satire is pointed against the self-indulgence of the sophists who sat by the stove and lapped themselves in cloaks and blankets. The ceremonials of the Christian Church have, in all ages, commanded the applause of the artist and attracted the admiration of the vulgar. But the most gorgeous festivals of the Roman and Byzantine priesthood are ignoble beside the Olympic Games or the Greek Panegyries of Athens and Delos. In the one the symbolism of religion affect the faith or imagination only of the spectators, who gazed, a profane herd, upon the drama of the sanctuary, but were not permitted to take part in the performance. The worship of the Greeks was of a more catholic and ennobling kind. No free man was excluded from the contests of the arena: the cost of the chariot race, indeed, restricted its full enjoyment to the wealthy, but, at least in the earlier and better days, the manly exercises of the Pentathlon were open to the young, the vigorous, and the handsome. God-like and heroic men were esteemed the best exponents of the bounty and providence of the gods; and Apollo was venerated not only as the giver of light and health, but also as the model of manly strength and grace. It was a decline both in art and in national feeling, when the boxers and wrestlers became merely professional artists, trained and dieted like our tumblers and prize-fighters to feats of agility and strength, and sacrificing the music, *i.e.* the intellectual portion of their abilities, to the gymnastic or physical. The Crotoniate Milo, whose stalwart arms could rive an oak, or whose brawny shoulders could carry off an ox, was deeply versed in the science of Pythagoras, and was applauded by the spectators as the mortal representative of the beautiful sons of Leda. The religion of the Greeks carefully watched over three principal objects of petition in the prayers of the church; nor was its care limited to verbal petition, or were the worshippers contented with periodical acknowledgment that the well-being of man consists in a judicious regulation of "mind, body, and estate." The *mind* was cared for by the combination of intellectual with gymnastic exhibitions; and the audience at Elis or Corinth expected with as much eagerness the song in honour of the conqueror, as the feats which obtained for him the laurel or parsley coronal. The *body* was regarded as

well by the exercises which fostered its vigour, grace, and suppleness, as by the temperance in all things which whosoever contended for the prize must observe. And the *estate* was also an object of solicitude, since temperance and hardihood are incompatible with luxury and sloth. We may affect to smile or sigh at the shallowness or incongruity of the creed of Greece, but we must blush at the practice of the worshippers of Zeus and Athéne. It is needless to expatiate on the artistic genius of the Greeks further than to note its intimate connexion with the manly character of the people. The town of Sicyon was probably not more extensive than the least of the provincial capitals of England, yet it contained, if we may credit Pausanias, more master-pieces of art than at this moment can be found in all London. The models of the artist were not far to seek. The streets, the market-place, and the gymnasium afforded them; and the long conservation of physical beauty, which survived the extinction of freedom, is to be ascribed to the passion of the Greeks for gymnastic discipline. The traces of this passion are visible in the latest ages of Hellenic literature. Lucian, Plutarch, and Dion Chrysostom dwell on the vigour and beauty of the race in their time, and generally couple their commendations of natural graces with allusions to the training schools or the public games. The noblest of the Greek writers, indeed, deplore the comparative decline of their countrymen in physical qualities, and ascribe the inferiority of their contemporaries to departure from the hardy habits of their forefathers. Aristophanes contrasts the curled darlings of his time with the big, brawny men who fought with the Persians at Salamis and Plataea; and Demosthenes taunts his hearers with their reluctance to serve their country in the fleet or the phalanx. The ancient spirit, however, did not wholly die, until the Hellenic race itself expired under the lazy and oppressive despotism of the Byzantine Cæsars. The games of the hippodrome were no substitute for the periodical festivals at Elis and the Isthmus. The charioteers of the *green* and *blue* factions were hirelings; the body-guards of Justinian and Alexius were recruited in Britain and the Rhine-land, and the flower of Grecian life drooped and dwindled in the unwholesome atmosphere of the bar and the church.

In the national amusements the gymnastic elements preponderated, and the proportion is just, since it is not desirable that many men should devote themselves to literature, while it imports the general good that every member of the community should, unless physically disabled, be active, healthy, and brave. For the musical or intellectual element the Greeks thought that they had provided abundantly by the Dionysiac festivals; and assuredly the Drama has never assumed a more august and im-

posing form than it presented yearly at Athens. We are not insensible to the ampler and nobler dimensions of the Romantic Drama as compared with the Classical, nor disinclined to admit that in Shakespeare's and Calderon's plays a more profoundly religious, or rather a more profoundly humane, element exists than is to be found in the Oresteia or the Antigone. Viewed, however, in the light of popular amusements, the palm must be awarded to the Greek Drama. The scrupulousness or superstition of the Church has unfortunately divorced the Theatre from the ritual or the dogmas of religion; or when they have occasionally entered into co-partnership, as in the instances of Calderon's *Autos* and Racine's scriptural tragedies, the union has been brief and unfavourable to the more popular objects of the drama. The hostility of the Church to the Theatre commenced with the just repugnance of all wise and good men to the atrocities of the Roman stage. The coarseness and licence in which Aristophanes occasionally indulges would have appeared faint and feeble to a Roman inured to the representations at the Megalesian and Florial Games; and if the Jibels of Procopius contain any admixture of truth, the impurities of Rome were far surpassed by those of Constantinople. The antagonism of the Church to the Theatre was accordingly just in its origin, but it has been prejudicial equally to dramatic art and to popular recreation. At the Dionysiac festivals of Greece they went hand in hand—art was ennobled, recreation acquired an ethical importance, and the creed of the people was presented under the attractive forms of solemn and purifying emotions. In the fables of *Œdipus*, *Electra*, and *Antigone* the presence of a spiritual power, righting the secret wrongs, appalling the guilty, and justifying the innocent, was made manifest, nor could any attentive and thoughtful spectator depart from the representation of *Prometheus* without a conviction that the sacrifice of suffering is not less acceptable to the gods than the sacrifice of action. The Attic Drama was indeed the most superb and solemn liturgy of the Hellenic religion. The Greeks thus realised in their practice nearly every condition involved in the theory of popular amusements. They provided for the intellectual and physical improvement of the people both locally and nationally. Their great panegyries were common to all who were not barbarians—*i.e.*, to all who traced their ancestry from Pelops, Ion, and the *Hæraclæids*, or who, though of foreign extraction, were admitted—a rare privilege—for some signal service into the family of *Hellas*; and their local institutions catered for the health, instruction, and cheerfulness of the several communities. The civilisation of Christendom has, in some respects, advanced beyond that of the Hellenic race. It has improved, though it is

still very far from apprehending, the proper relations and position of women; it has generally abolished slavery, although the change from myriads of slaves to myriads of paupers is a brief step only in the right direction, and is at lamentable variance with the doctrines of a religion professing to regard all men as brethren and wealth as dross. It has established munificent public charities, which were known in a rude form only to antiquity, and embraced free-men alone; and if it has not extirpated, it has ceased to countenance openly such anomalous vices as disgraced even the best ages of Greece and Rome. But the parallel must here break off. No Christian state has hitherto desired or effected a system of public education worthy to be put in the scale with that of Greece. We have yet much to learn from both the Dorian and Ionian races in the art of rendering the masses intelligent, healthy, and alert.

The virtues of the Romans, which elicited the applause of the most ethical of historians, were civil and political rather than intellectual. Polybius, who had beheld the arts and refinements of Greece unimpaired by conquest and unvitiated by neglect, preferred to them the hardy Roman qualities of legislation and government. The most accomplished of the Latin poets agreed with the grave historian in this estimate of his countrymen, and bade them leave to others the sculptor's and the painter's art, and devote themselves to law, administration, and agriculture. In whatsoever related to art and education, indeed, Rome, as compared with Greece, or even Etruria, was rude and uninventive, and even on its colossal roads and aqueducts is impressed the stamp of material energy more than of grace or contrivance. The popular amusements of Rome reflected the practical genius of its people. They were symbolic of war and agriculture. The games of the circus mimicked the strife of the battlefield: and the vernal and autumnal festivals represented by their altars of sod and their garlands of flowers the simple thanksgivings of the tillers of the soil. Even from the earliest times an ethical, and not an artistic spirit, is visible in their recreations, and in the seasons of relaxation they indulged in mementos of the precariousness of life. Of all Roman exhibitions, the secular games were, both from their occasion and their ceremonial, the most suggestive of sad and sober thoughts. They were celebrated, in compliance with a cyclical computation of the Etruscans, once only in a hundred or a hundred and ten years: the ambition or policy of the Cæsars, indeed, sometimes abridged the regular term: but even a jubilee, occurring once only in fifty years, is well adapted to inspire the spectators with solemn reflections. The usual interval, however, between the secular games exceeded the ordinary term of life; and as none of the spectators had already

seen them, none could flatter themselves with the hope of beholding them again. The sacrifices were performed during three nights on the banks of the Tiber; the darkness was dispelled by innumerable lamps and torches, and the proper silence of the hour was broken by music and dancing. Heralds, some days before the solemnity commenced, invited the citizens to a spectacle which no one had ever beheld, and none would behold again. The fruits of the earth were offered to the Destinies, and a chorus of twenty-seven youths and as many virgins of noble families, whose parents were both alive, implored, in appropriate hymns, the gods in favour of the present, and for the hope of the rising generation. A more striking contrast can hardly be conceived than that which this grave religious spectacle presents to the daylight cheerfulness and redundant life of an Olympic Festival. It was difficult, indeed, to make the senate or people of Rome laugh at anything short of buffoonery; or to rouse their emotions by anything short of blows and bloodshed. They would hurry out of the theatre from the woes of Atræus or the delicate wit of the Adelpi, on the first call of the "elephants" or "rope-dancers" in the streets; and Ennius then, like Shakespeare now, was unpalatable to the benches, unless armies swept across the stage, and the wardrobe blazed with purple and gold. And hitherto we have noticed the least noxious of Roman spectacles. It was a virtuous age when a few elephants driven by slaves across the arena contented the people; it was a moderate one when a few pairs of gladiators sufficed for the consular or prætorian games. Lord Bacon has pronounced that—"the triumph amongst the Romans was not pageants or gaudery, but one of the wisest and noblest institutions that ever was; for it contained three things—honour to the general, riches to the treasury out of the spoils, and donatives to the army." The triumph, however, with all deference to so high an authority, we believe to have been one of the effective causes in producing that hardness of heart which marked all the dealings of Rome with the conquered and the slave. It inured the people to regard with callousness or exultation private sufferings and public mutations. Kings bound in chains and nobles in links of iron, and afterwards doomed to a swift or lingering death in the Mamertine dungeon or the solitary *ergastulum*, were spectacles engendering pride and cruelty, and affording no compensation by their ethical or artistic suggestions. The corollary of the triumph was the combat of wild beasts and gladiators. Both the brute and the human nature were the captives of the bow and spear; and the victor conceived that he had gained the right to torture and destroy either of them for his own good pleasure. In the last century of the Commonwealth, and under all the worse emperors,

the popular amusements of the Romans may be summed up under the two heads of cruelty and licentiousness. At the more cheerful spectacles no modest woman could be present, although few Roman matrons and maidens were absent from them; from the graver spectacles no one could depart without sickness of heart, or with hearts doled and indurated, and lapsed below all depths of pity or terror.

The drama can hardly be reckoned among the popular amusements of the Romans. National subjects for theatrical representation they had none; party politics were too acrimonious among them for the stories of Coriolanus or Manlius to be safe or attractive. The deeds of the house of Tarquin, however well suited to the tragic muse, reminded them at once of their superstitious hatred of the kingly name, and of the humble origin of the Commonwealth. The formality of domestic life and manners left hardly any scope or margin for comedy, and grave senators ill-brooked jests and intrigues at the expense of their haughty Portias and Æmilias. Their comedy was accordingly a servile copy of the later comedy of the Greeks, both in its plots, manners, and *dramatis personæ*. But of Greek manners, the Roman populace knew about as much as Rotherhithe knows of Belgravia; and the refined wit of Terence was as unintelligible to Caius of the *suburra*, as the School for Scandal would be to the frequenters of the Victoria Theatre. We need not expatiate on an amusement which, being patronized only in the saloons of the Scipios, has no claim to the adjunct "popular." The Italians, however, though their dramatic literature has in all periods been about the most scantily appointed in Europe, were nevertheless a highly dramatic race. Their quick emotions express themselves in ready and ingenious pantomime, and the native farce was the lineal ancestor of the burlesques which, from the Alps to the extremity of the peninsula, are still a source of the keenest enjoyment to the vulgar. Latin literature has sustained no heavier loss than that of the *Fabulæ Atellanæ*. They were of a higher order than the mimes or farces; were regular compositions, divided into five acts, marked by refined humour, and acted by free-born citizens. Had a single specimen of these native comedies been preserved, we might perhaps have rated Roman comedy higher. But equally as respected its political development and its popular recreations, it was the misfortune of the Romans to be crushed and corrupted by the weight and rapidity of their conquests. A martial and agricultural race, hardy, coarse, and uncivilized, was suddenly enriched by the treasures of Greece, Asia, and Gaul. Licence and enjoyment immediately succeeded to frugal severity of life; and the Romans, too impatient to cultivate their native arts, purchased wholesale

the ready-made stock of the more advanced and ingenious Greeks. Noise, glare, and prodigal expenditure were at once the bane of the Roman theatre and its literature. Poets and actors cannot always be found; but the artificer and the upholsterer are always to be hired, and in the pantomime they found ample room for their costly and eccentric devices. A numerous and idle population, for whom the theatre was provided *gratis*, demanded houses too spacious for the human voice, or by their rude clamours drowned the recitation of the actors. But the pantomime appealing to the eye alone, and admitting of sumptuous decoration, entranced thousands of spectators, and the most popular of Roman dramatic entertainments dispensed with the play-wright altogether. Of the three favourite public recreations of the Romans, the Triumph, the Spectacles, and the Theatre, not one promoted the refinement of the people, or tended to the encouragement of the artist. The passion for boxers, fencers, and wild beasts survived the republic and exhausted the treasures of the empire. The most politic and virtuous of the Cæsars repressed the fury of the people for such exhibitions; but the example of Trajan and the Antonines was disregarded by Commodus and Caracalla, and when the capital of the empire was transplanted to the shores of the Bosphorus, the enormities of the pantomime and the race-course migrated also from the Colosseum to the Hippodrome.

That we may not be supposed to have exaggerated the scale of the public amusements of Rome, or their demoralizing effects on the spectators, we add the following brief sketches of three remarkable spectacles at eras very distant from one another—two of which were exhibited in the Plain of Mars, and the third in the circus at Constantinople.

1. In the 700th year of the city, the popularity of Cneius Pompeius was on the wane, and he laboured to revive it by the magnificence of his exhibitions. Hitherto the Roman theatres had been built of wood, and were removed after the spectacles had terminated. Now a theatre was constructed of stone and designed for permanence. Forty thousand persons, no small portion of the resident population of the city, were accommodated within its walls: and it was decorated with such a profusion of gold, marble, and gems, as had never yet been witnessed out of Alexandria or Babylon, when "Egypt with Assyria strove in luxury." The consecration of this theatre which, as a pretext for its permanence was dedicated to Venus Vietrix, was celebrated with music, chariot races, and all the games of the palestra. During five successive days, five hundred lions were hunted and slaughtered in the arena. Eighteen elephants were made to fight with trained bands of gladiators:

and the cries and agonies of these noble and sagacious animals inspired even the brutalized crowd with pity and disgust. Stage plays were combined with these grosser spectacles: but the verses of Pacuvius and Ennius were imperfectly heard amid the din and tumult of such an assembly, and the games broke up amid general murmurs at the inefficiency of the display, and the exhibitor's bad taste.

2. Three centuries had elapsed, and the extravagances of the arena had kept pace with the corruption of the times and the prodigality of the Cæsars, when Carinus surpassed all his predecessors by the pomp with which he celebrated the Roman games. They had been established by the founder of the city, and, with few interruptions, were exhibited annually during a period of nearly one thousand years. On this occasion they were displayed in the amphitheatre of Titus, which has obtained and so well deserves the epithet of Colossal. Into the huge ellipse of this vast concave, sixty-four vomitories poured forth an immense multitude, without trouble or confusion. The slopes of the interior were filled and surrounded by sixty or eighty rows of marble seats, covered with cushions, and capable of containing above fourscore thousand spectators. The senatorial, equestrian, and plebeian orders—these empty distinctions were retained even under the equality of despotism—each occupied its peculiar station; and in the centre, a golden canopy, and the glittering cuirasses of the body-guard, marked out the imperial box. The spectators were protected from the sun and rain by purple awnings, occasionally drawn over their heads. Fountains cooled and aromatics impregnated the air with grateful odours: and the stage itself was strewn with parti-coloured sand, arranged in devices, like the pattern of a carpet. The scenery and mechanism of the drama corresponded to the luxury of the theatre. The stage itself was shifted according to the exigencies of the performance. At one moment, it presented a vast lake covered with armed vessels, and replenished with the monsters of the deep; at another, the spectators beheld the garden of the Hesperides, or the rocks and caverns of Thrace. The appointments of the circus were not less sumptuous. The wild beasts were surrounded by a sylvan scene. A forest of large trees, torn up by the roots, was transplanted into the midst of the arena. This umbrageous space was immediately filled with a thousand ostriches, a thousand stags, a thousand fallow-deer, and a thousand wild boars, all of which were indiscriminately slaughtered before evening. On the following day, a hundred lions, a hundred lionesses, two hundred leopards, and three hundred wild boars, were massacred; and, amid such profusion, we may credit the statement of a contemporary poet, that the nets designed as

a defence against the wild beasts were of gold wire, that the porticoes were gilded, and the balustrades which divided the rows of spectators studded with a mosaic of precious stones. It is needless to comment upon the splendour and barbarism of such popular amusements.

3. But these were trivial and even harmless follies compared with the factions and frenzy of the Byzantine hippodrome. It is not easy to decide whether the capital of the Eastern Empire suffered more from the feuds of the Church or of the circus. The election of a bishop or a patriarch was not seldom accompanied with bloodshed; and the factions of the charioteers on more than one occasion suspended the actions of government, and shook the imperial throne. The lively fancy of the Greeks, so alert in splitting hairs in the sublimest mysteries of religion, was equally active in ascribing symbolic meanings to the colours worn on the race-course. The *white* was supposed to be typical of the snows of winter, the *red* of the summer dog-star, the *green* of the verdure of spring, and the *blue* or *azure* of the mingled tints of autumn. Omens were drawn from their respective victories; and the betters on a favourite colour conceived that, on the issue of their wager depended, not only money and estates, but also a plentiful harvest, or a prosperous navigation. Twenty-five *heats* were run in the same day; and, as each faction furnished one chariot for every course, one hundred chariots in the same day started for the goal. It would have been happy for the State, if the contests had been limited to the circus. But political passions were infused into popular amusement, and the greens and blues alternately enjoyed and abused the pleasures of victory. Families were split into opposite factions: quarters of the city distracted by irreconcilable feuds: the Cæsars themselves took part with one or the other livery; and lust, rapine, and murder ranged, unreprieved and unchecked, under the sway of favourite charioteers. Their occasional union was even more fatal to public order than their ordinary division: and, at one crisis of these Saturnalia, the royal galleys were moored at the garden gate of the Blachernal palace, ready to convey the trembling emperor and his household to some safe and distant retreat. From the capital this pestilence was diffused into the provinces and cities of the East: Antioch and Alexandria were torn by the factions of the race-course: and the excesses and extravagances of an idle and useless recreation that wasted the strength and treasures of the empire, may fairly be enumerated among the causes of its decrepitude and decline.

Whatever may have been the doctrinal influence of Christianity upon the vices and follies of a superannuated fabric of society, its higher and more severe morality cannot be questioned. Even

the selfish interests of mankind were enlisted in favour of a creed which promoted the household virtues and family union, and restrained crimes of such flagrant dye as convulsed the later days of the Pagan world. The fathers of the Church have often been censured for the intolerant zeal of their attacks on art and the theatre: but to understand and excuse them, it is only necessary for us to contemplate what dramatic exhibitions had become. Even the foregoing sketches of the licence of the Roman amphitheatre and the Byzantine race-course will suffice to justify Chrysostom or Tertullian's indignation at the spectacles, and to accept even the aid of bigotry against a moral pestilence so deeply rooted and so widely diffused. The strong virtues of the barbarians in time seconded the reclamations of the Church: and, although the amusements of Christendom are not unstained by cruelty and licence, they have never, in the worst epochs, approached the excesses of either capital of the Roman empire.

Our route would be too devious were we to trace the various popular amusements of Europe, after it was broken up into communities, each displaying its several character. We must content ourselves with arranging, under a few distinct heads, the recreations which expressed the pleasures or the passions of the people. For centuries after its emancipation from the yoke of Rome the normal condition of Europe was one of war and isolation. There was little intercourse between its kingdoms; there were few diplomatic transactions between its crowns; the sea was insecure; the great roads which Rome had drawn from every province of its empire to the Milliarium in the forum were neglected, or broken up: and each petty state was at leisure to mature and develop its own institutions and amusements. Between the cities and the country a marked distinction had grown up. The recreations of the nobles were the chase and the tournament: those of the citizens, the processions and symbolisms of the guilds. The one naturally displayed the image of war: the other exhibited the works and benefits of industry and peace. As an example of these general characteristics, we will dwell for an instant upon the opposite amusements of the Spaniards and the Flemings, as respectively the exponents of nations great in arms and thrifty and splendid in peace.

The Spaniards were in many of their predilections genuine disciples of Rome. They hated commerce, and willingly resigned retail and mechanical trades into the hands of Moriscoes, Germans, or French, or any strangers who had settled among them—much as the Romans left their shops and warehouses to Greek or Syrian freedmen and slaves. The love of idleness was accompanied with a passion for amusement, and the recreations of the Spa-

niards were fierce, sombre, and gorgeous in their character. For the splendour of their tournaments, we need only refer to their ballad literature; for the savage licence of the bull-fight to every book of travels in the peninsula; and for the sumptuousness of their theatrical decorations to the records of their drama and even the stage-directions of their plays. It was in vain for the Cortes to express, as they did as early as 1555, their disapprobation of the bull-fights. The zest for them was too deeply seated in the temper of the people. It was useless for the treasurers of the royal household to remonstrate against the profusion of the Theatre Royal; the nobles demanded and the king sanctioned the outlay. With the attachment to habit, and the aversion from change that still mark the Spanish people, the tournament lingered among them long after it became an empty and unmeaning spectacle in the rest of Europe. "The Spaniard of 1840," writes George Borrow, "is the Spaniard of four centuries ago;" he still delights to charge the bull with his lance, and drive him down the narrow mountain track to the river; he is a tamer of horses; a believer in wizards; a sworn foe to Jews and Moors and labour; his repose cannot be too profound, his paroxysms of recreation and enjoyment too fervid or fierce.

His Flemish and Dutch subjects presented equally in their occupations and amusements the most complete contrast to the Spaniard. The wealthy and comfortable burghers of Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, and Leyden, had small delight in war or the chase, in torturing beasts, or in the savour of roasted heretics. Their delight was to see, on occasions of ceremony or rejoicing, oxen roasted whole in the market-place, wine gushing from the pipes of the fountains, men climbing high poles and women running races for prizes, and festive lanterns burning at night on the belfries of their cities. The rhetorical guilds of the Flemings were also in marked contrast to the dramatic entertainments of the Spaniards. The fancy of the poet and the stores of classic or romantic story were ransacked for the uses of the theatres of Madrid and Seville; and, with the exception of moveable scenery, they lacked little of the pomp and splendour of Parisian or London playhouses. The imagination of the Netherlanders was more easily contented, or of a more practical kind. Their spectacles embodied, in sensible imagery, wise saws and pregnant maxims, and reflected the household and commercial virtues that render their possessors easy in person and in circumstances. A high day at Madrid in the reign of Philip IV. was in all essential respects the image of a high day in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. The nobles, mounted on Arabian barbs, carried an estate on their backs invested in silks, gems, and costly armour, and paraded their finery before the dark eyes hardly concealed by the lattices or veils which the semi-oriental jealousy of Spanish fathers,

brothers, and husbands devised and demanded. The Flemings visited one another on gala-days, dressed in cumbrous velvets and stiff brocades, and were solemnly drawn in antique and richly adorned coachès, displaying on their panels the strangest allegorical emblems of peace, plenty, and thrift. The fortunes and character of the nations were reflected in these their popular amusements. The Netherlanders grew and remained rich; the Spaniards became, and have remained poor unto this day. The mines of the Indies poured their wealth eventually into the laps of the Flemings and the Hollanders; since Antwerp and Rotterdam supplied Seville and Barcelona with the wares which the Spaniard deemed it beneath his dignity to manufacture, or even to vend when imported. "More business," says a shrewd Venetian envoy, "is done in Antwerp in a month than at Cadiz or Barcelona in two years."

We must afford space for one more glimpse at the recreations of Southern Europe before turning to the popular amusements of our own land. Florence, we are told by the chroniclers, Malespini and Villani, was, towards the end of the thirteenth century, eminently prosperous and happy. The city abounded in mirth and festivity: jugglers, buffoons, and mountebanks poured in from all the Italian states to share the bounty of its princely merchants, who, although generally plain and frugal in their private life and households, were sumptuous and hospitable in their public entertainments. Easter was an especial season for revelry. The wealthier Florentines then kept open house, and welcomed multitudes of poets, musicians, dancers, jesters, players, and charlatans of every sort, and none of those who pleased in order to live were permitted to depart without considerable *largesse*, whether in the form of money, or of rich dresses and ornaments.

In the sonnets of Folgore da San Gimignano, a poet of the year 1260, we obtain an insight into the amusements of the gentlemen of Sienna at that period. The bard follows the approved almanac-fashion in prescribing to his readers what they are to eat, drink, and avoid, and how to disport themselves in each month in order to cause their days to pass pleasantly. We select a few instances of his comfortable counsels.

In January he bids his friends to keep large fires in well-lit rooms; to have their bed-chambers splendidly furnished with silken sheets and fur coverlets. The servants must be snugly clad in woollens and cloth of Douay; and there should be plenty of confectionary. Out of doors, the gentlemen are to amuse themselves by throwing soft snow-balls at the young ladies whom they may happen to meet in their walks. When tired with these exertions, they must take a good allowance of repose.

This *dolce far niente*, however, is not to endure for ever. Even the existence of a Sybarite, if persevered in too long,

will grow tedious. So in February these pleasant gentlemen must rise betimes and "hunt the deer," the wild goat and boar "with hound and horn." At night they shall come merrily home to excellent wine, a smoking kitchen, and a song.

In March, when the sun rides high in Aries, and strong exercise is not so needful to warm the blood, fishing is to be substituted for hunting; they are now to migrate from their town-houses to their suburban villas and palaces, and to procure every delight that will make time run smoothly; but without monk or priest. "Let those crazy shavelings," says the irreverent poet, "go and preach, for they abound in lies." The Italians appear to have known nothing of Parson Supple, who could ride nearly as well and drink quite as well as Squire Western himself.

In April the scene changes to an Arcadian life, amid flowery fields, fountains, and lawns; and the general prescription is—mules, palfreys, and steeds from Spain, songs and dances from Provence, and new instruments of music fresh from Germany. There is, indeed, much national physiognomy involved in these maxims. Monks are excluded from this paradise, but not Eves; for dames and damsels saunter along with these gay Siennese bachelors through groves and gardens where all would honour them, and bend their knee before the queen, the lady of beauty, to whom the poet offers a crown of jewels, even of the finest jewels of Prester John, king of Babylonia.

May brought with it troops of light well-trained horses, springy, spirited, and swift, with head and breast well armed; and tinkling bells and banners, and rich trappings; many-coloured mantles, light round shields and polished weapons, which were not to be borne in vain, for there must be breaking of spears and shock of lances; and the reward of chivalry shall be, flowers of every hue, showers of garlands from balcony and casement, and flights of golden oranges tossed up in turn; and youths and maidens kissing mouth and cheek, and discoursing of happiness and love.

We have not space to follow this joyous calendar through the rolling year, and recommend such of our readers as may have been led to envy life at Sienna, to procure the poems of Messer San Gimignano. The counsels for October, however, are too extraordinary to be passed over. The poet seems to have thought with the adage:—

"He who drinks and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October."

For then, he says, it is good to visit a house where a good stud is kept, to follow sports on foot or horseback, dance at night, drink good wine and get tipsy; "as in good sooth there is no better life." And after the morning's ablutions, wine and roast meat

are once more an excellent medicine, for they will give good spirits, and preserve them in better health than that of fishes in lake, river, or sea, "because thus they would be leading a more Christian life!"

An unlucky wag of the time, *Cene della Citarra* of Arezzo, parodied these sonnets of Messer Folgore's, and imparted his notions of the enjoyments of the poor. We regret our inability to look on this picture also, since the two would enable us to present a tolerably complete outline of the popular amusements of Italy.

It is much to be regretted that those who have written on symbolisms, for the most part have viewed the subject from merely a theological point of view, or at least have restricted their researches to the bare demands of archæology. The subject of popular amusements would derive much light from a history of the symbols adopted by various nations, and especially from those belonging to the trading corporations and guilds. We can afford, however, to hint only at an unworked vein of inquiry that would probably illustrate better than the history of cabinets and campaigns the social development and peculiarities of a people. The guilds of Europe with their banners, devices, and periodical festivals, date from a remote antiquity, and although they were considerably modified by Christian emblems and ideas, they lurk in many an obscure corner of Roman and oriental record.

The gravity with which we Englishmen disport ourselves, appeared to Froissart, accustomed to the lighter and more graceful mirth of France, a feature of peculiar significance in the national character. It is indeed impossible to deny that the English have a relish for broad fun, since have we not Fielding's, and Smollett's, and Dickens's novels, and Shakespeare's Falstaff, constables, and clowns? But we are not a demonstrative people like the Athenians and the French, and although our comedy is as rich as that of Aristophanes and Molière, our assemblies and recreations have assuredly an air of steady and serious business. We would not, indeed, exchange the general sobriety of our cities for the indiscriminate levity of Vienna, nor are we disposed to regard it as a symptom of any constitutional or deep-seated melancholy. We ascribe it rather to the more domestic character of our habits, as compared with those of most continental nations. Even sadness can seldom maintain its equable demeanour in a crowd, where the attention is perpetually diverted from self by the passing objects, the converse and gesticulations going on on every side. The liveliest people of antiquity were the Athenians, whose life was almost passed in the streets; the external air and restlessness are provocatives if not to mirth, at least to companionship; and

a population that has scarcely a home, is generally to outward semblance noisy and demonstrative. If physiognomy indeed be an index of the cheerfulness or the gravity of a people, we are inclin'd to think that an English crowd will bear comparison with that of any country for a general expression of content. More anxious faces will be met with in Paris or New York in an hour than London exhibits in a week; although indeed on the occasion of a spectacle or a general holiday, there will be in both the former cities greater noise and ostentation of pleasure. We seldom scream, shout, or give way to inextinguishable laughter; but neither do we so often shed tears, rend our hair, or commit suicide. If we possess no sober certainty of waking bliss as a nation, and exercise to the full our privilege of grumbling at the weather, the crops, and the government, we have fewer *émutes*, fewer revolutions, fewer breakings-up of the great central abysses of passion than have occurred among nations claiming to be livelier and more sensitive than ourselves. But our immediate business is with the national character as exhibited or suggested in its seasons of relaxation; and it must be admitted that these for the most part are of a saturnine complexion. A manly vigour from the earliest times is perceptible in the recreations of the English nation. After the first pressure of the Norman yoke was lightened, and the conquerors had ceased to regard the conquered with scornful or jealous eyes, the native sports of the Saxons were permitted them and even encouraged. The earlier wars of the Norman kings with France had been waged chiefly with the lances and battleaxes of their own retainers; but the efficiency of the English archers manifested itself so strikingly on many critical occasions, that the practice of the bow was diligently enforced by the Plantagenets. Nor after the close of the Barons' wars did the Tudors overlook this formidable adjunct to the rude artillery of their day, and indeed throughout the fifteenth century nothing more surely proves the good understanding between the government and the people than the universal practice of bearing arms. Every man was a soldier, and equipped according to his rank and means with corresponding armour and weapons. The exercises of the tilt-yard at the Hall or Castle were reserved for those of gentle birth; and the imitation of war, often very near its reality—was at once a high enjoyment and a noble accomplishment. It was enacted by various statutes, commencing with an Act passed in the Parliament at Winchester in the thirteenth year of Edward I., "that every man have harness in his house to keep the peace after the ancient assize—that is to say, every man between fifteen years of age and sixty years, shall be assessed and sworn to armour according to the quantity of his lands and goods." As the bow was the favourite weapon

of the English peasantry, regular practice was enforced, and shooting was both the training and the amusement of all whose property in land did not amount to forty shillings in value. Every hamlet had its pair of butts: and on Sundays and holidays—our ancestors would have marvelled at the dedication of the Sabbath to religion, sloth, or drink—all able-bodied men were required to present themselves in the field, and to employ their leisure hours “as valyant Englishmen ought to do.” Mayors, bailiffs, and headboroughs were directed to see these manly amusements observed; and if they neglected to do so, were fined twenty shillings for each proven omission of their duty. It is interesting to remark how sedulously our legislators five centuries ago discouraged “unthrifty games,” and especially such as being of a sedentary kind, might be practised in taverns and places of ill resort. Numerous are the statutes levelled by the parliaments of the Plantagenets against “the plays of bowls, quoits, dice, kails;” as numerous the complaints of veteran soldiers against the addiction of the younger sort of recruits to dancing, carding, and dicing! Many of the national sports, indeed, have justly fallen into comparative desuetude, and we now seldom read of bull-baitings or prize-fights. With these and with all amusements that involve cruelty to animals or brutalise those who practise them, we can well dispense; yet we may be allowed to regret the abeyance of foot-ball on the village camping-land, and the periodical matches of wrestlers at wakes and fairs. It is one of the highest recommendations of cricket that it brings together men of all degrees; and we quite go with Lord John Manners in his benevolent wish to devise and promote all such recreations as equalize ranks, and wherein superior skill is the only distinction. The benefits of such equalization were proved in the wars of Edward III. It is observed by the contemporary chronicles, that one cause of the higher courage and more effective discipline of the English at Crecy and Poitiers was attributable to the terms on which the chivalry of England lived with its yeomanry. In the French armies, the archers and light troops were held aloof by the knights and their squires as a rabble, good only for the prelude to the fight, but infinitely beneath the rank or notice of the men-at-arms. Whereas in the English host a common cordiality and a generous emulation pervaded all the ranks; the serried line of the archers had its place and consideration as well as the mounted columns of horse, were taken into account by the commissariat, and scrupulously tended in the hospital. The effects of this cohesion were felt long after the bow was forgotten as a weapon of offence; and it is in some measure owing to the more comprehensive character of our national amusements, that amid our

acrimonious political contests and even, occasional revolutions, there has never been such a severance of classes as hastened the downfall of the commonwealth of Rome and the monarchy of France.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, masques and plays constituted a prominent feature in the pastimes of the English people. The world has hitherto seen three great dramatic eras in three distinct nations; and the eminence of Greece, Spain, and England, in this province of art, may be attributed to the intense sympathy of their population generally with dramatic passion and pagantry. Of Greece and Spain it must suffice to observe, that their great dramatic eras correspond nearly with the most vigorous development of the national energies. Greece owed to the fusion of classes, resulting from her invasion by Persia and to the national exultation consequent on its conclusion, all the nobler and most vital elements of her dramatic literature. The restless activity which propelled Spain in the fifteenth century towards enterprise in Europe and the New World, broke down in some degree her provincial differences and isolation, and fused into one mass the conflicting and diversified elements of her people. Her theatre was the exponent of the national triumphs, and reflected to her, in the noblest mirrors of poetry, the deeds and sufferings that had rendered her great. Her dramatic literature, indeed, was the only point at which the upper and lower classes of the Spanish people really osculated. The court and the nobles were too deeply entrenched behind their own pride and immunities to blend readily with the middle orders; the towns were sharply distinguished from the country; the inland provinces, where the people were shepherds or vine-growers, from the coast provinces, where the inhabitants were engrossed by either regular or irregular trade. In the Spanish drama, however, there existed a common point of union for all these classes, and it exhibits the characteristics of the nation even more fully than the popular spectacles. The English drama rests upon a broader basis than that of either Athens or Madrid. The avenues to it had been prepared in the ruder periods of the Plantagenets. For not only were masques and plays acted at court, or in the castles of the nobles, but itinerant companies wandered, as in ancient Greece, from village to village, performing in barns or taverns, or in the farm-house kitchen, the moralities and mysteries—the preludial notes of Marlowe and Shakespeare. To ourselves, who can measure the effect of such rude foreshadowings only by the impression they would now produce, these legends, in which saints and angels are actors, and the Deity himself often an interlocutor, wear the semblance of profanity.

Yet it is a semblance only, for they were believed when represented, were conceived in good faith, and were acted with devout earnestness. They were no more profane than the early quaintnesses of painting, or the subtle investigations of the school-men. They were the expressions of an imaginative age upon subjects which reject the cold conclusions of the reason. They were, moreover, at a time when few could read, and fewer could write, the alphabet of a people who felt strongly even if they understood darkly; and to the passionate emotions occasionally displayed in the "Moralities" we owe much of the loftier and more eloquent passion of the national drama. All great nations are indeed dramatic, because life is at one period of their fortunes a simple phenomenon and an overpowering mystery. They see in part, and they prophesy in part; and both their vision and their apprehensions are in earnest. To produce a great dramatist, the drama must previously be the passion of a people. The drama in the sixteenth century was the especial amusement of the English from the palace to the village-green. The English were then in a similar condition to the Athenians at the epoch of their invasion by Persia. They felt strong in themselves and in their power over circumstances. They had survived wars that drained the nation's best blood; they were troubled neither with social problems nor subjective speculations; their vigour and spirits were exuberant, and new avenues seemed opening on all sides for their sinewy strength of mind and body. The resources of ancient literature had recently been opened to them; the new products of the Christian mind of Europe were being daily brought within their ken. Their native ballads and legends were still sung or recited in streets, markets, and by firesides; and their fancy was stimulated by the revelation of lands beyond what had been long supposed to be a trackless and impassable ocean. Under this combination of emotions and circumstances, the English drama began to erect the steps of that august throne which Shakespeare was destined to occupy.

Hereafter we may return to the subject of Popular Amusements. We have surveyed the subject briefly under various phases—some at the culmination, others at the commencement of their growth. But a field far beyond our present limits remains to be explored; and we can at present only find room for a few brief remarks on the importance of national pastimes to all who study the past or speculate upon the future history of the civilised world.

A trivial and inexpressive portion only of national life is reflected in the public acts of a people. We may comprehend the tissue of its wars and negotiations, its commerce, arts, and manufactures, without therefore apprehending its passions and

prejudices, or, the general *clinamen* of its temper. What it does spontaneously is the emblem and exponent of its interior being; and since amusements cannot be enforced and must be spontaneous, it is worth the while of historians to read the public history of a nation by the light of its recreations. No less incumbent is it on the legislators, for the present and the future, to study the undisguised aspect of the people for whom it legislates. Charles and Laud might have saved their own heads, and the removal of a throne and hierarchy to boot, had they condescended to survey calmly the physiognomy of England in their days. Not a small blunder might recently have been shunned, if the true significance of the cry for "Sunday recreations" had been more subtly scrutinized. It is a question that should have been treated on its broadest ground or left undisturbed. Well were it, too, for the church, and for every denomination which has intentionally or inadvertently supported her on this question, to ponder whether they are wending by their opposition to a just demand, or by their partial compliance with a senseless clamour. If not determined now, it must at least very soon be mooted and decided, whether governments shall deal only with the hard and repulsive elements of social policy, or whether they shall extend their cares and studies to the more spontaneous and genial desires of the community. The State is no less a parent than a schoolmaster; and while it necessarily provides penalties for the erring members of its household, it should with equal vigilance and sympathy afford space and verge enough for the recreations which may divert the masses from sensual indulgence and specious temptations, and diffuse a relish for exercises and pastimes that promote at once health of body and cheer and content of spirit.



ART. VII.—MINISTERIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

The Political Future of England. By the Comte de Montalembert, of the French Academy. From the French. London: Murray. 1856.

THERE is much in the work of M. de Montalembert to tickle the prejudices of the "fine old English gentleman," and there are some things flattering to the men of movement. But, whatever our political predilections, let us not fancy that this essay was prompted by an abstract admiration of the British constitution, by a purely philosophical interest in the working out of the political problem under the conditions presented among ourselves, or by a particular philanthropical regard for the inha-

bitants of these islands. *Ce n'est pas pour nos beaux yeux.* Let us be prudent though not prudish; we may suffer ourselves to be pleased with some things which are said gracefully and some which are suggested kindly; we may be grateful for the tender touching of acknowledged defects; but let us not be blind to the further views of our accomplished Frenchman. When he admires our Mediævalism, and speaks on the whole not disrespectfully even of our Anglican Church, it is in order to win back its fairest jewel to the triple crown; when he praises our democratic constitution and the liberty of our press, it is for the sake of *riling* the Gallican dictatorship, and of showing that some democracies may co-exist with a hereditary nobility. At all events, we shall derive more practical benefit from his criticisms and warnings, than from his compliments and eulogiums; for his flatteries are all turned into special pleadings for Catholicism, and for those oppressive institutions which naturally ally themselves with it. This is, indeed, very pleasant to read,—

“England possesses, more than any other nation in the world, the essential conditions of social, moral, and material life; but she will live, as she always has lived, in a gradual transformation, mixing up, with an instinctive art and a marvellous sagacity, traditional experience and prudence with the active spirit of advance, and blending the most comprehensive attention to general interests with a scrupulous care of the social rights and the individual liberty of the meanest of her citizens.”—p. 31.

We hope that this is so in some degree, and that the power of adaptation to altered circumstances is not yet utterly lost to the British Constitution; that the organs essential to life and growth in the body politic are not yet ossified. The so-called Administrative Reform movement, although with little result for the present, was an indication of this life. M. de Montalembert, indeed, judges of that agitation differently from ourselves; he considers it to have been “the symptom of a dangerous tendency in the public mind” (p. 74), and attributes it to an irritation caused by a public but selfish sense of dissatisfaction at the distribution of official patronage. That a remedy is imperatively required for the evils pointed out in the following passage must be allowed, but their removal cannot be accomplished without popular efforts well sustained.

“Formerly the number of public functionaries was much smaller than it is now. The functionaries appointed and paid by the State were comparatively few, and of little individual importance. They inspired neither esteem nor envy in the immense majority of the people, who could not look to government offices, did not want them, and were not dissatisfied that the limited number of such places should be

considered the reward of the followers of the aristocracy, or of the rising men of the political world. This state of things is altered in England as it is in France. The extension of education among the masses, by dislocating from humbler walks a vast number of individuals, has created so many new candidates for government offices; and on the other hand, although the slow but incontestable progress of administrative centralization has increased the number of places to be given, it is, and will always be, infinitely less than that of the candidates. Both, however, are increased and increasing. This is the great peril of English society. The evil is certainly as yet not near so great as it is in the nations of the Continent; but England is already launched on that fatal slide. It is high time for her statesmen to see that a general immoderate pursuit of public office is the worst of all social diseases. It expands throughout the body of the nation a venal and servile leaven which has not the merit of correcting or excluding, even in those provided for, the spirit of faction and anarchy. It creates a hungry and greedy crowd, capable of any violence to satisfy their appetite, and ready for any baseness as soon as it is satisfied. A people of place-hunters is the lowest of people. There is no ignominy that it is not ready to undergo or perpetrate."—pp. 74-5.

"Fatal slide," indeed; but the impulse down the treacherous incline has been given from above and not from below. It is not fair to represent the immoderate pursuit of public office and place as emerging spontaneously from the masses by reason of their improved education; and he can have observed but little the conduct of the two great political factions of the country when they have been respectively in possession of the power of the government, who has any, the least faith in an appeal to our "statesmen" to check this growing evil. It is an evil of their own fostering; it is the method by which Whigs and Tories alike have discovered that the "Queen's government can alone be carried on." The centralization of the patronage of an immense number of places in the hands of the government of the day, or which is the same thing, looked at from another point of view, the ramification of the government influence over the whole country, must necessarily be corrupting. A reaction against such a system is not to be attributed to greed of gain on the part of the excluded, it is rather a sign that some portion of the body politic remains as yet untainted. No doubt there is a daily increasing number of qualified competitors for all places which partake of the nature of patronage; but so are competitors more numerous and better qualified than heretofore for all social positions where industry and skill are required. But in a factory, in a bank, even on a farm, the best men obtain the best places; the dissatisfied are those who are worst off, by reason of their own idleness or incapacity; the agitators are the men who are dear to their employers at any wages, and who demand that all the hands, forsooth,

should be paid alike, for in no other way can the skulk obtain the same advantage as the good workman. This is not the kind of dissatisfaction which prevails respecting public patronage. Nor is this latter a dissatisfaction expressed merely by those who belong to the party which is out. The *ins* revel in their advantages, the *outs* bide their time, think it long in coming, but would not ruin a system from which they expect in their turn to profit. No movement was ever less open to the charge of sinister purpose than that so-called of Administrative Reform; and the fact of evil omen to our political liberty and happiness is, that since the first outburst of indignation the leaders of that movement have not received sufficient popular encouragement to persevere effectually in their work. That is the worst augury as to the future, that the people suffered themselves to be perplexed and mystified by official dust-throwing, and turned aside from going straight to a reform of the whole system of government patronage. But it is not on the people lies the worst moral blame. They have been accustomed to think, that when the existence of an abuse has once been brought to the cognizance of their own house, as they imagine it to be, they may safely intrust the prosecution of all inquiry, and the provision of all necessary remedies, to the wisdom and public spirit of their representatives. It is only now coming clearly before the knowledge of the country at large, what the House of Commons, as at present constituted, really is. It is itself the central bureau, the chief agency office, for conducting the system of that government patronage, which often exercises so fatal an influence on the public interests at home and abroad, and carries corruption through the whole length and breadth of the land.

For the ramifications of that patronage agency extend themselves like a net-work over the whole kingdom. Not only governorships, bishoprics, commissionerships, are the price of parliamentary support, but not the meanest place under the Customs, the Excise, the Post-office, is bestowed without reference to party objects, either as purchase or reward. Tory parsons, Whig squires, Nonconformist town-councillors are the local agents through whom the patronage is distributed, according to the political denomination of the Government, according to the necessity it feels itself under of conciliating the agricultural, the clerical, or the dissenting interest. Corruption is thus extended to the obscurest country village, which is connected with the rest of the empire by a walking postman, who owes his petty place to the small patron who wrote for him to the county member. This kind of corruption is more widely spread and infinitely more demoralizing than bribery and treating of the baser electors. This perpetual tampering with the people in their own neigh-

bourhoods is far more enervating to the political moral sense, though not so scandalous as the coarser kind of electioneering by public-house oratory, flags, music, and drunkenness. It is really a tampering with the national integrity and conscience, and more degrading than the distribution of patronage by caprice or by court intrigue. The machinery is as obvious as that of a skeleton clock. Everybody knows all about it: And both the majority or winning political side for the time being, which enjoys the fruits of representative government, and the dissatisfied excluded minority are equally dishonoured. We cannot ignore the scandal, nor, as was said once of a corrupt ministry, treat it in the Oriental fashion, and turn our backs upon the exposure; for no man, Englishman at least, can turn his back upon his own nakedness.

This corruption has originated in the Parliamentary centre; the demand has been created by the organization of the supply. That the great parties might fight out their own battles on the arena of the House of Commons upon the understanding which prevails between them, it has been necessary that the constituencies should be kept quiet. The organization of patronage through the House of Commons itself effects this. No extension of suffrage, not even if it were accompanied with the ballot, would remedy this growing evil. Simultaneously with the extension of the suffrage would take place a farther development of the system of patronage. The corruption would become still farther diffused. With the enlargement of the constituencies the numbers of those who could "do something for the Government" would be increased, and the force of free public opinion, outside of the privileged constituency, and which alone tends to keep in order the constituents and the constitutees, would be proportionately diminished.

It appears even to be the policy of those now in power, so to take their measures as to make safe their continuance in office, before according extension of political privileges; to arm themselves, by further centralization, and an increase of patronage distributable by local agents, against any dangers which may arise from the impulses of a new-found liberty. If any new necessity arises out of the complications of our social condition, if any anachronism is to be corrected, advantage is taken of it to centralize, to constitute government boards, offices, and dependents. Even the establishment of a rural police, and the reform of local testamentary registries, must be worked upon the uniform design. First throw a sop to Cerberus, and then pass on safely. First increase the patronage, and then enlarge the constituency. Provide the meat before the mouths.

We say that little security for good government will be found

in an extension of the suffrage, with or without the ballot, unless the present machinery for the corruption of the constituency be rendered powerless. Otherwise the more extended the constituency the wider spread will be the corruption,—such corruption, that is, as is compatible with the delicacies of the present day. As the centralization of increased patronage in the hands of Government, with its distribution through the members of the House of Commons, entangles an increased constituency in the net-work of its influence, there will cease to be a safeguard in public opinion;—there will, in fact, be no public opinion lying outside of the constituencies themselves. The pressure of the constituencies on their representatives is now seldom felt, but with respect to some class object, or in obedience to some sectarian impulse—for an anti-Maynooth, a pro-Sabbath, an anti-Church-rate demonstration. It is ephemeral, and satisfied with a nugatory vote, because not founded on a broad public opinion. Meanwhile, irresponsible government pursues its way with respect to imperial objects. If natural pangs awakened recently both the constituent and non-constituent part of the country to call to account the real authors of national suffering and discredit, it was found that the means of enforcing the desire of the nation were not provided by the existing Constitution. While we were making the chuck, the lathe stood still; or, alas! we have not yet devised the chuck that will suit that piece of work. But we may be sure that the mere application of force, moral or other, will never cause an ill-adapted instrument to accomplish its work well. And the destinies of the country would be far safer in the hands of inferior persons, who knew that they were subject to an effectual responsibility, than in those of men who affect the highest moral tone, but who feel that for all purposes of public life they are practically irresponsible to the people at large.

A political observer, more shrewd even than M. de Montalembert, has remarked, that nothing is of more importance to the stability of a state, than that facility should be given by its constitution for the accusation of those who are supposed to have committed any public wrong. The benefit of such provision is twofold. First, the salutary fear of the probable coming of a day of account will restrain the evil practices of some bad men and self-seekers; secondly, the legal outlet of accusation gives vent to peccant humours in the body politic, which, if checked and driven inward, would work to the utter ruin of the Constitution. If the laws of a state provide no practicable means of impeaching public servants, they can neither be punished if guilty, nor effectually clear themselves when innocent: the distinction is lost between accusation and calumny. Among other instances of the

ill effects of the want in a state of plain methods of impeachment, Machiavelli gives the following:—

“The Florentine army was encamped before Lucca, under the command of Giovanni Guicciardini, their commissary. By his ill fortune or conduct the town was not taken; which of the two soever it was, Giovanni was aspersed as having been bribed by the Lucchese, which calumny being propagated by his enemies, nettled Giovanni, and almost brought him to despair; and though in order to his justification he offered to put himself into the hands of the captain, yet all was to no purpose; for in that commonwealth there was nobody qualified to clear him,—from whence arose great contentions, which brought that poor commonwealth into a most deplorable condition.”*

We do not, therefore, attribute, as M. de Montalembert would, the outburst of indignation which was called forth by the Crimean disasters, nor the dissatisfaction which rankles in the public mind at the sham investigations into the causes of them, nor the distrust with which the circumstances and terms of pacification are regarded, to the impatience of a democracy undisciplined, childish, and fretful under reverses: we attribute them to a natural anguish and to a justifiable suspicion. Not so easily explicable is the lull which has succeeded to that outburst. To this contributes, it is to be feared, in great degree, the wide operation of that system of corruption to which we have already alluded, together with a surprise and sense of helplessness following for awhile the discovery of the complicated entanglements of that aristocratical government to which the people have surrendered themselves. England is a Gulliver awaking to find himself bound down by innumerable cords of red tape. He does not know which way to begin to bestir himself.

If we vaunt the securities of a mixed Constitution, we ought to be aware of disadvantages, belonging to one mixed as ours is, and provide against them. We have monarchy, oligarchy, democracy mingled together in the British Constitution;—that is to say, traditions and fictions of a monarchy, the practical working of an oligarchy, and the delusion of a democracy. We should make plain to ourselves which is tradition, which is in practical operation, and which is imagination and delusion. It is usually granted that the powers of our Constitution are cleverly poised one against the other,—that none can overbear or swallow up any of the rest. The oligarchy is, in fact, swallowing up both the others. Let it not be supposed that the Commons' House represents the democratic element in this country. Lawyers admit a distinction between an Estate of Parliament and an Estate of the Realm; the Lower House is an Estate and constituent of Parliament, but it neither is nor does it represent the social Estate of the Commons: yet it uses the privileges and the powers which it has obtained

* Discourses, Book i. ch. 8.

on that hypothesis, to repress popular liberty and to work out the supremacy of the oligarchy.

Treason against simple forms of government is easy to define, to prove, and to punish. The levying war against a king, the refusing to do homage to the divinity of an emperor, conspiring for the abolition of the auspicated hereditary privileges of an aristocracy, overawing the popular deliberations by an armed force, are palpable crimes under different political constitutions, capable of being brought home to the actors and abettors in them. But in a modern European State, governed according to a mixed Constitution, treason is difficult to describe and difficult to punish. The whole body of citizens, injured or supposed to be injured by criminal practices, cannot come into court as plaintiffs or pursuers; nor can accusation and proof be made to converge with precision upon particular overt acts; nor, where authority and administration is diffused, to centre upon particular persons as felons or accomplices.

It is true that as forms of government and conditions of society have varied, so has varied the definition of treason. It must of necessity have relation to the constitutional form of each several State. In the Athenian Republic *κομᾶν ἐπὶ τυραννίδι* was the highest political offence, as *crimen læsæ majestatis* was under the Roman emperors. In the European States treason has been understood to be a crime against the monarch, and the conception of it appears to have been compounded of an idea of treachery against a lord or general, which is its feudal element, and of a biblical and Jewish notion of "touching the Lord's Anointed."

But it would be an anachronism so to apply this legal fiction, feudal tradition, or Jewish superstition to the present circumstances of our own Constitution, as to limit state offences to offences against the person of a monarch, or to suppose that treason, betrayal of the interests of the common weal does not admit of infinite degrees.

It is sufficiently conceded in the abstract, by political theorists, that the good of the citizens at large is the proper end of civil government, whatever its form, whatever its history, or traditional origin. And it is likewise acknowledged, that however diffused the magisterial functions of government, the State is equally supreme and without appeal, relatively to its individual members, under whatever appearances that supremacy may be veiled. The crime of treason has its essence in the end to which it is ultimately directed, or to which it tends; and when we have divested its conception of the traditions and technicalities which have gathered round it, we find it to be that crime which, wilfully or negligently, counteracts the end of civil government and civil association. The interpretation of what that end is, of what in

given conjunctures is conducive or inimical to it, must be taken from the mind of the State at large for the time being. But that a treasonable act, practice, or conspiracy should be directed immediately against the person of a particular magistrate, or in opposition to some particular prerogative or privilege, is only an accident depending on the specific constitutional form of a State at a given period. And under a pure monarchy treason seems to coincide exhaustively with practising against the person and prerogatives of the wearer of the crown, because the stability and welfare of the State at large is presumed to be bound up with the royal interests. In our own Constitution we retain this theory or fiction. But we heap fiction upon fiction, inconsistency upon inconsistency. We have abridged the personal prerogatives of the wearer of the crown, lest they should be exercised to the detriment of the general welfare; and in order to avoid the scandal and horror of making the monarch personally responsible for encroachments on popular rights, or for mal-administrations, we have surrounded him with what are called responsible advisers. But what kind of responsibility is this? Can it be enforced?—by whom?—on what persons?—concerning what acts? In theory it is a responsibility reaching life itself; can be put in force even against peers of the realm, concerning all acts in which, as servitors of the Crown, they are presumed to have advised the sovereign, or to have made use of the royal prerogative and name.

But what was the issue of the impeachment of the Earl of Oxford, for the sustaining of which the secret committee of investigation appointed by the Commons was armed with documents filling fourteen folio volumes, and after the accused and undoubtedly guilty person had been imprisoned for two years in the Tower? The proceedings came to nothing, upon a misunderstanding between the Lords and Commons: the Commons, as public prosecutors, claiming to take the counts in their indictment in the order they thought proper; and the Lords, as the court of justice, insisting on their inherent right to lay down the rules of proceeding in their own court. Yet that was an impeachment seriously intended. At one time it was sincerely meant, for there was malice and party spirit in it. But what a stultification and self-condemnation of a mixed Constitution was exhibited in the issue. If Oxford had betrayed the honour of the country and the interests of her allies by a secret understanding with the French King, respecting the terms of the peace of Utrecht, was he the less guilty because the great Parliamentary Estates, guardians of the public honour and welfare, could not come to an understanding as to their course of proceeding? or should the *mal-faiteur* have escaped justice because, technically, he was guilty of misdemeanours and not of treason? To say nothing of Crimean commissions, how saddening recently and vexatious the issue of

the great Kars debate, after the deep swell of public indignation and high-raised public interest, and great note of parliamentary preparation. The wave gathered and culminated, but subsided without breaking, to the infinite disappointment of the gazer. This was owing, indeed, to no conflict between the Houses, but to the state of parties within the House of Commons itself; and when that state of parties was revealed, the country was fain to acquiesce, and to surcease from demanding justice. The imposition on the country of a Derby cabinet was too great a price to pay, even for that. No independent member of the House could have brought forward Mr. Whiteside's motion with even the least show of success; there are but few independent members, and of those few, fewer still are able, for the ability is already retained by the great parties. But what was worse, no man belonging to a party could obtain a triumph of justice and of sound policy, without linking it with a triumph of party; so the defeat of the party movement carried with it likewise the defeat of justice and of policy. But what a spectacle of a nation helplessly bound in the coils of oligarchy; vain are all convulsive efforts and the throes of a bursting heart; as the anguish deepens, the folds tighten. The House, so-called, of the people who were boiling with rage and indignation, or wailing in sorrow, has never been able, or has never been willing to denounce by solemn censure, whatever that might be worth, minister, or general, or officer, or commissary, or ambassador, authors of or accomplices in the shame of England,—has never dared to cause to be revealed original conventions with our allies, plans concerted for the conduct of the war, transactions between confederate commanders, instructions at large, official and private, to ambassadors and negotiators;—truly this House has abdicated its office, and it is time that it should be called to account for its shortcomings.

We come, therefore, to conclusions very different from those which are expressed by M. de Montalembert, when he alleges as an outbreak of the revolutionary and ultra-democratical spirit, what he calls "that exaggerated irritation of public opinion" which found expression "during the first months of the Crimean expedition."

"It is the nature of an unwholesome democracy not to be able to support adversity; and the first symptoms of the encroachment of that spirit of disorder which ends in the debasement and ruin of great nations, is, not to know how to explain, except as the results of treason or incapacity, the variable and inevitable chances of war. England did allow herself, last winter, to be thus touched by one of the radical infirmities of democracy. She forgot that the distinctive character of free and aristocratic governments is to be cool and collected in good as well as in bad fortune, as Rome was in presence of Hannibal and Pyrrhus, and as England herself under the two Pitts."—(p. 42.)

It was not as in face of disasters or trials from without—not

as in face of the enemy, that the cry rose up from every home in England in the winter of 1854. England in the presence of the foe is as unyielding as Rome. England would be as forbearing to the deficiencies and faults of her generals, as the Romans were to the miscalculations of Lævinus or the headlong presumption of Varro. But England of the present day has not the good fortune of the old Roman Republic. Her Senate and the truer part of her people are not wholly of accord, and are not in pursuit of the same public objects. If the democracy raised its voice a few months since, it was because it felt that there could be little patriotism in an aristocracy which availed itself of all parliamentary and official forms and intricacies to render impossible a real investigation into the mismanagements, to say the least, of its own members.

Are there the least symptoms of any waning in the power of the aristocracy,—of the least lowering or modification of its pretensions? Are they not, on the contrary, maintained at the highest point of claim to indefeasible title? Moderate reformers, anxious to open a way of transition from some present forms of the British Constitution to that which may be possible in the future, without rudely disjoining it from the past, have thought that the liberal bestowal of life peerages would supply exactly that modification of the Upper Chamber which the times require, would reward many men deserving well of their country with an honour highly prized, without adding to the hereditary incubus. But the Peers have determined that such shall not be the case. Are these men earth-born or heaven-born who may not be contaminated by the presence of any in their chamber who have not by patent a seed in them of perpetual succession and of immortal life? Yet the nobility of all of them issues from the royal fountain, is based upon a parchment and a seal; many of them are even sprung from the very slime of kings. One should think that the greater includes the less, and that if the sovereign can grant to a man and his heirs, and can limit the heirs, he can grant to a man with limitation to himself; one should think that a prerogative heretofore exercised by sovereigns of this country, and not restrained by statute, could not be barred by a vote of one House of the Legislature; one would think that a prudent regard for the preservation of the privileges of their order, would have caused the Peers to welcome among them new men bringing with them the ornament of their talents for their own day, without the probable clog of a legacy to the House in the next generations of booby heirs: *Βούβαιδες σοφῶν υἱοί*—a scrap of Greek which some Lords understand the meaning of, and some illustrate. But against law, against precedent, against prudence and policy, the nobles have determined otherwise. Verily the age of the barons has not passed away. The theory of episcopal magnetism

is nothing to this doctrine of the Peers. It is reasonable and accessible to understandings of moderate level, that a spiritual *je ne sais quoi* should be communicated from link to link till the chain is broken,—from man to man, from hand to head, compared with the assumption, that it is of the essence of the British Peer to contain within himself a seed of nobility transmissible from the loins unto all future time. Poets, indeed, have sung of such imaginary lineages, “*Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis* ;” but the facts of history and of every-day life have given them the lie; and if nature seems to have striven after such an ideal, she has been beaten by the intractable material in which she has had to work; *Βουλευται μὲν ὄν δύναται δέ*. The golden seed of Plato is not transmitted either *per penem* or *per ventrem*; and we have it on an authority higher than that of Plato, that those who are born of Abraham may be children of Diabolus.

The rights of primogeniture in this country have had their use, and still have, for we have no dispute with M. de Montalembert, as to the ill effects, socially and economically, of a distribution of landed property upon a system of gavel-kind. Nevertheless, the rights of primogeniture are not an innate idea, they are the creation of law, and that which is a good law in one age, may in more or fewer of its provisions, be unsuitable to another. The artificial rights of primogeniture with respect to property, may continue to be useful for generations, and long after hereditary rights of honour and function, though not more artificial in their origin, have been recognised as useless, have been abolished as a nuisance. We read in old authors that among the ancient Egyptians, not only royalty and priesthood were hereditary, but in all trades and handicrafts the firstborn son succeeded, of necessity and right, to his father's occupations,—baker to baker, and cook to cook. Upon a similar principle, our Peers claim to be hereditary judges. Could anything be more monstrous, if as a body, they really acted as such? Can anything be a greater farce as they do not?

There is, however, a class of trials in which these Peers, who are in ordinary cases *judices a non judicando*, exercise actual jurisdiction: in cases of offences by their own members, and especially in impeachments. That every man should be tried by his peers, is one of those traditionary political maxims which an Englishman worships as if it were a palladium of his liberty, though it is but the trunk of a defaced idol. Nay worse, for that which was once the symbol of freedom from the oppression of the Crown, has become an iniquity, offensive, if not positively hurtful. Ecclesiastics had once the like privilege of being tried by their peers; public justice has, throughout Europe, except in Spain, Italy, and the Austria of to-day, demanded its abolition. Why should a noble of England distrust or disdain in any cause

the verdict of a jury of his non-ennobled countrymen? What we have now, however, particularly to do with, is the House of Lords, considered as the special tribunal for the trial of its own members accused of treason, or political crimes and misdemeanours. We have said that a substitution for the responsibility of the sovereign has been supposed to be provided in the responsibility of the ministers of the sovereign. But what an inconsistency is here. England could not permit to her sovereign the prerogative of being judge in his own case between himself and his people, but it allows the sovereign's minister, being a noble, to be tried by his "Peers," by those who are brimful of the prejudices of the order, if not heated in the same oven of faction with the accused. It may be said, indeed, that we have now outlived the days of blocks and axes, and so we trust we may: we are, not desirous of dramatic effects. But if the dignity of the scaffold is reserved for those who would bring in a Pretender, there should be some penalty for the smaller criminals of a generation feeble in sin as in goodness; who by incapacity, or negligence, or love of ease, or love of party, or entanglement in routine, lose the fairest occasions for their country's greatness; betray its interests and its honour. If these misdemeanours, though mighty in their consequences, be minor ones in reference to the meanness of their authors and the pettiness of their motives, the legislative wisdom which enacted an appropriate punishment for vulgar assaults upon the person of the sovereign, should not be at a loss to devise for them also some suitable penalty. A man may be made to suffer as well as a boy, though his head should be safe. Banishment, fine, imprisonment, incapacity for serving in any public function, outlawry, might well be made statutable penalties for those who should be found guilty by a jury of their countrymen, of having damaged the State in war, in treaties, in negotiations, in home government.

But if there is no political machinery, scarcely any practicable method, whereby a minister of the Crown, however disastrous and wicked his administration, could be brought to suffer for it in form of law, it may be said again, that even such remedies as we have hinted at are unsuitable, and too rude for the present age; that we are not living under a second Charles, or under the first Georges. With gentlemanly feeling, good taste, tact, refinement, delicacy, understanding and that sort of thing, no one will go very far wrong; there is, above all, the feeling of "the House" to keep him straight; and then, of course, there is public opinion and the press.

The confidences of the *salon* or the mysteries of the *bureau* are not, as we know, easily producible upon the floor of "the House," and defy for the most part the investigations of the most persevering "Own Correspondent." And after all, the feeling

of the House is a thing about which the young hands are very sensitive, but the old hands little; they know its fickleness and its shallowness; in the more violent political thunderstorms it is wonderful what scathing the old trunks will stand. As to the press, the juvenile and dilettanti members look with a little palpitation to the report or the notice of their last-night's speech; the seasoned men of business have other things to do. The heads of parties and the men that "work the coach," are satisfied to live *à jour le jour*; if they are safe to-day they are safe for ever; awkward evidence it would be—injurious to her Majesty's service to produce, and the troublesome question once parried or staved off, is forgotten. How different would it be, if public men could be examined upon oath in a court of justice, cross-examined by able counsel, made to produce the contents of pigeon-holes and *cahiers*; if their memory could be refreshed by them as to the precise dates of instructions and despatches, and occasionally the official documents be compared with the doubly private note. How the off-hand manner which does so well in the House, the nonchalance which effectually puts down little people, would condescend to be serious and attentive under the well-applied stimulants of a keen public prosecutor. Above all, if, when the feeble temporizer, the eloquent mystifier, the clever debater had been well riddled, not only as to things on the surface, but as to things beneath, it would depend on the verdict of twelve plain men in a box, whether or not they should be relegated to pass the rest of their days at the antipodes; then we should have something like a ministerial responsibility; then we might depend upon an issue to ministerial explanations such as the unbiassed voice of the country would confirm. Then, indeed, would be mightily lowered the tone of public men both in and out of their "Houses," and wonderfully increased their efficiency in the service of the nation.

Other democracies have had their methods of rendering public servants amenable to the popular judgment. Athens had even its ostracism for its practised politicians, when they were rendering themselves too useful, too necessary to the State, and they were banished, not by definition of law, but according to popular instinct. Roman citizens did not try senatorial dictators, accused of infringing on the liberties of the commons, before the bar of the Senatorial House; and peculating and rapacious knights were summoned to answer for their delinquencies at the ordinary tribunal of the prætor. If we have any democracy in us, it should bestir itself before it be too late; before the chain shall be riveted on this generation, to be torn off with great ruin to England in some other. Unhappy delusion—that the extension of the suffrage would bring extension to the liberties of England, and is the one panacea for all its political grievances.

Rather, as it has been contrived, has it proved the means of comprehending an influential class on the side of the oligarchy, and of rendering the middle citizens accomplices in their own subjugation.

The first step towards remedy is to have a clear perception of the extent of the evil; to which end, annual returns should be made of all places whatsoever, from the highest to the lowest, in all public departments, showing name and residence of officer, salary, date of appointment, by whom appointed, and mode of appointment, whether by examination, succession, or otherwise. Such returns not to be moved for in Parliament, but to be made compulsory by law on all heads of departments, and to be actually published, in a cheap form, not merely to be laid on the table of the House and printed in blue-books.

With the information so obtained clearly before the public it would be understood, that—

“The true administrative reform would then consist in stopping energetically this truly democratic(?) tendency which increases the number of employments, and substitutes agents salaried by the Government, and removable at pleasure, for duties formerly unpaid, elective, or irremovable—which begins by extending indefinitely the influence and intervention of the ruling power, and ends by crushing it under the weight of its impatient cupidity, implacable hatreds, and impotent support. Every Englishman who regards the greatness and stability of his country, should cordially unite to repel this continental precedent—a deluge of officials, which will undermine her ancient institutions, and end in destroying her prosperity, liberty, and glory.”—*Montalembert*, p. 76.

A jealous watching of the creation of patronage, and an observation of the distribution of it, by an organization outside of the House of Commons, is urgently required in order to stay this plague. The further spread of it would be greatly checked by rendering the heads of departments irremovable on changes of ministry. What possible necessity or advantage can there be in changing the postmaster-general upon changes of cabinet, unless it be to continue a tradition, that the carrying of the letters of the people is a royal condescension, and to place a number of retainers at the disposition of the new advisers of the Crown? As little necessity or advantage is there in removing any heads of offices except the Secretaries of State. Permanent officers become amenable to public opinion and not to their party; and at least the new blood-suckers are greater pests than the old: “Plus telles gens sont pleins, moins ils sont importuns.” Party spirit, both in and out of Parliament, would be less bitter and unscrupulous, if the number of the prizes were thus diminished which are to be scrabbled for at each revolution of the political wheel.

There is also urgently required a new law of political misde-

meanour. If the popular element is to have any real weight in our Constitution, if ministerial responsibility is to be a reality, a safeguard against imbecilities as well as against corruptions, those who undertake the office of minister should see clearly before them, that they may one day be called on to give account. They must be subject to give account, not to those who, under the sham of party opposition, have a fellow-feeling with them, but to a jury of the people themselves. It must not be in the power of a minister of the Crown to withhold from the country the evidence which would convict himself, and the archives of all public departments should be accessible to the law officers, for the conducting the prosecution of State criminals, as of course they would be open to the defendant. In cases also of political misdemeanours on the part of ministers of the Crown, must be applied the rule which holds in cases of libel, that the jury shall be judges, both of the law and the fact. In relieving the House of Lords of other judicial functions—a reform imperative on its own grounds,—it should cease to be a court of judicature in political cases; and impeachment at the bar of the Lords should be abolished, as well as bills of attainder and of pains and penalties. All causes, political as well as others, should be tried, without privilege of peerage any more than of clergy, before the ordinary courts. Prosecutions for treason, sedition, political misdemeanours, malversation in office, against any person whatsoever, should be by indictment at assizes. The appointment of public prosecutors is required for the good administration of justice generally, and the necessary concurrence of such an officer in cases of political misdemeanour would be a sufficient security against merely frivolous and vexatious molestations of ministerial persons. But a jury gives a fair sample of the mind of the nation, of the great body of the governed; the House of Lords, and the House of Commons, as it is traditionally called, give samples of the mind of a class,—of the governors. We do not defend on all points the practical working of the English trial by jury; but if the popular element is to acquire strength among us, those who actually govern must be made amenable to the people, from whom they in fact receive their power, and for whom they exercise it. Parliament is, in fact, the Government. Responsibility of the Government to it, is merely its responsibility to itself. While the House of Commons could be considered as a power outside of the Government, exercising tribunitian functions on the part of the people, the people might be satisfied with the responsibility of ministers to it. Now that the House of Commons practically nominates the ministry, these nominees of the House should be made responsible to the people in some other way. There are no truer guardians of the liberty of the subject and his rights in this country than the

courts of law. If the most atrocious criminals obtain trials scrupulous in their fairness, however horror-stricken the nation may be at the crimes themselves, there is no fear that individuals accused of ministerial misdemeanours would meet, before like courts, with rigour or injustice, by reason of political passions, or even just popular indignation. And the maxim, that every Englishman ought to be tried by his peers, would be no more infringed by causing the aristocratical public officer to answer for his public conduct before a jury of ordinary citizens, than it is by putting some houseless vagabond and reputed thief upon his trial before members of the very class of well-lodged, thriving, and industrious traders, on whose pillage he supports himself.

In conclusion, we must be permitted one word concerning some statements made by Lords Aberdeen and Russell, Feb. 1, 1854, which were suffered at the time, to our great surprise, to pass without remark either in the House of Lords, or "in another place." They were to the effect, that it was a great happiness of her present Majesty, that in ministerial crises and such-like political difficulties for the exercise of the royal prerogative, there stood by the side of the throne a "natural adviser." The Earl of Aberdeen is reported to have said,—

"I think your Lordships must know well enough what are the constitutional position and functions of that illustrious Prince. That he is the adviser of the Queen is beyond a doubt in his capacity as her husband and most intimate companion. He is by law a Privy Councillor. . . . That the husband should remain silent, and see his Sovereign and her Ministers in difficulties and embarrassment, and not open his mouth to give one syllable of advice or assistance, is to propound a very different state of that relation from what I understand by it. My Lords, it has been studiously asserted that this is a novelty—that it was Sir Robert Peel who introduced it, and that Lord Melbourne did not permit his Royal Highness to exercise those functions which he now exercises so advantageously and so beneficially to the public service of the country. I only can say this—that it is true that his Royal Highness often, very often—generally—is present in the conversations which take place when Her Majesty's Ministers find it necessary to make representations to Her Majesty, which it is their duty to do. I can only say that I extremely regret his absence when it takes place. But I appeal to noble Lords in this House, of whom there are several, who have had the means of knowing, of hearing, of profiting by the wisdom, and prudence, and judgment of his Royal Highness—I ask them to say whether, in all that they have ever seen or heard, a single syllable has ever been breathed that has not tended to the honour, and the interests, and the welfare of this country? That a person of the talent, and thought, and ability of his Royal Highness may entertain views on particular matters from which a Minister may differ, is very possible. But your Lordships will recollect that it is the Minister who is responsible; and if Her Majesty

should choose to adopt the opinion of His Royal Highness, which she has the right to do, the Minister has his remedy; he has but one—which is respectfully to resign his position."

The constitutional position of the illustrious person referred to is that of a Privy-Councillor, and no other; and by the practice of the Constitution, those members only of the Council, who actually bear office, actually advise. If the advice of a person in the position of His Royal Highness should be taken in preference to that of a Minister, we are told by Lord Aberdeen, that the latter has his remedy, and "his only one," to resign. Yes, that would be his personal remedy, or rather his way of extrication and escape. But what would be the remedy of the country? What the remedy of the country, if a Minister should not have moral strength to resign, if he should surrender himself to a prevailing influence, and suffer himself to be led too far in an un-English policy? A person in the elevated position of His Royal Highness might not be "wise," not "prudent," not "judicious." And yet he might advise, not only in home concerns, but in the more serious matters of peace and war, and foreign relations; and the far reaching family influences of continental dynasties make us tremble even to touch upon that ground. It would be as inconsequential, though not so imminently perilous, to acquiesce in an unconstitutional doctrine enunciated by Lord Aberdeen, gratuitously, nay, fulsomely, with respect to an accomplished person, as for a free people to give up their liberties to a despotism, because of the convenience of working that form of government, and because the virtues of their then monarch might forbid any apprehension of practical oppression from the surrender. If the person so standing by the Crown is to be covered by the exemption from responsibility which belongs to the Crown itself, then should he not take part in the deliberations of those who are responsible. If he take part in Ministerial deliberations, he should be subject to the liabilities of a Minister. But a natural adviser—one's pillow, for instance, is not even theoretically responsible for its promptings; and if it cannot be visited with condign punishment for the hallucinations which it originates, it ought not to be glorified for the sober counsels which it suggests. Above all, ill effects might follow in our relations abroad in quarters where England is not understood, if it were supposed that "natural advisers" of the Crown are recognised by our Constitution. If at any future time one of these "natural advisers" should hold communications, extra-official as they must be, with foreign potentates—friends of to-day and enemies of to-morrow, or even *vice versa*, the very gravest complications might ensue in carrying on the foreign policy of the country by the responsible advisers of the Crown—already too little responsible, on the part of the nation.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

DIVINES of the Gausson and Bickersteth school have done all they could to ruin the cause of the Bible and to imperil the very existence of Christianity. Their motto has been—All or none. Every word in the Bible is absolute truth, or it is utterly worthless as an authority: a Revelation is not to be questioned in any of its parts, and in the case of an infallible writing, even contradictions must be accepted as equally true. When the alternatives have been so sharply stated, there has seemed a necessity, either of abdicating the functions of the reason which God has given to man, or of abandoning altogether, as deceptive and misleading, the “Book of books.” Yet it has undoubtedly informed and guided many generations for good; around it cling, with almost all of us, many tender memories; it has searched the very inward life of many hearts,—has aroused many noble purposes,—has supported the feeble under many sorrows; and concerning it there lingers, even with the coldest and most critical of those who have been brought up in a land where it is worshipped, many amiable prejudices, if not heartfelt and deep impressions, of respect.

When geologists, astronomers, and natural historians, have made assaults on the infallibility of the Mosaic record of the Creation, of the Noachian deluge, of the ass speaking with man’s voice, of the sign on the sun-dial of Ahaz,—when chronologers have animadverted on contradictory and impossible periods, and other observers have pointed out internal discrepancies in Old Testament histories and in the accounts of Evangelists, the maintainers of plenary inspiration have been able only to reply with their alternative. But another school of considerable pretension to acumen has come to the rescue. Sophists, rather than divines, they have chuckled over a verbal distinction, and have thought that they had found in it the solution of a grave theological question. Archbishop Whately, *ὅτι τοῖς ἀνοήτοις*, discovered that the Scriptures were not intended to deliver geological, astronomical, or any other scientific truth, they might even on such subjects declare error; but they were intended to teach *religious truth*, and in that department their revelations are to be received as infallible. The insufficiency of this solution has been felt by all minds but those which mistake puzzle for satisfaction; for the range of the religious teaching of the Bible is not thereby defined, nor can it be distinctly parted off from the conterminous regions of morals and of mundane facts. Especially if the religious teaching of the Bible include its morality, it is here that it is most inconsistent with itself. And with respect to its declarations concerning things presumed to lie beyond human sight and experience, little reliance can be placed upon statements incapable of verification

on the part of witnesses, who, where their testimony can be checked, are found ignorant, defective, simple, prejudiced, and inconsistent. Meanwhile, biblical criticism has been continually sharpening the point of the objections to any theory of infallible inspiration of Scripture; and, what is more, they have been laid before the popular understanding in an intelligible form. The discussion of scriptural difficulties is not now an exercitation exclusively for scholars; and the reconciliation, if it be possible, of the errors to be met with in the Bible with a just and reverent estimation of it, is a problem in which multitudes of thoughtful lay-people, and not a few ministers only, now feel the deepest interest.

To the solution of this problem, the Rev. John Macnaught,¹ a clergyman benediced in the Established Church, addresses himself, in a work distinguished by a fearless investigation of truth, an uncompromising hostility to deception and unbelief, a sincere worship of all which is holy and good,—distinguished likewise by clearness of conception, closeness of argument, purity of expression, and completeness of arrangement. And unless intolerance and superstition shall succeed in smothering the work which we proceed further to notice, it is one which will exercise a wide influence—one which will give form and substance to thoughts which have been floating vaguely in many men's minds—one which will supply a rallying-point, and become in lieu of a creed to those who are dissatisfied with traditional and untenable theories respecting inspiration.

“The object of this Essay is to be destructive of prevailing errors; to be constructive of a true doctrine of inspiration; to uphold the highest reasonable authority for Holy Writ: and to give ease and security in Christian faith, to all piously and honestly-disposed minds.”—*Preface.*

In the outset of the “destructive” part of his undertaking, that is, the pulling down the theory of the infallible inspiration of Scripture, Mr. Macnaught premises, that although fallibility admits of degrees, infallibility admits of none, and a few well-chosen examples of inaccuracies and discrepancies will be sufficient to destroy the dogma of the infallibility of Scripture. These examples the author prefers to select from the well-known pages of the New Testament, and rather from the class of evident internal contradictions, than from scientific objections. He does not open any unnecessary questions respecting the probable authorship of the four gospels, but contents himself with pointing out the impossibility of reconciling, under any hypothesis of absolute truth, the conflicting genealogies of Matthew and Luke, the conflicting accounts of the residence of the Holy Family, the impracticability of interpolating the flight into Egypt into the rest of the history, the occurrence of misquotation from the Old Testament, as when “Jeromy the prophet” is substituted for Zechariah (Matt. xxvii. 9). Hundreds of other instances, indeed, might have been

¹ “The Doctrine of Inspiration: being an Enquiry concerning the Infallibility, Inspiration, and Authority of Holy Writ.” By the Rev. John Macnaught, M.A. Oxon, Incumbent of St. Chrysostom's Church, Everton, Liverpool. London: Longman & Co. 1856.

adduced, and the details have been more forcibly pressed than even our author has pressed them, and—

“In vast numbers of cases, alternative questions may be proposed—Did 23,000 die in the plague, or was it 24,000? Was the Saviour crucified at nine in the morning, or was he still on trial at mid-day? Did Judas buy the Acellama, or were the chief priests its purchasers? Did the cock crow once before Peter’s two last denials, and is Mark right, or did the cock not crow at all till after Peter’s three denials, and is Mark wrong? Alternative questions may thus be readily framed by the score; and whichever alternative the reader accepts, the Bible alike denies its own infallibility. In all such alternative questions, the conviction on our mind is, that one or other of the inspired penmen was, in each case, mistaken; and, on whichever side the error may have been, the supposed infallibility of the Bible is equally disproved.”—p. 52.

There are expedients, indeed, by which it is endeavoured to reconcile differences and to explain away apparent errors; but—

“For ourselves, we have endured too much bitter anguish in this matter, to doubt that the unsatisfactory apologies of well-meaning Christians, whose wish it is to defend what they suppose to be ‘the faith,’ have repelled many an anxious inquirer, and driven many an earnest heart into the bleak inhospitalities of unbelief. But truth is verily great; and although the popular mind—alike of believers on the one side, and of unbelievers on the other—is still far removed from logical and true views on the grand subject of inspiration, yet there has been progress in the right direction.”—p. 53.

Then we come to the admissions of some modern theologians, and to the palliative suggested by Whately and others, upon which it is observed—

“The ‘learned few’ may be able to perceive the nice distinctions between the religious, and therefore infallible sections of the Bible, as contrasted with its non-religious, and therefore fallible sections or meanings; but the unlearned many will surely not be able to perceive distinctly these shades of difference.

“If, on the ground of these recognised and palpable errors in the science, history, and morality of Scripture, our bishops had said clearly and intelligibly, that the Bible was, however excellent, yet a fallible book, we should have admired their clear-sightedness and their courage even more than we now do; but as it is, our ecclesiastical rulers seem to confess a great part of the truth, and then to stop short, and suddenly uphold the idea of religious infallibility in a fallible book. . . . For ourselves, we, as part of the unlearned many, are ready to exclaim—Oh! enviable logical perception, never to confound morality with religion! and never to doubt the mysteries of the faith, whilst all the narratives of facts on which those mysteries are based, are avowedly open to criticism and disbelief.”—pp. 64-5.

As an instance, among others, of error in the Bible, even in matters of religion, may be alleged the contradiction between the Old and New Testaments on the subject of Immortality and a Resurrection. The passages from the Psalms, and from Job, which have been held by some to point to a resurrection, are acknowledged by scholars to have reference to the Divine interposition in this life; whereas the despairing expressions in such places as Ps. vi. 5, and Ps. lxxxviii. 10-12, “if they had been found in Aristotle, instead of in the Hagiographa,” would have been taken as indubitable denials of the immortality of the soul. The conduct of Hæzekiah, under the immediate prospect of

death, together with the subsequent description of what his feelings had been, while he esteemed it imminent, further show unmistakably, that dissolution was regarded by the most pious of the Hebrews, before the era of the Captivity, as the end of man. On the other hand,—

“It is quite needless to prove, by quotation, that the New Testament Scriptures contradict these sombre views of death; they confessedly teach the immortality of the soul, and the resurrection of a glorified, spiritual body. Both these doctrines cannot be true. Either the despairing doctrine of annihilation must be true, and the hopeful thought of a better world wrong, or the doctrine of immortality must be true, and the thought of annihilation false. Whichever alternative is chosen, the notion of the Bible being an infallible teacher, even of religion, is alike contravened by Scripture itself.”—
p. 73.

By such examples we are brought, at the close of the first book of the work, to the conclusion, that, whatever else may be the proper meaning of Inspiration, as applied to the Scriptures, it cannot, consistently with facts, mean suggestion of infallible teaching, either with respect to science, history, morality, or religion.

In the ensuing book are reviewed the reasons which may be alleged for expecting an inspirational infallibility in the Bible; the circular nature of the argument from miracles is pointed out, and the inference from the prophetic inspiration is turned aside by the reflection that, on the evidence of Scripture itself, the prophetic afflatus was occasional, not constant. There are elsewhere some exceedingly acute observations on the conditional character of the Scripture prophecies. Then follows an examination of canonical authority, and of the vouchers for the infallibility of the Old Testament, which are presumed to be found in the New. We must be pardoned for another extract from the conclusion of the second book.

“We have seen that the authority said to be attributed to Scripture by Jesus cannot be understood as implying the infallibility of Holy Writ; and that, if it could, we should still need some proof that we had an infallible record of what Jesus had said.

“We have seen that the amazing excellence of the Bible no more proves it infallible, than similar excellence proves anything else, in which that excellence resides, to be free from all error and imperfection.

“We have seen that instead of the History of the Canon proving the Bible infallible, that history itself needs much investigation, if indeed it be not hopelessly dark; so that it is rather the goodness and approved excellence of the Old and New Testaments which warrant our assenting to their canonicity, than their canonicity which assures us of their inspiration.

“We have seen that our Lord’s several promises of inspiration may be—if indeed we should not say *must* be—so interpreted as wholly to exclude the element of infallibility from the idea of inspiration. . . .

“. . . And, yet again, we have seen that there is nothing in the idea of inspiration itself which renders it incompatible for errors to exist in a person or in a book in which a measure of the Spirit of God is indwelling. . . .

“We have for ourselves at least exorcised the ghost of infallibility from the Bible; but is that volume therefore become profitless in our eyes? Far otherwise. We value it, not because of the spurious tinsel with which men had surrounded it, but for the real and genuine gold which the heavenly Father has placed therein. . . .

"If we revere and study all the so-called uninspired books which we deem wise and good, though fallible, why because we have abandoned an untenable and unreasonable notion of its infallibility, should we lose one jot of veneration for that best and holiest book, the Bible, to which many, if not all, of the greatest and wisest men in modern times at least, have agreed in affixing the glorious epithet 'Inspired?'"—pp. 164, ff.

Excellently well wrought out is the definition of "Inspiration," elicited from the scriptural usage of terms cognate with it, and from the application of it in Christian literature. The definition itself is given as, *that action of the Divine Spirit by which, apart from any idea of infallibility, all that is good in man, beast, or matter, is originated and sustained.*—p. 196.

The proper authority of Scripture is then examined, and the maxim of St. Paul, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good," is shown to be applicable to Holy Writ itself, inasmuch as it is a mixed material.

In the concluding part of his work, Mr. Macnaught has thought it advisable to provide against some objections to his theory, which may be drawn from its supposed dogmatical and ecclesiastical consequences. Very few professional divines have the courage to accept the truth, until they have cautiously ascertained that the corollaries derivable from it will involve nothing dangerous to their system, or their position. Perhaps, therefore, Mr. Macnaught has acted wisely in endeavouring to anticipate the difficulties which may arise to him from certain quarters. Nevertheless, in so doing he seems to have proceeded rather upon the suggestions of friends, than upon his own unbiassed judgment; and the execution, of this portion, with respect to the influence of his view of inspiration on existing dogmatical systems, is not altogether successful. We cannot think that Book v. Chap. 1, § 2, will be esteemed satisfactory by those whom it is intended to conciliate. There are many who would willingly goad Mr. Macnaught into a profession of belief, in order to entangle him in the formularies of the Church to which he belongs; but there is no authority, ecclesiastical or civil, in this realm, whose questions, as to his internal faith, a person in Mr. Macnaught's position is bound to answer. There are tribunals before which the writings of ecclesiastics may be tried, and "Ὁ γέγραφε, γέγραφε, but he is not obliged to accept or to deny for himself other men's inferences. Meanwhile, we observe with satisfaction, that there is a growing band of liberal theologians in the English Church—Milman, Hampden, Wilson, Jowett, Williams, Macnaught, of whom the last has spoken more clearly and boldly than any who have preceded him. It is natural that such men should be bound by many ties of affection to the communion in which they have been brought up; that they should be unwilling to surrender official positions; that they should hope, by remaining where they are, to exercise an effectual influence in the cause of truth, and to liberalize a great national institution. Whether or not there is a likelihood that such hopes can be realized, we are not prepared to discuss. But from whatever quarter the movement towards it originates, by whatever influences it is advanced, there is no exaggeration in saying, that the clear renunciation of the doctrine of the inspirational infallibility of Scripture will have consequences, not upon a single Church, but upon Chris-

tianity at large, as important as the Protestant denial of the infallibility of the Pope. Creeds can at most remain only as probable statements, when it shall be distinctly apprehended that biblical authority does not imply absolute truth; and articles may, without difficulty, be accepted as "agreeable to the Word of God"—that is, to the Bible,—as fair exponents of it, although confessed to contain, as that does, truth and error in every possible relative admixture. When it shall be acknowledged that those, like this, mingle together closely, if not undistinguishably—self-evident axioms with unfounded hypotheses, certitudes with probabilities, plain propositions with allegories, metaphors, and ambiguities,—they will wither, dry up, and be cast aside as useless; churches will cease to quarrel about that which they no longer regard as indubitably true; and Christianity will be enabled, thenceforward, unencumbered, to make its final essay upon the evil of the world, as a moral power.

We should recommend those who still think that they can maintain the position of the infallibility of Scripture, to obtain, if they can, a little book published at San Francisco, entitled "The Evidences against Christianity."² Scriptural discrepancies, contradictions, and difficulties collected from various sources are therein very cleverly put together. But the results are not evidence against Christianity, unless the defenders of Christianity are content that it should stand or fall with the truth of the letter of the Bible in all its parts. If the accounts are correct which reach this country concerning the state of society in California, we fear that the publication of this little book, unaccompanied with any moral warning, may be productive of immediate evil. An attempt should at least have been made to place the moral obligations of man on a firm basis; and gold-seekers, gamblers, and ruffians might have been reminded that, more than any scriptural declarations, they themselves render probable the coming of a retribution in the world to come, for it would not be conceivable that such as they should not ultimately, here or hereafter, receive their deserts.

In his "Primitive Doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration,"³ Mr. Mozley treats of a subject or portion of a subject more conveniently grasped, than that which he discussed in his work of last year on the Augustinian Doctrine of Predestination. In his present treatise, his method is fully adequate to the illustration of his issues, his style is clear, and he applies extremely well to his purpose very sensible principles of scriptural exegesis. He takes up as a result already gained, that not only in St. Augustine, but in the texture of Scripture itself, there is a predestinarian "grain," and maintains that no theory of regeneration will be found consistent with Scripture, which does not recognise a doctrine of predestination. The difficulty is to reconcile statements, which on the one hand refer regeneration to the absolute will of God, and on the other attribute it to all Christians, to all bap-

² "The Evidences against Christianity." By John S. Hittell. San Francisco, 1856.

³ "The Primitive Doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration." By J. B. Mozley, B.D., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. London: Murray, 1856.

tized persons. For regeneration, as Mr. Mozley argues with great force, does not imply, in Scripture phrase, an incipient state, or the communication of a capacity, but a perfect condition; not the bestowal of a faculty which may be inoperative, but the realization of a perfect moral character, the development of the righteous image of Christ. The solvent applied to the difficulty which results is, that the scriptural expressions concerning the regeneration of all Christians, like others concerning their election, are employed hypothetically and presumptively. Thus whole congregations are spoken of presumptively and antecedently as saints, but *de facto* many of them are known to be sinners, and are rebuked accordingly. To the interpretation of the formularies of his own Church on this subject, Mr. Mozley applies the canon, that her language having descended from Scripture, means with her what it meant in the Fathers, and that it meant in them what it means in Scripture. But the meaning of Scripture is to be ascertained by reason, and upon sound rules of interpretation, not forcing a literal meaning where it would be repugnant to common sense, or taking assertions universally where facts require them to be understood generally or presumptively. We should be glad if Mr. Mozley would apply his key of hypothesis or presumption to solve the difficulty on another side of the predestinarian doctrine—apply his principle to the case of the “reprobate,” just as he has to that of the “elect,”—to the unregenerate and unconverted as well as to the regenerate and Christian. When St. John says, “We know that we are of God, and that the whole world lieth in wickedness,” if facts require the universal to be taken with limitation, and hypothetically in the former half of the verse, facts and charity require it to be understood with like limitations in the latter.

The author of the “Genesis of the Earth and of Man,”⁴ says in his preface, that “attempts to reconcile the sacred records with scientific discoveries by strained interpretations of the former, have never given general satisfaction.” We are afraid that his own work will be found to illustrate this position. He has felt, with many others, that the results of recent physiological and historical researches are scarcely reconcilable with the theory of the origination of mankind from a single pair; and that the inferences of Bunsen and others, from philological investigations, are much too hastily generalized to give them any considerable weight in the scale which affirms that doctrine. The views, indeed, of Bunsen are themselves not consistent with the literal accuracy of the records of early human history in the Book of Genesis. And as modern geology has demonstrated the necessity of interpolating enormous periods between the first creation of this globe and its becoming fit for human inhabitancy, so the theory of the derivation of all languages from an inorganic or monosyllabic language, would re-

⁴ “The Genesis of the Earth and of Man: a critical Examination of passages in the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, chiefly with a view to the solution of the question whether the varieties of the human species be of more than one origin; with a supplementary compendium of physical, chronological, historical, and philological observations, relating to Ethnology.” Edited by Reginald Stuart Poole, M.R.S.L., &c. Edinburgh: Black. 1856.

quire the insertion into the history of many thousands of years at least, during which the development of the human speech into its several different forms could be accomplished. If the origination of mankind from a pair is assumed on the authority of Genesis, or in order not to contradict Genesis, the chronology must be stretched inconsistently with Genesis; or if the only chronology to be elicited from Genesis is to be taken as a datum, then the differences in human language can only be accounted for upon a supposition of the derivation of men from different stocks.

If an original plurality of human races should be established, it must affect not only the literal truth of some of the historical records of the Old Testament, but the whole scheme of Christian doctrine which is reared upon such a text as that, 1 Cor. xv. 21,—“For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.” The “natural engendering” from Adam will not have been a source of corruption to all mankind, if all mankind are not in fact derived from him, nor the corresponding redemption have been needed by all, if all did not actually fall in Adam. Meanings and explanations can no doubt be suggested, by which such texts will be made to square with whatever facts shall ultimately be ascertained; but the literal interpretation of Scripture, as containing absolute truth, and the dogmatic structure concerning sin and atonement which has been erected upon it, will become no longer possible. Our present author, indeed, supposing that the earth has been occupied by several races, considers the Adamite race, the last created, the created “in the image of God,” to have been the noblest; and that in process of time it has by intermarriage mingled itself with the other races which originated before it, exercising upon them the predominant physical influence of the nobler stock, and so making at length all men that dwell upon the earth to become literally “of one blood,” because one blood is in them. We cannot think otherwise than that this is a force upon the Scripture words; and it is much more honourable to the authors or compilers of the books of the Bible to suppose them to have been mistaken, limited in their knowledge, and subject to natural national prejudices, than to imagine that they purposely spoke in enigmas; or that a dictating Spirit indited ambiguities like those of the heathen oracles,—*Will-o'-the-wisps*, misleading successive generations, supposed for ages to mean one thing, and discovered at last to mean precisely the reverse.

That there should, nevertheless, be some expressions in Genesis, and some facts recorded in the history, which really imply the existence upon the earth of others than an Adamite race, is not surprising; for the compilers of those records were not so analytical as to test the consistency with each other of all the facts which they delivered. Just as a child when it is first set to read the Bible, must be more than ordinarily shrewd if it inquires whom Cain could marry, or who could slay him, when there were yet no men on the earth, nor would be during his lifetime, except his own near relations. And these incidental admissions and undesigned coincidences between the Bible narratives and scientific deductions, will be found to constitute a chief

value of those ancient records, and to supply one of the most interesting fields of biblical criticism and investigation.

A very sound, candid, and impartial work is that of Dr. Schweizer, on the "Doctrines of the Reformed Church,"⁵ of which the second volume is now before us. It embraces the period from the beginning of the seventeenth to the middle of the last century; and treats, first, of the rise of the Arminian doctrines, the Synod of Dort and its consequences, and the relation between the Remonstrant divinity and that of the Lutheran and Socinian Churches. Next, turning to France, the author describes the controversies which arose out of the teaching of Cameron and Amyrault, and follows their effects into Switzerland, where, in its original seat, the cruder Calvinism became modified by the influence of the Universalist doctrines of the divines of Saumur. Dr. Schweizer then proceeds in the most interesting part of his present performance, and, as we think, the most perfectly executed, to describe the modifications under which Claude Pajon endeavoured to exhibit the Reformed doctrine concerning Grace. Pajon published little, and his views must be gathered, for the most part, from the representations of his opponents, and from the decisions of synods convoked in order to determine the questions which he had raised. On the whole he seems to have denied, not perhaps the possibility, but the reality, or the proof, of immediate divine grace. He was led to his conclusions by a step which Amyrault had already made. As long as the traditional doctrine did not attempt to define upon which of the human faculties grace primarily acted or impinged, it might pass without question, that it descended in some way immediately upon the human agent. But Amyrault saw, with reference to the controversies on grace and free will, that the contradiction was too sharp between a doctrine of immediate grace and one which allowed any freedom to the will, if it were supposed to act upon the will itself. And he thought to solve the difficulty, though he only removed it one step, by supposing divine grace to act immediately, not on the will itself, but on the understanding. Pajon then observed that, ordinarily at least, the understanding is influenced through the "Word," and that the "Word" comes to each individual under infinite varieties of mental constitution, educational condition, and other circumstances, of which the antecedents run up to the first fiat of the Creator. And he represented Grace to be the Regenerating influence operating mediately through such a concatenation of antecedent secondary causes. Opponents would naturally call this view Pelagian, as confounding Providence and Grace, and as tending to obliterate the distinction between the offices of the First Person in the Trinity and the Third. Nevertheless, it would be possible to maintain the view of Pajon, leaving untouched the doctrine of the Trinity, by knitting the chain of antecedent causes in the kingdom of Providence to the Person of the Father, and in the kingdom of Regeneration to the

⁵ "Die Protestantischen Centraldogmen in ihrer Entwicklung innerhalb der Reformirten Kirche." Von Dr. Alexander Schweizer. 2te Hälfte. Das 17 und 18 Jahrhundert. Zurich, 1856.

Person of the Spirit: the essential question really raised by Pajon was whether this latter were not, as well as the former, a chain rather than a single link. Unhappily the inquiries thus opened, which if they had been pursued might have modified the doctrine of Grace, not only in those communions in which they originated, but in others, were prematurely closed by the ruin which overtook the Reformed Churches in France upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. But as Pajon's doctrine took its form partly from the Cartesian philosophy, of which he was an adherent, modifications of the traditional doctrine of immediate Grace must ensue, wherever and whenever the internal constitution of the being supposed to receive it, and the external circumstances in which he is placed, are calmly and philosophically considered by divines.

The Rev. Rowland Williams has published a vindication, or defence, of his work entitled "Rational Godliness," under the name of "Lampeter Theology."⁶ It does not admit of analysis or abstract. Part of it is thrown into the form of a comparison, in parallel columns, of propositions in "Rational Godliness," to which exception has been taken, with the counter-propositions which must of necessity be held by "Modern Judaizers," as Mr. Williams terms his opponents. Some of these contrasts are very pointed, and will be extremely amusing to those who occasionally look into the virulent evangelical prints.

In reference to movements towards a revision of the English authorized version of the Bible,⁷ Mr. Malan is for being satisfied with things as they are, and for letting well alone. Mr. Malan makes a good general defence of the existing version; but we did not expect to find him so extremely conservative as to desire to retain in the English Bible the now abandoned text, 1 John v. 7. The real difficulties, however, which stand in the way of a revision of the version, are not those which would attend the execution of the work itself. But who could concur in the undertaking? to whose hands could it be committed? Nothing is so gravelling to Scotch Presbyterians and others who worship the Bible and abhor Episcopacy, as to be reminded that what they call "The Word," comes to them from King James the First's bishops. It is not to be expected that these persons should acquiesce in a new version which should be the work of like hands, while others, who have as little sympathy with Presbyterians as with Episcopalians, would wish a revised version to represent their own views. That a board comprising Churchmen, Evangelical Dissenters, and Unitarians could practically work together in such a design we do not think possible. But this is a subject on which we cannot now further embark.

There is a great deal of information, in a popular form, connected

⁶ "Lampeter Theology, exemplified in Extracts from the Vice-Principal's Lectures, Letters, and Sermons." London: Bell and Daldy. 1856.

⁷ "A Vindication of the Authorized Version of the English Bible, from Charges brought against it by recent Writers." By the Rev. S. C. Malan, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford, and Vicar of Broadwindsor, Dorset. London: Bell and Daldy. 1856.

with the history of the English Bible,⁸ in the work under that title by Mrs. Conant.

A volume of Sermons⁹ has reached us, by the late Charles Manson Taggart, which are distinguished by a truly liberal spirit, the highest moral tone, and by a style earnest and impressive. Mr. Taggart was bred in the bosom of Calvinism, and his special sympathies, during the brief and early maturity of his intellectual and ministerial life, were especially engaged for those who were struggling to extricate themselves from that dark and dreary system,—an extrication which he had effected for himself with little or no help of others.

The Sermons¹⁰ of Dr. Chapman of the Episcopal Church in the United States, have reached a fifth edition. They appear to have had some polemical effects on persons not of the author's own communion. They maintain the divine institution of Episcopacy, and are anti-Calvinistic.

"The Progress of Baptist Principles"¹¹ contains some curious statistics concerning the decline, as it is stated, of pedobaptism in the United States. It is said "that the last census shows the whole number of the houses of worship for the United States to be 38,061, capable of seating 14,231,825; of this number, 10,341 houses of worship, capable of seating 3,576,199 persons, are held by churches practising adult immersion as the only Christian baptism."—p. 366, note. To the popular mind the necessity of immersion to a true baptism appears the strong point in the Baptist controversy. We regret to see so much stress laid upon it in this volume: "The letter killeth." The real point, to more thoughtful and better-informed persons, is that baptism should be the seal of a Christian profession credibly sincere. But this need not be tied down to a profession of conversion in the Calvinistic or Evangelical sense, as Mr. Curtis implies. As the author is necessarily in controversy with the Episcopalians, who retain infant baptism, he should have taken notice of their ordinance of confirmation; for although they do not, in practice, make so much of it as they might, it is capable, as a moral instrument, of answering the purposes of adult baptism, while it is theoretically the completion of the baptism till then inchoate.

"The Christian System,"¹² by Mr. Farrand, is a digest, under well-

⁸ "The English Bible. History of the Translation of the Holy Scriptures into the English Tongue; with Specimens of the Old English Versions. By Mrs. H. C. Conant, author of "Translations of Neander's Practical Commentaries." London: Trübner and Co. 1856.

⁹ "Sermons." By Charles Manson Taggart, late Colleague Pastor of the Unitarian Church in Charleston, S. C. With Memoir by John H. Heywood. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 1856.

¹⁰ "Sermons upon the Ministry, Worship, and Doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church." By G. T. Chapman, D.D., late Rector of Christ Church, Lexington. Fifth Ed. New York: Stanford. 1855.

¹¹ "The Progress of Baptist Principles in the Last Hundred Years." By Thomas F. Curtis, Professor of Theology in the University at Lewisburg. Boston and New York. 1855.

¹² "The Christian System; or, Teachings of the New Testament. A treatise on, and book of quotation or reference to every doctrinal passage, from Matthew to Jude; arranged according to the subjects." By Banks Farrand, author of "Man Natural and Spiritual." London: Longman and Co. 1856.

divided heads, of the doctrinal texts of the New Testament, intended to form a "Rule for Faith and Practical Guidance." It will no doubt be found useful by many inquirers into the teachings of Christ and his Apostles, who may not themselves be practical textuaries.

Among the productions called forth by Professor Jowett's "Commentary on the Pauline Epistles" should be mentioned "St. Paul and Modern Thought,"¹³ by Mr. Davies. As a critique, it does not profess to deal with the whole of that work, and is more successful in observing upon the "wavering" and fragmentary character of Mr. Jowett's style than in convicting his views of error. The most forcible of Mr. Davies's criticisms appears to us that on St. Paul's expectation of Christ's coming, pp. 18-20. In his observations upon atonement, in respect of which the most violent attack has been made on Mr. Jowett, we cannot think that he has grappled with the controversy. In tone he is not offensive, but a little tempted perhaps, being on the *safer* side, to treat the *unsafe* person *de haut en bas*.

The argument from the concessions of adversaries is very good polemic, though it has usually little force in the actual determination of disputed questions; yet it will impress third parties much more deeply than the opponent whose words are retorted unacceptably upon himself. Of the nature of such an appeal to third parties and dispassionate lookers-on is the volume "Unitarian Principles Confirmed by Trinitarian Testimonies."¹⁴ It consists of a collection from Trinitarian authors, of passages, considered by the compiler, favourable to Unitarian views. As far as these authorities bear on the controverted doctrines themselves, the concessions quoted do not seem to us of any great weight; of greater interest are those which breathe the sentiment of mutual recognition and of mutual charity among all Christians; but here, too, the concession is more in sound than in sense, for few of those Trinitarians who enunciate the principle of universal Christian brotherhood, contemplate the application of it to Unitarians. Mr. Wilson intersperses many candid remarks of his own, illustrative of the real opinions of Unitarians of the present generation, among whom are found many varieties of belief. The author himself appears to approximate to an Arian type.

Likely to be extremely useful is a translation of the excellent "History of Philosophy,"¹⁵ by Dr. Schwegler; clear without being superficial, and sufficient without tediousness. It supplies thus for the English student a more convenient and adequate text-book than any that we know of. As a specimen of the execution of the translation, we subjoin an ex-

¹³ "St. Paul and Modern Thought: Remarks on some of the Views advanced in Professor Jowett's Commentary on St. Paul." By J. Llewelyn Davies, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Incumbent of St. Mark's, Whitechapel. Cambridge. 1850.

¹⁴ "Unitarian Principles confirmed by Trinitarian Testimonies; being Selections from the Works of Eminent Theologians belonging to Orthodox Churches. With Introductory and Occasional Remarks." By John Wilson, author of "Scripture Proofs and Scriptural Illustrations of Unitarianism." Boston. 1855.

¹⁵ "A History of Philosophy in Epitome." By Dr. Albert Schwegler. Translated from the original German by Julius H. Seelye. New York: Appleton. London: Trübner and Co. 1856.

tract from Schwegler's account of Herbart's theory of self-preservation. Herbart's philosophy was a development of the monadology of Leibnitz.

"That which stands out in the soul is nothing other than self-preservation, which can only be manifold and changing in opposition to other reals. The causes of changing circumstances are therefore these other reals, which come variously in conflict with the soul-monad, and thus produce that apparently infinite manifoldness of sensations, representations, and affections. This theory of self-preservation lies at the basis of all Herbart's psychology. That which psychology ordinarily calls feeling, thinking, representing, &c., are only specific differences in the self-preservation of the soul; they indicate no proper condition of the inner real essence itself, but only relations between the reals,—relations which, coming up together at the same time from different sides, are partly suppressed, partly forwarded, and partly modified. Consciousness is the sum of those relations in which the soul stands to other essences."—p. 310.

Mr. Solly's Essay on "The Will, Divine and Human,"¹⁶ has considerable merit in many of its parts; its object is to ascertain some strong and unassailable position for the doctrine of liberty. The author premises that he has been unable to find this in the theory which makes liberty to consist in a power of choosing in opposition to the net result of the motives, and likewise in the liberty of a single act of self-determination out of time, manifesting itself in innumerable concatenated actions in time: his own theory is a modification of this latter creed. The point at issue between the Libertarians and Necessarians, is thus stated—

"The Necessarians assert, that the cause of human actions is to be found in motives determined by laws of human nature imposed on it by some power external to man. Thus, according to them, all human conduct is absolutely determined by laws of conditioned causality alone, and the supplementary unconditioned element is to be sought in the will of the Creator. The Libertarians, on the other hand, believing that human actions find some absolute beginning in the human soul, attribute them to some unconditioned cause in the human soul itself as their first principle, though of course acknowledging certain limitations to the sphere in which this unconditional cause is able to exert itself."—p. 27.

In other words, the Necessarian formula, in its simplest expression, subjects the whole soul to a causality extraneous to it; while the Libertarian asserts that it contains an element independent of causality, and that it is an originating power. With respect to this latter doctrine, Mr. Solly argues, that "the condition which anything must answer in order to come within the sphere of causality, is simply that of being an object for us" (p. 128); that the "I," the conscious centre and principle of our individuality cannot become an object to us, and therefore falls out of the sphere of causality. He considers that "the soul contains a central principle exempt from the law of conditioned causality," and this exemption is to be "predicated of the very prin-

¹⁶ "The Will, Divine and Human." By Thomas Solly, Barrister-at-Law, of the Middle Temple, and Lecturer on the English Language and Literature at the University of Berlin, late of Caius College, Cambridge. Cambridge and London, 1856.

ciple to which the universal language and consciousness of mankind assign the attribute of liberty." Certainly the centre about which the phenomena of consciousness revolve is not itself, in the individual, an object of consciousness. But all which follows from hence is, that this centre cannot therefore be *recognized* by its own consciousness as caused; to other intelligences it may become an object, and be acknowledged to be caused. It is only to the individual consciousness that the individual "I" cannot be regarded under the conditions of its existence, and that proof of its origination is lacking, which is very different from disproof of its origination. But if it were conceded that the centre of each man's individuality cannot be recognized by him as object, and must be presumed to be self-originated, the will is not identical with this centre. So far from it, that the phenomenal consciousness reports of the will, and the will is an object to the consciousness; at least in its function and separate energies,—at least as much as memory, perception, or any other element and faculty of the soul; all which, as elements and constituents of the soul, are objects of the consciousness, although the centre which supports them and it be not.

But let us pass on to the solution of the problem of free will, which Mr. Solly thinks he has found—that is, to his modification of the Libertarian theory. His principle is, that liberty is a self-determination of the subject. Undoubtedly if the subject is self-determining, then it is free; but is it self-determining?

"Suppose, for instance, I present to my mind two actions, and after deliberately weighing their respective advantages, decide in favour of one of them, with a feeling that my decision has been the result of free choice. Now here, we have both liberty and law. The liberty of which I am thus conscious is the result of the subjective determination of my soul, by which I have given it a certain posture, and made certain objective grounds of action exercise a greater or less degree of influence than they would have done had I assumed for it a different posture."—p. 138.

Every practical moralist will allow that it is of the greatest importance to the ultimate good act, that the determination of the will should operate mediately upon the conditions of the agent, that he should not suffer himself, from want of foresight and timely energy of the will, to drift into a situation where temptation will be too strong for his moral resistance. Every practical moralist likewise allows that habits are the concrete results of single acts,—that no act is indifferent in its consequences, but places the agent on a higher or lower moral level than before, with respect to the future. So that, at the moment immediately preceding any act, the circumstances in which the agent is placed, and his then character, as a concrete result of all foregoing acts, are *data*, and, as it were, known quantities; the determination of his will at that moment is as yet unknown, but immediately on its determination it swells the aggregate of the character, of the known, of the data, with respect to agency still future. Hence the successive determinations of the will are variants continually passing into constants. Mr. Solly considers that this determination of the will is a self-determination. But

the question rears—Could the will determine itself, in contradiction to the net sense of the motives then present to the individual agent?

“Human actions are the combined result of law and liberty. The law extends to so much of the action as by its objective nature comes under the conditions of causality. Pure liberty only enters infinitesimally in each particular action, as the momentary self-determination of the subject. The whole influence of the latter, however, in the choice of conduct, is very considerable, inasmuch as the purely subjective element of one instant becomes objectivised into character in the next.”—p. 155.

The self-determinations of the will in individual acts, show successive changes in time. Therefore, to extricate them from the kingdom of causality, they must be shown to be founded on an absolute will, which has no reference to time. This is no other than the pure Reason itself, on its moral face; and “the feeling arising from the consciousness of the relation of the individual will towards this principle,—is the sentiment expressed by the verb, *I ought*” (p. 159.) Now, it appears to us that a great deal of Kantian metaphysic might have been spared, and the positions of the author have been made much plainer to the English reader, if he had stated, that he maintains there is in man an innate sense of right and wrong, which enters as a force—infinitesimal it may be,—but still a force, in all particular determinations of the will; that in each determination of the will, something is due to this force, and something to the aggregate of character and circumstances. And a considerable practical value would have belonged to many parts of the treatise, if it had really been written in English. Germanisms, misty in themselves, become infinitely more misty when “done into English,” without being translated. Thus, what ambiguities flutter about the word “absolute.” It may mean, free and unrestrained; or, without limitation and definition; or, general, not particular; or, generic, not special; or, without appeal; or, universal; or, highest in generalization; or, highest in hierarchy of being; or, subject to no category. We also think that the employment of algebraical symbols as a method of expressing, in a general form, some of the problems which emerge in this essay, will not facilitate the understanding of them by the competent, and will prove an additional puzzle to the weaker heads.

The materialist controversy is running high in Germany, on which subject we notice two works: the first, of Dr. Frauenstädt,¹⁷ an essay of about 200 pages, which is of the nature of an Ironicum. It is very easy, he says, to place the doctrines of an opponent in a ridiculous or offensive point of view. So when the Materialist considers thought as a product of the brain,—when, for instance, Vogt says that thought has the same relation to the brain which the bile has to the liver, or the urine to the kidneys, it may be put offensively, that he maintains thought to be no better than the vilest of our excretions. Or, if the Materialist remarks that our sympathies and our joys have their seat in the nervous centre, it may be alleged invidiously, that he represents

¹⁷ “Der Materialismus. Seine Wahrheit und sein Irrthum. Eine Erwiderung auf Dr. Louis Büchner's ‘Kraft und Stoff.’” Von Dr. Julius Frauenstädt. Leipzig. 1856.

the feeling of compassion to be the same sort of thing with a toothache, and the pleasure of witnessing a dramatic representation to be akin to that of savouring a venison pasty. If man is acknowledged to stand the highest in the scale of animal being, but is not admitted to be differenced essentially from the other animals, this is described as a brutalizing of humanity; or if any deny the immortality of the individual, they are charged with holding the maxim—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Similarly, as the Materialist allows no doctrine of moral freedom, but holds that all human acts are necessarily concatenated with their antecedents, he is described as dangerous to society, inasmuch as he repudiates the use of punishment, → one of the foundations on which the safety of society reposes.

But the Materialist is not without his replies. If, he says, I consider thought to be a product of nature, I consider it as a far nobler and more excellent product than the bile or the urine: there is a difference in these products, and so there are differences in the nervous effects of toothache and of pity. So, if man is the highest and most perfect of all animals, his happiness is not to be sought in those things which are the satisfaction of the dog, or the swine; and the foundations of society can be in no danger from one who acknowledges punishment to be as necessary as crime. Even if there be no continued existence to the individual man, no encouragement to gross sensuality can be derived thence to any, except to those whose base nature would unfit them for any real happiness in a world to come. Finally, the Materialist has his theory, as others have, concerning the phenomena of human existence; but he does not deny that man thinks, or that he has a moral sense; although he regards thought as a product of matter, and motives as links in the chain of necessity. Acknowledging, then, the services rendered to truth by modern materialism, as, for instance, in shaking the dominion of dogmatic theology, Dr. Frauenstädt undertakes to correct the errors which attach to it, when he has first done justice to the truths which are involved in it. His essay is divided into two parts, corresponding with these two objects, and is characterized throughout by an extremely fair and candid spirit, and by great caution in not pushing arguments too far. In reference to the question of the human immortality, he sums up, at the conclusion, thus:—

"It follows from what has been said, that we cannot indeed prove in opposition to Materialism the continued existence of the Individual. We can, however, point out to it, that its arguments against that existence rest only on an unproved assumption; namely, on this—that the Individual is nothing more than a material aggregate,—a combination of matter. Along with this assumption, which ignores the Form as the essence of the Individual, comes to nothing the materialist proof against the continued existence of the Individual. If the individual Form is not an effect of the material combination, but rather the principle and cause of it, then is it not proved, that with the scattering of the matter, the individual Form also perishes which has governed it. Neither, on the other hand, can it be proved, that this Form is eternal. For we cannot know whether the species continually recurs under the same forms, nor even whether the species itself is everlasting. Here, then, we find ourselves on the boundaries of human knowledge, where it is not permitted to pronounce decisively either Yes or No."—pp. 207-8.

The other work which we have to notice on this subject, the "Anthropology"¹³ of I. H. Fichte, is of an elaborate kind, and takes a far wider range. Passing in review the spiritualist or dualist theories of soul and body, and the materialist doctrine of monism, it issues into a critique on the "Psychology" of Herbart, of which it points out, and then endeavours to supply, the defect. For Herbart, in his doctrine of self-preservation, "Selbsterhaltung," has too completely isolated the soul as a "Real" in the midst of other "Reals." It continually changes its relation to them, preserving the while its own individuality; and the succession of these changes of relation are represented, as to it, by the modifications of the consciousness. But he gives no account of the reaching of the perceptions to the Soul as an Individuum, nor of the receiving of the modifications of the consciousness in it. According to the theory of self-preservation, indeed, the continual emerging of new relations and consequent modifications of consciousness must be taken for intrusions, attacks, and limitations. And perception would be resolvable into a resistance on the part of the Soul-monad to these interruptions; but that such is the nature of perception there is no evidence,—nay, the evidence, such as it is, is all the other way. Thus, the philosophy of Herbart, as well as the Hegelian, instructs us by its failures, says I. H. Fichte, how psychology is shackled in its progress and falsified by the assumptions of a preconceived metaphysic. The Pantheism of Hegel and the Monadism of Herbart have alike failed in revealing a true knowledge of the Soul, which must be sought for by way of observation of phenomena and results; not anticipated by definition.

Materialism, in its turn, is open to the charge of substituting assumption for proof. For if perception and consciousness are energies or qualities altogether different from any others which we can observe as belonging to matter or its combinations, it is gratuitous to attribute them to it; and more philosophical to suppose them properties and functions of an essence *sui generis*, though it be only known to us by these its effects, and though it energizes through the instrumentality of matter itself. That it cannot energize otherwise than through the cerebral organ, is itself a proper subject of further investigation. For, some of the phenomena of the magnetic sight and knowledge seem to lead to a different conclusion. And if further experiments are required before the precise value and bearing of the magnetic phenomena are ascertained, that is a reason why all parties, who are sincere in the investigation of truth, should abstain from prejudging inquiry by assumptions and preconceived theories. The chapters on the origin of Souls—on the differences between the human and brute Soul—on the continued existence of the individual Soul, are full of interest; and if there is, in this very able work, a commingling of inference from theory and inference from fact, it is because the subject scarcely

¹³ "Anthropologie. Die Lehre von der menschlichen Seele. Neubegründet auf naturwissenschaftlichen Wege für Naturforscher, Seelenärzte und wissenschaftlich Gebildete überhaupt." Von Immanuel Hermann Fichte. Leipzig. 1856.

admits of any other treatment. The author holds that there is in the Soul a double life, an *à priori* and an *à posteriori* element, a Spirit (Geist) instinct with ideas, and a Reason (Vernunft) which is awakened through sense.

I. H. Fichte, it need not be said, holds firmly to the belief of the continued existence of the individual Soul; and he concludes his work with excellent observations on the different light in which man must be regarded, historically, if he is here a transient unit in a corporate humanity which alone has a perpetual succession, or if he is himself to survive, as a will, and enter hereafter into other and new relations.

POLITICS AND EDUCATION.

A TRANSLATION by Mr. Farie of Baron von Haxthausen's work on the Russian Empire¹ is one of the most important publications which we have to notice this quarter. The original has been somewhat abridged in its English shape,—or rather, the repetitions of the author have been omitted. Mr. Farie has executed his task with great care and great success; and the work as it stands is, perhaps, the most valuable we have as a guide to the internal condition and resources of Russia. We cannot, however, help feeling, at almost every page, how very few Germans appear to be fitted for clear, precise sketches of definite subjects, written with an intelligible purpose, and planned on an intelligible principle. Baron von Haxthausen collected a great mass of valuable information, and approached his task in a spirit of fairness and of anxiety to see a foreign land with the eyes, not of a foreigner, but a native; and no one can read what he has written without gaining a great amount of information, and having many new ideas with respect to the past and present history of Russia suggested to him; but there is a want of coherent, vigorous thought, which makes the work perplexing, and often insipid.

The author, in his preface, gives us to understand that his main object is to paint the characteristic feature of Russia as a patriarchal state. The commune, an enlarged family, is the nucleus of the whole system. The land belongs to the commune; each individual has only a claim to usufruct to which all persons born in the commune have an equal right. The principle is, that the whole of the land belongs to the population regarded as a unity, and every male inhabitant has a right to an equal share. The birth of every boy creates a new claim, and the shares of those who die revert to the commune. The land is first divided according to its quality, position, or general value, into sections; the sections are then divided into as many portions, in long strips, as there are shares required, and these are taken by lot; a reserve is retained to meet the growing wants of the society, and, at

¹ "The Russian Empire; its People, Institutions, and Resources. By Baron von Haxthausen." Translated by Robert Farie, Esq. Two Vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

periods fixed by the Government, a redistribution takes place. The commune is managed by a chief, called a Starosta, and he, with a certain number of elective deputies and elders, form the communal tribunal. The submission of the subordinate members is represented as complete, and the whole body lives together in a patriarchal relation, of which Russia itself is but a larger type, the Czar being the national Starosta. M. von Haxthausen lays great stress on the distance at which such an institution places Russia from the rest of Europe; and he views every question affecting Russia in the light which the commune gives to the inquirer. He represents this patriarchal life as the index and source of all that is good, abiding, and peculiar in the Russian character. It is this, he says, that makes Russia homogeneous, united, and compact; it is this that prevents foreign nations from intruding upon Russia; it is this that makes the whole people look up to, and love their Czar with a simplicity and a fervour of which an inhabitant of Western Europe can form no notion. Moreover, it prevents the formation of a proletariat; and not only is every Russian sure of a subsistence, but the children do not suffer for the sins of the father, as they do not inherit from him, but claim as the members of the commune. The system has been undermined, or at least departed from, by the adoption of Western customs among the higher classes, and by the formation of a nobility not connected with the land, but arising from the tenure of a certain official position. And it has been exposed to a still more serious shock by the rapid growth of manufactures, which the government has done its utmost to foster, and which are conducted on purely commercial principles instead of being managed by the associated efforts of a commune, as M. von Haxthausen thinks they ought to have been, in order to preserve uncorrupted the character of the native civilization.

To the work generally, and to this view of the communes in particular, we have two objections: the one is, that M. von Haxthausen, who wrote the latter part of his work soon after the Revolution of 1848, evidently writes throughout at the German democrats; and he praises everything Russian almost avowedly, because he thinks that Russian stability will counteract the liberal movement in Germany. We therefore distrust his fairness, and think he is biased in his conclusions by a wish to serve what is called the party of order. Our second objection is, that he himself is obliged to confess that it is impossible to maintain the communal system. He does not say so exactly, but we may infer it from his stating that Russia, not having any motive power of civilization in itself, is obliged to rest on Western Europe, if she wishes to rank as an European power; that the Crown peasants, a very large body, are under a system in many respects different; that the military on their discharge from service will not fall into it; that it prevents all agricultural improvement; and that even the development of the internal resources of Russia, the flux and reflux between the Asiatic and European Provinces, constantly undermine it, by creating new sources of wealth, and fostering the strong predisposition of the Russian for a life of travel and excitement. It is this that, as it seems to us, materially lessens the value of the book; we

are confused between the arguments for the preservation of the communal system and the facts that show it cannot be preserved.

We have also another publication of great value on the subject of Russia, in the second volume of M. de Tengoborski's "Commentaries." This volume contains a long chapter on manufactures, completing the subject begun in the first volume, and a chapter on commerce. M. de Tengoborski estimates the gross value of all the various branches of Russian manufactures as at, in round numbers, 500 millions of roubles; and the value, after deducting the cost of the raw material, as 325 millions. Six millions of the population, including women and children, are employed in this department of industry. The most interesting portions of the chapter are those in which the author examines the question, whether the cotton and iron manufactures ought to be protected so highly as they are. In 1822, the importation of cotton prints was prohibited, and plain cottons were subjected to duties of from 60 to 100 per cent. and upwards. The consequence was, that, to the detriment of many other branches of industry, the cotton manufactures monopolized speculation, and yet, notwithstanding the rapid progress it made, the quantity produced is in proportion to the population, far in arrear of that produced in other countries. With respect to iron, M. de Tengoborski is still more explicit against high prohibitory duties. He says that, as the Ural mines cannot supply the industrial establishments of the north, south, and west, at a price which would allow them to purchase, the prohibition of importation does harm to the one without doing good to the other. The admission of foreign iron would, he thinks, give a great impulse to the home construction of machinery; and every branch of industry suffers from the inferior construction of tools and implements, which is the result of the prohibition. The chapter on commerce gives an account of the home-trade of Russia; and the author calculates that he may safely set down a sum of 900 millions of roubles as the total amount of the home-trade, wholesale and retail. We have then an account of the imports and exports. The value of the cereals exported is estimated at 30,393,300 roubles, and that of the tallow exported, at 12,536,900 roubles; flax and hemp together are exported to the amount of upwards of seventeen millions of roubles. The chapter, generally, is too statistical for us to go with anything like detail into its contents. But if the statistics are accurate, or make a reasonable approach to accuracy, the value of this volume and of the whole work will, as a book of reference, be very great. It is to be regretted that the English of the translation is very often slovenly and faulty.

The works of MM. von Haxthausen and Tengoborski supply a valuable comment on the most important work which we have to notice in scientific political economy. List's "National System of Political Economy,"² has been translated by Mr. Matile, and edited

² "National System of Political Economy." By Frederick List. Translated from the German by G. A. Matile. Including the Notes of the French Translation, by Henri Richelot, with a Preliminary Essay and Notes by Stephen Cowell. Philadelphia: Lippincott and Co. 1856.

by Mr. Cowell. List's object was to oppose the pure doctrines of free trade, and advocate the expediency of temporary restriction. This is a subject on which a good book was much wanted, because all the nations of the Continent act on the principle which List espouses, and England did so until very lately. That England was very right in adopting free trade, List freely allowed, and even represented it as the last touch of art by which she attempted to reduce all Continental nations into a state of commercial vassalage. The theory is simply this, that each nation should consider not what will promote the general prosperity of the world, but the prosperity of its own people; and that this is often inconsistent with the most rapid development of general wealth. By protection begun at the right time, and continued during the right time, manufactures may be fostered, and thus the country contain the greatest possible number of outlets for industry. And not only does the country eventually become richer in this way, but its importance in the scale of nations is raised, and it feels that it suffices for itself. England proceeded, List said, on this principle until the latter half of last century, and by uniting free and settled institutions with this wise policy, placed herself at the head of the commercial world. Having attained that eminence, she then betook herself to expounding and recommending the doctrines of free trade; and if she could have succeeded, at once she would have been mistress of the industry of the world, for no country without protection to foster its infant manufactures, could ever have rivalled her. Fortunately for the world, at the moment most auspicious for her design, the conclusion of the French war, her landowners were in power, and in order to raise their rents, abandoned a free trade policy, and the Continental nations had thus a breathing-time, which they employed in giving strength by protection to their manufactures. To all this the modern commercial history of Russia furnishes the best reply. Both MM. von Haxthausen and Tengoborski, although the former evidently thinks as List did on the general question, agree in saying that Russian agriculture has suffered, that improvements in internal communication have been delayed, that the natural products of Russia, such as iron, have been turned to a bad account, by the excessive protection of Russian manufactures. Russia has not produced what she could, because she has tried to produce something she has not been fitted to produce. But then, List and those who think with him reply, she has a counterbalancing advantage in the increased sharpness and ingenuity of her mechanics, and indirectly, of her people generally. How are we to know that this is a positive gain? how are we to know that an equal or superior stimulus might not have been given by following out the course which nature indicated? List's book is, however, well worth reading, and contains many suggestions which Englishmen may think over with profit.

Mr. Sargant has published a volume which he entitles the "Science of Social Opulence."³ It exhibits the efforts of a mind sincerely

³ "The Science of Social Opulence." By William Lucas Sargant. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1856.

anxious to master and make its own the writings of the standard political economists. But any one familiar with those writings has not much to learn from it, although some of the leading questions of political economy are sensibly discussed in an independent, and therefore instructive spirit. But there is no real grasp of the subject, and no new thought. A student of political economy finds its language unfixed, he sees many of its terms used sometimes in a popular, sometimes in a stricter sense, and if he takes the propositions of any eminent writer in their most naked form, and applies them in different instances which suggest themselves to him, he may easily make himself believe, or may really see that they want correction. This is what Mr. Sargent has done; he has amused himself with devising a new nomenclature, and in improving the signification of the old one. He is pleased, for instance, with the amusement of showing that wealth is often used to signify not the abundance of that which satisfies our wants, but the things themselves that satisfy them; he calls land realty, and all that capital adds to land, he calls effects. Then he takes the supposed case, familiar to every reader of Plato's Republic, of a colony, first standing alone, and then communicating with other countries, in order to look at political economy in its simplest aspect; and he *naively* remarks, that he thought of this some years ago, and has found great benefit from it. He then examines the positions of preceding writers, and makes little difficulties about them. To Ricardo's theory of rent, he objects that it might happen that a colony should consist of land all equally good, and all equally convenient in situation. In short, he makes exactly the sort of objections and suggestions which a teacher would like an intelligent pupil to make, and which would be thought to show considerable promise; but they are not worth publishing.

We have, however, a much worse book in Mr. Jennings's "Social Delusions concerning Wealth and Want," because it is written in a foolish and arrogant strain of abuse against scientific writers and existing statesmen. Mr. Jennings wishes to tell us that political economy is not all in all, and that we should care more about making the people happy, than making them rich. When we come across such a book as this, we go lightly over the abuse and the platitudes of indignation, in order to test the real value of the publication by seeing what the author practically proposes. At last we arrive at Mr. Jennings' panacea, and we find it consists in putting a very heavy tax on everything he does not like. For instance, he objects to the vanity and the waste of strong men's labour involved in maintaining livery servants; so he wishes to tax every master of a male servant so exorbitantly, that the fashion will soon go out. In the same way he proposes to get rid of the smart young men in linendrapers' shops, who he thinks had much better be in the fields. He would apply what he calls the *lens tormentum* of a tax, and render it impossible for any employers to make a profit who did not substitute young women. The eminent writers whom he attacks, may feel easy under his abuse.

The evident indisposition of Parliament to disturb at present the Act of 1844, makes it unnecessary that we should do more than cursorily allude to a pamphlet by Mr. Haslam, on "The Paper Currency

of England."⁴ His main proposition is, that it is now desirable that the whole paper issues of England and Wales should be entrusted to the Bank of England, subject to the condition that the profits of each issue should be equitably participated between the public and the Bank.

Mr. Meadows has published a work on China,⁵ which his peculiar position as interpreter has made in many ways worthy an attentive perusal. He knows more about China, perhaps, than any other English writer, and is even able, on some not unimportant points, to correct the statements of M. Hue. We think his concluding remarks on the political prospects of China deserve especial consideration. China promises to be soon placed in the position held in recent years by European Turkey. England, France, the United States, and Russia, have each a great interest in her, and a still greater interest that she should not fall into the hands of any one of the four powers. The missionaries of the different Christian creeds afford a pretext for intervention bearing a considerable analogy to that of the Greek subjects of the Porte. The success of the allies in the present war may have a much wider influence than that immediately sought.

Mr. Meadows has added to his work a long essay on the term "civilization," which contains some sensible observations, and some good illustrations from Eastern life; but it does not seem to us of much value as a scientific explanation of the word, which, indeed, scarcely requires an explanation. Mr. Meadows decides on defining civilization as "the aggregate introduction by man, of efficient intellectual and moral agencies to the reduction of the physical, or of moral to the reduction of intellectual, in his struggle with animate and inanimate nature." M. Guizot's remark, that the fact of civilization contains more than any definition of it, appears to us as applicable to Mr. Meadows's attempt as to any preceding one.

There is one portion of Mr. Meadows's book which may be taken as a useful comment on another work we have to notice, a translation, by Mr. Hotz, of M. de Gobineau's treatise on "The Moral and Intellectual Diversity of Races."⁶ M. de Gobineau thinks that the degeneracy of nations is to be attributed solely to the gradual admixture of inferior races. He further asserts that the races of mankind retain all these characteristics without the slightest variation; but as a good son of the Church, he says that every race is capable of receiving Christianity. Any one who thinks with him, may read with profit Mr. Meadows's account of Christianity in China, where Christianity

⁴ "The Paper Currency of England." By John Haslam, late Turgot. London: Effingham Wilson. 1856.

⁵ "The Chinese and their Rebellions, viewed in Connexion with their National Philosophy, Ethics, Legislation, and Administration, to which is added an Essay on Civilization." By Thomas Taylor Meadows, Chinese Interpreter in H. M. Civil Service. London: 1856.

⁶ "The Moral and Intellectual Diversity of Races, from the French of Count A. de Gobineau." By H. Hotz. To which is added an Appendix on the Question of Unity of Species, by J. C. Nott, M.D. Philadelphia: Lippincott and Co. 1856.

is always a sort of patchwork with preceding systems. If the nations are permanently the same, they will bring down Christianity to their level, as has often been done in the Oriental world; if they rise to the height of Christianity, their position is not permanently the same. There are also many facts adducible to disprove the statement that nations always fall because they are mixed with an inferior race. The Jews who fell under Titus were a pure race, as pure, that is, as any race can be that has not lived in a state of isolation. The Moors conquered the Spaniards, and then the Spaniards conquered the Moors, neither race having received any intermixture of foreign blood during the flourishing days of Grenada. Dr. Nott's appendix, containing the most recent facts bearing on the question of the unity of the human race, is well worth reading.

Mr. Mills has published a very useful work on the colonies.⁷ He gives a sketch of the constitutional history and present political condition of all the dependencies of Great Britain. The dates and titles of public documents, comprising Orders in Council, Acts of the Imperial Parliament, and Parliamentary Reports, accounts, and papers relating to each dependency, are appended. The scope of the work extends not only to what are popularly called colonies, but to all our dependencies, including, for instance, the territories of the East India and Hudson Bay Companies, the Isle of Suez and the Ionian Islands. A preliminary chapter contains a historical sketch of the Home Administration, of the laws and government of the dependencies as affected by the mode of their original acquisition, according as they were obtained by occupation, cession, or conquest. We have then a division of the colonial constitutions into those possessing and those wanting in a representative government, and an outline of the powers enjoyed by colonial governors, and by the executive and legislative councils; and, lastly, a statement of the prerogatives reserved to the Crown.

Mr. Mill then proceeds to give the statistics of the separate dependencies, taking them in the geographical order suggested by their distribution in the different quarters of the globe. He has bestowed great care and labour on his task, and we need scarcely say how valuable his book, standing as it does alone, will be as a guide to those who wish to make themselves acquainted with the circumstances of any particular colony. Let us take Jamaica as an example, and a second-rate dependency furnishes, perhaps, a better test of the merits of the writer than one so important as necessarily to have attracted his attention. We have a short account of its discovery, and its acquisition by conquest during the time of the Commonwealth, an analysis of the Acts regulating the slave trade in the island, and then a history of its civil government down to the commencement, in 1852, of the present constitution. The existing form of government is then described, with its governor, and privy council appointed by the Crown, its legislative council of seventeen members, also appointed by the Crown, and

⁷ "Colonial Constitutions: an Outline of the Constitutional History and Existing Government of the British Dependencies." By Arthur Mills, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. London: Murray. 1856.

its second chamber of forty-seven elective members. A list follows of those who have held the office of governor, with the dates of their commissions; and, lastly, is given a complete table of all the Orders in Council from 1660 to 1852, and of all the Parliamentary papers, from 1811, relating to Jamaica. We need not dwell on the great amount of information which any one interested in the island would here find accessible in a few pages.

In a volume entitled "Essays on State Medicine,"⁸ Mr. Rumsey proposes a scheme for ensuring the Public Health by means of Act of Parliament. He has, at least, the merit of doing completely what he does at all. He takes no account of existing difficulties or existing remedies, but legislates in a minute and complacent manner for England, as if it were a newly-discovered island in the Pacific. He first takes the subject of State investigation, the collection of statistics relative to population, food, reproduction, &c. &c., and also relative to topography and climate; and arranges a machinery for inquiring into the causes of sudden or suspicious deaths. He then comes to sanitary regulations, which he divides into preventive and palliative measures, and he elaborates a system by which we should almost require a medical certificate from government before we took a walk on a damp day, lest our possible cold should infect the community. Lastly, he sketches the administrative machinery he would require. We so entirely dissent from the whole theory on which Mr. Rumsey proceeds, that we think it useless to quarrel with him on details. Neither the circumstances of England nor the habits of Englishmen admit of this Utopian legislation: if Mr. Rumsey likes to amuse himself with fancying how he would act as the patriarchal despot of a new colony, he can, of course, do so; but such schemes, as applied to England, are as much away from real life as a proposal that Plato's laws should be incorporated in the Statute book.

"Glances and Glimpses"⁹ is a much more interesting book, for it tells us of actual facts. It contains, under an ill-chosen title, the autobiography of a lady who has had the boldness to practise as a doctor in America. Dr. Harriot K. Hunt began, twenty years ago, to offer medical advice to women in Boston, and has, since then, acquired a considerable practice, and done, we have no doubt, a great deal of good. But she does not contribute so much as we could wish to a solution of the question whether female doctors are desirable as a regular branch of the profession. In the first place, she is so evidently a strong-minded woman; she is so fond of lecturing, travelling, displaying herself, quarrelling with every recognised authority, and contesting every debatable point, that her example would, in England, rather deter than attract. In the next place, although she sincerely desired to study anatomy, and was only prevented doing so because the college to which she applied would not admit her, yet she speaks

⁸ "Essays on State Medicine." By Henry Wyldbore Rumsey. London: Churchill. 1856.

⁹ "Glances and Glimpses, or Fifty Years Social, including Twenty Years Professional, Life." By Harriot K. Hunt, M.D. Boston: Dewett and Co. 1856.

of the study of medicine generally in a way that will always be quoted against lady doctors. She tells us that medical science "lacked to her mind a soul." Pathology would have disheartened her "had she not early perceived that the genius of each physician must decide his diagnosis," and therapeutics she abandoned lest the number of the volumes written on it should injure her eyesight. Lastly, she gives no instances of cases, nor any specimen of her mode of treatment which seem to establish that a sensible man would not have done as well or better. In spite of her personal success, therefore, we think she does not do much for the cause of female physicians. Still there is a charm in following the story of her courage and perseverance; and thus the book is worth reading in spite of its bombastic language and exaggerated feeling.

SCIENCE.

Although both Professor Gregory's Handbooks¹ are among the best guides to the study of chemistry that the student can select, we give the preference decidedly to his "Organic Chemistry," which is not approached by any other treatise, either British or Continental, with which we are acquainted, in the qualities that especially adapt it to the use of the learner. In the present state of organic chemistry, that at which the student has first to aim is to acquire a general acquaintance with its principles, and with the characters of the most important groups or series of organic compounds. No acquaintance with details can be of any essential service, until this primary knowledge shall have been acquired; and to impart this concisely but adequately, has been Professor Gregory's special object. That he has in the main succeeded well, may be judged from the fact that this Hand-book has been adopted as the text-book in the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, as well as in other leading schools; and this general demand, by exhausting successive editions, enables the author to keep his work far more *au courant* with the progress of this rapidly advancing science, than is the case with any other systematic treatise with which we are acquainted. Very extensive improvements have been introduced in this edition, but no fundamental changes have been made in its arrangement; as the author considers, and we think justly, that the system of Gerhardt, though likely in time to be accepted in place of that at present in vogue, has not yet acquired a claim to supersede it. Relations, previously unsuspected, are being almost daily detected between substances that were previously con-

¹ "A Handbook of Inorganic Chemistry, for the Use of Students." By William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. Third edition, corrected and enlarged. London: 1853. Post 8vo. pp. 291.

"A Handbook of Organic Chemistry, for the Use of Students." By William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E. Fourth Edition, corrected and much extended. London: 1856. Post 8vo. pp. 627.

sidered widely removed from each other. And while the whole subject is in this transition-state, it is better for the authors of students' manuals to abstain from such premature attempts at systematization, as may be very fairly advanced by those who are engaged in advancing the science, for the sake of directing inquiry and suggesting new researches. To every one, therefore, who is desirous of acquiring a general view of the existing condition of Organic Chemistry, we can confidently recommend Professor Gregory's "Hand-Book;" and although the companion treatise on Inorganic Chemistry does not seem to us to be distinguished by equal merits, yet it is a not unworthy companion to its younger but considerably more bulky brother.

What the author of "Nomos"² means by "a central law," we have not been able to find out; nor have we been more fortunate in our search for the law itself. Every now and then we are led to suppose that we are getting near the great discovery; in children's language, we are "burning;" and then we are thrown back into the chill of ignorance, by the substitution of some vague statement or shadowy hypothesis for the tangible reality we were led to anticipate. The author's notion seems to be, that electricity is at the bottom of it all, the motion of the planets round the sun taking place, we presume, by the same kind of electric agency as that which turns tables; but he does not venture to say so, veiling his meaning under the mysterious phrase, "the law of the laboratory," a sort of unknown quantity which can be used, like the "vital principle" in physiology, to account for everything. Now, in so far as electricity, magnetism, heat, light, chemical action, and motion are regarded as modes of force which are mutually convertible, we quite agree with the author, though we think his phraseology objectionable; but instead of developing this doctrine in a popular form (and we think that there are few great doctrines more capable of being made comprehensible by minds of ordinary intelligence, or of being put forth in an attractive guise), he has produced one of those books of shallow speculation, which bespeak a mind totally unused to habits of logical thought, and destitute of real philosophic insight.

We have abstained from noticing the "Micrographic Dictionary"³ of Messrs. Griffith and Henfrey, which has been for some time in course of publication, until its completion should enable us to state, once for all, our opinion of its plan and execution. The Dictionary itself contains by far the largest and most comprehensive collection of information that has yet been brought together, as to those minute organic structures which constitute the principal subjects of the Microscopist's study; this information is illustrated by a number of figures on wood and stone, almost too numerous to reckon, the greater part of which are highly characteristic; and it is furnished with a valuable

² "Nomos: an Attempt to demonstrate a Central Physical Law in Nature." London: 1856. Post 8vo. pp. 198.

³ "The Micrographic Dictionary; a Guide to the Examination and Investigation of the Structure and Nature of Microscopic Objects." By J. W. Griffith, M.D., F.L.S., &c., and Arthur Henfrey, F.R.S., F.L.S., &c. Illustrated by 41 Plates, and 816 Woodcuts. Van Voorst. London: 1856. 8vo. pp. 736.

Introduction, in which general instructions are given as to the selection and employment of the microscope and its accessory apparatus, and special directions are given with regard to various points of microscopical manipulation, whilst as much is done for the education of the eye (or rather of the perceptive mind) of the observer, as precept without practice can effect. Still, we must honestly say that the work, as a whole, is far from coming up to our ideas of what such a dictionary should be; its special fault, in our eyes, being the great disproportion between the amount of space allotted to the vegetable and the animal kingdoms respectively, and the very marked difference in the degree of minuteness with which the several subjects are treated. We trace this difference to a combination of causes. It may, we suppose, be presumed that the articles relating to the Vegetable kingdom are furnished by Professor Hensley, than whom no British botanist possesses higher qualifications for the task, in virtue alike of that personal familiarity with the subjects of his descriptions which he has gained by his original researches, and of his extensive knowledge of the labours of continental botanists. These qualifications are fully displayed in the admirable articles he has furnished on the elementary tissues of the higher plants, and on those simplest forms of cryptogamic vegetation, the study of whose life-history is not only of the greatest interest to the microscopist, but furnishes most valuable information to the student of general physiology. But we think it rather a misfortune than otherwise, that Professor Hensley should have had at his command the very extensive and beautiful series of wood-cuts prepared for M. Payer's "*Botanique Cryptogamique*;" since it has caused him to occupy by far too large a proportion of his space with insignificant details about the characters of genera and species of lichens, fungi, mosses, &c., which none care about, save botanists who devote themselves to the study of those particular groups of cryptogamia, and who would seek for their information in systematic treatises devoted to them; whilst very important subjects, in which every microscopist is or might be interested, are dismissed with a comparatively brief notice. Thus, under the head of *Leaves*, we find nothing but a slight general description, with a single illustration, of the typical structure of those organs, without any reference whatever to the admirable memoir of Brongniart, or to the curious varieties which he has therein described; whilst in the very same page, an equal amount of space is given to the generic characters of a group of lichens having no special interest; and we do not find the desiderated information under any other heads. The large amount of space devoted to the microscopic fungi is the more to be regretted, since the recent inquiries of Tulasne and others have shown that the same plant may bear so many different forms of fructification, as to prove the entire invalidity of those characters on which micrologists have hitherto placed their chief reliance.

When we glance over the articles relating to the Animal kingdom, we are at once struck with the comparative poverty of the information they convey, with the absence of any notice whatever as to numerous topics of the greatest interest, and with the want of practical familiarity

with a large number of the subjects treated of, which has led their author (whom we presume to be Dr. Griffith) into numerous mistakes. Here, again, the command of a set of wood-cuts designed for a work of a very different character, has been, in our estimation, very detrimental to the observance of the proportion which ought to have been maintained between several articles. For by far the larger part of the space assigned to the entire kingdom is occupied by descriptions of the tissues of the higher animals, with the numerous large illustrations with which the readers of Professor Kölliker's "*Mikroskopische Anatomie*" are familiar; whilst many groups among the lower animals, of the utmost interest to the microscopist and physiologist, are altogether passed by. Thus, one of the first omissions that we note is that of the *Bryozoa*, of which we find no account, either under that name, or under the name of *Polyzoa*, now preferred by many British naturalists; and our surprise is increased, when we find that what is said of the group occurs under the head of *Polypi*, among which no well-informed zoologist would now think for a moment of ranking it. Among the various blunders which that article contains, we find the following astounding statement:—"A blood-vessel system has hitherto been found in but few polypes; when present (*Acyonidium*, *Acyonium*), it consists of longitudinal and circular vessels existing in the abdominal walls, with intermediate capillary networks." Is it possible that the writer has mistaken the extensions of the gastric cavities, which unite the polypes of one polypidom into a common alimentary apparatus, for a system of blood-vessels? A similar mistake occurs under the head of *Acalephæ*, among which a blood-vessel system is said to exist, consisting of a set of closed vessels containing a liquid with coloured globules; we are not told in what forms of the class this system is found; and nothing would lead the reader to suppose that if it really exists in any, its presence is altogether exceptional.

Neither under the general head of *Acalephæ*, nor under any subordinate title we have been able to think of, is any notice taken of the researches of Huxley, Kölliker, Leuckart, Vogt, and others, on those composite forms, whose strange nature had baffled the penetration of all such naturalists as satisfied themselves with what the unassisted eye could reveal of their structure.

Under the head of *Echinodermata*, not one word is said of those wonderful free-swimming larvæ, to the study of which Professor Müller has devoted a large part of every summer for many years past, and on which his researches have attracted the interest of every one deserving to be called a zoologist.

The beautiful Compound *Tunicata*, the transparent forms of which are among the most interesting of all microscopic objects to those who have previously acquired such a general idea of their structure and physiology as a work like this might have been expected to convey, are not so much as mentioned. In fact, we might go on naming omission after omission of this kind; and if the plea be raised that the dimensions of the work would not permit of the introduction of any notice of the deficient subjects, we reply that both in the text and the illustrations we could easily point to numerous omissions,

which might have been made with improvement rather than with deterioration to the general character of the work, and which would have left ample space for the information we desiderate. In short, when we compare the minute accounts of the lower forms of vegetable life, with the absolute dearth of any corresponding information respecting the greater number of those forms of animal life which occupy a similar grade, and are of far greater interest to the microscopist, we can come to no other conclusion than that the two editors were lamentably ill-paired, and that the work would have been far more complete if Dr. Griffith had been competent to do for the animal kingdom what Professor Hensley has done for the vegetable.

We have thought it our duty to point out with an unsparing hand what we feel to be the deficiencies of this work; but we can still end as we began, by saying that, with all its faults, there is no other such valuable collection of information attainable, touching that "world of small" to which the microscope introduces us; and that, to every microscopist who concerns himself with the vegetable kingdom, it will be found of special value.

Mr. Dallas's "Natural History of the Animal Kingdom"⁴ has already made its appearance, in successive volumes of "Orr's Circle of the Sciences," but now comes forth, for the first time, as a complete and distinct treatise. We are glad to be able to recommend it, as being, of all the popular treatises on zoology with which we are acquainted, the one which most accurately represents the present state of scientific knowledge. The author, whose special department of study has been Entomology, has wisely followed in the wake of more experienced naturalists, instead of attempting to put forth a classification of his own; and he could not have taken a better guide than the "Zoologische Briefe" of Professor Vogt, whose arrangement he has for the most part followed, adding many details, however, from various monographs of particular groups which have obtained a standard reputation. The zoological student, whether desirous of gaining a comprehensive view of the structure and classification of the animal creation generally, or, whilst intending to limit himself to some one department, wishing to acquire some knowledge of its relations to the rest, cannot have recourse to a better guide than that which Mr. Dallas has here furnished him. The only drawback to the value of the book is the very inferior printing of the illustrations; many of these, whose execution we know (from their appearance elsewhere) to be of first-rate character, being entirely spoiled in the press. As a counterpoise to this depreciatory remark, however, we should add that the book is furnished with a full and elaborate index.

We are happy to be able at last to announce the completion of one of the most admirable monographs⁵ which has ever appeared in this

⁴ "A Natural History of the Animal Kingdom; being a Systematic and Popular Description of the Habits, Structure, and Classification of Animals, from the Lowest to the Highest Forms, arranged according to their Organization." By W. S. Dallas, F.L.S., &c. London: 1856. Post 8vo. pp. 817. With, 374 Wood Engravings.

⁵ "A Monograph of the British Nudibranchiate Mollusca, with Figures of the Species." By Joshua Alder and Albany Hancock. 4to. London: 1855. Printed for the Ray Society.

or any other country, and which reflects the highest credit upon all who have actively participated in its production. Its history is somewhat singular. About twelve years ago (we believe) a strong impression was made on the members of the natural history section of the British Association, by the exhibition of a series of most beautiful and elaborate drawings of Nudibranchiate Mollusca, the work of two gentlemen at Newcastle-on-Tyne, whose names had not been generally known as zoologists, but of whose ability and enthusiasm these representations afforded abundant evidence. For not only were nearly all the species of these sea-slugs with which British naturalists had been previously acquainted, most admirably figured, but a large number of new forms had been added, many of them remarkable for their beauty, and others for the singularity of their organization. A very general wish was expressed for the publication of such a complete monograph of the group as Messrs. Alder and Hancock were in a position to prepare; but it was perfectly obvious that no work of this kind could be expected to pay its own expenses. For, although there is a public that is sufficiently interested about birds and butterflies and shells, and is at the same time sufficiently flush of money, to make the production of magnificently-illustrated books on these subjects a tolerably safe speculation, yet that same public is not sufficiently interested about sea-slugs to spend its money on costly pictures of them, however beautiful these might be; whilst, on the other hand, the men who have a scientific interest in such creatures, are for the most part those who cannot afford to pay a heavy price for information respecting them. As the funds of the British Association were not in a condition to bear the expense of such a publication, it was requisite to devise some other mode, if the work were to be produced at all; and it was resolved, by a small body of zealous naturalists, to endeavour to form an association for the express purpose of publishing, by means of an annual subscription, such works on zoology and botany as might be of standard value, and might not be accepted by ordinary publishers on account of the cost of their production. In this way originated the Ray Society; which has done eminent service to science, not merely by issuing a number of admirable works, which, even if fully prepared for publication, would probably have never found a tradesman disposed to undertake the risk of bringing them out,—but also by inducing men of distinguished ability to undertake the production of monographs of particular groups, to which they might have given special attention, but as to which their information might in great part have been lost to the scientific world, from the want of a sufficient pressure to stimulate them to give it forth. Thus, besides the work whose recent completion has called forth these remarks, the Ray Society may claim the credit of having given to the world Professor E. Forbes's "Monograph of the Naked-eyed Medusæ," Dr. Baird's of "the British Entomostraca," and Mr. Darwin's of "the Cirripedia," to which we understand that others not less important will be added as speedily as the limited means of the society may admit.

The group of molluscous animals which forms the subject of Messrs. Alder and Hancock's work, is distinguished not merely by the absence

of a shell, but also by the peculiar disposition of the branchial appendages or gills,—these being situated on the back without any protection, and forming rows or circles of plumes, tufts, or simple papillæ. The ordinary name of “sea-slug” certainly does them but a scant measure of justice, being associated in our minds with objects whose appearance is anything but attractive, whilst many of these nudibranchs are remarkable for the beauty of their colouring and the gracefulness of their forms. Unfortunately, they are as perishable as they are beautiful, it being impossible to preserve them after death in their original forms and colours; and from this circumstance it is, that they are so little known to the generality of observers. Hence the special value of a work which shall contain accurate delineations of them as they appear in the living state, instead of describing them from the shapeless and colourless masses which most of them come to present after a lengthened immersion in spirits. Of the zeal and success with which Messrs. Alder and Hancock have prosecuted their researches, sufficient evidence is afforded by this one fact,—that whilst the number of species known to British naturalists at the time when they first took up the subject, was *under forty*, they have themselves added to the list *upwards of sixty*, chiefly through their own personal researches. Although the nudibranchs have been made a careful object of study during late years, among many continental naturalists, no such harvest of discovery has yet rewarded their researches; and they must altogether yield the palm, as regards the detection of new specific and generic types, to the English explorers.

But the merit of Messrs. Alder and Hancock’s work does not by any means consist solely or even chiefly in the number of new species which are accurately described and figured in it. A most careful and exact investigation has been made into the internal structure of all the principal forms of the group; and many very remarkable features of organization have been brought to light. The truth regarding some of these, however, has only been determined after a warm controversy, in which our authors have borne a prominent and most honourable part. It is the peculiar distinction of the group *Eolididæ*, that the liver is broken-up (as it were) into its ultimate elements, and that these are scattered through the branchial papillæ with which the back is clothed, and of which every one is penetrated by a branch of an arborescent extension of the intestinal tube. Now, when this structure was first examined, it was entirely misunderstood. The branching prolongations of the alimentary canal, which are really wide hepatic ducts, were supposed to take the place of veins, and to represent the gastro-vascular canals of the *Medusidæ*; and M. de Quatrefages, who warmly espoused this view, asserted that in some of the order there was no vestige of either heart or arteries, the place of the circulating apparatus being entirely taken by the extension of the gastro-intestinal cavity. The type of structure characterized by this degradation was termed *phlebenterism*; and no point in the anatomy of the invertebrata has been more earnestly, and at the same time more honestly discussed, than the existence of this phlebenterism. The discussion as now, we believe we may say, been entirely set at rest, chiefly by the

very complete proofs which the anatomical researches of our authors (assisted by Dr. Embleton) have enabled them to advance. But out of this discussion has arisen a most important accession to our knowledge of the circulation of the invertebrata generally; for it has been ascertained that the deficiency of systemic veins, which was at first supposed to be a peculiarity of the nudibranchs, is shared with them by all save the highest Mollusca, the blood which is returning from the systemic arteries escaping into the *lacunæ* between tissues and organs, and even into the general cavity of the body, before it finds its way into the respiratory organs, and is transmitted from them back to the heart; and that a like condition prevails in the Articulated series also. To Professor Milne-Edwards the credit of putting the general question on its right footing is pre-eminently due; and it may now be confidently affirmed that the condition of phlebenterism does not exist, and that the nudibranchs in question are exceptional in no other important particular than the divided condition of the liver.

It was in the case of the *Doris* that the curious fact was first ascertained, which is now known to be common to marine gasteropods generally, viz., that they swim about actively during the early period of their existence, by means of a pair of large ciliated lobes, one on each side of the mouth, somewhat resembling those of the wheel-animalcule; and that they possess a small spiral shell, even though destined ultimately to be free from such an appendage. Many facts, moreover, of great importance in the philosophy of development, may be clearly determined by watching the history of the evolution of the nudibranchs, than by studying that of almost any other animals. Altogether, therefore, this group, though one to which little importance was formerly attached, has come of late to take a high rank as regards the various sources of interest which attend the study of it; and we cannot but anticipate that the completion of Messrs. Alder and Hancock's Monograph, which really makes a most beautiful drawing-room book, will impart a new zest to the pursuit of marine natural history, now so zealously resorted-to by many of the fair frequenters of our coasts during the summer season. We do not care how many more such monographs we receive from the Ray Society; and hope that an increase in the number of its members may promote their speedy appearance.

From Mr. Gosse we have another of those pleasant books on marine zoology,⁶ which are largely contributing to excite an increased interest in its study on the part of the general public, and are thus helping to substitute a wholesome and improving occupation, both of mind and body, for the listless dawdling or frivolous devices for killing time, which are indulged in by so large a proportion of our visitors to the coast. A naturalist who should be seen in very shabby attire, poking about among the rocks and sea-weeds, ever and anon popping into his collecting jar a worm, or a zoophyte, or a sea-slug, or landing from his boat laden with a dirty heap of various strange-looking creatures

⁶ "Tenby: a Seaside Holiday." By Philip Henry Gosse, A.L.S. London: 1856. Van Voorst. 12mo. pp. 400. With 24 Coloured Lithographs.

hauled up by the dredge, which he is bearing home for detailed examination, has usually been considered by the well-dressed frequenters of our watering-places as a half-cracked enthusiast, who did no harm to any one but himself, but who put himself to a world of useless trouble for no good whatever. But we now find the subject taken up by multitudes of amateurs, who find that the pursuit carries its own ample reward, in the novel sources of interest which it opens before them, in the zest of successful search for objects as to which they had previously no feelings but those of indifference or even of repulsion; and in the gratification of that curious appetite which, instead of being satisfied by repletion, only grows stronger and more insatiable by the nutriment it has received. After the full notice which we gave a year ago of Mr. Kingsley's "Glaucus," we need not enlarge upon our own estimate of the advantages of this study; but shall offer a few comments on the new contribution towards it which now lies before us.

The advantages of Tenby as a locality for the pursuit of marine zoology, have until lately been known to comparatively few; but by those few they have been most highly appreciated. Our own earlier studies were made there; and, we look back with the strongest recollections of enjoyment to the practical acquaintance we then formed with multitudes of objects of which we had obtained a competent book-knowledge, but which we then for the first time saw in life. It happened that our very first microscopic observation revealed to us the "swarming" of the zoospores of an *Ulva*, which was a phenomenon that had then only recently become known by the observations of Agardh, and which had not, we believe, been seen by any one else in this country. There, too, we found a large proportion of those compound Aseidians, which had been studied by Professor Milne-Edwards not long before on the coast of France, with such remarkable results. There also, to say nothing of sponges and zoophytes, echinoderms and annelids, in most wonderful abundance, we made acquaintance with that curious type of organization (of which we shall have more to say immediately,) presented by the *Nymphons*, which that excellent observer, M. de Quatrefages, was about the same time studying elsewhere, and his account of which, published shortly afterwards, we had the pleasure of finding to correspond with our own conclusions in every important particular. And there, too, we fell in with one of the rarer and more beautiful species of the interesting tribe of Nudibranchiate mollusks; a species of which we could find no account in any book that we then consulted, and which has been for the first time described in the magnificent monograph of Messrs. Alder and Hancock.

Though the charm of our first visit made us long to repeat it, many years elapsed before we were able to contrive a brief sojourn there, a short time after Mr. Gosse had quitted it; and we had the pleasure of finding every one of our former haunts looking exactly as we had left it,—the physiognomy of the hard limestone rocks being apparently unaltered by the wearing action of the waves, and the caves of St. Catharine's presenting the same rich tapestry of sponges and zoophytes as formerly, save where (perhaps in consequence of Mr. Gosse's recent

ravages) their walls seemed to have been denuded of some of the choicer rarities which we remembered them to have formerly borne.

Mr. Gosse's "Tenby," like his former books, pleasantly combines an account of the various remarkable objects of the neighbourhood, such as ruined castles (which abound in that region) or remarkable points of coast-scenery, with that of his strict zoological researches; in fact, it is an almost exact record of the actual events of his six weeks' holiday, nearly every day's occupation,— "tide-pool explorations, cavern searchings, microscopic examinations, scenery huntings, road-side pryings," being set down just as it occurred. Thus it has much of that freshness derived from actual enjoyment, which constitutes the difference between a lively personal narrative (such as the "Physician's Holiday in Switzerland,") and the best "Handbook" of the country that ever was compiled. We regret, however, that by following this plan too closely, the author should have excluded himself from making use of the contributions of other observers to the natural history of Tenby. Thus he might have advantageously introduced a notice of that curious Bryozoon, *Farrella gigantea*, discovered by Mr. Busk in the caves of St. Catharine's, incrusting some parts of their walls with a close and thick pile, which could only escape notice on account of the numerous sponges and minute worm-tubes of similar colour and general aspect, among which it stood. This species is characterized in the first place by the comparatively enormous dimensions of the cells, which occasionally exceed one-tenth of an inch in length; and secondly, by the peculiar constitution of their wall, which is not horny and transparent, but of a soft flocculent texture, penetrated as it were by a mud composed of clayey and flinty particles.* So Mr. Gosse might have interested his readers by a popularized account of the curious researches of Dr. Carpenter† on the development of the common *Purpura*, or rock-whelk, which were published so soon after Mr. Gosse's own visit, that they must have been in progress almost contemporaneously with it. This shell abounds at Tenby on every rock along the shore; and the little flask-shaped capsules in which its eggs are deposited, are found in the months of August and September, whenever they are looked for. Each of these capsules contains, when first deposited, from 500 to 600 little bodies, looking like eggs; but of these only from 12 to 40 are real ova, the rest being only segments of yolk provided for the nutrition of the embryos. Each of the true ova, after going through the ordinary processes of segmentation, is developed into an embryo, which soon becomes provided with the pair of ciliated lobes that are the first-formed organs in marine gasteropods generally, and between these appendages a mouth and wide œsophagus soon make their appearance. In the mean time the yolk-segments, having undergone a further subdivision into still minuter spherules, coalesce again into a conglomerate mass, in which the true embryos are sometimes embedded, though they are generally found lying outside it; and then a most curious process begins. The

* "Microscopical Journal," Oct. 1855, p. 93.

† "Transactions of the Microscopical Society," vol. iii. p. 177.

minute embryos attach themselves to the conglomerate mass, like the embryo kangaroo to the teat of its mother; and, by means of the cilia surrounding the mouth, they gulp down spherule by spherule of this supplemental yolk, until the whole is distributed among them. Thus the body of each embryo swells out to from twenty to fifty times its original bulk; and the additional store thus taken-in seems necessary for the full development of the mollusk. For it is not uncommon to meet with embryos which have become partly or completely abortive for want of it, either because they could not get any from not having rightly attached themselves to the mass, or because the number of embryos in the capsule was too great to allow them to have their full dose. The original yolk seems only to be enough for the development of the ciliated lobes, the mouth, and the œsophagus; and embryos which get no more may be compared to cherubs, being all head and wings, and no body. It is not a little singular that one or two such should be found in almost every capsule, still actively swimming about in this rudimentary condition, whilst the remainder have been attaining their full evolution. If an additional but insufficient supply of the supplemental yolk have been obtained, the auditory vesicles, foot, and shell may be developed, other parts remaining abortive; and not unfrequently several such embryos may be observed in one capsule, where the entire number has been large, and the mass of conglomerate yolk has been relatively small. These observations are the more important, because they explain what has previously been a source of perplexity to many naturalists in regard to other animals as well as to gasteropod mollusks; and we think it is to be regretted, therefore, that Mr. Gosse should have taken no notice of them.

On two other points, we feel called upon to make some brief remarks, in order that Mr. Gosse's readers may not be misled by his own want of thorough acquaintance with the objects he describes. In speaking of the great Rhizostome, he calls in question the well-established fact of its nutrition through a multitude of minute oral orifices, instead of (as in other medusæ) by a single large mouth; through his having mistaken the ovarial chambers for stomachs, and their orifices for mouths. It is not a little curious that small fishes should be very commonly found in these chambers; and the observations of Mr. Peach show that fish resort to medusæ for protection from their voracious pursuers of the same class. Our author devotes an entire chapter (though a short one) to an animal which he calls the sea-spider, the *Nymphon gracile* of zoologists. Now, in the first place, it is quite a mistake to call it a spider at all; for it is certainly a crustacean in its essential characters (although not without some points of analogy to spiders), and has been described by Professor Milne-Edwards, the highest authority as to that class, under the family *Pycnogonidae*. The special interest attaching to this creature arises from the peculiar disposition of its digestive apparatus, the very diffused condition of its circulating system, and the entire absence of respiratory organs. The digestive apparatus consists of a longitudinal alimentary tube, commencing from a narrow suctorial mouth, and passing back to the anus; from this œccal tubes diverge, that extend nearly to the extremities of

the long sprawling limbs; and a peristaltic flux and reflux of the contents are continually taking place between one part of the system and another. The straight intestine, Mr. Gosse has mistaken (as others have before him) for a dorsal vessel, through not being able to trace its anterior termination in the mouth; and he has described the peristaltic movement as a vascular circulation. Now, if Mr. Gosse had examined one of the more transparent species, he would have had no difficulty in detecting the connexion of his supposed dorsal vessel with an oral orifice, which the comparative opacity of that part in *Nymphon gracile* seems to have prevented his doing; and he might then have perceived that the movement of fluid which he noticed in the space between the digestive apparatus and the walls of the body and limbs, is really a blood-circulation in its lowest form, taking place in this great lacunar space, which is not yet contracted into distinct vessels. Mr. Gosse alludes to Professor Milne-Edwards's "*supposition* that it is the intestinal canal which ramifies into the feet;" but seems quite unaware of the very clear account that has been given of the whole organization of these curious creatures by M. de Quatrefages,* an acquaintance with which would have saved him from so grievous a blunder.

Although we have thought it incumbent upon us to notice these two errors, they are the only mistakes of any consequence that we have been able to detect; and the book abounds in information which will be highly acceptable to every one who is at all interested in marine zoology. Among the novelties to which Mr. Gosse introduces his readers, are the active free-swimming crustacean-like larvæ of the fixed barnacles and acorn-shells; and the curious and beautiful larvæ of the echinus, so admirably studied by Professor Müller of Berlin, which Mr. Gosse seems to have been the first to observe in our own seas.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

MOST educated persons have, at times, found reason to think that the world is not so large as it seems. We meet accidentally with strangers, and it is rare that we are unable to establish some points of connexion with them. In the newspaper lists of marriages, births, and deaths, we seldom fail to find a name or names with which we are in some sense familiar, and we are gratified for the moment with a pleasant impression that the brotherhood of mankind, or at least of this English section of mankind, is not wholly a fiction.

Not less startling, though leading to an exactly opposite conclusion, is the effect produced upon us when we suddenly become acquainted with a remarkable person whom we have never seen and never heard of, yet who has been long living in the world and long labouring in it; and who, as we feel at once, must have exercised for all that time a

* "Annales des Sciences Naturelles," sér. iii. tom. iii. p. 69.

strong intellectual influence in circles of which we did not know the existence.

A feeling of this latter kind has been created in us by reading a *Life of Sir Robert Peel*,¹ by a Mr. Doubleday. We opened it with no great expectation, not out of any conscious disrespect to the writer, of whom we had never heard, but because, with books, as with most other things, experience warns us not to be over sanguine. We were agreeably disappointed to find a very striking production; the well-expressed convictions of a deep-thinking and large-minded man. So strong was this impression, that we looked for some account of the writer of the book, and our surprise increased at finding that he was no untried hand, no novice freshly entering upon literature, but a man whose light had long been shining; and yet, strange to say, from our own quarter of the horizon it had remained invisible. Mr. Doubleday is advanced in years: "He has arrived," he tells us, "at that period of life, when men are no longer affected by political changes, whether for good or evil," and "has long ceased to entertain the feelings of a partisan of any line of policy." In claiming the credit of impartiality he adds, in rather remarkable language, "To errors of judgment, all writers, however abstracted from the immediate subject of which they treat, must in every case be liable; but from errors of prejudice the cold touch of time, before whose icy breath every human passion becomes quenched, ought ultimately to free us." He has lived through the many vicissitudes, therefore, of the present century at least. He has written, it also appears, many other books, with the same ability, in all likelihood, which he has shown in the present; yet he is still unknown, at least in the larger circles of fame. He might have passed away, and a mind of rich power would have gone out unobserved by most of us, and unmissed.

We continued our study of his present work, looking, if possible, for an explanation of the world's neglect, and we seemed at last to find it. Mr. Doubleday, who on all other subjects is clear, lucid, reasonable, and well-informed, upon one is a monomaniac. He has wrecked his fame, as many other poor people have wrecked their fortunes, on the theory of an inconvertible paper currency. The Bank-note is a sacramental mystery to him, by which all the evils of a sick world are to be healed. Every misfortune, political, moral, and spiritual, which has befallen England in the last thirty years, is attributed to Peel's Act of 1819, and the book, which opened with fair promise, and which throughout shows continually recurring evidence of high ability, will, in all likelihood, have to wait, like its predecessors, for recognition—till the chimera to which it is dedicated becomes a reality—a very long time indeed. We did not require to be told that by the return to cash payments the value of the currency was increased twenty per cent., or that a debt which was contracted in a time of insecurity, and therefore on disadvantageous terms, by the Government, in inconvertible paper, assumed

¹ "The Political Life of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart. An Analytical Biography." By Thomas Doubleday. In Two Volumes. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1856.

dimensions formidably larger when confidence was restored, and the paper was made a representative of gold. But the question is, whether the Act of 1819 was not a necessity for the support of credit, notwithstanding these consequences,—whether we were not obliged to have recourse to it in spite of the increase of our burdens which it entailed. It is asserted by the defenders of a metallic currency, that in a country which is engaged in transactions with all the world, no permanent value can be secured to paper, unless the Bank-note be a promise to pay on demand something or other which has a distinct market value. Mr. Doubleday has wholly failed, like all other writers of the Birmingham school, to disprove this position. He is alive to the depreciation which has practically followed, wherever his theory has been applied; and he neither suggests nor attempts to suggest any means by which a repetition of the same misfortune may be prevented. He points only to a succession of money panics and commercial confusions, and he believes that these, the results of folly, and cupidity, and selfishness, could have been averted by increased issues of paper bills. It is a theory of human things to be paralleled only by Pope Leo's "pardons" for sins. In a country in which all other hopes and fears are absorbed in greediness for gain; where the only "hell" of which men have a living fear, is the hell of being poorer than their neighbours; where by the system under which we live, accumulations of capital may fall into the hands of weak and foolish people; we have the conditions of inevitable panics, and of all possible "money difficulties." As long as money is the one god whom all men worship, and there are fools on one side with full pockets, and knaves on the other with empty pockets, South Sea manias and railway manias, Paul and Strahan bankruptcies and Saddleir frauds, will follow each other to the world's end, with very sure succession, in spite of the cunningest hocus pocus with the currency. The cries of misery and ruin are the symphonies in the service of Mammon's temple; and the Devil will not let himself be cheated of his music by pieces of paper.

Mr. Doubleday has at least the merit of seeing his friends' absurdities. He alludes, in a note, to Peel's famous question, "What is a Pound?" and the answers which various theorists attempt.

* "The quotations with which Sir Robert made himself merry are as follows, ludicrous enough, certainly. 'One writer said that a pound might be defined to be a sense of value in reference to currency as compared with commodities.' Another writer was dissatisfied with that definition, thinking the public had a right to something more definite and tangible, and that the meaning of a reference to currency, as compared with commodities, was not very obvious to unenlightened minds. This writer said more oracularly, 'There is a standard, and there is a unit which is the measure of value, and that unit is the interest of 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* at three per centum, that being one pound, and being paid in a Bank-note as money of account.' The last definition that I shall quote, said Sir Robert, runs thus:—'The standard is neither gold nor silver; but it is something set up in the imagination to be regulated by public opinion.'"

† Mr. Doubleday can appreciate positions of this kind at their proper value. "They are hardly to be matched," he says, 'except in the

writings of Jacob Boehman or Duns Scotus;" yet, perhaps, if he had not prudently avoided offering a definition of his own, he might have been driven himself into something not very dissimilar. What will he write on his Bank-note? He will promise to pay, *What?* He can tell us no better than his friends.

In other respects, however, we can emphatically recommend this book; and it is well timed, appearing as it does simultaneously with the first publication of Sir Robert Peel's own memoirs by his literary executors. Mr. Doubleday has not had access to these papers. His sources of information are those only which are common to all the world; and he will therefore feel satisfaction in finding his own estimate of particular transactions borne out so entirely as they appear to be by Sir Robert Peel himself. We thank him for his work, and we leave him with a specimen of his power, and with a regret which we cannot but feel when the possessor of real ability has done injustice to himself and to his talents:—

"To those who with the statistics of crime will compare the general statistics of a country, it gradually becomes apparent that ease of living and morality, as far as regards criminal or felonious offences, march together. The ancient criminal code of England, barbarous as it seems to modern refinements, was made when the temptation to the higher class of offences was really nothing; when an ordinary artisan could easily obtain wages so liberal that a week's labour would obtain for him a half or more of the carcass of an ox, or two or three sheep, and when consequently the desperation and recklessness engendered by want had no existence. To make a man then a felon, downright vice and profligacy must accompany the crime; and on this principle it was that our ancestors punished stealing, burglary, and highway robbery so severely. . . . To argue, as many now do, that capital punishments only harden those who behold them, seems to strike at the existence of any sort of infliction as an example. That Romilly and Peel only yielded to the necessity of the case, and therefore rightly yielded, it is easy to admit; but if the evidence of facts is to be taken, it seems to follow that the alterations in the criminal law must have been in many ways delusive, such is the increase of felonious acts up to this moment, and so many deviations from the best maxims of English jurisprudence have accompanied this departure from the usage of the old common law. . . . It may be doubted if their efforts took the true direction: and whether that direction is not indicated in the profound philosophy of that form of petition which teaches us first of all to pray that our daily bread be not denied us, and that by the absence of temptation we may be delivered from evil; for certain it is that neither moral teaching nor retributive punishment have ever shown themselves equal to pacifying that war against society which must always spring up when the burdens imposed are more than commensurate with the benefits conferred."

The time has not yet arrived at which an adequate history can be written of the Revolutions of 1848. It will not arrive till the movement of which those Revolutions were a symptom shall have either consummated itself, or at least given conclusive evidence of its tendency; and this perhaps is still some century or centuries removed from us. Approximations, however, or at least summaries connected together on principles more or less reasonable, may be usefully attempted; and far short as it seems to fall of what we might desire,

Mr. Cayley's book² upon this subject is entitled to our thanks. Mr. Cayley, indeed, raises considerable hopes in his Preface. He tells us that the publication of these volumes was an afterthought; that his object was not to write a book, but to study the phenomena of a remarkable time; and that to arrange his own ideas, he threw his conclusions into a narrative. Such a proceeding indicated both energy and thoughtfulness; and we can hardly believe, that if he really set to work in this way, he can be altogether satisfied with the result. He has in fact given us little or nothing beyond a mere surface-narrative of events as they could be gathered from the newspapers, seasoned with such average reflections upon "extravagant hopes," "unbridled passion," "foolish dreams," and "anarchical licence," as might be anticipated with the utmost certainty from a writer of common ability defending the interests of order. Of the great problem itself—What it was which suddenly broke all European society into a heap of inorganic dust, and sent kings and ministers flying to their hiding-places, "like gangs of coiners when the police have come among them"—of this Mr. Cayley does not seem to have had the least glimpse. He is unconscious that there is any problem in the matter; far less does he think it incumbent on himself to attempt a solution of it. He considers a landed aristocracy an excellent thing; and constitutional government and the other specific advantages which Englishmen possess and appreciate, to be also excellent things. He sympathizes with the aristocratic approbation which has been bestowed in high English circles upon the *coup-d'état* of Louis Napoleon; and discovers rather curiously that it was the one process by which the President could really and substantially observe his oath to the constitution. Democracy he considers likely to turn to despotism; and despotism by depriving the people of self-government, to lead back in turn to anarchy, with much else of a similar kind, of which we have sometimes heard elsewhere. Moreover, his expressions now and then are in bad taste; as for instance, when he says of the Revolution which established the Triumvirate in the Vatican, "Thus was the power transferred from the Pope to the raganullins of Rome, consisting of the greatest rascals in Europe."

It is fair, however, to say that Mr. Cayley's sympathies are not absolutely on the conservative side. He has no love for Austria. He approves of Piedmont and the moderate party in Italy; while the Hungarian Insurrection he wholly defends and justifies. As a summary of events in a compendious form, this book may be found useful: as a guide to the interpretation of those events, we cannot speak so well of it. We did Mr. Cayley injustice in stating that he was contented with the causes of things which he met with on the surface. He has offered one interpretation of the Revolution, for which he must have looked very deep indeed. He too, as well as Mr. Doubleday, believes in the paper millennium:

² "The European Revolution of 1848." By Edward Stillingfleet Cayley, of the Inner Temple. In Two Volumes. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1856.

“Sir Robert Peel’s policy (in the Bank Restriction Act) was the cause which rocked every state in Europe to its foundation—which burst the flood-gates of nations, overthrew thrones, and crushed peoples. It is this cause that has so long hampered England—has made it submit to acts of piracy on the part of Russia in the Black Sea—to the imprisonment of its subjects and the violation of its territory by the United States of America—to every insult which any large state chose to put upon it. And this cause has encouraged the aggression of Russia on Turkey, conceiving that, under a Peelite ministry especially, England could not be moved.”—Vol. ii., p. 223.

What a misfortune for England, that Mr. Cayley was not a Member of the House of Commons, to have exposed, in time, so disastrous a statesman. It is not yet, however, too late for us to profit by his assistance; and he is ready to ensure us against all future pains and difficulties, if we will follow his advice.

“The currency question,” he says, “lies in a nut-shell. Is commerce to be the slave of money, or money the slave of commerce? Money is only the measure of value. Things do not lose their real value because there is little money. Are we to stop exchanging what we do not want for what we do, because we have lost the bushel in which we measure it? It would be as rational to stop a draper from selling his goods because all his yard wands have been lost, while at the same time he has plenty of measuring tapes which will answer the purpose equally well.”

A translation of Mignet’s *History of the First French Revolution*³ ought to be a valuable addition to our literature. The thoughts on so momentous a subject of all men who have won an enduring reputation for themselves, cannot be too familiar to us, as a corrective, if nothing else, to the hurried opinions of such writers as Mr. Cayley. Mignet, as we all know, belongs to the class of reflective politicians, who look among the moral conditions of society for the causes by which it is agitated; and who are able to see how slight, in such times, is the influence of individual persons, either for good or evil; how little the character of great epochs in history can be affected by private virtue or private crime. A certain work is to be done, which has been made necessary by the subtle and silent changes which are passing into the world. It is accomplished at the good time of a Power, in whose hands man is but a plaything; and the writers, who see down into the true nature of these things, and describe them in their proper nature, are the true teachers of their generation. Mignet is known, also, to be no less accomplished as an artist than philosophic as a thinker. He is a master of that pregnant and high-tempered style, which carries home into the mind what he desires to impress upon it: and the transfer of his writings into another language, is a work to which an intellect equal to his own might think it no discredit to apply itself. For a translation of a book of science, when merely the fact related is of moment, it is enough if it be literal. In a book of this kind, we do not require the fact only, but the form in which it is conveyed—or rather, to speak more accurately, the fact itself is of so subtle and deli-

³ *History of the French Revolution, from 1789 to 1814.* By F. A. Mignet, Member of the Institute of France. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1856.

cate a kind, that it evaporates from an inadequate expression, and refuses to be embodied in a shape less beautiful than itself.

The translator, in the present instance, must forgive us for saying that he has not done justice to his original. It seems to be forgotten that, for a good translation, a knowledge of the language into which it is to be made is to the full as important as a knowledge of that in which the book is first written; and a command of idiomatic English is less easily acquired than hasty persons believe. In this instance, indeed, we find so many awkward phrases, that we are inclined to suppose Mr. Bohn has made use of the services of a foreigner. There is no absence of mental power; but rather an imperfect command of words, and want of accuracy in the construction of sentences. Particular passages are executed well, as if pains had been taken with them; but the style flags in the ordinary narrative: the work has been done hastily, and there has been too little revision or supervision. Perhaps, in fairness, the responsibility should be divided between the translator and the publisher. The translator ought not to have passed the book through the press in its present form. The publisher should have recollected that educated men will not, and cannot, afford the labour necessary to complete such a book, except for some better remuneration than we believe it is usual to offer in these cases. A few instances must be given of the carelessness of which we complain. It will be seen whether complaint is unneeded.

"His project of a royal sittings already insufficient, was changed into a stroke of state policy."—p. 30.

"Is Catiline at our gates? I demand, investing yourselves with your dignity, with your legislative power, you enclose yourselves within the religion of your oath."—p. 32.

Such expressions are hardly English; grammar and idiom are desperate alike. Nor are these which follow much better:—

"Tell him that the Henry whose memory is universe-known, him whom of his ancestors he said he would make his model sent provisions into Paris; revolted, when besieging it in person."—p. 49.

"Thus was agreeable to an assembly of legislators and philosophers restricted by no limits, since no institutions existed, and who were directed by primitive and fundamental ideas of society, for it was the pupil of the eighteenth century."—p. 62.

"Cromwell deprived of the assent which popular exhaustion accords, incessantly attacked by factions, was reduced to neutralize them one by the other; and to the last the military dictator of parties."—p. 409.

M. Mignet can feel little either of pride or pleasure on being introduced into England in such disguise as this. There are few schoolboys who would run the risk of committing themselves so unfortunately. We cannot recommend this translation. Our advice to all persons inclined to venture a portion of their substance in the purchase, ~~must~~ be, to do nothing of the kind. Let them read the original by all means; the counterfeits let them abstain from reading altogether.

A translation of Guizot's *History of Civilization*,⁴ in the same series,

⁴ "The History of Civilization, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution." By F. Guizot. Translated by William Hazlitt, Esq. London: H. G. Bohn. 1856.

is far better executed; as we were satisfied that it would and must be, when we saw on the title-page the name of a person so respectably known among us as Mr. William Hazlitt. M. Guizot's lectures are, by this time, so familiar to English readers, that they require no detailed notice. We are not much inclined to share in the admiration which is expressed for them by the translator. As a thinker, M. Guizot appears to us to exhibit the same faults which have marred his career as a statesman. In the midst of much uprightness and sincerity, he seems to have little power of comprehending the deeper workings of human nature. His own character is passionless; and the passion of others is a mystery to him. It is but fair, however, that we should contrast with our opinion the judgment of an admiring biographer, who, lost in the sense of "the strange, immense grandeur of M. Guizot's individuality," finds in him at once "the fiery zeal of Luther, the unctuous mildness of Melancthon, the impassibility of Epictetus, the simple kindness of Fénelon, and the inflexible severity of Richelieu." It is perfectly possible that this may be the true account of M. Guizot. Each day that passes over us brings fresh proof that we may not make the forms of our own thought the measure of other men's. At all events, the position which he has occupied in Europe entitles his writings to consideration; and to Mr. Hazlitt, for his share in the matter, we have nothing to express but gratitude.

The continuation of the "Life of Washington"⁵ will not fail of welcome in some quarters among us, if not in all. We have spoken already of the pleasure with which we have seen the veteran writer of America engaged in the autumn of his age upon a work so worthy of him. We may congratulate ourselves also on the appearance of it in England at the present juncture, in a form which promises, and indeed implies, a very large circulation. The biography of Washington is the record of a defeat of the English Government, the most memorably mortifying which the annals of the country have to relate; and it seems that the English people can distinguish between the Government and themselves, and can read with pleasure the story of that great revolt, even now, when the same Government, or a Government representing the same elements among us, is in danger of a renewal of the disastrous struggle. The aristocracy have, indeed, disclaimed the policy which raised America from a colony into an empire; but the form only is changed, the spirit remains the same, and the War of Independence was but a part of the same conflict which commenced in England in what is called the Rebellion, which has continued down into our own time through corn-law repeals and unfinal reform bills, and which yet awaits its consummation. The *people* on both sides of the Atlantic are one people. The true heroes of America are our heroes, and ours are theirs; and if those who are *not* the people, but who in America at least have for a time the control of power, dream of dividing those whom nature has forbidden to be divided, they will precipitate their own destiny and precipitate ours. We pass

⁵ "Life of George Washington." By Washington Irving. Vol. II. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1856.

beyond our province in alluding to these things. Yet the pen must write what the heart feels; and if we speak of Washington, we must speak of what Washington's life and being means. The story moves slowly as we enter the war. The first volume brought us down to Bunker's Hill and Washington's assumption of the command of the American army. The second advances us but two years further, to the retreat of Lord Cornwallis in the winter of 1776-7. Throughout this last volume also the history leaves the individual fortunes of Washington and becomes national; and where it touches himself, we have rather the great traits before us of the statesman and the commander than features of private character. This, of course, is what we had to expect; and if we regret anything, it is that Mr. Irving's powers seem scarcely to keep pace with the expansion of his subject. His peculiar humour has no room to show itself; where he writes of battles, sieges, and the passions which the struggle forced into play, he becomes rather a chronicler of events than a historian of human actions; and we miss the restrained but palpable emotion which ought to accompany such narratives. We have no right to complain, however. The work is gracefully and lovingly done, and his enthusiasm for his hero never flags.

When in our notice of Mr. Doubleday's "Life of Sir Robert Peel," we alluded to the "Memoirs" published by Lord Stanhope and Mr. Cardwell, we had not the latter volume before us, and were acquainted incidentally only with the contents of it. After direct examination, however, we may repeat what we said—Sir Robert Peel himself has little to add, except in details, to Mr. Doubleday's well-arranged story. The "Memoirs,"⁶ although of course interesting, yet, so far as they have gone, are in a sense disappointing. The Catholic Question, like so much else, has long been dead. It is only with an effort of imagination or memory that we can reproduce, however feebly, the feelings which once it excited. Experience has shown us that the terror was wholly needless—that the anticipated dangers were chimerical. The Establishment sleeps still its tranquil slumber; agitation is dead, or turns now on quite other subjects. The true justification of Catholic Emancipation is the evidence of the blindness and mistaken reasoning of its opponents—Peel among the number, which is furnished by the result; and it is strange that in the account of his conduct which he drew up twenty years later, when the consequences had so clearly confuted his anticipations, he should have made no acknowledgment of his central delusion. That all England was once in a panic—at a phantom; that a statesman, believing like the rest in the diabolic nature of the spectre adversary, yet on the whole believed that it was dangerous to defy it, and that it was better to arrive at amicable terms with it; and that, finally, when the terms were made, the phantom turned out to be mere harmless flesh and blood, with neither power nor will to hurt any person or interest whatsoever—this, after all, is the whole case; and it seems like a

⁶ s "Memoirs. By the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P.; published by the Trustees of his Papers. Part I. The Roman Catholic Question." London: John Murray. 1856.

needless waste of labour to recal the terror and the delusion for any graver purpose than to smile at the folly which was under their influence.

Mr. Stanley's admirable book⁷ on Palestine will already, it is likely, be familiar to our readers. As a narrative of travel, it is the best which has been written on a hackneyed subject; while the elucidation of the history of the Jews, from the scenes in the midst of which they lived and acted, is as excellent in the execution as it is wise and rational in design. Whatever be the origin of the sacred books which collectively we call the Bible, no reasonable person doubts that they were written by the agency of men who lived at various periods in the country which they claim as their own, and surrounded by the nations which they describe. To those, therefore, who believe, and to those who disbelieve the further theory of the divine inspiration of these books, any fresh light thrown upon their history, any fresh illustration of the influences which worked upon the minds of their human composers, is and must be of infinite value. The unbelief which would set aside the Bible as a fiction lingers in the present day only with the entirely ignorant. We desire to ascertain from the surest sources what the Bible is; and having satisfied ourselves to the best of our honest ability, to abide without reserve by our conclusions. We cannot attempt to follow Mr. Stanley in detail, nor at this moment shall we even accompany him into Palestine at all. We shall quote rather as a specimen of his style, a description of Kasnak and the Ancient Kings of Egypt, from his introductory letters.

"Nothing which now exists in the world can give any notion of what the effect must have been when he [the colossal statue of Rameses] was erect. Nero towering above the Colosseum may have been something like it: but he was of bronze, and Rameses was of solid granite. Nero was standing without any object. Rameses was resting in awful majesty after the conquest of the whole of the then known world. No one who entered that building, whether it were temple or palace, could have thought of anything else but that stupendous being who thus had raised himself above the whole world of gods and man.

"And when from the statue you descend to the palace, the same impression is kept up. It is the earliest instance of the enshrinement in Art of the historical glories of a nation such as Versailles. Everywhere the King is conquering, worshipping, ruling. The Palace is the Temple, the King is Priest. But everywhere the same proportions are preserved. He and his horses are ten times the size of the rest of the army. Alike in battle and in worship, he is of the same stature as the gods themselves. Most striking is the familiar gentleness with which, one on each side, they take him by each hand, as one of their own order. . . . It carries one back to the days when 'there were giants on the earth.' It shows how the King in that first monarchy was the visible God upon earth. The only thing like it that has since been seen is the deification of the Roman Emperors. No pure monotheism could for a moment have been compatible with such an intense exaltation of the conquering King. 'I am Pharaoh.' 'By the life of Pharaoh.' 'Say unto Pharaoh, whom art thou like in thy greatness?' All these expressions seem to acquire new life from the sight of this monster statue."

⁷"Sinai and Palestine, in Connexion with their History." By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A. With Maps and Plans. London: John Murray. 1856.

And again, of the four statues of the same Rameses at Ipsambul :—

“Kehama is the image which most nearly answers to these colossal kings ; and the multiplication of himself—not one Rameses, but four,—is exactly Kehama entering the eight gates of Padalou by eight roads at once. Look at them as they emerge, the two northern figures from the sand which reaches to their throats,—the southernmost as he sits unbroken, and revealed from the top of his royal helmet to the toe of his enormous foot ; look at them, and remember that the face which looks out from the top of that gigantic statue is the face of the greatest man of the Old World that preceded the birth of Greece and Rome—the first conqueror recorded in history, the glory of Egypt, the terror of Asia and Africa, whose monuments still remain in Syria and Asia Minor, the second founder of Thebes, which must have been to the world then as Rome was in the days of its empire. It is certainly an individual likeness. Three peculiarities I carry away with me, besides that of profound repose and tranquillity, united perhaps with something of scorn :—first, the length of the face, compared with that of most others that one sees in the sculptures ; secondly, the curl of the tip of the nose ; thirdly, the overlapping and fall of the under lip.”

Is there not something grand in this ? It seems to bring the great statue up before us ; not as a dead mass of chiselled granite, but a breathing and living form,—Sesostris himself in all his majesty.

“The Republic of Costa Rica,”⁸ by Moritz Wagner is a noticeable book ;—noticeable in itself, as containing an adequate account of a country which just now is of perilous interest to us ; and also from the spirit in which it is written. The author or authors are Russo-American sympathizers ; and explain and express in clear German language, the meaning of that strange and ominous alliance between the two rising powers of the world, which is commanding regard and confidence even in the heart of Europe. English readers for the most part content themselves with angry declamation on this matter. It would be well for the peace of the world if they would endeavour to understand it. The policy of the English Government will, however, for the present continue as it is—it will continue to challenge the name of liberal, and to abuse the confidence of the people only to betray the cause which it affects to support ; till at length, and in sorrow, it will bear its fruits ; disguise will be no longer possible, and retribution will follow.

“Ubicini's Letters on Turkey,”⁹ translated by Lady Easthope, will be read by persons to whom the events of yesterday remain of importance, and whose minds have not yet fluttered to some new excitement. The author has a confidence in the Turks, which experience has partially justified ; but many years of trial and sustained improvement await them before what is now hope shall have become reality. That as a nation the Ottomans are brave, high spirited, and truth-telling, we may rest assured. It is no less certain, however, that the social organization as it exists is feeble beyond example ; and although reforms are pro-

⁸ “Die Republic Costa Rica in Central America.” Von Dr. Moritz Wagner und Dr. Carl Scherzer, mit einem Karte. Leipzig : Arnoldische Buchhandlung. 1856.

⁹ “Letters on Turkey. An Account of the Religious, Political, Social, and Commercial Condition of the Ottoman Empire.” Translated from the French of M. A. Ubicini by Lady Easthope. London : John Murray. 1856.

jected which *if* effective, may leave nothing to be desired; yet in the little word *if* lies a chasm of possibility which centuries may fail to bridge. If the reforms in affairs of State were like the reforms in a steam-engine, where the obedient metal yields easy compliance to what is required of it, the idea and the fact might be counted upon as companions with some certainty. Unfortunately, the reforms in Turkey must be worked not with honest steel and iron, but in the minds of dishonest, unbelieving, sensual avaricious men; of pashas and cadis, whose intellects through time-honoured usage have rusted into worthlessness. The Turks, drilled and organized by English gentlemen or high-minded Polish and Hungarian refugees, might renew their youth; and after being reformed themselves, they might become the reformers of the East. That such an end will be answered by guaranteed independence, the march of mind, and the progress of ideas, we will endeavour with M. Ubcini to believe. We will hope at least that the right end will be obtained at the end; and that the destinies, if not by those means, yet by some other wiser and better means, will solve the problem at last. "Miller's Anglo-Saxons,"¹⁰ reaches a third edition, and may be therefore considered beyond the power of criticism, either to injure or to assist. We are obliged, however, ourselves to demur to the popular opinion. To us the writer seems altogether unqualified for the task which he has undertaken, and the work to be without merit of any kind. We are told ostentatiously in the Preface, that we are to find a book which unites the charms of fiction with the exactness of fact; a book which is at once imaginative and real, instructive and delightful. We are unable to acknowledge that Mr. Miller has succeeded in either of the objects which he proposes to himself. He gives no references, and we are therefore at a loss to ascertain the extent of his researches. His mind and his style, however, admit of being appreciated; and we will quote his treatment of the beautiful old monastic legend of King Canute and the rising tide:—

"A man," he says with all gravity, "who had himself ridden over the stormy seas, and been tossed like a weed from billow to billow, can never be supposed to have entertained the thought for a moment that the angry ocean would obey him, or roll back its restless waves when he commanded. It was the same love of display which caused him to erect his throne in the midst of his army, and step forth in his royal robes the haughty king, while he assumed the part of the humble penitent for having slain one of his soldiers; the same theatrical display which caused him to order his lumbering throne to be placed beside the seashore, and to sit down in all his kingly dignity, robed, crowned, and sceptred. The gilt and the tinsel that are so effective beyond the foot-lights, induced him to adopt this stage effect. . . . In a pompous manner he is said to have thus addressed his courtiers: 'Confess ye now how frivolous and vain is the might of an earthly king, compared to that Great Power who rules the elements, and can say unto the ocean, Thus far shalt thou go and no further.'"

"We should not probably err much if, instead of the words uttered by the

¹⁰ "History of the Anglo-Saxons, from the Earliest Period to the Norman Conquest." By Thomas Miller. Third Edition. London: H. J. Bohn. 1856.

Danish King, something like the following was the language of his thoughts: 'Think not that I believe you such idiots as to suppose that the sea will obey my bidding: a breath of mine would sever the proudest head that now rises above the beach; I alone am king—more powerful than any present, and I only want to prove that there is but one mightier than I am; and that, while the waves wash my feet, they would drown such common rascals as you all are.' In a word, the whole scene is too rich a piece of mockery to be treated seriously. It is but the old cry of the Mahometan fruit-sellers, which ends with 'In the name of the Prophet, figs.'

This is the account which a popular writer is allowed to offer of one of the most picturesque stories of Saxon antiquity. The force of vulgarity and bathos could hardly descend further.

Poor Mrs. Busk¹¹ continues her laborious volumes, which, however, though with the best intentions, we have found ourselves altogether unable to read. The Lindley Murray is hopelessly desperate; and after a few struggles we were obliged to retire from the attempt. The book, however, has evidently been the fruit of great industry, and perhaps contains, among its labyrinths, treasures which may reward the enterprise of more enduring travellers. We sincerely trust that she may find many who will undertake the task. It is a cruel thing to have worked so long and so patiently as Mrs. Busk has done, and to be rewarded after all with neglect.

"Lord Cockburn's Memorials"¹² may be skimmed pleasantly. The form is that of an autobiography; but we are troubled little or not at all with sentiment; and the book is composed mainly of anecdotes of eminent Scotch barristers, judges, and other notabilities. The Scotch Bar is rich in humorous stories: to illustrate the volume and to lighten our own pages, we will borrow one or two from Lord Cockburn. The first is of Lord Hermand, a brother judge:—

"He (Lord Hermand) was very intimate at one time with Sir John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon. They were counsel together in Eldon's first important Scotch entail case in the House of Lords. Eldon was so much alarmed, that he wrote his intended speech, and begged Hermand to dine with him at a tavern, when he read the paper, and asked him if he thought it would do. 'Do, Sir! it is delightful—absolutely delightful! I could listen to it for ever! It is so beautifully written! and so beautifully read!—but, Sir, it's the greatest nonsense! It may do very well for an English Chancellor, but it would disgrace a clerk with us.'"

Another is of Eskgrove, who was also on the Scottish Bench. Eskgrove had a passion of loyalty upon him; the times were revolutionary, and he was ever on the scent of treason:—

"As usual," says Lord Cockburn, "with stronger heads than his everything was connected by his terror with republican horrors. I heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate

¹¹ "Mediæval Popes and Emperors." By Mrs. William Busk. Vols. III. and IV. London: Hookham and Sons. 1856.

¹² "Memorials of His Time." By Henry Cockburn. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1856.

the offence thus: 'And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life; but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propel the lethal weapon through the belly-band of his regimental breeches, which were his Majesty's!!!'"

We opened a history of India, by an American missionary, with some curiosity.¹³ The opportunity for retaliating upon the English the accusations of a disposition to appropriate other people's territories offered a natural temptation to a citizen of the United States, and we looked for a philippic on the subject which it would be hard to call undeserved. We were agreeably disappointed. Dr. Allen writes with a higher purpose than to gain a triumph of rhetoric by recriminatory declamation; and where he speaks of the English conquest and administration, it is with a wise temperance, which we should do well to imitate. The book is written from the point of view which is natural in a missionary; and religious rather than the political questions form the principal matter of discussion. Yet, although we can scarcely agree to the comparative importance and unimportance which he assigns to the respective interests of which he treats, yet he has collected much miscellaneous information of a sensible kind; and English readers may observe with pleasure, as well as with profit, the picture which is drawn of their countrymen by a foreign hand.

There are many books which are neither particularly interesting, nor particularly the reverse, which contain information abstractedly desirable (that is to say, in the sense in which all information is desirable), yet which may be easily dispensed with; books, therefore, which will not be sought for except by persons especially concerned in the subject treated of, yet which may be read, if opportunity offer itself, at idle moments. Of this kind are, a "History of the Jewish Nation," by Alfred Edersheim, from the capture of Jerusalem by Titus to the final dispersion under Hadrian:¹⁴ an "Account of Cuzco and Lima," by Clements Markham:¹⁵ of "Syria," by Gregory Wortabet,¹⁶ &c. &c. These books are fairly written; the authors are men of some talent, and are possessed of knowledge which they presume that the public will thank them for communicating. In this belief they have committed that knowledge to print; and we can only hope for their sakes that their expectations will not disappoint them. We do not profess to have done more than glanced at their respective pages; but it seems as if writings of this kind might very usefully take the place of novels in the circulating libraries. Better let us have truth of any kind than the most highly-seasoned dishes of lies.

More important, though equally unpretending in form, are the

¹³ "India, Ancient and Modern." By David O'Allen, Missionary of the American Board for Twenty-Five Years in India. Boston. 1856.

¹⁴ "History of the Jewish Nation." By the Rev. Alfred Edersheim, Ph.D. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable. 1856.

¹⁵ "Cuzco: a Journey to the Ancient Capitol of Peru and Lima, a Visit to the Capitol of Modern Peru." By Clements R. Markham. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

¹⁶ "Syria and the Syrians." By Gregory M. Wortabet. London: James Madden. 1856.

rough "Notes of the last Naval Expedition against the Russian Settlements on the Amour River," by an Engineer Officer who accompanied the fleet as an amateur.¹⁷ The expedition was intended to retrieve the failure at Petropaulovska. In all the materials considered necessary on such an occasion it was admirably furnished—ships of the line, frigates, tenders, corvettes—all that the two greatest maritime nations of the West could provide were there in superabundant measure, and yet the failure was again absolute. The enemy's vessels were sighted once in Castries Bay, in a *cul-de-sac*, from which, with decent precautions, it was impossible for them to have escaped; and yet, through an incredible series of blunders, they glided through the hands of the English Commander, and were gone. Even after their escape, as Captain Whittingham now informs us, they might have been overtaken with ease and certainty at the northern outlet of the Gulf of Tartary. They were but forty miles distant when the squadron returned to the bay where the Russians had been first found at anchor; but the authorities in command contented themselves with gazing helplessly round the level of the visible horizon, and seeing nothing, without inquiry, without effort, without delay, they then retired from the scene. As an instance of the extreme thoughtlessness which characterized the proceedings, we need only mention that there was not a man among the crews, officer or seaman, who could read or could even speak the Russian language. By accident a bundle of official documents fell into their hands, which had been left on shore at the station at Castries Bay: they may have been unimportant, but they might possibly have furnished important information on the retreat of the escaped ships; yet whatever they were, there was not one who could turn them to account. "The classical attainments of the amiable chaplain," Captain Whittingham says, were zealously applied to decipher many Greek-like characters, but "very little information was obtained."

If the following story be correct, we are obliged to fear that other qualities even less commendable than imprudence and incapacity have found their way into high places among us. For the credit of the navy, however, we will believe, with Captain Whittingham, that there was some mistake on one side or the other.

The officers and a part of the crew of the *Diana* frigate, which was wrecked at Japan, were taken prisoners, and were for some months on board the fleet.—

"Before the little squadron started for the north," Captain Whittingham writes, "the Russian prisoners made strong appeals to the Admiral to be sent back on their parole, not to serve again until regularly exchanged. They had high hopes of success . . . and it was quite pleasing to hear their expressions 'smoothing the rough front of war,' especially the tones and the terms applied when they spoke of the generous commander who had taken the *Ureta*. Subsequently these hopes were dashed, after long deliberation; and unfortunately after the proposition of stipulations felt by the Russian officers to be incon-

¹⁷ "Notes of the Late Expedition against the Russian Settlements in Eastern Liberia." By Capt. Bernard Whittingham, Royal Engineers. London: Longmans. 1856.

patible with their honour. They seemed to consider the terms proposed as equivalent to requesting them to lead the British squadron into the position occupied by their ships—terms which no British officer, I am sure, could insult his prisoners by proposing; for no veil of casuistry could hide the dishonour of such a proposal, nor even the disgraceful cowardice which could so outrage the feelings of the captive officers. However, no words of mine could arrest the indignant floods of eloquence poured out against what the prisoners said had been proposed, though I must add that they continued to acknowledge the courtesy with which they had been hitherto treated by the Commodore and his officers."

We trust that the brave Captain Whittingham is independent of his profession. Revelations of this perilous kind are not ventured with impunity; and the noble rulers of England will make him rue his book, if he is in their power.

Our space has run out. In conclusion, we have but room for a brief commendation of a thick volume of "Chronological Tables,"¹⁸ produced by the indefatigable Mr. Bohn. Of Blair's work, though it bears his name, we are told that little remains in the present volume but the general outline. If this be so, it is a pity to make Blair responsible for the workmanship of his so-called editor. But whoever be the person to whom we owe the book, it is a laborious and creditable compilation, highly useful to all persons who look on history as an agglutination of facts, packed and labelled like the flowers in a botanical garden. The dates seem accurate, the events diligently sifted; though here and there, perhaps, in the mythological periods, they are a little surprising. We are told, for instance, that either in the year 1489 or 1446, "Danaus comes from Egypt to Greece, and introduces pumps." This exploit is new to us. Mr. Ross does not offer his authority or explain himself further. He is interpreting, we presume, on rationalistic principles, the myth of the Danaids, and if this be his meaning, so bald and plump a fact is rather a poor residuum of the tradition. If he has discovered traces of the real substantial mechanical suction-pump, he should have been less abrupt and more discursive in communicating it. However, as we said, the book is good of its kind, and prosaic interpretations are not out of place, where the conception and method of treatment are deliberately lifeless.

BELLES LETTRES AND ART.

THE difference between fashion and fame, between the art which appeals to transient taste or prejudice and the art which appeals to the permanent sympathies of mankind, is well seen in the fate of our popular dance music. To the youthful ears of our grandfathers and grandmothers, "Off she goes," and "Drops of Brandy," suggested what fine writers call a "Terpsichorean movement" altogether becoming

¹⁸ "Blair's Chronological Tables. Revised and Enlarged." By J. Willoughby Ross. London: H. G. Bohn. 1856.

and agreeable: no sooner were these tunes struck up, than the foot longed to give the rhythmic stamp and the knee to shake in all the peculiar evolutions of the jig. But if you were now to pipe these tunes in the market-place, we suppose even the children would feel no impulse to dance; the jig has ceased to be a habit of English limbs; its last echoes have died from the English ear. And abundance of quadrilles and polkas, to which every street organ has been set for a twelve-month, have followed "Off she goes" to the limbo of forgotten tunes, while many an older air, such as "When first I saw thy face," played by some band at a watering-place on a sunshiny morning, will equally arrest the butcher's boy who is passing with his empty tray, and the bilious connoisseur who is reposing from the fatigues of operatic criticism.

It is much the same with novels. "The Vicar of Wakefield" is never threadbare, though we begin to read it when we were eight years old, and have been reading it, in quotations and pictures, ever since; it is as inexhaustible as a really fine melody. But the majority of the novels that rise above the dead level of the circulating library, and are read by other than idle women and apprentices, have about the same order of merit, and the same duration of popularity, as the old jig music—they lend themselves to the favourite dance of the hour. They are the novels that flatter a prejudice, that speak the lingo of a clique, or that further the purposes of party propagandism. Take them up a few years later, when the fashion or the party they represented has died out, and you are amazed that they could have made even a passing sensation. For their writers have none of that genius which is greater than its intentions; which sets out meaning to make life prove the truth of a sectarian dogma or justify a party cry, and, mastered by its own creative impulse, ends by giving a picture of life that endures when dogma and party are forgotten; which sets out meaning to vent a personal pique, and ends by producing an immortal satire. They are novels in which cleverness goes to work with a narrow intention, and accomplishes what it intends; they are "Tales for the Times," and vanish with the times.

To this order of novels belongs "Perversion,"¹ except that, instead of a "Tale for the Times," it should rather be called a tale for the "season," which it is not likely to outlast. The author tells us in his Preface, that it is the object of his pages to illustrate the causes and consequences of infidelity. "The causes of infidelity," he says, "are different in different characters; its consequences are the same in all—moral deterioration, and the loss of happiness and peace." Although we might think this position a little too absolute, it did not incline us to prejudge the merits of "Perversion" as a fiction. For, as we have just said, genius is often greater than its intentions, and it is quite possible that a novelist should even make it his object to illustrate such a position as that "all fat people are virtuous, and all thin people vicious," and yet produce a very remarkable novel. For, if he

¹ "Perversion; or, the Causes and Consequences of Infidelity. A Tale for the Times." London: Smith and Elder. 1856.

had arrived at this conviction through his experience, he might reproduce that experience with artistic power; he might give us such admirable portraits of fat saints and thin sinners, and might throw such thrilling interest into the vicissitudes of their lives, that we should quite forget his mistake as to the foundation of ethics. Hence, we began "Perversion" not without hope that it might turn out to be a striking book; but we were disappointed. It has not the elements of a good novel. The story is uninteresting; the character-sketching is approximative, coarse, and often feeble; the satire is without *finesse* ; there is little appeal to the emotions; and the power of dramatic representation is entirely absent. The general characteristic of the first two volumes and half the third, is unamiable dullness, occasionally relieved by unamiable cleverness—something like a heavy cake flavoured with the wrong spice. It is not till the middle of the third volume that the writer touches us with a little pathos, or shows us that there is any sort of human being he finds admirable.

The story is briefly this. Charles Bampton, a boy of a rather susceptible and poetic nature, is placed in a large school, where, being a junior, he undergoes the usual amount of oppression from his elders, especially from a clever, vicious lad, named Armstrong, who terrifies him into writing home for money under false pretences. This offence is discovered; and Bampton, desperate in the prospect of disgrace and punishment, runs away from school, and, after much suffering, rejoins his mother at her pleasant home in Cornwall. Here he spends the few years' interval before his departure for Eton, under the instruction of a German tutor, and in the companionship of a favourite sister, Clara, who shares his studies and his tastes, and to whom he is passionately attached. When once he is at Eton, we leave him to follow the fortunes of Armstrong, who, having been expelled from school, obtains a commission in the army when he is only seventeen, and through one of his brother officers becomes acquainted with the "Socinians," whose organ is the "Progressive Review," and whose favourite author is Mr. Neulicht. They teach him to consolidate the passive unbelief of a vicious boy, who dislikes the moral restraints of Christianity, into a systematic structure of infidelity, and thus help him on in his rapid progress towards atheism and the denial of a moral sense. He runs away with his colonel's mistress, intending to deceive her with a false marriage; perjures himself, by swearing that he is of age, in order to obtain a licence, which is to serve as a blind to her, and is, after all, entrapped into a real marriage. A duel between him and his colonel ensues, and the result is that Armstrong has to quit the army. His prospects in England being ruined, he sails for America with his Julia,—of whom he is already thoroughly tired, joins the Mormons at New Orleans, disposes of his wife to the chief representative of the Mormons there, and at length, having received the news that his uncle has died, leaving him an estate on condition that he shall adopt the name of Archer, he returns to England, disburthened at once of a wife and of a surname which has ugly associations. He is now only twenty-one, and determines to begin his new life by spending three years at Oxford, as the best preparation for carrying out his schemes of ambition. It

happens that he enters the very college that has just been selected for Charles Bampton. The old schoolfellows meet; but though Bampton has a vague sense of old remembrances being stirred by the sight of Archer, the new name and a sabre-cut on the forehead unite with the effect of years in preventing that recognition which Archer is extremely anxious to avoid. We have then sketches of college life, in which Archer figures as a Mephistopheles, taking on himself a great deal of gratuitous exertion in order to corrupt young men, by first shaking their belief in Christianity, and then enticing them into vicious courses. Bampton escapes gross vice; but his religious principles are utterly undermined, and his repulsion towards Christian doctrines and Christian teachers is increased when, on a visit to his mother, he finds her settled in a fashionable town, in a perfect nest of clerical hypocrites. His repulsion is shared by his sister Clara, who remains his dearest friend and confidante. The greater part of the second volume is occupied with sketches of popular clergymen, Evangelical and Puseyite, of college freethinkers, and of snobbish manufacturers at Cottonham; but at length, the story moves on a little. Archer, who has begun to distinguish himself as a writer in the "Vane," and feels himself on the way to other kinds of distinction, has accompanied Bampton on a tour to the Lakes, where he meets Clara, falls in love with her, and induces her to become his wife. But their married happiness is soon disturbed by the reappearance of Julia, Archer's first wife; who, having become disgusted with her Mormon life, has managed to escape, first to California, and again to England, carrying with her some Californian gold. She enters an action against her husband for bigamy, in the first instance without success, but having afterwards found an ally in Archer's attorney, whom he has imprudently offended, she succeeds in getting him convicted, not only of bigamy, but of perjury. Under this accumulation of woes Clara commits suicide, employing the last hours of her life in writing a statement of the feelings and convictions which are actuating her, to her brother. This terrible catastrophe deepens the dissatisfaction already existing in Charles Bampton's mind with his negative views on religion. With symptoms of hopeless consumption in his constitution, and deprived of what he has loved best in life, he finds himself without consolation and without hope; and the remainder of the book is occupied with tracing the influences through which he at length finds repose in the Christian faith, whereupon he determines to devote the rest of his short life to missionary labour at Scutari, and dies there, desiring to have no other inscription on his tomb than—C. B. *In Christo*.

This story, though not in itself ingenious or interesting, offers some good situations, and abundant opportunities for very varied sketches of social life. But the writer has not shown the faculty that can use such opportunities well. The life of the school and the home life of the brother and sister, are merely described, not *presented*; and these, as well as many other parts of the book, read rather like an account or sketch of a novel than like the novel itself. It is a sufficient indication of this deficiency to say, that throughout the first volume there

is hardly any dialogue, except where the writer wishes to exhibit theoretic opinions and arguments; and though in the early part of the second volume a little more dramatic spirit is thrown into the narrative, it soon relapses into dull description. The situations and characters are all treated in a superficial, conventional style. The "German teacher" is merely the traditional Teuton, with no more specific traits than deficient linen, a prejudice in favour of the knife as a prehensile instrument, and a tendency to "cloud-built speculations;" the scenes of Mormon life are a very vulgar treatment of a grave as well as curious phenomenon which wise people will let alone until we have more authentic information; the attempt at depicting Cottonham society is merely a gross exaggeration of a single and occasional characteristic; and the "Champions of Progress,"—Mr. Buzzard, the newspaper editor, Miss Fife, the strong-minded woman, and Dr. Grobman, the materialistic physician—are drawn in that sketchy, generic fashion, which may tell in an article, but is quite ineffective in a novel. The portraits of the "Tractarian," "Recordite," and "Millenarian" clergymen, are more special studies, and are painted, we imagine, with all the gusto of fraternal dislike. Indeed, many readers, unless they persevere to the latter part of the third volume, will be puzzled to understand the writer's mode of "illustrating" the moral benefits of Christianity, since his Christians seem on the whole no better than his infidels, and a great deal more silly. The impression likely to be left by "Perversion" is not so much that only Christians are good, as that most men are good for nothing; and we should imagine that dislike to people in general is a much stronger feeling with the author than attachment to Christians in particular. One good Christian woman, and one or two good clergymen, introduced towards the end of the story, do little to counterbalance this impression. The moral odour of the book is bad. There is the readiest imputation of the worst motives to all kinds of people; and it is clear that in the writer's view Christian charity has nothing to do with abstinence from abusing and slandering such men as Goethe and Carlyle. He seems too "knowing" for us to be able to set down his misrepresentation of opinions to well-meaning one-sidedness; and while he spends hard words on "cold Pantheists," and alludes to "kicking Atheists down stairs," as if that were an action familiar to Christians, we have an unpleasant sense that he has dined with both Pantheists and Atheists without any disturbance of his digestion; and that his experience has been too extensive for him not to be aware that heroism, mercy, and purity, are not irreconcilable with heterodoxy. The mere "writing" of "Perversion" is so ordinary, that we should not have noticed it, but that certain grave critics, dazzled, we must think, by rumours of distinguished authorship, and perhaps not seeing much else to praise, have made it the object of special eulogy. For our own part, we see in it no felicity of phrase or epithet, no epigrammatic salt, no concrete vigour,—nothing that distinguishes the style of the superior writer from that of the merely educated and facile contributor.

The only other novels that have fallen under our notice from amongst

the abundant fiction of the quarter, are "Beyminstre"² and "Maurice Elvington."³ "Beyminstre" depends for its interest on the delineation of quiet provincial life; it belongs to that genus of novels in which Miss Austen and Balzac have given us too high a standard to allow of our being easily satisfied. The writer has one essential faculty of the novelist: he (or she?) knows how to tell a story dramatically; but unhappily he has not the art of making us believe in his characters. There is an elaborate presentation of Winny Hopper, the intriguing, toadying, old-young lady; but after all she remains a puppet to us, and not a woman whom we can imagine ourselves seeing and knowing. And to this absence of the creative power that produces vivid conceptions in the reader, are often added the positive faults of exaggeration and absurdity; such, for instance, as the brutal rudeness of the Puseyite clergyman, and the description of the heroine's complexion as having the "transparent radiance of a ground-glass lamp." Still, we got to the end of "Beyminstre" without much effort, especially as the interest of the story is intensified towards the close. We can hardly say so much for "Maurice Elvington," which begins rather smartly, but becomes gradually dull, and occasionally dismal. There is some merit, however, in the picture of the honest lawyer, Mr. Gently, and his family; and of the thorough-bred peer, Lord Budesdale.

Our list of poets is headed by no less a name than that of Victor Hugo, who has just given a new collection of poems to the world.⁴ We recommend any one who takes up "Les Contemplations," and who distrusts his own power of persevering through two rather stout volumes of French poetry, to turn at once to the beginning of the second volume, where he will find a series of poems in memory of a loved and lovely daughter, who apparently was taken from M. Hugo in 1843, a few months after her marriage. There are touches in these poems such as real affection and real sorrow only can inspire; and every heart that has known a great loss will feel itself in sympathy with the poet, and will thank him for letting others share in this exquisite expression of his grief. The cold winds of calamity and death sweep over us all; but it is only the poets amongst us from whom they call forth delicious tones like these, and such tones ought not to die out unheard. We delight especially in those simple, tender verses which recal the daughter's image as she was in her childhood, and we must indulge ourselves in quoting a few of these, taken here and there, from various poems:—

"Elle avait pris ce pli dans son âge enfantin
De venir dans ma chambre un peu chaque matin;
Je l'attendais ainsi qu'un rayon qu'on espère;
Elle entra et disait: 'Bon jour, mon petit père';
Prenait ma plume, ouvrait mes livres, s'asseyait

² "Beyminstre." By the Author of "Lena," &c. London: Smith and Elder, 1856.

³ "Maurice Elvington; or, One out of Suits with Fortune. An Autobiography." Edited by Wilfrid East. London: Smith and Elder, 1856.

⁴ "Les Contemplations." By Victor Hugo. Bruxelles: Kiessling, Schœne, and Co., 1856.

Sur mon lit, dérangeait mes papiers, et riait,
 Puis soudain s'en allait comme un oiseau qui passe.
 Alors, je reprenais, la tête un peu moins lasse,
 Mon œuvre interrompue, et, tout en écrivant,
 Parmi mes manuscrits je rencontrais souvent
 Quelque arabesque folle et qu'elle avait tracée,
 Et mainte page blanche entre ses mains froissée
 Où, je ne sais comment, venaient mes plus doux vers.

* * * * *
 " Oh ! que de soirs d'hiver radieux et charmants,
 Passés à raisonner langue, histoire et grammaire,
 Mes quatre enfants groupés sur mes genoux, leur mère
 Tout près, quelques amis causant au coin du feu,
 J'appelais cette vie être content de peu !
 Et dire qu'elle est morte ! hélas ! que Dieu m'assiste !
 Je n'étais jamais gai quand je la sentais triste ;
 J'étais morne au milieu du bal le plus joyeux
 Si j'avais, en partant, vu quelque ombre en ses yeux."

* * * * *
 " Elle avait l'air d'une princesse
 Quand je la tenais par la main ;
 Elle chuchotait des fleurs sans cesse,
 Et des papures dans le chemin.

" Elle donnait comme on dérobe,
 En se cachant aux yeux de tous.
 Oh ! la belle petite robe
 Qu'elle avait, vous rappelez-vous ?

" Le soir, auprès de ma bougie,
 Elle jasant à petit bruit,
 Tandis qu'à la vitre rougie
 Heurtèrent les papillons de nuit.

* * * * *
 " Oh ! je l'avais, si jeune encore
 Vue apparaître en mon destin !
 C'était l'enfant de mon aurore,
 Et mon étoile du matin !

* * * * *
 " O souvenirs ! printemps ! aurore !
 Doux rayon triste et réchauffant !
 —Lorsqu'elle était petite encore,
 Que sa sœur était tout enfant. . . .

" Connaissez-vous sur la colline
 Qui joint Montlignon à Saint-Leu,
 Une terrasse qui s'incline
 Entre un bois sombre et le ciel bleu ?

" C'est là que nous vivions.—Pénètre,
 Mon cœur, dans ce passé charmant !—
 Je l'entendais sous ma fenêtre
 Jouer le matin doucement.

" Elle courait dans la rosée,
 Sans bruit, de peur de m'éveiller ;
 Moi, je n'ouvrais pas ma croisée,
 De peur de la faire envoler.

“Je toussais, ou devenait brave ;
Elle montait à petits pas,
Et me disait d’un air très-grave :
‘J’ai laissé les enfants en bas.’”

To our mind, such verses as these are worth more than the loftier strains in which Victor Hugo discourses of “Dieu,” “l’univers,” “les anges,” and “le tombeau;” but readers who prefer him in that loftier vein, will find plenty of poems to their taste in these two volumes of “Contemplations.”

Some sad and sweet remembrance, akin to that which has inspired the verses we have cited from Victor Hugo, runs through a small collection of poems called “Shadows of the Past,”⁵ which, without showing any remarkable power or originality, are pleasing because they have an air of genuineness as well as refinement; they seem to have been suggested by real experience, and not to spring from the vague determination to write poetry. The echoes of the Tennysonian music predominate in these poems, as they do in most volumes of verse that we open; for example, in “Grace and Remembrance,”⁶ a little volume which opens with a series of poems addressed to Shakspeare, against which we have nothing to say except that we feel none the richer for reading them: they have no particular fault, but we feel that we are listening to an echo, and not a voice.

“Weil dir ein Vers gelangt in einer gebildeten Sprache,
Die für dich dichtet und denkt, glaubst du schon Dichter zu sien ?”

“Do you think yourself a poet because you can produce passable verses in a cultivated language *which sings and thinks for you?*” So says Goethe—at least if we may trust the recollection of Schiller’s wife, who attributes this couplet to Goethe, though it is found in Schiller’s works—and the admonition might be of service in England now, no less than in Germany half a century ago.

Not, indeed, to Mrs. Phillipson,⁷ whose verses can hardly be said to have either song or sense in them, but rather, jingle and nonsense. This lady, having habitually solaced her “lonely hours” with writing sentimental doggerel, has liberally offered a thick volume of that literary commodity to the public, in the form of a new and enlarged edition, accompanied with a portrait conveying a very high idea of her personal charms—charms which we can only regard as a kind compensation of Nature for the imbecility exhibited in her verses.

A republication of quite a different character, is a new edition of Mr. Edmund Peel’s Poems,⁸ which have already been long enough before the public to dispense with our criticism.

The last of our poetical volumes is Miss Parkes’s “Gabriel.”⁹ This

⁵ “Shadows of the Past.” By Lionel H. Holdreth. London: Holyoake and Co. 1856.

⁶ “Grace and Remembrance.” Poems by G. Gerard. London: Bosworth and Harrison. 1856.

⁷ “Lonely Hours.” Poems by Caroline Giffard Phillipson. London: Moxon. 1856.

⁸ “The Poetical Works of Edmund Peel.” London: Rivingtons. 1856.

⁹ “Gabriel.” By Bessie Rayner Parkes. London: John Chapman. 1856.

is a story indicated, rather than told, in a series of short poems very varied in their form and not always showing very clearly their organic connexion. It recalls the chief incidents of Shelley's life, and apparently it is Shelley's wife who is supposed, almost throughout, to be the speaker. This is a disadvantage, since it raises a demand for psychological verisimilitude which Miss Parkes has not satisfied. No sooner do we begin to perceive that Gabriel is Shelley, and that it is his wife who is singing to us of his early genius, his college days, and his spiritual struggles, than a new ground of criticism is introduced, and the poem has to justify itself not merely by lyrical beauties but by dramatic presentation. This mistake in structure, and the occasional obscurity and want of finish in the more emotional and reflective parts of the poem, are in some degree counterbalanced by the beauty of many descriptive passages, in which we think Miss Parkes shows a certain vein of poetic power, as well as poetic susceptibility. Here, for example, are a few stanzas from the description of the fine old country house, which opens the poem:—

“ I know a house, its open doors
Wide set to catch the scented breeze,
While, dimpling all the oaken floors,
Faint shadows of the swaying trees
Pass in and out like spectral things,
Dim creatures born of summer light,
Till through the deepening twilight springs
A paler radiance of the night.

“ Then softly in those silent hours
Fair faces grow upon the gloom,
And whisper'd words of unscen powers
Breathe inward with the garden bloom
Of roses clinging to the walls,
And lawns smooth-mown with punctual shears ;
While over roof and threshold falls
The peace of many a hundred years.

“ Unfolding slow their ivory fringe,
The lilies lie upon the pond ;
The firs have caught the sunset tinge,
And murmur, elfin-like, beyond :
I think whoever sought that grove,
To dream an hour of love or heaven,
Might, wrapt in some strange mystery, rove,
And find his year had grown to seven !

“ Great elms, a glorious altar-veil,
Screen off the yellow evening skies,
'Mid whose thick branches, blue and pale,
The geni smoke doth curling rise,
And, wavering in the waveless air,
A certain tender touch impart
To what were else too calmly fair ;
Like memory in some heaven-taught heart.

“ Across the broad unbroken glade
Which girds this house on either hand,
The beech-clumps sprinkle showers of shade ;—
These outposts of the forest stand

And guard the kingdom of the deer,
The stillness of their charm'd domain,
Where Spring chimes matins every year,
And autumn-leaves fall down like rain.

“For miles these beeches rise and fall,
And ripple like some inland sea;
From bough to bough the wood-birds call,
And squirrels nest in every tree:
Blue depths of distance melt away
As far as vision may discern,
And all the open slopes are gay
With foxgloves and the tangled fern.”

Mr. Trench's study of Calderon,¹⁰ contained in a small volume that may easily be slipped into the pocket, is likely to be attractive to many readers, both because Mr. Trench's name is a recommendation and because Calderon is anything but a hackneyed subject in English literature. The volume contains an Essay on the Life and Genius of Calderon, followed by poetical translations from one of his most popular dramas, "Life's a Dream," and from one of his *Autos* or religious-allegorical pieces, "The Great Theatre of the World;" the translation, in both cases, being connected by prose passages, which give an abstract of the omitted scenes. We are not of the small minority who can pronounce on the merits of Mr. Trench's work from the level of equal knowledge; since, however, he cannot be supposed to have written for that small minority, but for the general public, who are not familiar with Spanish literature, our very want of special information may enable us the better to judge of his success. The uninitiated are apt to look at a result through the medium of the difficulties they know to have been conquered; the uninitiated see only the positive value of the result. As among the uninitiated, then, we must confess that the translations in this volume do not in the least help to convince us that Calderon merits the high position Mr. Trench assigns to him as a poet. Now and then there occurs a rather graceful passage which is rendered more felicitously than usual, but the general texture of the translations seems to us extremely poor, and the long speeches put into the mouth of Sigismund, in "Life's a Dream," eminently wanting in dramatic fitness. In the introductory Essay, the opinion expressed concerning Calderon is not supported by a forcible statement of reasons, or by adequate illustrations, so that the reader is likely to lay down the volume with only a vague impression. Occasionally, however, he will be arrested by a good remark, such, for example, as this on the exuberant productiveness of great poets:— "Almost all poets of a first-rate excellence, dramatic poets above all, have been nearly as remarkable for the quantity as the quality of their compositions; nor has the first injuriously affected the second. Witness the seventy dramas of Æschylus; the more than ninety of

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¹⁰ "Life's a Dream: The Great Theatre of the World." From the Spanish of Calderon. With an Essay on his Life and Genius, by Richard Chenevix Trench. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1856.

Euripides; the hundred and thirteen of Sophocles; and, if we consider the few years during which Shakspeare wrote, his fruitfulness is not less extraordinary. The vein has been a large and copious one, and has flowed freely forth, keeping itself free and clear by the very act of its constant ebullition, and the fact is very explicable; it is not so much they that have spoken, as their nation that has spoken by them."

We are still among the poets when we take up Professor Masson's literary "Essays,"¹¹ which derive a value, over and above that belonging to a republication of articles that well deserve to be rescued from the oblivion of "back numbers," from the admirable biography of Chatterton, now for the first time published in its enlarged form. We have all noticed how an awakened interest brings about apparent coincidences,—how, if we learn the meaning of a word or the scientific explanation of a fact one day, we happen to get some additional information about it the next: the "coincidence" being due to the quickening of a new susceptibility in ourselves rather than to any unusual juxtaposition of external things. But there is really an unusual coincidence uniting with an awakened or a re-awakened interest, when any of those who have been admiring Wallis's picture of the "Death of Chatterton," take up Mr. Masson's volume containing the life of the poet; for the volume and the picture were presented to the public nearly at the same time. Here is a biography told without exaggeration, without any unwarranted use of hypothetic incidents, yet surpassing the most highly-wrought fiction in its power over our emotions; for, if we have healthy sympathies, imaginary beings can never so stir our pity or our piety as the real beings of the past, as the sufferers or the heroes of whom we can say,

"Such as these have lived and died."

To this advantage which the true story of a remarkable life has over fiction, are added, in Mr. Masson's life of Chatterton, the vivid reproduction of details, the psychological insight, and the wise charity which are amongst the most important characteristics of a good biography. We abstain from further criticism, that we may find room for a quotation, which we hope will interest our readers as much as it interested us. Protesting against the shallow theory that the tenour of Chatterton's life is to be explained merely by the supposition of his insanity, Mr. Masson proceeds to notice that predominant mental feature which was certainly the strongest determining cause of his peculiar career, namely, his veneration for the antique, the earliest form of which was his passionate attachment to the fine old Gothic church of St. Mary Redcliffe, at Bristol, whence, as our readers will remember, Chatterton professed to have obtained the Rowley manuscripts. The nature of this attachment Mr. Masson very felicitously illustrates as follows:—

"Some time ago we saw in a provincial Scottish newspaper an obituary notice of a poor idiot named John M^rBey, who had been for about sixty years a

¹¹ "Essays, Biographical and Critical: chiefly on English Poets." By David Masson, A.M. Cambridge: MacMillan and Co. 1856.

prominent character in the village of Huntly, Aberdeenshire. Where the poor creature had been born, no one knew; he had been found, when apparently about ten years old, wandering among the Gartly Hills, and had been brought by some country people into the village. Here, 'supported by the kindness of several families, at whose kitchen tables he regularly took his place at one or other of the meals of the day,' he continued to reside ever after a conspicuous figure in the schoolboy recollections of all the inhabitants for more than half a century. The 'shaggy carrotty head, the vacant stare, the idle trots and aimless walks of 'Jock,' could yet,' said the notice, 'be recalled in a moment' by all that knew him. 'At an early period of his history,' proceeded the notice, 'he had formed a strong affection for the bell in the old ruined church of Ruthven, in the parish of Cairnie; and many were the visits he paid to that object of, to him, surpassing interest. Having dubbed it with the name of 'Woe,' he embraced every opportunity at funerals to get a pull of the rope, interpreting the double peals, in his own significant language, to mean, 'Come hame, come hame.' Every funeral going to that churchyard was known to him; and, till his old age, he was generally the first person that appeared on the ground. The emblems of his favourite bell, in 'bright yellow, were sewed on his garments; and woe to the schoolboy that would utter a word in depreciation of his favourite. When near his end, he was asked how he felt. He said 'he was ga'in awa' to the *wow*, nae to come back again.' After his death, he was laid in his favourite burying-place, within sound of his cherished bell."

"Do not despise this little story, reader. To our mind it illustrates much. As this poor idiot, debarred from all the general concerns of life, and untaught in other people's tenets, had invented a religion for himself, setting up as a central object in his own narrow circle of images and fancies an old ruined belfry, which had somehow (who knows through what horror of maternity?) caught his sense of mystery, clinging to this object with the whole tenacity of his affections, and even devising symbols by which it might be ever present to him,—so, with more complex and less rude accompaniments, does the precocious boy of Bristol seem to have related himself to the Gothic fabric near which he first saw the light. This church was his fetich, his 'wow.' It was through it, as through a metaphorical gateway, that his imagination worked itself back into the great field of the past, so as to expatiate on the ancient condition of his native 'Brystowe' and the whole olden time of England.

"This is no fancy of ours. 'Chatterton,' says one of his earliest acquaintances, the Mr. William Smith above mentioned, 'was particularly fond of walking in the fields, particularly in Redcliffe meadows, and of talking of his manuscripts, and sometimes reading them there. There was one spot in particular, full in view of the church, in which he seemed to take particular delight. He would frequently lay himself down, fix his eyes upon the church, and seem as if he were in a kind of trance; then, on a sudden, he would tell me, 'That steeple was burnt down by lightning; that was the place where they formerly acted plays.' To the same effect, also, many allusions to the church in the Rowley poems; thus:—

" 'Thou seest this maestrie of a human hand,
The pride of Bristowe and the western land.'

And here we may remind the reader of a circumstance mentioned above, namely, that the ancestors of Chatterton had, for a hundred and fifty years, been sextons of this same Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, and that the office had only passed out of the family on the death of his father's elder brother John. Chatterton's father, too, it should be remembered, was a choir-singer in the church; and Chatterton himself, while a child, had, in virtue of old family right and proximity of residence, had the run of its aisles and galleries. "Can it be, we would ask the physiological philosophers, that a veneration for the

edifice of St. Mary Redcliffe, and for all connected with it, had thus come down in the Chatterton blood; that, as it were, the defunct old Chattertons, Johns and Thomases in their series, who had, in times gone by, paced along the interior of the church, jangling its ponderous keys, brushing away its cobwebs, and talking with its stony effigies of knights and saints buried below, had thus acquired, in gradually increasing mass, a store of antique associations, to be transmitted as a fatal heritage to the unhappy youth in whom their line was to become extinct and immortal?"

It is the memory of a poet that renders interesting, or at least excusable, the publication of a thick volume containing the correspondence of Schiller's wife with a dear friend. Genius is the proximate cause of great books, the remote cause of big books; and we have especial reason for bearing this fact in our minds in connexion with German literature. Still, reflecting on the reputation women have long had as charming letter-writers, and remembering that Schiller's wife, besides being a very cultivated woman, moved in the society of such men as Goethe, Herder, Fichte, Knebel, Schlegel, &c., we took up this correspondence with more than ordinary eagerness.¹² Unhappily, the volume keeps none of its promises. The letters are simple, friendly notes written to Knebel, detailing the current nothings of the day. In vain do we seek for any anecdotes or glimpses of the remarkable persons among whom she lived; they are casually mentioned, but that is all. Indeed, it was enough to tell Knebel that Goethe was well, or that Herder was busy; that the duke had gone on a journey, and that the duchess was anxious about her son. It was what *he* wanted to know; *we* want more precise details. Moreover, we expect to hear something of dear Schiller and his domestic happiness; but Schiller is seldom mentioned, the majority of the letters being written after his death. Of Goethe we read nothing noticeable even as gossip; and the only fragment which caught our attention on Weimar's central figure was at p. 312, where she mentions the arrival of Charlotte Kestner, the original of Werther's Lotte,—“a very pretty woman advanced in the sixties. Splendid eyes and good figure still remain to her, and a fine profile; but alas! her head shakes, and one sees how perishable are earthly things. She finds Goethe much altered. She is clever and cultivated, and takes great interest in public events.” And then we hear that the *geheime Kammeräthin Riedel*, who figures in “*Werther*” as the *nascence Blondine*, also sat quiet and composed beside them, “and so the hand of Time works over men, and that alone which we feel and experience remains living with us. The yellow leaves fall around me as symbols of human lot. Only the feeling of steadfast good-will, and the love of friends, can carry us into brighter regions, and these we will cling to.”

Schiller's wife paints herself in these friendly notes, and the picture is thoroughly amiable. Her culture was considerable, her interest in almost all forms of intellectual activity remarkable; but she does not exhibit much talent in any direction. A soft, sympathizing, German nature, free from gall and pettiness, and quite without pretension; we

¹² “*Briefe von Schiller's Gattin an einem vertrauten Freund.*” Herausgegeben von Heinrich Düntzer. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1856.

imagine her to have been better fitted for the poet's wife than her sister Caroline would have been, although we do not think so on the grounds stated by Schiller himself. It is known that Schiller was in love with both sisters,—that is to say, he felt for them the sort of affection which, with him, passed for love—a passion he seems never to have known. Charlotte wrote to him, complaining that he loved her sister Caroline better than he loved her. His reply is remarkable. “Caroline is nearer to me in age,” he writes, “and hence we are more alike in the form of our thoughts and feelings. She has drawn more of my impressions and emotion into speech than you have, my Charlotte; but I would not for the world that this should be otherwise—that you should be other than you are. What Caroline possesses more than you, *you must receive from me*; your soul must unfold itself in my love, and you must be the being of *my* creation; you must blossom in the Spring of my love. If we had met each other later in life, I should have lost this sweet joy of seeing you bloom for me.”

The frequent complaint of the sameness there is in women's minds and characters, is curiously contradicted when we have to make such transitions as that from the mild, domestic Charlotte von Lengefeld, to the brilliant, ambitious Marie de Rohan, of whom we now get a more vivid conception by the aid of M. Victor Cousin. This writer has latterly relinquished philosophy for literature; and few readers will complain when, instead of a hash of German metaphysics, they get a piquant dish of semi-historical biography. We have already, in these pages, characterized his previous studies of the women of the seventeenth century, and have now to add to the portraits of Madame de Longueville and Madame de Sablé, the more romantic story of La Duchesse de Chevreuse.¹³ Readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* may be warned, that this volume contains nothing about Madame de Chevreuse beyond what was contained in the article which, early in this year, M. Cousin printed in that journal, and has here reprinted. The bulk of the volume is cked out with *notes et pièces justificatives*, of some interest to historical students, but certain to be skipped by every ordinary reader. The biography, however, was worth reprinting, for it has the interest of romance, with the additional interest of throwing some light on the state of society in France during those troublous times. Marie de Rohan was a beautiful, impetuous, restless, intriguing duchesse, who “loved much, and—many,” and who espoused the political ambitions of her lovers, sharing their perils, aiding their schemes, and making herself an influence dreaded by Richelieu and Mazarin. All this is told with great spirit and *finesse* by M. Victor Cousin, and in a style which years ago enabled him to throw fascination even into abstract questions. But it is somewhat ludicrous to observe even his pretension in the Preface, of having invented a new method of historical composition, which, according to him, “consists, on the one hand, in laying aside all hypotheses, conjectures, vague theories, conventional tirades, abstrac-

¹³ “Madame de Chevreuse et Madame de Hautefort. Nouvelles Études sur les Femmes. Illustres du XVII. siècle.” Par M. Victor Cousin. Paris: Didier and Co. 1856.

tions and approximations, and, by dint of research, penetrating to the real and certain facts, so difficult to recover after the lapse of years; and, on the other hand, in not being content with the mere external aspect of events, but in endeavouring to detect their particular, immediate, personal causes,—those which live in the hearts of men, in their sentiments, their ideas, their virtues, and their vices; in a word, to study in history the lessons of humanity, which for us is the grand and supreme study, the immortal basis of all sound philosophy.” One must be familiar with the magnificent manner of Frenchmen, or passages like these will seem incredible. “Nous exposerons plus tard cette méthode,” he grandly adds, having no misgiving whatever of the platitudes he is uttering.

Another variety in feminine character is suggested by the name of Margaret Fuller, whose “Summer on The Lakes,” and “Letters from Europe,” written for the *New York Tribune*, together with some of her latest private letters to friends in America, are now collected into a volume, under the common title of “At Home and Abroad.”¹⁴ The letters from Europe are no more interesting than the newspaper correspondence of American travellers usually is, until her arrival in Italy, when they acquire both a personal and historical interest. It is very pleasing to read the warm testimony which a close observer like Margaret Fuller bears to the noble conduct of Mazzini, both in the days of revolutionary triumph and of revolutionary tribulation. In closing her very last letter to the *Tribune*, she says, “Mazzini I know, the man and his acts, great, pure, and constant—a man to whom only the next age can do justice, as it reaps the harvest of the deeds he has sown in this.”

When our imaginations are once at Rome, it is easy for them to glide on to Thorwaldsen, to whom it was a second fatherland—the land which cherished and brought to maturity the artist-nature in him, and where he chiefly spent forty-one years of his long life. Thiele’s valuable biography of the great sculptor¹⁵ has now reached the second volume, which brings us to his departure from Rome, in 1838, nearly six years before his death. In the lives of men of genius, it is usually the time of their early struggles that we care most to read about; and our interest in them is often in inverse proportion to their comfort and success. On this ground, perhaps, the second volume of Thorwaldsen’s life will not fetter its readers so strongly as the first; nevertheless, it abounds in interesting details, and among these we may mention, without being led too far for our limited space, the incidents which connect the exercise of Thorwaldsen’s art with the beautiful Albanese girl, Vittoria Cardoni. One summer evening, in the year 1820, Kestner (son of Werther’s Lotte), Secretary of Legation in the Hanoverian Embassy at Rome, as he was riding through the little town of Albano, was struck with the extreme beauty of a girl, about thirteen years of age, who sat

¹⁴ “At Home and Abroad; or, Things and Thoughts in America and Europe.” By Margaret Fuller Ossoli. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1856.

¹⁵ “Thorwaldsen’s Leben.” Von Just Mathias Thiele. Zweiter Band. Leipzig: Wiedemann. 1856.

knitting at the door of a very humble house. A couple of days later, he went with a friend to call on the poor vine-dresser and his wife, who owned this lovely girl for their daughter, and induced the mother to bring Vittoria, dressed in her pretty Albanese costume, that he might introduce her to the family of the German Ambassador, then resident in the neighbourhood. Every one was fascinated by her marvellous beauty, heightened by her noble carriage and picturesque dress; and when the Ambassador's family returned to Rome in the autumn, his wife, the Baroness von Reden, invited thither Vittoria, with all her family, that the artists there might have the opportunity of reproducing this rare beauty. Sculptor after sculptor modelled her bust, and the painters, with Horace Vernet at their head, strove to do justice to her in portraits, of which there are no less than twenty-four in existence. But all confessed themselves vanquished in the contest, and unanimously declared that not one of them had seized the entire beauty of their model. The most curious fact, however, in this little history, is, that when the various busts and portraits were compared, there were scarcely two that bore any resemblance to each other—an additional proof that each man sees things not as they are, but as they appear through his peculiar mental media. Thorwaldsen tried his hand with the rest, but was not more successful. He subsequently used his bust of Vittoria for the head of the young mother with her children in the group of "John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness," which he executed for the Church of the Virgin at Copenhagen.

Another book which will be acceptable to those who delight in the biography of artists, is Mr. Bohn's republication of Duppa's "Life of Michael Angelo," and Quatremère de Quincy's "Life of Raphael," both contained in one volume of the "Illustrated Library."¹⁶

Before we pass from works on artists to works on art, we may fitly introduce M. Scudo's "Critique et Littérature Musicales,"¹⁷ since much of his criticism refers to musical artists. M. Scudo speaks exceedingly well of his own book in his Preface, and informs us that its success—it has now reached a third edition—has confirmed him in his belief, "que le beau est éternel comme le juste!" He is equally in admiration of his own authorship in the Introduction, where he informs us that we shall find in his volume,—"*comme un tableau de l'histoire de la musique depuis l'avènement du Christianisme jusqu'à nos jours.*" After this, one is surprised to find him opening with a personal attack on Liszt, who is evidently his favourite aversion—we should imagine for reasons rather private than public, since M. Scudo is vague when he treats of Liszt's faults as a musician, and is only particular on his dress and demeanour, his white gloves, and the cut of his hair. The criticism is bitter rather than poignant. Seeing that the "*tableau de l'histoire de la musique*" began with Liszt, we supposed that it would unroll itself backward, and we turned to the

¹⁶ "The Lives and Works of Michael Angelo and Raphael." By R. Duppa and Quatremère de Quincy. London: Bohn's "Illustrated Library." 1856.

¹⁷ "Critique et Littérature Musicales." Par P. Scudo. Paris: Hachette and Co. 1856.

end of the volume to see if we should not then find ourselves in the period of the "avénement du Christianisme." But, to our surprise, we find it ending with Sontag and Rosina Stoltz! M. Scudo would have done wisely to introduce his book with less pomp, and to have asked the reader quietly to accept it for what it is—a series of articles, moderately agreeable and instructive, on music and musical artists.

An interesting study for architects and antiquaries is offered in a splendid volume on the "History and Antiquities of St. David's."¹⁸ The cathedral of St. David's stands supreme amongst existing Welsh churches, Llandaff being the only one that approaches it in size or beauty. Both have this feature in common—that their surrounding "city" is a mere village. "But Llandaff . . . has nothing of the strangely awful character derived from the position of St. David's. The richer character of the country round, the neighbourhood of a large and busy town, take off much from the wild majesty which is so distinctive of St. David's. Without the utter desolation of the surrounding country, and the entire separation from all traces of man besides its own narrow world, a large portion of the stern charm of 'ancient Menevia' would be completely lost. . . . St. David's, standing erect amid desolation, alike in its fabric and its establishment, decaying but not dead, neglected but never entirely forsaken, still remaining in a corner of the world with its services uninterrupted in the coldest times, its ecclesiastical establishment comparatively untouched, is, more than any other spot, a link between the present and the past." Pity that our contemplation of such "links between the present and the past" should be disturbed, as it is in England, by vulgar associations! You arrive some sunshiny morning at a cathedral town, and think you will spend the half hour between the arrival and departure of the trains, in looking at the cathedral. But not being satisfied with a glance at the outside only, you peep through the half-open door, which perhaps has a chain or a locked gate before it, and you are immediately pounced upon by a fat sexton or a thin crone, who regards you as a prospective shilling, and offers to "show" you the cathedral. This is one of the opprobriums of Protestantism. To return to St. David's. The remarkable choice of a site for an Episcopal See at the extreme western point of South Wales—well suited to heavenly contemplation, but extremely ill suited to the practical duties of an ecclesiastical "overseer"—seems to be in some degree accounted for by the fact that its founder, St. David, combined the functions of an abbot with those of a bishop, and presided over a conventual establishment, according to a common practice in the British Church. It appears, however, that the subordinates in these hybrid establishments were not called monks, or bound by perpetual vows, though their discipline was ascetic, at least if we may believe the tradition that Morgeneu, the thirty-third from St. David, was the first bishop of Menevia who presumed to taste flesh, in consequence whereof he was slain by pirates,

¹⁸ "The History and Antiquities of St. David's." By William Basil Jones, M.A., and Edward Augustus Freeman, M.A. London: J. H. Parker and Son. 1856.

and after his death appeared to a certain Irish bishop, uttering this admonitory statement:—"I ate meat, and they made meat of me." The description of the cathedral in this work is accompanied by numerous and admirable engravings. The history is elaborate, but never trivial or tedious; and it is altogether a book well written and well illustrated.

Last, not least, we have the fourth volume of Ruskin's "Modern Painters."¹⁹ Its general contents appeal to a more direct interest in the landscape painter's art than was requisite for an appreciation of the third volume, which we reviewed in our last number; but still it is quite the smallest portion of the book that any real lover of nature will pass by as too technical. It has all the transcendent merits and all the defects of its predecessor; it contains an abundance of eloquent wisdom and some eloquent absurdity; it shows a profound love and admiration for the noble and the beautiful, with a somewhat excessive contempt or hatred for what the writer holds to be the reverse of noble and beautiful. This hatred is, likely to grow, because Mr. Ruskin, in common with the majority of men, reckons it among his virtues. But allowing the utmost weight to adverse criticism, it remains another bright event in the year to have read another new volume of "Modern Painters." "Turnerian Topography," "Turnerian Light," and "Turnerian Mystery," are discussed in the first place, but they occupy no more than a hundred pages, and we then come to the great subject of the volume—Mountain Beauty. The reader will thank us more for an extract or two from the fine things Mr. Ruskin says about mountains, than for any short and dry abstract, which would not even have the merit of a skeleton, but would only be fragments of dry bones.

Referring to the comparative rarity of the sublimest mountain scenery, he says,

"If the most exquisite orchestral music could be continued without a pause for a series of years, and children were brought up and educated in the room in which it was perpetually resounding, I believe their enjoyment of music, or understanding of it, would be very small. And an accurately parallel effect seems to be produced upon the powers of contemplation, by the redundant and ceaseless loveliness of the high mountain districts. The faculties are paralysed by the abundance, and cease, as we before noticed of the imagination, to be capable of excitement, except by other subjects of interest than those which present themselves to the eye. So that it is, in reality, better for mankind that the forms of their common landscape should offer no violent stimulus to the emotions,—that the gentle upland, browned by the bending furrows of the plough, and the fresh sweep of the chalk down, and the narrow winding of the copse-clad dingle, should be more frequent scenes of human life than the Arcadians of cloud-capped mountain or luxuriant vale; and that, while humbler (though always infinite) sources of interest are given to each of us around the homes to which we are restrained for the greater part of our lives, these mightier and stranger glories should become the objects of adventure,—at once the cynosures of the fancies of childhood, and themes of the happy memory, and the winter's tale of age."

¹⁹ "Modern Painters." Volume IV., containing Part V. of Mountain Beauty. By John Ruskin, M.A. London: Smith and Elder. 1856.

We may connect this extract with Mr. Ruskin's remarks on the influence exerted over Shakspeare's genius by the scenery in which he was born.

"He seems to have been sent essentially to take universal and equal grasp of the *human* nature; and to have been removed, therefore, from all influences which could in the least warp or bias his thoughts. It was necessary that he should lean *no* way; that he should contemplate, with absolute equality of judgment, the life of the court, cloister, and tavern, and be able to sympathize so completely with all creatures as to deprive himself, together with his personal identity, even of his conscience, as he casts himself into their hearts. He must be able to enter into the soul of Falstaff or Shylock with no more sense of contempt or horror than Falstaff or Shylock themselves feel for or in themselves; otherwise his own conscience and indignation would make him unjust to them; he would turn aside from something, miss some good, or overlook some essential palliation. He must be utterly without anger, utterly without purpose; for if a man has any serious purpose in life, that which runs counter to it, or is foreign to it, will be looked at frowningly or carelessly by him. Shakspeare was forbidden of Heaven to have any *plans*. To *do* any good or *get* any good, in the common sense of good, was not to be within his permitted range of work. Not for him the founding of institutions, the preaching of doctrines, or the repression of abuses. Neither he, nor the sun, did on any morning that they rose together, receive charge from their Maker concerning such things. They were both of them to shine on the evil and good; both to behold unoffendedly all that was upon the earth, to burn unappalled upon the spears of kings, and undisdaining upon the reeds of the river.

"Therefore, so far as nature had influence over the early training of this man, it was essential to his perfectness that the nature should be quiet. No mountain passions were to be allowed in him. Inflict upon him but one pang of the monastic conscience; cast upon him but one cloud of the mountain gloom; and his serenity had been gone for ever—his equity—his infinity. You would have made another Dante of him; and all that he would have ever uttered about poor, soiled, and frail humanity would have been the quarrel between Sinon and Adam of Brescia,—speedily retired from, as not worthy a man's hearing, nay, not to be heard without heavy fault. All your Falstaffs, Slenders, Quicklys, Sir Tobys, Launces, Touchstones, and Quinces would have been lost in that. Shakspeare could be allowed no mountains; nay, not even any supreme natural beauty. He had to be left with his kingcups and clover;—pansies—the passing clouds—the Avon's flow—and the undulating hills and woods of Warwick; nay, he was not to love even these in any exceeding measure, lest it might make him in the least overrate their power upon the strong, full-fledged minds of men. He makes the quarrelling fairies concerned about them; poor lost Ophelia find some comfort in them; fearful, fair, wise-hearted Perdita trust the speaking of her good will and good hostess-ship to them; and one of the brothers of Imogen confide his sorrow to them,—rebuked instantly by his brother for 'wench-like words;' but any thought of them in his mighty men I do not find: it is not usually in the nature of such men; and if he had loved the flowers the *least* better himself, he would assuredly have been offended at this, and given a botanical turn of mind to Cæsar, or Othello."

"In such slight allusions as he makes to mountain scenery itself, it is very curious to observe the accurate limitation of his sympathies to such things as he had known in his youth; and his entire preference of human interest, and of courtly and kingly dignities, to the nobleness of the hills. This is most marked in Cymbeline, where the term 'mountaineer' is, as with Dante, always

one of reproach ; and the noble birth of Arviragus and Guiderius is shown by their holding their mountain cave as

“ A cell of ignorance ; travelling abed.
A prison for a debtor ;’

and themselves, educated among hills, as in all things contemptible :

“ We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey ;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :
Our valour is to chase what flies ; our cage
We make our choir, as doth the prisoned bird.’

“ A few phrases occur here and there which might justify the supposition that he had seen high mountains, but never implying awe or admiration. Thus Demetrius :

“ These things seem *small and indistinguishable,*
Like far off mountains turned into clouds.’

Taurus snow,’ and the ‘ frosty Caucasus,’ are used merely as types of purity or cold ; and though the avalanche is once spoken of as an image of power, it is with instantly following depreciation :

“ Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valhes, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit, and void his rheum upon.’

“ There was only one thing belonging to hills that Shakspeare seemed to feel as noble—the pine tree, and that was because he had seen it in Warwickshire, clumps of pine occasionally rising on little sandstone mounds, as at the place of execution of Piers Gaveston, above the lowland woods. He touches on this tree fondly again and again :

“ As rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rud’st wind,
That by his top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale.

“ The strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar.’

Where note his observance of the peculiar horizontal roots of the pine, spurred as it is by them like the claw of a bird, and partly propped, as the aiguilles by those rock promontories at their bases which I have always called their spurs, this observation of the pine’s strength and animal-like grasp being the chief reason for his choosing it, above other trees, for Ariel’s prison. Again :—

“ You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven.’

And yet again :

“ But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines.’

“ We may judge, by the impression which this single feature of hill scenery seems to have made on Shakspeare’s mind, because he had seen it in his youth, how his whole temper would have been changed if he had lived in a more sublime country, and how essential it was to his power of contemplation of mankind that he should be removed from the sterner influences of nature.”

Here is a passage on one of the uses of mountains :—

“ Every fountain and river, from the inch-deep streamlet that crosses the village lane in trembling clearness, to the massy and silent march of the everlasting multitude of waters in Amazon or Ganges, owe their play and

purity, and power, to the ordained elevations of the earth. Gentle or steep, extended or abrupt, some determined slope of the earth's surface is of course necessary, before any wave can so much as overtake one sedge in its pilgrimage; and how seldom do we enough consider, as we walk beside the margins of our pleasant brooks, how beautiful and wonderful is that ordinance, of which every blade of grass that waves in their clear water is a perpetual sign; that the dew and rain fallen on the face of the earth shall find no resting-place; shall find, on the contrary, fixed channels traced for them, from the ravines of the central crests down which they roar in sudden ranks of foam, to the dark hollows beneath the banks of lowland pasture, round which they must circle slowly among the stems and beneath the leaves of the lilies; paths prepared for them, by which, at some appointed rate of journey, they must evermore descend, sometimes slow and sometimes swift, but never pausing; the daily portion of the earth they have to glide over marked for them at each successive sunrise, the place which has known them knowing them no more, and the gateways of guarding mountains opened for them in cleft and chasm, none letting them in their pilgrimage; and, from far off, the great heart of the sea calling them to itself! Deep calleth unto deep. I know not which of the two is the more wonderful,—that calm, graduated, invisible slope of the champaign land, which gives motion to the stream; or that passage cloven for it through the ranks of hill, which, necessary for the health of the land immediately around them, would yet, unless so supernaturally divided, have fatally intercepted the flow of the waters from far-off countries. When did the great spirit of the river first knock at those adamantine gates? When did the porter open to it, and cast his keys away for ever, lapped in whirling sand? I am not satisfied—no one should be satisfied—with that vague answer,—the river cut its way. Not so. The river *found* its way. I do not see that rivers, in their own strength, can do much in cutting their way; they are nearly as apt to choke their channels up, as to carve them out. Only give a river some little sudden power in a valley, and see how it will use it. Cut itself a bed? Not so, by any means, but fill up its bed, and look for another, in a wild, dissatisfied, inconsistent manner. Any way, rather than the old one, will better please it; and even if it is banked up and forced to keep to the old one, it will not deepen, but do all it can to raise it, and leap out of it. And although, wherever water has a steep fall, it will swiftly cut itself a bed deep into the rock or ground, it will not, when the rock is hard, cut a wider channel than it actually needs; so that if the existing river beds, through ranges of mountain, had in reality been cut by the streams, they would be found, wherever the rocks are hard, only in the form of narrow and profound ravines,—like the well-known channel of the Niagara, below the Fall; not in that of extended valleys. And the actual work of true mountain rivers, though often much greater in proportion to their body of water than that of the Niagara, is quite insignificant when compared with the area and depth of the valleys through which they flow; so that, although in many cases it appears that those larger valleys have been excavated at earlier periods by more powerful streams, or by the existing stream in a more powerful condition, still the great fact remains always equally plain, and equally admirable, that, whatever the nature and duration of the agencies employed, the earth was so shaped at first as to direct the currents of its rivers in the manner most healthy and convenient for man. The valley of the Rhone may, though it is not likely, have been in great part excavated in early time by torrents a thousand times larger than the Rhone; but it could not have been excavated at all, unless the mountains had been thrown at first into two chains, between which the torrents were set to work in a given direction. And it is easy to conceive how, under any less beneficent dispositions of their masses of hill, the continents of the earth might either have been covered with enormous lakes, as parts of North America actually are covered; or have become wilder-

nesses of pestiferous marsh ; or lifeless plains, upon which the water would have dried as it fell, leaving them for great part of the year desert. Such districts do exist, and exist in vastness : the *whole* earth is not prepared for the habitation of man ; only certain small portions are prepared for him, — the houses, as it were, of the human race, from which they are to look abroad upon the rest of the world, not to wonder or complain that it is not all house, but to be grateful for the kindness of the admirable building, in the house itself, as compared with the rest. It would be as absurd to think it an evil that all the world is not fit for us to inhabit, as to think it an evil that the globe is no larger than it is. As much as we shall ever need is evidently assigned to us for our dwelling-place ; the rest, covered with rolling waves or drifting sands, fretted with ice or crested with fire, is set before us for contemplation in an uninhabitable magnificence ; and that part which we are enabled to inhabit owes its fitness for human life chiefly to its mountain ranges, which, throwing the superfluous rain off as it falls, collect it in streams or lakes, and guide it into given places, and in given directions ; so that men can build their cities in the midst of fields which they know will be always fertile, and establish the lines of their commerce upon streams which will not fail.”

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ART. I.—ALCHEMY AND ALCHEMISTS.

1. *L'Alchimie et les Alchimistes, Essai critique et historique sur la Philosophie Hermétique.* Seconde Edition. Par Louis Figuier. Paris. 1856.
2. *Geschichte der Chemie.* Von Dr. Hermann Kopp. 4 Theile. 1843-4.
3. *Remarks upon Alchymists, and the supposed object of their pursuit; showing that the Philosopher's Stone is a mere symbol, signifying something which could not be expressed openly, without incurring the danger of an Auto da Fé.* By an Officer of the United States Army. Carlisle, Penna. 1855.

EVERY animal has its parasite, which instead of roaming in quest of food, snugly ensconces itself in the tissues of its victim, and there feeds in comfortable abundance, in otiose prosperity, earning its daily bread without sweat of brow, or pains of invention. If we examine closely, we shall find that this idle parasite is also the victim to some smaller parasite, who, like Thackeray's poor Irishman, always found dependent on some Irishman not quite so poor, lives at secondhand upon the juices of parasite primus. In literature, a similar phenomenon presents itself. Some laborious German, patient, stolid, loving labour for its own sake, and never happier than when surrounded with the *débris* of erudition, after years of *Forschungen*—researches which have been lighted and lighted by many pipes, and saddened by

much dyspepsia,—produces a huge book, crammed with material, good, bad, very bad, and indifferent. If the book have any vitality, we shall soon find that some nimble Frenchman, or some steadfastly practical Englishman, has fastened himself upon it, sucking its juices, thriving on its abundant food, and growing there with no more onerous labour than is devoted to the process of digestion. If the parasite prospers, it will not be long before some nimbler and minuter Frenchman, or some Englishman with still greater love of short-cuts to results, will be found living on this secondhand food, much to his own satisfaction. First comes a work in plethoric octavo; then a slim and graceful duodecimo; then a review article;

Et quasi cursores vitæ lampada tradunt.

M. Louis Figuier is unmistakably of the parasite order. No zoological eye can be mistaken in the determination of his species. In the parasite we always detect certain organic modifications, or rather certain organic negations; and in his literary antitype a practised eye at once detects the absence of those *indicia* of first-hand knowledge which distinguish the real worker. Compilers may deceive a public more ignorant than themselves, but all men accustomed to composition detect them. It is not requisite to have read any works on Alchemy, to feel quite convinced that M. Figuier has read none, and that all his citations are borrowed. In saying this, and in metaphorically describing M. Figuier as a parasite, we mean no sort of disrespect to him, as may be surmised from the perhaps superfluous candour of our own confession of ignorance and parasitic procedure. M. Figuier is a good chemist, and a very agreeable writer; and if he has not devoted his years to the study of Alchemy in the works of Alchemists, he has produced a very popular and acceptable volume, made up from the works of those who *have* studied. To the general public his essay will be far more entertaining and acceptable than would be the mere translation of the works he has turned to such good use; and in commending his pleasant volume, we shall without scruple borrow from it, and from Hermann Kopp's invaluable "History of Chemistry," all the material we require, without fear of being charged with petty larceny—"convey, the wise it call."

Indeed, the subject of Alchemy might fitly furnish a longer and more elaborate essay than we can venture to offer; since, both as an element in the general history of human culture, and as the early and laborious prelude to the construction of the marvellous science of Chemistry, it is a topic rich in lessons, pregnant with interest. In general, men have very vague and

false ideas of the Alchemists, and their struggles. To most of us the word alchemist calls up the image of a grey and bent enthusiast, with flowing beard, skin like that of a wrinkled apple, madness-lighted eye, and garments stained with acids; living in a narrow study surrounded with musty folios, retorts, crucibles, and dirt; devoting the energies of a life to the passionate pursuit of a chimera; scorned by many, dreaded by more, suspected of dealings with the Evil One, but supported through all toils, all failures, all scorn, and all persecution, by the one invincible hope which lures him on, and which, although for ever eluding, is for ever tempting his outstretched hand. He lives on the pinnacle of a success incessantly about to be achieved: the embers burn, and every moment he expects to see them leap into radiant flame. Thus waiting, thus hoping, he lives, works, and dies. Such is one image called up by the word alchemist; and it represents one class of men whose lives were not in vain, whose labours have been the legacy on which our present science is based. Another image represents another class. The enthusiasts produced charlatans; the dreamers were too often confounded with the mere self-seekers, who borrowed their jargon, their experiments, and their results, and played upon the credulity which these had excited in the public. What Cantwells are to Wesleys, what demagogues are to patriots, the gold-makers were to the Alchemists. Of course the charlatans borrowed all the machinery of the dreamers; they borrowed everything except the noble faith, and the self-abnegation it inspired. By the very necessity of the case they gained greater publicity than the quiet workers, and in time their pretensions and their frauds brought indelible disgrace upon the very name of the science under which they shielded themselves. Alchemy is extinct. All over Europe a few solitary adepts still in secret pursue the study; but it has irrevocably passed away from the circle of the sciences, merged as it is in the science of Chemistry. But although no longer studied as a science, it deserves to be studied as a phenomenon of human development; and unhappily, great as this interest is, the obscurity of alchemical works, and the general belief that Alchemy was nothing but one huge error and will-o'-wisp, such as no enlightened age could tolerate, has deterred men from studying its history with the patience it deserves. The notion respecting the utter absurdity of Alchemy is in many respects false, and in all exaggerated. Alchemy was much nearer a positive science than were most of the systems of metaphysics which have been deemed worthy the study of our serious minds. It started in quest of an unattainable object, furnished with very imperfect means; but as Bacon profoundly saw, it

carried with it unsuspected results far richer than the result it sought; and in this sense he compares it to the "husbandman in *Æsop*, who, being about to depart this life, told his sons that he had left them a great quantity of gold buried in his vineyard, but did not remember the particular place;—who, when they had with spades diligently turned up all the vineyard, gold indeed they found none; however, by reason of their stirring and digging the mould about the roots of their vines, they had a very great vintage the year following. So the strenuous pains and mighty stir of chemists about making gold, have opened the way to a great number of noble inventions and experiments singularly adapted as well to the disclosing of Nature as to the uses of life." If in Bacon's time so much was visible to his penetrating eye, how much more visible is the grandeur of the results to us who possess a chemistry, theoretical and applied, compared with which the chemistry of Bacon's day is but the inarticulate babbling of a child. To transmute copper into gold would really have been but a small result, although it seemed so magnificent to the Alchemists; but the specific knowledge gained by "the strenuous pains and mighty stir" of these gold-makers has enabled us to multiply our powers thousand-fold. Educated as we are, with the results of ages administered in our primers, familiarized from childhood with knowledge which the wisest of our forefathers had no clue to, we find it difficult to place ourselves at the proper point of view from which to estimate the labours of the alchemist, who, as a preliminary, had to learn all those properties of bodies which we find registered in manuals. We can explain the process of a candle burning; every schoolboy now-a-days is taught that it is the same phenomenon as the rusting of iron, or the bleaching of linen; but what centuries of labour were given to the discovery of this familiar fact! And if the reader would realize the position of the Alchemists, let him imagine himself without books, or previous instruction, placed in a laboratory and condemned to find out for himself the properties of bodies, to invent his own methods of analysis, and to make his own instruments; he will then see the enormous work accomplished by the Alchemists, and will understand why it was necessary for them to be moved by some powerful influence, lured by some fascinating object, before they could consent to the patient labour of thus examining and registering the properties of bodies. Do we not, all of us, daily pass unmoved amid substances of which we take scarcely any notice, because our interest is not powerfully excited by them? Do we examine the rock on which we walk, the animals thrown upon the shore, the weeds and wild-flowers which grow along the lanes, until some special motive impels us?

and then if the process be troublesome, how easily are we discouraged, unless sustained by some object! When once the scientific spirit is awakened, it becomes a sufficient stimulus to protracted labour; but until that exists, there is need of some powerful external impulse. The chemist of to-day is willing to labour, merely to detect some undetected property, some slight modification due to a slight change of conditions; but you could not persuade the unscientific man to give that labour for that result. Tell him it will make his fortune, that he may "take out a patent" for his discovery, which will infallibly enrich him, and you give him the impulse which will determine him to work. An impulse of this kind was the desire of transmuting metals. And as Liebig says, "in order to know that the philosopher's stone did not really exist, it was indispensable that every substance accessible to study and observation, should be observed and examined in accordance with the scientific resources of the time."

This is the true historical position of Alchemy, as a scientific investigation. It was the indispensable prelude to a positive science of Chemistry; by supplying a sufficient motive, it caused the accumulation of those stores of knowledge which could at last be co-ordinated into a science. That its objects were unattainable, and its methods imperfect, we must admit; but the admission does not justify our neglect of its efforts. In the first place, its methods, although imperfect, led to the creation of our more perfect methods. Vitiating as all thinking was in those days by the *à priori* method which turned physics into metaphysics, physiology into metaphysiology, and chemistry into meta-chemistry, the labours of the Alchemists were nevertheless in great part experimental. They brought observation and induction of positive facts into something like a co-ordinated series for the discovery of truths. We cannot, indeed, agree with those writers who claim for the Alchemists the invention of the Experimental Method, as understood by Galileo, Bacon, and Descartes; but it is certain that, to a great extent, they founded their efforts on experiment, on the actual testing of bodies by means of ascertained properties; and by this they not only inaugurated the Experimental Method—supplanting the Metaphysical Method,—but also accumulated a vast store of facts relating to re-agents, and molecular changes generally.

Then, again, as to their object being unattainable, much may be said. The Philosopher's Stone, which was to confer immortal youth and boundless wealth, may be pronounced a chimera; but this was an outgrowth from the original purpose of Alchemy, and belonged to its metaphysical element. The really scientific

problem, which was the original problem, of the transmutation of metals, *was* insoluble in those days, nor is it soluble in our own, but it has latterly, by all the best chemists, ceased to be regarded as chimerical. We call the metals simple bodies, and consider them undecomposable, because up to this time they have not been decomposed; yet no one would be surprised to hear to-morrow that any of the metals had been decomposed. Up to the time of Davy, the earths and alkalis were considered simple bodies; he proved them to be oxides of metals,—and some future Davy may prove metals to be as composite as water. There is little doubt now-a-days that a metal composed of hydrogen and nitrogen, which chemists call ammonium, exists in ammoniacal salts; if this metal could be isolated, and decomposed, it might lead us to the decomposition of other metals.

The Alchemists believed the metals were composed of sulphur and mercury; the differences in their properties resulting from differences in the degrees of combination. Gold was formed of pure mercury united with a small quantity of sulphur, also very pure; copper was formed of mercury and sulphur, in almost equal proportions; and so on. But the sulphur and mercury here spoken of are not the substances vulgarly known by these names. The *mercurius* represents the metallic element, cause of the ductility and brightness of metals; *sulphur* represents the combustible element. The problem, therefore, was to change the proportion of the elements; and to solve this, it was necessary that exact knowledge should be gained of the various ways in which bodies comported themselves,—in other words, of re-agents and molecular changes. So delicate and difficult a problem was not soluble by any knowledge or any methods then known; but it daily becomes more and more easy of solution: or, to speak more accurately, the impossibility becomes daily less credible. M. Figuier sums up the result of his essay in the following terms:—"The present state of chemistry will not allow of our considering the transmutation of metals an impossibility. It follows, from scientific data recently established, and from the existing tendencies of chemistry, that the transmutation of one metal into another is capable of being realized. History, however, demonstrates that up to this period no one has succeeded in the attempt." History likewise shows that no one has yet been able to effect the slight modification which would change the lump of charcoal into a diamond; that the thing is *possible* every one admits; but our experimentalists have not yet hit upon the precise mode of effecting it.

If, therefore, we are not warranted in turning aside in contempt from the labours of the Alchemists because they neces-

sarily failed in their object, and if modern science proclaims their object not to have been the absurdity it was so long believed to be, but was unattainable as an object only because sought by false and imperfect methods, a sudden glow of interest at once lights up this portion of history, as we learn to read there the causes of failure in the immature tentatives of scientific research. Our attention is at once called from the gold-making, either as a possibility or as a chimera, to the processes employed. We become curious as to the ideas which guided the experiments, and the experiments which were invented to verify the ideas. We must, however, guard against one general fallacy which misleads historical inquirers: finding in the records of the past some vague anticipation of the discoveries which are the glories of the present, these inquirers are apt to imagine that moderns have done nothing but revive ancient knowledge; whereas, if closely scrutinized, the resemblance detected between the ancient and the modern conception is purely formal, superficial,—the two conceptions differing minutely and profoundly. Let this conception of the transmutation of metals be an example. There is a formal superficial identity in the conceptions of the Alchemist and the Chemist. Both agree in the possibility of transmutation, because both agree in the composite nature of the metals. But if, from this general survey of their positions, we descend to a particular examination of the grounds on which they rest, and of the details they embrace, we shall see that the resemblance ceases at the surface. In the days of the Alchemists, galena and iron pyrites were held to be semi-metals, the former having the colour of lead, the latter having somewhat the colour of gold. Sulphur was extracted from both: when extracted from galena, it left behind a metal both malleable and fusible—namely, lead. What was more natural, asks Liebig, than to conclude that sulphur was an ingredient of the baser metals—the amount of sulphur determining their properties. Since, then, lead-glance was converted into perfect lead by the expulsion of a certain quantity of sulphur, was it not probable that by the removal from lead of somewhat more sulphur, a still higher purification might result—namely, silver? The volatility of mercury, again, was perfectly known; and mercury was the other constituent of metals. It therefore seemed to these Alchemists that the rusting of metals in the air, or their calcination in fire, was owing to the escape of this volatile mercury. Plausible as this may appear, we need not stop to point out the total difference between such chemistry and that of our day. The differences are, however, wider as we descend. The Alchemists believed in the *generation* of metals, and this not in an idle play of fancy, or in the spirit of mystification which so

often seems to have actuated them, but in sober seriousness. They believed that minerals were *born* of minerals, exactly as plants and animals are born of plants and animals. Hence they called the crucible which served for an experiment, the philosophic egg—*ovum-philosophicum*. The whole science consisted in effecting artificially that union of the two parents which took place spontaneously in the depths of the earth. The baser metals, such as lead, copper, tin, were misbegotten accidents,—what modern embryologists call “arrests of development.” Nature, ever striving to realize perfection, often produced gold, to which she constantly tended, but some accidents “arrested” her, and produced the baser metals. Nor was this all. The various modifications through which metals passed in reaching the final stages of silver or gold, were determined by the stars. In these two conceptions we trace the influence of the imperfect acquaintance with the metals themselves, and the metaphysical method dominant at the time. With their knowledge it was natural that they should be led to the idea of the growth and development of metals, since metals were constantly found in the earth in different states of alloy, from which their art enabled them to extract the pure ore: these different states of purity were held to be different epochs in growth. Then, again, from their tendency to connect all terrestrial phenomena with astronomical phenomena, it was inevitable that they should consider the stars to be the great source of development. The stars were to them what electricity is to us—the great unknown, which explains all other unknown phenomena.

Although, therefore, ancients and moderns concur in believing transmutation possible, they do so on grounds entirely different. Science seems to veer round, after long tacking, to its original starting point; but although to the careless onlooker the ship seems to have made little way, yet if he descended from the rock, and got on board the vessel, he would find her now newly rigged, manned, coated, provided with chart and compass, and in every detail better fitted for her perilous path across the seas. In all regions of speculation we see men beginning with the highest and most insoluble problems, and gradually lowering their ambition, till, having painfully secured a stable position on the lower ground, they once more raise their aims to the highest. They begin with facile and fallacious *à priori* reasonings; they then find out the necessity of slow *à posteriori* inductions; and having for centuries occupied themselves with these, they once more resume the “high *priori* road.” They began with the attempt to transmute metals and prolong life; relinquishing that attempt for the humbler one of ascertaining the properties of the

bodies they employed, they are now once more in a position to resume the alchemical attempt, but are deterred therefrom by the knowledge that it would be more serviceable to mankind if they could make iron than if they could make gold.

Such is the historical aspect presented by Alchemy. If, however, we descend from this standing point wherefrom all history is seen as a panorama, and, placing ourselves in nearer connexion with the Alchemists, regard them not historically but biographically—and with the aid of Dr. Kopp, and his pleasant popularizer, M. Figuier, there can be little difficulty in so placing ourselves,—we shall find the Alchemists not only unconscious of the great work they were severally employed in forwarding, but also misguided and confused by fancies which to us seem puerile, by reasonings which would scarcely deceive any thinking mind in our day, and, as a consequence, presenting the painful spectacle of dupes and dupers, fools and charlatans, either mystifying themselves or mystifying others. An experimental element was mingled with a mystical element; a coarse unscientific materialism with a vague and ambitious spiritualism. When Alchemy was denounced as damnable, the credulous met the denouncement by claiming for their chimeras a religious inspiration and a religious aim. Not only were prayers and religious invocations indispensable preliminaries to the great work of the Alchemists in later days—not only was their language strangely coloured with religious allusions,—but it was their assimilation of the transmutation of metals with the doctrine of the death and resurrection of men, which Luther advanced as the reason for his praises of Alchemy.

The Alchemists were sometimes earnest and honest men, often shameless charlatans, and mostly men who, beginning in earnest, glided imperceptibly into deceit. When one charlatan was exposed, the believers could still refer to those whom none dared accuse of charlatanism; when one failed to do what he had promised, there still remained the recorded successes of others to cheer the believers. The execution of Bragadino did not prevent emperors and cardinals from implicitly trusting other adventurers. Bragadino, whose real name was Mamugna, was born in the island of Cyprus. He pretended that he was the son of Marco Antonio Bragadino, Governor of Venice, killed by the Turks in 1571. After a voyage to the East, where he became initiated into the secrets of the Alchemists, he went to Italy, in 1578, under the title of Count Mamugnaro, and there became very famous, making public exhibitions of his power of transmuting metals, which power he gave out as the origin of his own wealth;—the fact being that he derived his money from dupes to whom he sold the secret

at a high price. For no one seems to have been surprised at the fact that all these gold-makers demanded large sums of money for their secret, when it would have been so easy for them to keep their secret, and make all the gold they desired; and the Emperor Ferdinand promised many thousand thalers to one whom he employed to discover the philosopher's stone, never reflecting that, if found, the stone would render such a promise needless. So Bragadino sold his secret. If the purchasers did not succeed, it was because they had not properly followed his instructions. *He* succeeded—as witness his public exhibitions. Did he not, in the palace of Cantarena, astonish the assembly by changing mercury into gold? His secret simply was to employ an amalgam of mercury and gold. Nevertheless the Doge of Venice purchased his secret at an enormous sum, and Bragadino quitted Venice before his cheat was discovered. In 1588 he travelled over Germany, under the name of Count de Bragadino. He declared that he had Satan himself as his slave;—an assertion well calculated to inspire respect in Germany, where the presence of two large black dogs, ferocious and satanic in aspect, always by his side when he was performing his mysteries, was undeniable evidence of his having demons for slaves. After astonishing Vienna, he went to Munich, and in 1590 was summoned to exhibit his skill before the Court. Unhappily for him, his cheat was detected, and he was hanged without hesitation. The two dogs, innocent representatives of the black gentleman, were shot underneath the gallows.

That Bragadino was an impostor, and hanged as such, was no reason why those who came after him should be considered impostors, any more than that he should at once have been suspected because he followed so closely in the footsteps of another, namely, the famous Thurneysser, who, after roaming about Europe in company with vagabonds and charlatans, among whom he learned proficiency in jugglers' tricks, presented himself before the Archduke Ferdinand, and gained his confidence, artfully declaring that he was not in full possession of the secret, but that he was on the traces. The Prince gave him every means of acquiring the desired knowledge, furnishing him with money for his voyages in Hungary, Spain, Portugal, Scotland, Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Arabia;—for it was one of the fixed ideas of the Alchemists that the philosopher's stone would be found in the course of many wanderings. The early and sincere workers believed in a sort of predestination. In their travels they would meet with some one who would reveal the secret. Indeed, the secret was too great and mysterious to be in the possession of any vulgar fellow-citizen; only some mighty sage, living in distant lands, could

possibly discover it. And as travel necessarily enlarges the conceptions and increases the knowledge, there was some meaning in the superstition. George Ripley, in 1470, declared he gained all his knowledge on his travels. Count Trevigo, between 1452 and 1472 journeyed through Italy, Spain, England, Scotland, the Netherlands, France, Germany, Greece, Barbary, Egypt, Palestine, Persia, "et je désperdy en ces choses," he says, "bien dix mille trois cents escuz, et fuz en moult grande pauvreté et n'auoys plus guerres d'argent. Et tousiours je cherchois si puisse nulluy trouver qui me peult conforter." Thurneysser, also, travelled far and wide at the Prince's expense. If he did not bring back the philosopher's stone, he brought back some medical knowledge; and was soon made physician to the Elector of Brandenburg. In this position he acquired an immense fortune and renown. He sold rouge and cosmetics to the court ladies, almanacks of prophetic astrology to all classes. He had a laboratory in which he sometimes manipulated before two hundred visitors; and a printing establishment expressly for his works, which were eagerly sought all over Germany. He also had his slave demon; and this docile, but not handsome servant, was kept in a bottle, which was occasionally shown to the public, to the entire refutation of insolent scepticism. Soon, however, his frauds became notorious. The eyes of the Elector were opened, and in 1585 Thurneysser escaped from Berlin, but in such haste that he left his "bottle imp" behind him. On inspection the imp proved to be a scorpion preserved in oil.

We need not cite more examples. It is always the same story of clever audacity, boundless credulity, and temporary success; then the tide turns, the hopes which have been excited and frustrated, now animate the dupes against their deceiver, and his life is the forfeit. It is, however, greatly to misconceive Alchemy to judge of it by the noisy pretenders and charlatans who traded on its magnificent promises, and a sketch of its history will not only enable us to judge it more correctly, but will explain by what gradations it rose from a scientific tentative into the absurdity of a search for the philosopher's stone.

The first effort of Alchemy was to transmute metals, and the first trace of the attempt is found in the Greek writers of the fourth century; but as these writers allude to it as a thing well known, and as in the first century it assuredly was not known, otherwise there would have been some indication of it in Pliny or Dioscorides, the conclusion is inevitable that somewhere during the second and third centuries men began to labour in this direction; unless we adopt the safe refuge of ignorance pretending to wisdom, and boldly assign Egypt as the birthplace of this, as of

all other sciences. There seems to have always been a profound belief in Egypt as the great cradle, or let us rather say, temple of wisdom. Everything there is so mysterious; and because the priests of Memphis jealously excluded all their science and all their labours from public inspection—because we know nothing of their science, the facile logic of wonder has jumped to the conclusion that they knew everything. For our own parts, we have the profoundest disbelief in this Egyptian lore; and although not quite inclined to go so far as a witty, but irreverent friend, who declares the priests of Thebes and Memphis were chiefly occupied “eating their sacred cats,” we attach no more importance to the arguments which make Egypt the early inventor of Alchemy, than to those arguments of Borrichius, who dates it as far back as the Creation, and makes Tubal Cain the mighty possessor of the secret. Whatever may be the date and birthplace of the science, it is certain that the Alchemists early attributed its invention to Hermes Trismegestius, whence the name of the Hermetical philosophy. During the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, the Byzantine and Alexandrian workers multiplied their researches, so that both in Greece and Egypt Alchemy took firm hold of ardent minds. In the seventh century the Arabs appeared upon the scene. They devastated libraries, but they caught up this hermetical philosophy with peculiar avidity, since the promise of transmutation was one which, of all others, found in their minds ready acceptance. When we think of Bagdad, Bassora, and Damascus, our minds are crowded with images of oriental magnificence—suggestions of the “Arabian Nights.” The idea of these being cities of trade, of eager, restless money-getting, such as London itself cannot rival, seldom occurs to us. Yet what, if we examine them, do these “Arabian Nights” discourse of, but treasures of gold, gardens of jewels, and palaces of precious stones? Visions of wealth float before the dreamer. Genii promise gold, or the means of forming gold. The world is one vast emporium, furnished by Rundell and Bridge. To such a people the philosopher’s stone was, of all earthly pursuits, the most worthy of the labour; and very significant it is of the practical tendency of the Arabian mind, that now, for the first time, was a real transmutation of metals considered indispensable. Hitherto men had been content to change the colour of metals, and give them the aspect of gold and of silver. But the Arab justly scorned such superficial results, and insisted on the qualities of the metals being produced as well as the colours. And thus, with the Arabs, properly speaking, Alchemy begins. Arabians were long held to be the great authorities. Greatest of all is Geber—whom the reader would scarcely recognise under his

Arabic name Abu-Mussa-Dschafar-al-Sofi ; although every Spanish scholar sees at once how Dschafar becomes Geber, as he sees how Abdelmelek-Abu-Merwan-Ebu-Zohr becomes Avenzoar, and Abu-Hali-Ebu-Abdallah-Abnusina becomes Avicenna. From the Arabians the "sacred art" passed to the Spaniards, and during the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries the colleges of Cordova, Toledo, Granada, and Seville were visited by men from every part of Europe, anxious to get a clue to the inestimable secret. This was by no means easy ; for the writings of Alchemists are almost as difficult to master as the secret they profess to disclose. For example, the student is told to perform an indispensable operation in these terms, which we borrow from M. Figuier :—

"Je vous commande, fils de doctrine, congelez l'argent vif.—De plusieurs choses faites 2, 3, et 3, 1, 1 avec 3 c'est 4, 3, 2 et 1. De 4 à 3 il 7 a 1 ; de 3 à 4 il 7 a 1 donc 1 et 1, 3 et 4 ; de 3 à 1 il 7 a 2 de 2 à 3 il 7 a 1. Je vous ai tout dit."

Imagine the neophyte wréstrling through the silent hours of midnight with such a problem as that ! Still simpler, yet not much more luminous, is the following recipe :—"Take" If with *that* he do not succeed, it must be the student's own fault. The reason of all this mystery is, that the secret was too mighty to be brusquely revealed. Only adepts were worthy to know what only adepts would labour to know. Hence the doctors spake an exoteric language. Those who failed to seize their meaning showed themselves by their very failure to belong to the vulgar, not to the chosen initiated.

The Arabs gave a decidedly practical direction to Alchemy ; they wanted to make gold, and no mere appearance of gold would satisfy them. When, however, the science passed into Europe, another change came over it. The Arabian philosopher was untroubled by mystical abstractions, and was troubled only with the positive difficulties. The unity and simplicity of Mussulman faith, or, more properly speaking, the national indifference to mystical conceptions, kept these men to the work of the laboratory ; but the Christians could not so confine themselves to mere experimental labour : religious inspiration was deemed necessary as a preliminary at least ; and in a little while this religious element became almost the dominant element.* The Arab thought of the philosopher's stone as a chemical agent in the transmutation of metals ; he never thought of it as a panacea by which all

* It is this and this alone which gives a sort of pretext for the views put forward by the United States officer in the pamphlet named at the head of this article.

sickness could be cured, all impurity removed, and life become perpetual youth.

The rise of this conception of a philosopher's stone is not accurately known. The term was probably used in the ninth century, and certainly in the eleventh; but the meaning of the term gradually extended. The Greeks seem to have never thought of it as a panacea; the Arabs, in their metaphorical language, frequently spoke as if the elixir they sought would *heal* the ignoble metals; and Geber on one occasion exclaims, "Bring me the six lepers that I may heal them," meaning, "Bring me silver, quicksilver, lead, copper, iron, and tin, that I may make them gold." Hence it has been surmised by most writers since Boerhaave, and readily adopted by Kopp and Figuier, that the conception of a panacea arose from a literal interpretation of this figurative language. We doubt this altogether; the metaphor would not have been accepted in its literality, if the state of opinion had not warranted the conception. Other metaphors were not so literally interpreted. The Lion and the King, the Dragon and the Vulture, were not accepted literally. When Dr. Lee tells his followers to "take a red dragon, courageous, warlike, to whom no natural strength is wanting, and afterwards seven or nine noble eagles, whose eyes will not wax dull by the rays of the sun, cast the birds with the beast into a clean prison, and under which let a bath be placed, that they may be incensed to fight by the warm vapour," no one supposed that he meant real red dragons and real eagles, simply because vulgar experience contradicted such a supposition. It was otherwise with the metaphors about healing sick metals; the metals were believed to be living organisms, and any elixir which would rid them of their impurities and imperfections, might naturally be supposed capable of ridding other organisms of their imperfections. Instead, therefore, of the belief in an universal panacea arising out of the confusion of a literal with a metaphorical phrase, it arose, we suspect, out of a natural and inevitable extension of the original idea; just as the belief in an universal solvent, or *alchaest*, arose out of an extension of the particular solvents which experiment brought constantly under notice.

When once the conception of the philosopher's stone became general, belief in its wonder-working properties rapidly increased; and Isaac Hollandus was only consistent when he said that he who should every week take a small portion of this elixir, would preserve himself in perpetual health; which statement easily led to the belief in a sort of mundane immortality. Artepheus boldly declared that he had already lived a thousand years, thanks to this admirable quintessence. Frederick Gualdo, the Rosicrucian,

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contented himself with four centuries. The quacks were ready to restore to women of eighty the charms of eighteen. To find this inestimable panacea was, of course, incomparably more worthy of research than the mere art of making gold; and the crowd of adepts increased. The only difficulty was, how to prepare this panacea; or rather, how to obtain the *philosopher's mercury*, which, when found, made the rest as easy as knitting:

Qu'une femme filant fusée
N'en serait du tout détournée.

This *mercurius philosophorum*, so desirable and desired, was also known by the names of *materia prima natura*; *Chaos*; *Azoth*; *nutrix*; *leo viridis*; *dracp devorans, congelans et mortificans caulam suam*; *venenum*; and many others. It was first sought in the metals; failing there, the seekers tried the salts, because St. Luke has said, "salt is a good thing." Saltpetre long held its place as the most probable of substances likely to contain the desired element, because it is found in the three kingdoms,* animal, vegetable, and mineral, and thus agrees with the triple nature said by Paracelsus to belong to the quintessence. When the minerals had been ransacked in vain, plants were tried, and in the eighteenth century, the animal organism, which contains within it the power of ennobling brute matter, was supposed to possess this quintessence; an idea which the stories of children born with teeth of gold helped to render plausible. Animal products and excrements were analysed with great eagerness. Before, however, alchemy reached this stage, it had consumed many years seeking for the famous *virgin earth*. Inasmuch as metals are born in the womb of the earth, the earth must be the mother of metals, and virgin earth must contain the germ of all metals;—in other words, the philosopher's stone. It was only necessary to dig down to regions where the earth had never been subjected to contact with the hand of man. They dug—they dug deep—they dug for years—"mais jamais la terre ne se trouva suffisament vierge."

Other sources were explored, for failure could not daunt the seekers. Meanwhile, and parallel with these researches, a more strictly chemical investigation was pursued in the search after an universal solvent—*menstruum universale*. The Alchemists constantly met with substances which resisted all their means of solution; but inasmuch as chemical action is only possible by means of solution (*corpora non agunt nisi soluta*), it became of

* It may interest the reader to learn that this division of nature into three kingdoms is the invention of the Alchemists; a point quite recently brought to light by M. Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire, in his "Histoire des Règues Organiques."

first importance to discover an universal solvent. This ideal agent was named *alchaest*. It was sought by all experimentalists. Of course, many proclaimed that they had found it, until Kunkel scattered the whole fabric of pretension by a single phrase:—"What kind of vessel," he asked, "*contains* this universal solvent?"

There is but one point more we shall notice here, and that is the belief in a possible *palingenesis*, or new birth, which was derived from alchemical studies. That men should be able to reconvert the ashes of a flower into a living flower, seemed by no means impossible. In 1600 it was positively announced as having been effected. That the pretended marvel was a trick, we need not add; but the conception itself, in serious minds, was not unnatural. The knowledge of possible decomposition naturally suggests possible recombination;—why cannot that which has been taken to pieces be put together again? Until quite recently the idea was considered utterly chimerical; chemical philosophy declared that only inorganic substances could be artificially composed by man,—organic substances defied his skill. Modern organic chemistry has, however, approached somewhat nearer to the old alchemical philosophy; and although it is as far as ever from the secret of making the simplest plant or animal, it is gradually extending its power into the region of organic substances. Urea has for many years been formed in the laboratory; alcohol has been made by M. Berthelot, and that chemist has quite recently succeeded in making the essence of mustard. These discoveries are leagues from the discovery of how to make a simple organic cell, but they serve to connect by one more link the daring hypotheses of the Alchemists with the verified results of modern chemistry; and the connexion is interesting, as an illustration of the difference in the mental conditions of the two epochs. The Alchemist with his slender knowledge of the properties of bodies, outruns all experience, and leaps at the highest possible results. He no sooner conceives the idea of *palingenesis*, than he attempts to restore the living flower from its ashes. From this to the attempt to create an *Homunculus*, there is but a step. The modern chemist, on the other hand, aided by all the appliances of his laboratory, working on the store of material accumulated during centuries of patient research, so far from attempting to create an organism, thinks it an immense discovery to make one of the inferior organic substances. The one sets out in a cockle-boat to discover a new world; the other sets out in a magnificent steamer to land at Herne Bay; but the cockle-boat is for ever tossed about on a shoreless sea till it splits on a reef; whereas the steamer *does* land at Herne Bay, and is afterwards ready for other and greater voyages.

In the course of this article we have indicated the general historical connexion between Alchemy and Chemistry; had space permitted it, the connexion might have been exhibited in detail. The thoughtful reader will not have overlooked the immense benefit which modern science must have derived from the labours of men who, while pursuing chimerical treasures, ploughed up the earth in all directions and made it fruit-bearing. While seeking for the *mercurius philosophorum*, Basilus Valentinus studied the invaluable antimony, the properties of which he had so thoroughly mastered, that many facts considered in our days to be new discoveries, are found explicitly stated by him. He also described many important chemical preparations, among them the "spirit of salt" (what we call hydrochloric acid), which he prepared as it is prepared in our day, from sea salt and sulphuric acid. Van Helmont discovered the existence of gases; and Glauber is less to be admired for his discovery of the salt which bears his name, than for the luminous principle with which he enriched chemistry, in insisting on the necessity of examining the residue of chemical operations, and not neglecting it as a *caput mortuum*.

If, then, Alchemy was an error, it "bore a precious jewel in its head," which has lighted men on the difficult path of discovery. By the very necessities of the case it coerced the minds of men into studies repulsive and difficult—it forced them to create the Experimental Method—it forced them to become accurately acquainted with all substances, and it furnished them with the means of elaborating a science, the marvels of which may fairly be said to surpass the wildest dreams of any Alchemist.



ART. II.—BUDDHISM: MYTHICAL AND HISTORICAL.

1. *Introduction à l'Histoire du Bouddhisme Indien.* Par Eugène Burnouf. Paris. 1844.
2. *Le Lotus de la bonne Loi, traduit du Sanscrit, accompagné d'un commentaire et de vingt et un mémoires relatifs au Bouddhisme.* Par Eugène Burnouf. Paris. 1852.
3. *Rgya Tch'er Rol Pa, ou Développement des Jeux contenant l'Histoire du Bouddha Cákya-mouñi, traduit sur la version tibétaine du Bhahhgyour, et révu sur l'Original Sanscrit (Lalitavistara).* Par Ph. Ed. Foucaux, Membre de la Société Asiatique de Paris. Deuxième partie—Traduction Française. Paris. 1848.
4. *Du Bouddhisme.* Par M. J. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. Paris. 1855.
5. *The Bhilsa Topes; or Buddhist Monuments of Central India.* Comprising a brief Historical Sketch of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Buddhism. By Brev.-Major Alexander Cunningham, Bengal Engineers. London. 1854.
6. *The Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland.* Vol. xvi. Part 2. London. 1856.

THE interest which attaches to the phenomenon of Buddhism is to us twofold. First, an historical interest involving inquiries into its origin and growth, the how, the where, the when, the from whom, and by what occasions, arose a specific religion which has exercised so mighty a sway. Secondly, a more philosophical interest in the ascertaining of its doctrine and morality. It is not possible, within reasonable limits, had we learning sufficient, to do justice to either of these branches of inquiry; and we only propose in this article to lay before the general reader some results of the investigations of Orientalists within the present generation, availing ourselves principally of the works of the late M. E. Burnouf, and of M. J. B. Saint-Hilaire.

The following sketch will show the rapidity with which have been accumulated, within about thirty years, the materials for a knowledge of the history and tenets of this remarkable religion, if religion it can properly be called. In 1828, Mr. Bryan Haughton Hodgson, English resident at Cathmandu, the capital of Nepal, published the results of his researches in the Buddhist monasteries of that country. He had discovered an immense

number of sacred books in Sanscrit, and the very striking fact was shortly ascertained, that these texts were the originals from which had been made translations, still extant, into the Chinese, Tibetan, and Mongolian languages. Nearly contemporaneously with Mr. Hodgson's discovery, M. Csoma de Körös, a Transylvanian, penetrated into Tibet, acquired its language, and published in 1834, in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* and in the *Asiatic Researches*, a detailed account of the two great Tibetan collections of Buddhist works, the *Kah-gyur* and the *Stan-gyur*. These turned out, as their titles imply, to be translations by the Buddhist missionaries who converted Tibet in the seventh century of our era; and the whole of the works discovered in the Sanscrit original in Nepaul by Mr. Hodgson were found to be included in these Tibetan versions. About the year 1823, the Baron Schilling had been sent by the Russian government into the Mongolian provinces subject to that empire, where he obtained a large collection of Buddhist works, which also were now found to be versions of the same Sanscrit texts discovered by Mr. Hodgson. The means by which M. Schilling possessed himself of such treasures is curious. It is very well known, that one source of income to the Buddhist priesthood, in the countries where it is established, is derived from the *praying-wheels*, or rather wheels for meditating on the law, which are erected before the monasteries. They are inscribed with the sacred formula, *Om, mani padme hüm!* and the gold of the faithful sets the precatory or meditative mechanism in motion. Some of these wheels are of such size as to be turned by windlasses or even by horse-power. M. Schilling had in vain endeavoured to become the purchaser of the sacred books which he desired to possess; no offer he could make would induce any of the monks to part with their copies. At length he found a monastery, of which the wheel was so dilapidated, and the inscriptions on it so illegible, that it was no longer available for the purposes of the devout, and the house to which it belonged was consequently declining in credit and revenue. M. Schilling proposed a bargain. "Make over to me your collection of books, and I will send you from St. Petersburg the means of covering a hundred of your wheels with *Om, mani padme, hüm!*" The brethren surrendered their books, and the baron, on his return to St. Petersburg caused the casting of a stereotype of the sacred formula, from which a multitude of copies were struck off on long strips of paper, and in red letters. When several camel-loads of these precious leaves arrived at the monastery, the monks could scarcely believe that they were the possessors of such inestimable treasures. But when the Russian mes-

senger, taking up one of the leaves and holding it to the light, showed them the mystic words in the water-mark of the paper, their joy carried them beyond all bounds: and they ran off to pillage a neighbouring monastery of its manuscripts, which they transmitted to St. Petersburg, in token of gratitude to their benefactor.

Besides the Sanscrit texts of Nepal there were also discovered by Mr. Turnour in Ceylon, Buddhist Sutras in Pali, not translations, but themselves originals, and embodying, with their commentaries, the chief facts in the life of Sákya, and the chief characteristics of his doctrine. And that which is most remarkable is, that these Singhalese Sutras have been translated into Birman, as were the Sanscrit texts into Tibetan and Mongolian. The Buddhist works began to be translated into Chinese shortly after the year 61 of our era, when that faith was publicly established under the Emperor Ming-Ti: and the importance of the conversion of China to Buddhism, and of the intercourse which followed upon it, is, that dates may be inferred by that means which are not to be found in the original Sutras. In this way Chinese authorities supply an approximative date for the composition of the *Lotus of the good Law* in the first century before the Christian era. The Chinese pilgrims, Fa-Hian and Hwán-Thsang, the former of whom traversed India in the beginning of the fifth century of our era, and the latter in the middle of the seventh, although Buddhism was then waning or extinct in the land of its birth, supply chronological data in the materials which they collected, which are absent from the native Buddhist works themselves. Besides the literary evidence which has been mentioned, there is not wanting the proof of other monuments, sufficient to restore an outline at least of the history of Buddhism. For the development of a portion of this monumental proof, Orientalists are much indebted to the labours of Major Cunningham. No amount indeed of evidence, literary or monumental, even if it approached much more closely in time, than any we possess, to the era of Buddha himself, would suffice to render credible that which is obviously legendary in his history and incredible in its own nature. But there is sufficient to enable us to fix in chronology that personal centre, from which issued a force most astounding in its operation upon millions of mankind for so many generations.

Sákya-Muni was born, according to the date received by the best Orientalists, in the year 623 B.C., at Kapilavastu, the capital of Kapila, on the banks of the Rohini, and near the mountains which separate Nepal from Gorakhpur. The king of the country was Suddhodana, of the family of Sákya, and

race of Gotama, whose wife's name was Māyá, a princess of resplendent beauty, rare intelligence, and eminent piety. Siddhārtha was their son, afterwards called Sákya-Muni, or the Solitary Sákya, Śramana Gautama, the ascetic Gotama, Gautama Buddha, or simply Buddha, the Wise one. As Buddha he had also numerous other titles, as Bhagavat, Tathagata, and the like. Māyá died a few days after having given birth to her son, who was then entrusted to the care of her sister Pradjápati. When presented as a child in the temple of the gods, there were recognised upon the person of the infant the thirty-two signs and the eighty marks, which, according to popular Indian belief, are characteristic of a great man. In boyhood, his teachers declared that they were less learned than he; and in youth, withdrawing from the ordinary sports of his age, he loved to wander in the forest in solitary meditation. Alarmed lest the prince should abandon the duties of his station, Siddhodana and the priests urged him to marry. After some reflection Siddhārtha consented, upon condition of the union of the most rare qualifications in the person of his bride. The beautiful and virtuous Gopá was found to possess the desired accomplishments, but her father would not, on his part, consent to the marriage of the prince with his daughter, until he had shown himself in his turn the worthiest of all rivals. Five hundred competitors for the hand of Gopá were assembled; Siddhārtha easily surpassed them in swimming, leaping, running, and the use of the bow, exercises which he had never practised: while he excelled even the judges of the competition in writing, arithmetic, logic, philosophy, and the knowledge of the Vedas. This marriage took place when the young prince was sixteen years of age. He is also said to have had two other wives, Yasodará and Utpalavarna.

Siddhārtha remained in the married state, and in the royal residence at Kapilavastu for about twelve years, yet still revolving mighty thoughts; the broodings of his earlier youth now shaped themselves into a general dissatisfaction with the world and with the doctrines of the Brahmanical religion; he began to yearn after emancipation from passions and sorrows for himself, and to desire to communicate to others the freedom which he should discover. At this time there were presented to him the four "prognostics," or "predictive signs," which determined him to forsake society and to embrace at once the ascetic life. Issuing one day from the palace, attended by a numerous retinue, for the purpose of recreation in the royal pleasure gardens, he encountered on the way an old man in the last stage of decrepitude, bald, wrinkled, emaciated, with teeth

few and shaking, with voice harsh and hoarse, who was painfully supporting his trembling steps upon a staff. "Who is this man?" said the prince to his attendants; "and these his infirmities, are they peculiar to him, and to his family? do they belong to others? are they common to all?" The answer was such as the question was designed to elicit. "These, O prince, are the ordinary infirmities and sufferings of age; all are subject to them, great and small; your own parents and kindred will not be exempt from them." "Let us return quickly," said the prince; "what have I to do with pleasure, for whom is reserved the sad sequel of age?" Four months afterwards he was again proceeding with his escort to the pleasure-garden, when he beheld a helpless wretch, exhausted with burning fever, squalid and lean, expecting the agonies of death, untended, unrelieved. Siddhārtha put to his followers the like question as before, and received a like response. "Let us return," said he; "what wise man can rejoice in his health, when he has before him the spectre of coming disease?" A third time he set forth on the same excursion, when he met with a corpse upon a bier, around which the relatives of the dead were uttering their lamentations. "Alas!" exclaimed Siddhārtha, "for the youth of man, so soon succeeded by age. Alas! for his health, which is the prey of so many diseases. Alas! for his life, which is so quickly closed in death. Let us return, and reflect upon a method of deliverance." The fourth time that he took the road of the pleasure-garden, he met a *bhikshu*, or religious mendicant. He was a *brahmachari*, a novice, not yet thirty-five years of age, with down-cast eyes, calm, self-possessed, not without grace, as he held forth the beggar's dish. "This is one," was the reply to the inquiry of the prince, "who has renounced the pains and pleasures of passion, who has undertaken to overcome himself; quenching all desire of possessing, he lives upon alms." "It is well; this is the path recommended by so many sages, and which leads to peace."

In vain Suddhodana, discovering the intention of his son, caused him to be watched, and the outlets of the palace to be guarded. Sākya-Muni escaped, and entered on the life of a religious mendicant in the twenty-ninth year of his age. He then resorted to several eminent Brahmans, and proved, by a profound study of their system, the insufficiency of their doctrine. Afterwards he devoted himself for six years to a life of the most rigorous asceticism, rather as a test and evidence of his qualification for his mission of reformer, than as really seeking the way of deliverance from human ills in vain austerities. At the end of that period he relaxed in the rigours of his life, and

was, in consequence, forsaken by the five disciples who had hitherto adhered to him with fidelity. The scene of Sákya's eremitical life was Uruvilva, on the banks of the Nairandyana, the modern Phalgu. He then resumed his pilgrimages, his sole garment formed of the coarse shroud, in which had been rolled the body of a female slave, one of his hearers, drawn by him from her grave, and sewn together with his own hands. On his route north-westwards from Uruvilva, he seats himself under the Banana of Bodhimanda, and remains plunged in abstraction for weeks; here he overcomes the fear of death, and by successive meditations, passes through the intelligence of the Bodhisatwa to the pure and perfect wisdom of the Buddha. He was now qualified to declare to mankind the efficacy of *Dharma*, and the final emancipation of *Nirvāna*. But though he was in possession of the truth, would it be accepted by the world? His doctrine could not be verified by the senses, nor be subjected to the test of ordinary reason, and men would, in all probability, persecute the teacher whom they could not comprehend. These last hesitations were overcome by the following reflections. The whole of mankind may be comprised in three exhaustive classes: 1. Those who are hopelessly sunk in error; 2. Those who are endeavouring to reach unto the truth, but are still entangled in delusions; 3. Those who have emerged unto a full perception of the truth. Just as when one seated on the brink of a tank regards the water lilies growing in it: some he sees deep in the water, some at the surface, some fairly raised above it. "So," said the Buddha, "those who are hopelessly sunk in error I cannot redeem; those who have attained the truth have no need of my teaching; but they who are fluctuating and uncertain will learn the truth if I teach; if I teach it not, will perish." He was thus decided, out of compassion to the wanderers in doubt and uncertainty, to reveal to them by his teaching, the Four Sublime Verities, and the Concatenation of Causes.

In the first year of his ministry as Buddha, he is said to have assembled a council of twelve hundred disciples. The most eminent of these were Sāriputra, Mangalyāna, Kāśyapa, besides his cousin Ananda. Benares was one of the earliest scenes of his ministry; but he traversed nearly the whole of North-west India during his labours of forty-five years. He died in the eightieth year of his age, at Kusinara, situate, according to Major Cunningham, between Patna and Benares, on the Little Gandak, after having bid a touching adieu to the cities of Visali and Rājagriha, and having, with his own hands, ordained several of his followers. His funeral was conducted by Kāśyapa, and his

corpse burnt the eighth day after his decease. Eight stopes were erected in as many places over his relics, another over the charcoal from the funeral pile, and a tenth over the vessel in which his relics had been collected. By the influence of Ká-syapa, who became the head of the Buddhist Church, the relics were brought together afterwards, and a great stope reared over them near Rájagriha. But in the reign of Priyadarsi, or Asoka, king of Magadha, in 250 B.C., they were again distributed over the whole of India.

Such appears to be the historic kernel of an immense mass of Buddhist Sutras, concerning the life of Sákyá-Muni himself. But the legends themselves, from which a credible account of that reformer is to be extracted, are amplified into the most extravagant and tedious productions of Oriental exaggeration. Thus, in the *Lalitavistara*, Bhāgavat, the destined Buddha, in the happy realms of the Tāvhitá announces to the assembled gods his purpose of descending upon earth for the redemption of man; the time, the place, the family, wherein he shall be incarnate, are the subject of deliberation in the celestial region. These are all elaborately and wearisomely determined. Attended by millions of divinities he descends from heaven and enters the womb of the chosen Máyá, under the form of a majestic elephant with six tusks. He there receives the homage of Brahma, Sakra, Indra, and all the gods of the Brahmanical Pantheon. He contracts no stain while in that sojourn. Máyá is waited on by gods when she gives birth to her son, in the garden of Lumbini, and he comes forth enveloped in a gorgeous silken robe.* Immediately on his birth he makes seven steps to the East, West, North, and South, and announces his mission of deliverance. It is evident that such extravagances are not intended to be taken as facts; they are hyperbolical forms of expression, Oriental superlatives, conveying a high pretension of superiority on behalf of the Buddhist religion over the Brahmanical. But in the midst of the most wearisome details and incongruous imaginations, they tie down the origin of Buddhism to an historical commencement, connecting it with events taking place upon this earth, and with times, places, and persons.

During the space of forty-five years, Sákyá had succeeded in establishing his own peculiar system, antagonistic as it was to the established Brahmanism, "over the fairest districts of the Ganges, from the Delta to the neighbourhood of Agra and Cawnpore." Immediately upon his death a schism revealed

* It may be remarked that the Buddha is not born of a virgin. See "Rgya Tch'er Rol Pa," Trad. Franç., p. 35.

itself, or rather a revolt against the stringency of the Buddhist discipline: it gave occasion to the first general council or synod. Five hundred monks assembled at Rájagriha under the presidency of the great Kásyapa, in a splendid hall prepared for them by Ajátasatru, Raja of Magadha. "With their right shoulders bare, they ranged themselves in order, each in his appropriate place, and the hall *glittered with the yellow robes* of the monks." At this council was established the authority of the Tripitaka or three Repositories, comprising the Sutras or Aphorisms, the Vináya or Discipline, the Abhidharma, that is, the perfect law, or Metaphysic. The Sutras were recited by Ananda, the Vináya by Upáli, the Abhidharma by Kásyapa. A second synod, about one hundred years after Sákya's death, was likewise occasioned by a demand for certain relaxations of discipline or indulgence on the part of the monks at Vaisáli. This synod was presided over by Rewáto: it consisted of seven hundred monks, and was held at Vaisáli, under the protection of Kalásoka, King of Magadha. Sentence of degradation was pronounced against the irregular monks, who thereupon formed a great schism. The third synod was composed of one thousand *arhats*, assembled at the desire of King Asoka in 241 B.C. at Pátaliputra, for the purpose of purging the Buddhist monasteries of heretical intruders, "worshippers of the Fire and adorers of the Sun."

At the conclusion of this synod several missionaries were despatched to foreign countries for the propagation of the Buddhist religion. They were the principal *Sthaviras* or elders, who had acquired the rank of *arhat*, and were revered for superior sanctity. The following is a list of them on the authority of the Mahawanso, and of the scenes of their labours as identified by Major Cunningham—*Bhilsa Topes*, p. 117:—

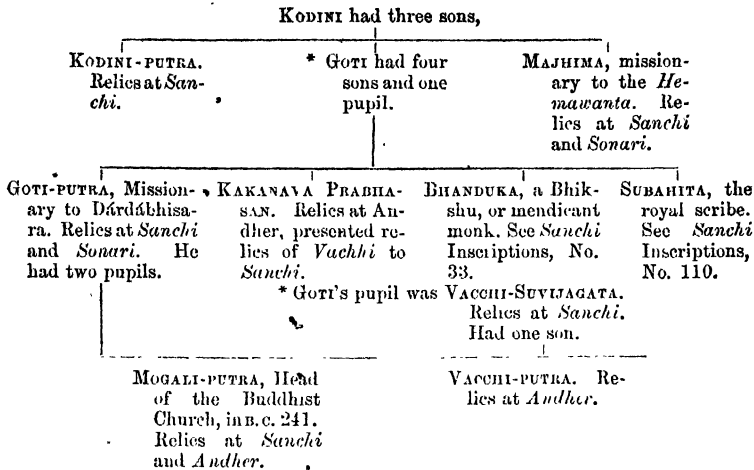
- 1st. Madhyantika was deputed to Kasmira and Gandhára, or Kashmir and Pesháwar.
- 2nd. Mahádeva was sent to Mahisamandala, which may possibly be Maheswara on the Narbada.
- 3rd. Rakshita to Wanawási, probably the modern Mewár and Bundi.
- 4th. Yavana Dharma Rakshita (the Greek, Preserver of Dharma) to Aparantaka or Northern Sind.
- 5th. Maha Dharma Rakshita to the Maháratta country.
- 6th. Maharakshita to the Yavana country, most probably to the Greek province of Kabul.
- 7th. Madhyama to the Himawanta, or country of the Himálayas, together with five other *Sthaviras* named Kassapa, Mulikadeva, Dhandabinassa, Sahasideva. Relics of Kassapa and Madhyama were discovered by Major Cunningham in one of the topes opened by him at Sanchi.
- 8th. Sono and Uttaro were sent to Súvarnabhumi, or "golden land," either

Ava or Siam. 9th. Maha Mahendra, the son of Asoka, with four others, were the missionaries to Ceylon, where they converted the King Devánampriya-Tishya and his court.

"The narrative of these missions," says Major Cunningham, "is one of the most curious and interesting passages in the ancient history of India. It is preserved entire in both the sacred books of the Singalese, the *Dipawanso*, and the *Maháwanso*; and the mission of Mahendra to Ceylon is recorded in the sacred books of the Burmese. But the authenticity of the narrative has been most fully and satisfactorily established by the discovery of the relics of some of these missionaries, with the names of the countries to which they were deputed."—*Cunningham*, p. 119.

Thus in one of the topes at Sanchi was found a casket with three inscriptions, identifying the contained relics as those "of the emancipated Kásapa-Gótiá, the spiritual teacher to the whole Hemawanta," "of the emancipated Majhima," and "of the emancipated Háriti-Putra," two of which names correspond with those given in the Mahawanso and its commentary. A second casket of the relics of Kásapa was discovered at Sonári, from which it appears that he was the son of Koti. Of Háritiputra nothing is known. In other caskets or boxes in the same tope, were found relics with inscriptions, reciting the names of seven more of the leading men of the Buddhist Church during the reign of Asoka. A comparison of all the different inscriptions brings out an extremely curious and interesting result:—

"It establishes the intimate connexion which existed between many of the principal leaders of the Buddhist faith during the reign of Asoka. The family of Kodini, in two generations alone, would appear to have furnished no less than six leading members of the Buddhist priesthood. His son Majhima was the missionary sent to the Hemawanta country in 241 B.C.; and his grandson Gotiputra was so eminent a member of the Buddha community as to have merited the title of *dáyádo*, or "brother" of the faith; which proves that he must have dedicated some of his own children to the service of his religion. This family also would appear to have been equally celebrated as successful propounders of Buddhism; for Goti is recorded to have been the teacher of Váechi Suvijayata, and his son Gotiputra to have been the teacher of the famous Mogaliputra, who was the head of the Buddhist Church at the assembly of the third synod in B.C. 241. The connexion between the different members of this family and their pupils is shown in the following table:—



This genealogy, obtained from the inscriptions of the Bhilsa Topes, shows what we might reasonably expect to get from the numerous topes which still exist in the ancient Kapila and Magadha, the scene of Sākya Sinha's birth, teaching, and death. A few more genealogies similar to the above would probably give us a complete succession from the time of Sākya Sinha down to the age of Asoka, and so establish the accuracy of the date now assigned to the great founder of the Buddhist religion. As we have already discovered relics of his contemporaries, Śāriputra and Mogalāna, who date from the middle of the sixth century B.C., and of Mogaliputra and others who assisted at the third synod in B.C. 241, there is every reasonable expectation that a complete examination of the still existing monuments would yield us the names of many of the principal leaders of Buddhism during the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries before Christ."—*Bhilsa Topes*, pp. 292 ff.

The name of Sākya is not so well known as that of Sennacherib, and the recital of Major Cunningham does not embrace descriptions of personal adventure and of native manners, which render so attractive the narrative of Layard's researches in the Mesopotamian regions. But the real value of the results obtained from the opening of the Bhilsa Topes in 1851 is scarcely, if at all, less for the reconstruction of a wonderful history long dead, than that of the excavations in the mounds of Nineveh. And we cordially enforce the wish expressed by Major Cunningham—

“That the Court of Directors of the East India Company will, with their usual liberality, authorize the employment of a competent officer to open the numerous topes which still exist in North and South Bahar, and to draw up a report on all the Buddhist remains of Kapila

and Kusinagara, of Vaisáli and Rájagriha, which were the principal scenes of Sákya's labours."—*Bhilsa Topes*, Pref. p. x.

The reign of Asoka is as memorable in the history of Buddhism as is that of Constantine or Theodosius in the history of the Christian faith. His sway extended itself over the whole of Northern India, "from the mountains of Kashmir to the banks of the Narbadda, and from the mouth of the Indus to the Bay of Bengal." Upon his father's death he seized on the throne, though a younger brother, and secured himself in its possession, after the Oriental fashion, by the slaughter of the rest of the seed royal except his uterine brother Tishya. He was of a fierce and cruel disposition, which renders more striking the effects produced in him by his conversion to Buddhism. And he who had been called *Chand-Asoka*, or "Asoka the furious," acquired the title, as a follower of Buddha, of *Dharm-Asoka*, or "Asoka the virtuous." Many thousand Buddhist ascetics were fed at his expense. He distributed the relics of Buddha over India, erected numerous *Vihars* or monasteries, and raised *chaityas* on all the spots rendered memorable by the acts of Sákya. Moreover, he promulgated a multitude of edicts inculcating the observation of *Dharmna*, or the law. "Numbers of these edicts, engraved on massive rocks, and on stone pillars, still remain in different parts of India to attest the general accuracy of the Buddhist annals." These edicts are found at Dhauli in Kuttack, at Girnar in Gujrat, at Kapurdígiri near Pesháwar. The king who names himself in them is called Priyadarsi, beloved of the Devas; but Orientalists, with one eminent exception, are agreed that Priyadarsi is the same with Asoka king of Magadha, who reigned from 263 to 222 B.C., dying at the age of eighty-two years.*

* Some of the doubts entertained at one time by Professor H. H. Wilson respecting the purport of the Priyadarsi inscriptions have been dissipated on a fuller examination of the edict of that king known as the Bhabra inscription, discovered by Major Butt, near Jaypur, of which an account was published in "Jour. As. Soc. Beng.," ix. 618. The Professor gives a critical examination of this inscription in a recent number of the "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society," vol. xvi. part 2, and proposes the following as his improved translation of that remarkable monument.

"Priyadasi, the king, to the venerable assembly of Mágadha, commands the infliction of little pain and indulgence to animals.

"It is verily known, I proclaim, to what extent my respect and favour are placed in Buddha, in the law, and in the assembly.

"Whatsoever (words) have been spoken by the divine Buddha, they have all been well said, and in them, verily, I declare that capability of proof is to be discerned: so that the pure law (which they teach) will be of long duration, as far as I am worthy (of being obeyed).

"For these, I declare, are the precepts of the law of the principal discipline (*Vinaya*), having overcome the oppressions of the Aryas—

As there can be no historical doubt of the Christianity, in some sense, of the Emperor Constantine, notwithstanding the silly story of the apparition of the heavenly cross which tradition has connected with his name, so there can be none of the conversion of Asoka to the Buddhist faith, although it is overlaid with ridiculous legends, such as the following:—Asoka had an executioner, Chanda-girika, worthy of himself. The royal tyrant would cut off the heads of five hundred ministers, or burn five hundred ladies of his harem, in a day; and it was the delight of the official, whose heart was in his profession, to realize in the tortures of the victims delivered to him the horrible imaginations of the Brahmanical hells. He had obtained from the king, as a special favour, that there should be no egress with life for any who had once crossed his threshold. Samudra, a Buddhist mendicant, enters the inviting and seemingly hospitable doors of the house of death. Chanda-girika seizes on his prey with the joy of a spider. The bhikshu obtains with difficulty a

“—(and refuted), the songs of the Munis, the sūtras of the Munis, (the practices) of inferior ascetics, the censure of a light world, and (all) false doctrines.

“These things, as declared by the divine Buddha, I proclaim, and I desire them to be regarded as the precepts of the law.

“And that as many as there may be, male and female mendicants, may hear and observe them constantly, as well also as male and female followers (of the laity).

“These things I affirm, and have caused this to be written (to make known to you) that such will be my intention.”

As far as we are able to judge, the learned Orientalist is justified in not considering the above inscription to supply, “evidence” (conclusive) of the then existence of Buddhist writings or of the Tripitaka having assumed a definite form. But he is constrained to accept it, in opposition to his previously expressed opinion, and not altogether graciously, as proof of the encouragement of Buddhism by Priyadarsi. “We have Buddha designated by name, and with the title by which he is most frequently styled, Bhagavat—divine, or Lord. We have the Buddhist triad distinctly specified—the law, dharma; the assembly, sangha; and Buddha; and the inscription is addressed to the second, or body of the church, in Magadha, the country in which the religion first took root, and long predominated.” Even if this document is “defective in having no date,” it cannot be subsequent to the reign of Asoka; other edicts of the same king, Priyadarsi, mention the names of Greek princes, as contemporary with himself, none of whom reigned later than 240 B.C.; and at the death of Asoka his dominions were divided among his descendants, so that no king posterior to him could have issued these edicts over such a wide range of territory as that wherein they have been found.

No living person is better able to illustrate the early history of Buddhism, if he will seriously address himself to that undertaking, than Professor Wilson. The translation of the Bhabra inscription, now offered by him, shows its Buddhist character far more distinctly than either the Calcutta rendering or that of M. Burnouf. And we have little doubt that his further investigations will tend to confirm the conclusions concerning Buddhism, and the personal existence of its founder arrived at by Prinsep, Fournour, Burnouf, and Lassen.

reprieve of seven days, sorrowing and bewailing himself, not for death itself, but that it will overtake him prematurely, before he has attained perfect intelligence; that it will be to him the entering upon another cycle of transmigrations. A terrible punishment, the braying in a mortar of a guilty pair, brings so forcibly before him the vanity of all worldly forms and earthly desires, that he commits himself to a profound meditation on the teaching of Buddha. During the last night allotted to him in life, he thus rises to the condition of Arhat, and, to the astonishment of his executioner, welcomes joyfully the dawn which shall now be to him the day of deliverance. Astonishment leads neither to admiration nor compassion, and Samudra is plunged into a caldron, filled with all horrible ingredients, under which his tormentor lights the flames. New prodigies succeed. The mendicant suffers no pains, the fire refuses to do its office, and Chanda-girika beholds the holy man seated cross-legged and calm upon a lotus-flower in the midst of the caldron. When the king and his courtiers have been summoned to witness the miracle, the holy one rises in the air—his body beautiful as a swan's, bright as a flame, tremulous in the sky as fountains of water; thence he holds converse with the king, and announces to him his destiny, as a chosen instrument for propagating the faith—a destiny long ago foretold by the Buddha himself. Asoka accepts the augury, and undertakes his mission—promising to raise chaityas innumerable on the spots especially consecrated by the presence of Sákya, and to issue edicts throughout his dominions for the advancement of *Dharma*. What is especially remarkable in the edicts of this king, presuming him to be the same with Priyadarsi, is the spirit of religious toleration in which they are conceived. In those which are dated in the earlier years of his reign, Brahmans are mentioned before Sramans or Buddhist teachers: in the later edicts this order is reversed. No trace of a persecuting disposition appears. Nor is such to be found in the history of Buddhism. It made its way by preaching, by self-denial, by passive resistance, by endowments, hierarchies, and corporate institutions, but not by force. It has yielded to force; has never employed it.

This characteristic of Buddhism is illustrated, among many others, by the legend of Kunála with the beautiful eyes. He was a son of Asoka, one of whose queens, Tishya Rakshita, inflamed with desire for the lovely youth, tempted him one day with passionate words and embraces to dishonour his father's bed. Recoiling from her, and stopping his ears with his hands, he bid her, as a mother, advance no further in the path that

would lead to hell. The queen thenceforward sought to revenge her repulse, and on occasion of a mission of the prince to reduce to obedience a revolted city in a distant part of his father's dominions, she found means to accomplish her design. The king himself was suffering from a strange complaint, which baffled all the resources of his physicians. Even the natural functions of his body were reversed, and fetid humours exuded from the pores of his skin. The queen, on reflection, fell upon the following device:—She caused watch to be set for any who should be afflicted with a like disease; and having found such a patient, ordered him to be massacred, and his body to be opened before he was yet dead. The origin of the malady was thus revealed in the presence of a hideous worm within. Various substances were presented without effect to the yet living monster, but at the touch of an onion it died. With great persuasion and reluctance, the king was prevailed on to swallow the abominable esculent: it relieved him of his uninvited and unwelcome guest. In gratitude, he promised to grant his queen any request she should make of him; and she demanded the possession of the supreme power of the kingdom for seven days. Thus armed, she sent a missive to the army, sealed with the king's ivory signet, commanding the eyes of the beautiful Kunála to be torn out. An executioner of the horrible order having been found, Kunála, already imbued with the doctrine of Sákya, submitted, without resistance, and acknowledged in the loss of his eyes the truth of the preaching of the wise man, that all earthly things are transitory and worthless. According to some versions of the legend, Asoka executes a poetical justice upon his unworthy wife, and Kunála, still more poetically, recovers by a miracle his beautiful eyes;—according to others, Tishya Rakshita is pardoned at the intercession of her son-in-law; but in all is clearly declared the Buddhist doctrine of resignation to natural evils and of non-resistance to human injuries. Thus the value of the Buddhist legends is in their inner content or centre, which is sometimes an historical fact and sometimes a doctrine or precept. So the legend of Asoka, overlaid as it is with absurdities, contains the central fact of his conversion; and the legend of Kunála embodies, as we have seen, the maxim of not returning evil for evil, and of overcoming evil with good. There may in the legend of Kunála be also worked up some thread of historical fact; but in other legends which illustrate the doctrine, precepts, and discipline of Buddhism, all trace of fact is wanting, and they can only be considered as parables in a narrative and historical form, as in the following story.

Saṅgha Rakshita, about to enter on the crowning life of his

cycle of transmigrations, was devoted by his parents, before his birth, as a disciple of the venerable Śāriputra, by whom, on arriving at the proper age he was ordained. Five hundred merchants of his city, having freighted a ship for distant voyages, bethought themselves of taking with them an holy man, an Arhat, to teach them the law whilst they should be crossing the wide ocean. They obtained from Śāriputra, with the sanction of Bhagavat himself, the services of his pupil, Saṅgha Rakchita, who was of the same age with the merchants, and who, "when they were little boys together had played with them in the dirt." In mid-sea, the vessel of the merchants was seized by the Nāgas, an intermediate sea-serpent and Protean race of beings, not without their good dispositions, but with a strong spice of mischief. Saṅgha Rakchita plunges himself into the ocean to deliver his friends. In the mode of the Nāgas, he teaches them the law, and is generously permitted by them to emerge, when he has become alarmed at their poisonous qualities. Returned to the upper air and to solid earth, he penetrates into a forest, in the midst of which he beholds a magnificent vihāra, adorned with terraces, seats, balustrades, trellices, and windows. The monks, clothed as becomes their order, are meditating in calm and decent postures. Suddenly, at the sound of the wooden roller, which should call them to their ante-meridian refection, the monastery vanishes, and its inhabitants, armed with iron hammers, commence crushing each others' heads; with cries and groans they continue this employment until night, when the monastery re-appears, and the monks resume their placid meditations. These had been disciples of the celebrated Kāśyapa—this was their punishment for having one day broken the quiet of their monastic repast with an unseemly quarrel. Saṅgha Rakchita meets with other like monastic hells localized upon the earth, adapted as retributions for the commission of different crimes and breaches of discipline. And after death the offenders are to begin again their cycles of migrations in the infernal world.

Asoka's zeal for the advancement of Buddhism was so great, that he devoted a son and a daughter to the propagation of the faith, and he established immense monasteries, with rich endowments, in all parts of India. Of the names prominent in subsequent Indian history, Kadphises the Scythian, in the last century B.C., was a convert to the Buddhist faith, and his successor, Kanishka, was one of its most distinguished patrons. He subdued the Vale of Kashmir, and in his reign Nāgārjuna, a celebrated Buddhist controversialist, obtained the mission of five hundred Kashmirian Arhans, for the propagation of Śākya's doctrine in Tibet. About

the same time, or early in the Christian era, Java was converted to the same faith. China, we have seen, adopted it in the latter part of the first century. Little more is known of Buddhism until the period of the pilgrimage of Fa Kian, in the beginning of the fifth century, when it was the prevailing religion of the Panjab, and of northern India, from Mathura to the Ganges. At the time of his visit, Chandra Gupta was king of Ujain, and appears to have been a munificent patron and faithful follower of Buddhism. In an inscription of his on one of the railings of the colonnade at Sanchi, it is recorded, that he left a sum of twenty-five thousand dinars for its regular illumination and for the continual service of its monks. After this period, Buddhism is assailed from without with increasing vigour by Brahmanism, and degenerates into the corruption of Tantric superstitions. So that

“At the time of Hwan Thsang’s visit, Buddhism was rapidly declining, many of the monasteries were in ruins, and temples of the heretical Brahmans were rising on all sides. At Benares there were one hundred heretical temples, and ten thousand heretics, who worshipped Iswara, while the Bauddhas had only thirty monasteries, and some three thousand monks and their disciples.” “In the seventh century, Buddhism was propagated over the whole of Tibet, but from the eighth, its fall (in India Proper) was rapid and violent.” “It was not finally extinguished until the eleventh or twelfth century, when the last votaries of Buddha were expelled from the continent of India.”—*Bhilsa Topes*, pp. 165, 6.

We must now endeavour to give some account of the Buddhist doctrine, using the word in its widest sense as including discipline, morality, and metaphysic; for doctrine, in the modern sense of theology, there is none. And in the following outline, we follow principally the lucid arrangement of M. B. St. Hilaire. The basis of the system of Sákya is the theory of the Four Sublime Verities, which are: 1. As to pain, that it is; 2. As to the cause of pain, that it is desire; 3. A consolatory truth, that pain can be ended by *Nirvána*; 4. Is the method which conducts to *Nirvána*. This method of salvation or deliverance has eight parts: Right perception, or right faith; right judgment free from all doubts; right speech, or perfect veracity; proposal to self of right ends; adoption of right, that is, virtuous means of subsistence, which, strictly speaking, is in the ascetic life; right attention to the precepts of the law; right memory, or the remembrance of all past actions, and in their true light, without bias; and lastly, right meditation, which produces perfect intelligence, and an apathy near to *Nirvána*. The four sublime verities were comprehended by Siddhártha, under the Banana of

Bodhimanda, whereupon he became Buddha. And these verities — pain, the cause of pain, the remedy of pain, and the method of the remedy, contain the key to the whole Buddhist system.

When new religions arise, they take their specific characters partly from the material of pre-existing persuasions, rooted prejudices, unquestioned sentiment, and phenomena of human life, supposed to be necessary and constant because then present; and partly from the force of an individual mind, or individual minds making efforts to reconcile difficulties, or to build up logical conclusions, or to harmonize tradition and conscience, or to presume causes, or to follow out sequences from assumed data. Now we cannot estimate a force, or appreciate a form, unless we know the material which it has acted on and modified. Therefore, in forming any judgment of the peculiarities of Buddhism, account must be taken of the doctrines and life-conditions of Hinduism, out of which it arose: just as in estimating the peculiarities of Christianity, the speculative and practical condition both of Judaism and Heathenism must be well ascertained. Buddhism rests, as on an unquestioned basis, upon the Brahmanical doctrine of migration; and this Oriental migration, it must be observed, embraces a much wider range than the Pythagorean, with which the classical reader is familiar. Beings who are subject to its cycles, pass through all forms of existence from the lowest unorganized masses and shapes to the highest intelligence. They rise to a probationary and determining state in manhood, and according to the issue of that trial, enjoy before recommencing their round, ages it may be of god-hood and blessedness, or are plunged, before they can emerge into the lowest sublunary condition, into millions of years of suffering, in some elaborate hell. Even the rarest intelligences and most blessed spirits must descend, after a greater or less duration, to run round again a course of risk. This following out of the consequences of every idle word or passionate act through interminable migrations was the dogma, terrible as the whirling of the upper millstone, which Buddhism, while it acknowledged its inevitable law, sought to evade. The exaggeration given to the doctrine of transmigration, in connexion with the continued effects from age to age of the actions in foregone lives, is the very foundation of Buddhism, which thus rests upon fear; and the salvation held forth by it is an extrication and deliverance from evil, not an introduction into positive good.

An illustration of this argument of terror is found in the legend of *Vissoka* or *Tishya*. He was brother to the celebrated *Asoka*, who was anxious for his conversion. An intellectual or polemical difficulty stood in the way. The asceticism of the Brahmins was

more extreme than that of the Buddhists, and yet the most self-denying Rishis acknowledged that they could not arrive, with all their mortification, at an entire subjugation of their passions. How then should it be supposed that the Sramana could obtain that end? The king, therefore, adopted the following expedient. One day that he had laid aside the ensigus of royalty, while taking the bath, his servants, at his suggestion, prevailed on *Vitāsoka* to put on the diadem and royal robe, out of vanity or curiosity. The king, surprising his brother so arrayed, affected to believe that he had thus adorned himself with the intention of assuming the kingdom. He sentenced him to death, but accorded to his entreaties a reprieve of seven days. During this time he ordained, that he should be treated in all respects as if he were king. He was honoured by the obeisances of the courtiers, and surrounded with the delights of hundreds of musical instruments, and of dances of women. But at the end of each day, the chief executioner with his bell, attended by his ministers in blue garments, presented himself before the prince, to remind him, that one, and another, and another day had passed, and of the small space of life which yet remained to him. At the end of the seventh day, *Vitāsoka* was conducted into the presence of his brother, who demanded of him how he had relished the royal pleasures. "How could I behold dances, or have an ear for sweet strains of music, how could I inhale delicious odours or taste exquisite savours, or care for gold or jewels, or the embraces of soft persons, when there were waiting at my gate those grim messengers of death? The fear of death was as a burning fever to me by day, and a weight upon my head by night." "If, then," replied Asoka, "the fear of death about to close this present life, could hinder thee from enjoying those royal pleasures, how much more do the Sramanas fear the approach of death, which shall be the close of hundreds of successive lives, which may be the opening into how many possible states of future existence. If one is to live again in hell, how dreadful are the torments of fire: if among the animals, how great the terrors of mutual tearing and devouring; if among the *Prétas*, there are the distresses of hunger and thirst; if among men, there is the perpetual disquiet of vain desires; and if among the Gods, there is the fear of falling at last from their state of happiness. Since the prospect of losing this present life rendered thee indifferent to its joys, how much more must the Sramanas be indifferent to all worldly things, who are always absorbed in reflections on the possible evils of the future life and on the method of deliverance." *Vitāsoka*, by such a *ruse* on the part of his brother, is led to take refuge in the law of *Bhagavat*, he even embraces the

ascetic life, and from Bhikshu he arrives at the condition of Arhat.

In the sequel of the same legend, which is, however, in some features, of modern date, Asoka is represented as retaining much of his natural fierceness, and as resenting an indignity shown to a statue of Buddha, by the extermination of a whole city of 16,000 inhabitants. But he is taught a better understanding of the law of Buddha, through a severe lesson. A mendicant Brahman at Pátaliputra, having in like manner broken in pieces a statue of Buddha, the king made proclamation of a reward to any one who would bring him the head of a Brahman mendicant. Tempted by the reward, a poor man, in whose hut Vítasoka, in the course of his wanderings, had taken shelter, cut off his head and carried it to the king. Thunder-struck at this catastrophe, Asoka, conscious that his own passionate orders had been fatal to a brother and a sage, ordained, that thenceforward no one should be put to death on account of religion. It is evident that here, too, the doctrine of transmigration, and the moral precept of employing no violence in the cause of religion, have given form and substance to the legend.

If so terrible, as we have seen, was the doctrine of transmigration, and such the rolling car of destiny as to the future, little less terrible were the actual pains of earth. Under a system of caste, and amidst spectacles of unlimited power and inordinate oppression, of abject degradation and hopeless physical suffering, the eye which recoiled from the lurid heavens found no green resting-place on earth. That pain is the lot of man was sufficiently obvious from each human being's experience, that it was then dominant and inevitable was evident from the general condition of Hindu life; reflection pointed in innumerable instances to desire as the cause of pain. When reflection was at fault, the doctrine of migration came in as a supplement, and attributed the pains of this life to the ill-regulated desires of a former existence, and predicted so on, for ever and ever, the following of penalties in one condition from the faults committed in some one which had preceded it. And not immediately does an act bear its fruit of penalty or recompence. The act is perishable and disappears, but an ineffaceable efficacy remains from it, which will bring about, in some other recurring life, its necessary relative effect. And if many men are born into a miserable and degraded condition, it must be apparently as a sequel to foregone acts in some other probation. To cut short this hopeless gyration for the wisest, and to palliate the evils of desire for feebler followers, was the purpose of Sákya's teaching. *Nirvána* was an entire

deliverance from migration, the apprehension of which hung like a black cloud upon the horizon of life; and in any degree wherein apathy could be attained, the evils of the present world and the penalties of the future would be alleviated. Subordinate therefore to the "method" are the "ten precepts of aversion." Five for all men—hearers or laymen—*Upāsakas*: Not to kill—not to steal—not to commit adultery—not to lie—not to be drunken. Five for professed disciples: To abstain from food out of season—to abstain from dances, theatrical representations, songs and music—to abstain from personal ornaments and perfumes—to abstain from a lofty and luxurious couch—to abstain from taking gold and silver. For those further advanced in the religious life, "twelve observances" are enjoined, dating apparently from the very earliest formation of the society, and before the institution of Vihāras. They are as follows:—1. To wear no clothing but of rags cast away. 2. And of such, only three garments—a kilt, a night-shirt, and a cape. 3. Of these, the cape, worn on the left shoulder, was woollen of a yellow colour. 4. To live only on victuals begged in alms. 5. To make only one meal daily; 6. and that before noon. One of the relaxations demanded by the refractory monks of Vaisāli, at the time of the second synod, was "the allowance of *two inches in length of the shadow of the declining sun* to partake of food," prohibited by Śākya after mid-day. 7. To live in the forest, only entering the towns to seek alms. 8. To take no shelter but the foliage of trees. 9. To take rest seated at the foot of a tree. 10. And so to sleep, the back against the tree, and without lying down. 11. Not to move his carpet from place to place. 12. To meditate by night among the tombs on the transitoriness of all human things. It should be noticed, that the Buddhist is not taught to offend natural decency by wandering in a state of nudity like the Brahmanical ascetic. And females were admitted to take the vows of the monastic life. Pradjāpati, the aunt of Śākya, was the first nun, and his three wives also took the vows. All members of the community who forsook the world were called Sramana, "Victorious over self," and the Bhikshu, or Mendicants, were those, who from motives of humility, begged their daily food. The necessary equipments of the Bhikshu were the alms-dish for receiving the scraps bestowed by the charitable, an ewer, a staff, a razor, a sewing-needle, and a waistband. With respect to degrees of attainment,

"The old Buddhists neatly distinguished the different grades of monks by the types of sheep, deer, and oxen. The *Sheep* when in flight, never looks back, and like the *Srāvaka*, cares only for self-preservation. The *Deer* turns back to look on the following herd,

and like the *Pratyeka*, is mindful of others while he seeks his own deliverance. The *Ox*, which bears whatever burden is put upon him, is typical of the *Bodhisatwa*, who, regardless of himself, careth only for the salvation of others. The *Bodhisatwa* [or *Arhat*] is the highest grade of mortal beings; for on his attaining Buddhahood, he can no more be regenerated."—*Bhilsa Topes*, p. 66.

And so it is with great likelihood concluded by Major Cunningham, that a Lama cannot properly be considered a reincarnate Buddha, for no one who has once entered Nirvāna can ever issue from it, or be born again. The Lama is a *Bodhisatwa*, voluntarily abstaining from the entering Nirvāna, and submitting to be born again upon earth for the sake of mankind.

The six transcendent virtues, or perfections, are charity, virtue, patience, courage, contemplation, and wisdom. Of these the most worthy of remark is "charity," which is so boundless, that it embraces not only all men but all living beings, as is expressed in a legend concerning Śākya, that he fed with his own flesh a tigress which was too feeble for want of food to suckle her whelps. And of some other accessory virtues is likewise to be observed one which is usually supposed to be peculiar to the Christian morality, namely, the virtue of humility. Founded upon this virtue is even the practice or ordinance of confession, a practice which was still in existence in the time of Asoka. It took place at the new and full moon, and remission followed without further penance. It was public, not auricular. The doctrine is illustrated in the following legend, of which the basis is probably historical.

King Ajátasatra, son of Bimbisāra, restless with remorse, on account of the crime of parricide, is desirous of consulting the wisest teachers among the Brahmans, if possibly he may find rest to his soul. Bimbisāra had been a friend of Buddha's, but Ajátasatra was a persecutor of the new faith. He is however moved, at the suggestion of one of his followers, to have recourse to Śākya in his spiritual difficulty. He finds Bhagavat in a grove of mangoes, at night, surrounded by hundreds of his disciples, assembled for the purpose of solemn confession under the light of the full-orbed moon. The king requests an interview with the sage, which is accorded him; and he proposes to him a question, of which he had in vain sought a solution from the Brahmans. It was this: Is it possible to predict to men the consequences hereafter of their conduct in this life? The Buddha, in his reply, enters on a demonstration of the Four Sublime Verities, and convinces the king that the actions of men are followed hereafter by inevitable and fatal results. Comprehending then

the enormity of his crime in the terrors of its consequences, the king begs to be received as a disciple, acknowledges his sins, and submits himself thenceforward to the restraint of Dharmma. Bhagavat, conformably to his doctrine, remits his transgression, which he has expiated by the humiliation of confession before the assembled society. Such an act of confession would not indeed, any more than any other act of virtue, obliterate at once all consequences in future migrations of sins already committed, but it would be the commencement of a new series of effects, likewise capable of being transmitted through infinite ages, and so of overcoming at last the influence of crime upon future states of being.

Sākyaṃuni, it has been said, became Buddha under the Banana of Bodhimanda, when he apprehended the Four Sublime Verities and the Concatenation of Causes. The Verities of which we have spoken already are the key of his moral system; the doctrine of Concatenation of Causes is the key of his philosophy or metaphysics. It conducts immediately to the crowning and peculiar doctrine of *Nirvāna*. To say of it, that it is disappointing, is no more than must be said of other great religious and philosophical systems when they come to be traced to their principles. But not only is it disappointing, it is with difficulty that the concatenation can be made coherent, and especially in the employment of the word Cause, we must not expect that precision or unity of application which we should demand in an European philosophical discussion.

The problem which Sākya had proposed to himself was the deliverance of the human being from the evils of life. Death, according to the Hindu belief, which for him was in this respect unquestioned and undisturbed, was no such deliverance, it was only a step and passage into some other phase of misery. If he be supposed then to have arrived at his doctrine of the twelve concatenated causes by the method of inquiry, his analysis was conducted through the following steps:—Death itself, old age, all life-evils, pre-suppose birth; if one were not born, he could not suffer the evils of this life, nor grow sick or old, or die. Birth, therefore, is the cause of death. Birth in its turn presupposes existence; birth is only a passage and transition of a being already existing from one condition to another; and birth presupposes existence with all the attributes which a being has gathered about itself in previous conditions, and which fix the form and modifications of the life into which it is entering; at each birth the condition of the individual being is determined by his moral state, accumulated upon him by the virtues and vices of his lives during a previous infinity of ages. The cause

of existence—that is, of each peculiar modification of being—is attachment; as if the things which the being had loved, good or evil, left upon it their form, stamp, and impression. Without this attachment, the being would be free, not bound down to migrate, as a specific existence, into this or that condition of life. So with Plato, the soul of the vicious carries off with it at death a film of body, and reveals itself as a ghost haunting the scenes which it had loved, and reluctant to quit the instrument of its pleasures. With Śákya the stain so contracted determines the next ensuing condition of life. This attachment is the effect of desire—of desire and avoidance. And the cause of desire is sensation, including under that term, the perception of all qualities which can affect us physically or morally. Sensation in its turn is caused by contact or motion external or internal, and is produced by the six sources of sense; namely, by the five senses, as we term them, and by the moral feelings or heart (*manas*). These six senses again are caused by, or we might rather say imply, and are correlative to name-forms; that is, to those forms whereby objects are contradistinguished from each other, are distributable in classes and subject to nomenclature, and are competent to make upon us uniformly diverse impressions. By the name-form only are objects perceptible as specifically different, as being what they are to us. These forms, moreover, are the result of consciousness; they imply a subjective energy which defines their several characteristics. Of consciousness, concepts are the cause; that is to say, all ideas of imagination, the illusive universe which it creates to itself. Finally, these concepts are owing to ignorancé or error, which consists in regarding as durable that which is transitory, and in attributing to the world a reality which does not belong to it.

Thus Śákya discovered at Bodhimanda the secret of the world—thus discovered the method of salvation, and of cutting short the perpetual sequence of births, by arresting the cause of birth. For were there no thought, there would be no error, no illusive concepts, no consciousness, no forms of objects, no senses, no contact, no sensation, no desire, no attachment, no existence, no birth; consequently, no misery, age, or death.

The crowning and most important of the Buddhist doctrines is that of *Nirvána*. It is the supreme end; the recompense of all virtue; the deliverance from all evil; the only safety and salvation of man. All Indian sects indeed propose as the grand object to which man should aspire, the attainment of a final state from which there shall be no return.

But the terms which the *Bauddhas*, as well as *Jainas*, more particularly affect, and which however is also used by the rest, is

nirvāna, profound calm. In its ordinary acceptation, as an adjective, it signifies extinct; as a fire which is gone out; set, as a luminary which has gone down; defunct, as a saint who has passed away. Its etymology is from *vā*, to blow as wind, with the preposition *nir*, used in a negative sense: it means calm and unruffled. The notion which is attached to the word in the acceptation now under consideration is that of perfect apathy. . . . Perpetual, uninterrupted apathy can hardly be said to differ from eternal sleep. . . . Accordingly, the *Védānta* considers the individual soul to be temporarily, during the period of profound sleep, in the like condition of re-union with the Supreme, which it permanently arrives at on its final emancipation from body. This doctrine is not that of the *Jainas* nor *Buddhas*. But neither do they consider the endless repose allotted to their perfect saints as attended with a discontinuance of individuality. It is not annihilation, but unceasing apathy, which they understand to be the extinction of their saints, *nirvāna*."—*Colebrooke's Misc. Essays*, I., p. 401.

M. Burnouf takes some exception to this statement of Colebrooke's, and pressing the simile, so frequent on this subject with the Buddhists, of an extinguished lamp or flame, which entirely perishes when it has no longer aliment, considers *Nirvāna* to be utter annihilation or extinction. On the other hand, M. Foucaux urges that expressions are to be found in the *Lotus of the good Law*, which represent Buddha as promising to send, after he shall have entered *Nirvāna*, supernatural support to the expounders of his law, to be present with them, and to correct their errors. (*Parab. de l'Enfant Égaré*, p. 19.) But any passage which seems to imply a continued personal consciousness on the part of Buddha after his entry into *Nirvāna* must be resolved into a figurative and ideal formula. For it is not conceivable, if a conscious existence remained to Buddha after his departure, that he should not have become an object of worship; that he should not, if he were thought to be able personally to aid his followers, be personally prayed to; that his *Nirvāna* should not have taken the form of an apotheosis in the imagination of those who believed in him. But of this there is no trace. And the question concerning final *Nirvāna* resolves itself into this: whether it is understood to be a termination of all personal consciousness, or a complete destruction of individuality. It is more probable that it is the former only—that the *Pudgala*, or Soul-atom, remains, but subject to no aggregation which can ever bring it again into conscious existence.

Such is the final *Nirvāna* which follows death when the wise man is prepared for complete emancipation. The word is also used in a lower sense, to signify an apathy, calm, and rest, which may be attained even during this life, by the practice of *Dhyāna*, or contemplation. The four degrees of *Dhyāna* are as follows:

1. The internal feeling of happiness which arises in the mind of the ascetic, when he is conscious of a power of distinguishing the true nature and value of things. Thereupon he ceases to desire anything else but the *Nirvāna*. He is still capable of judgment and reason, but is free from all conditions of sin and vice. The contemplation of the *Nirvāna*, which he hopes for, and which he is approaching, causes him an ecstasy which throws him into the second degree. 2. The ascetic continues pure from all stain of vice; he ceases to exercise reason and judgment; his intellect, no longer occupied with any other objects, is directed only on the *Nirvāna*, and there is diffused within him an internal satisfaction, which yet he cannot analyse nor comprehend. 3. At the third degree this sense of satisfaction has disappeared, he is indifferent even to the happiness which his intellectual contemplation of *Nirvāna* occasioned him. There remains to him a physical sense of well-being; he has still a memory of the stages through which he has passed, and a confused consciousness of self. 4. At the fourth degree the sense of physical well-being has disappeared, and memory likewise; even the feeling of indifference has passed away; he is free from all pleasure or pain, from whatever source, and is arrived at a state of apathy as near to *Nirvāna* as can be attained in this present life. The word apathy must be understood to mean the absence of all πάθος, modification, impression, affection, or conscious subjective condition whatsoever. The four steps of the *dhyāna* being surmounted, the *bōdhisatva* enters the region of infinity of space; from thence he attains the region of infinity of intelligence. He rises to a third and more absolute vacuity, where nothing exists; and ultimately to a fourth, where there are neither ideas, nor an idea of the absence of ideas.

“Corpora solventes abeunt per inane profundum,
Temporis ut puncto nihil extet reliquiarum
Desertum præter spatium et primordia cæca.”—LUCR.

The ultimate *Nirvāna* is no other, practically, than an annihilation of the conscious being. And the Buddhist differs from the orthodox Brahman in that the former recognises no God into whose being he shall be absorbed, acknowledges no Universal Spirit, from which the human soul has issued, and into which it shall fall back.

That some such opinion concerning the discontinuance of a conscious existence to the human being should be held negatively or speculatively, would not be at all surprising. But the astounding phenomenon presented by Buddhism is, that such should

be preached as a faith, and that a self-annihilation, a suicide of man's own consciousness, by a determined and elaborate exercise of his will, should be taught and followed as a method of salvation. But while yet on this subject, we may describe the *Nirvāna* of Śāriputra, whose relics were among those discovered by Major Cunningham in one of the Topes at Sanchi. And it may be observed here, in passing, that the interest of such discoveries does not depend upon the authenticity of the relics, but on the approximative date of the monuments in which they are deposited, and the recitals of names in the inscriptions which accompany them. The architectural features of the topes themselves, and the literal forms of the inscriptions within the relic caskets, enable the fixing their relative age, by one versed in these remains, with as much certainty as can be done by any other antiquarian in his own field. The tope in which were found these particular relics of Śāriputra, is supposed by Major Cunningham to be not more recent than the age of Asoka. Now, although such a structure, with such a deposit, is only indirect evidence that there ever was such a person as Śāriputra, it is direct evidence of the existence of the tradition, of the fact of the belief, at the time of the raising of the tope.

“The older kind of tope,” says Major Cunningham, “was a simple hemisphere, such as the great Chaityas at Sanchi and Satdhāra, and which probably date as high as the middle of the sixth century before our era. The next in point of antiquity are the topes around Bhilsa, which contain the relics of Asoka's missionaries, and of the venerable Mogaliputra, who conducted the proceedings of the third synod. In those which were built in the end of the third century before Christ, the dome is raised a few feet above the basement by a cylindrical plinth. The third class of topes are those represented in the Sanchi bas-reliefs, which date between 19 and 37 A.D. In these the hemisphere is placed on a plinth of equal height, so that the centre of the dome is the centre of the whole building.”—*Bhilsa Topes*, p. 177.

The emancipation of Śāriputra, the wisest of the disciples of Buddha, is thus related. When he learnt the approaching *Nirvāna* of his master, he said that it was impossible for him to witness it, and obtained permission to go before him into emancipation. He walked an hundred times round him, recited many verses in praise of him, placed his feet upon his head, and, joining his hands, said, “I have been found worthy to approach the gloriously-accomplished Buddha.” He then proceeded to Rājagriha, his native town, and it was announced that he was about to depart. When the king Ajātasatra and his officers and all the people heard of it, they were filled with sorrow, and said, “Ah! what will become of us, when the second head of the law,

the *Kutukhtu* Śāriputra, shall have entered *Nirvāna*?" Hurriedly they proceeded towards him, when he addressed them as follows:—

"Since all is perishable, the end of all is death. * As ye too belong to this world of torment, ye too will not remain long; death will come and terminate your career. But as you all, in consequence of meritorious works in a former existence, have had the happiness of having been born in the world with Buddha, and that too in the human form, do you add other accumulative merits, and accomplish such works as shall save you from Sansāra. When Śāriputra had finished thus preaching to the bystanders the inexhaustible law, and had comforted their spirits with salutary medicaments, they bowed down before the *Kutukhtu*, and each returned to his home. After midnight, Śāriputra sat in a perfectly erect position; gathered all the faculties of his soul; directed them upon one point, and entered the first *Dhyāna*. Thence he entered the second, thence the third; and from the third, the fourth. From the fourth he passed into the *Samādhi* of the births of boundless celestial space; then into the *Samādhi* of the births of complete nihilty. From this *Samādhi* he entered that of neither thinking, nor not thinking; then into that of limitation; and, lastly, into *Nirvāna*."—*Bhilsa Topes*, p. 38.

We have said of Buddhism—if it be a religion, and in fact it has no God. Neither had the Sankhya philosophy out of which it immediately arose. Or at least this is true, that the belief in a God is indifferent to it, and does not affect its doctrines, which are based on the unquestionable fatality of transmigration. When, in the last century, the Chinese Buddhism began to be known in Europe, the absence from the Chinese language of any word which could express our received conception of God, attracted the attention of theologians and of anti-theologians; and Bayle urged that there had been discovered a nation of atheists. The absence of the idea from the Chinese, and almost all the Buddhist nations, does indeed materially affect the theological argument for the existence of God which is founded on the alleged universality of that conception. But at most these people are *ἀθεοι*, not as against, but *ἀνευ θεοῦ*; or as Voltaire put it, in controversy with Bayle on the very subject, they are—*ni pour, ni contre*, and are under a misfortune, but not in a fault.

As it has in fact no God, so Buddhism has no worship, properly speaking. From very early times it has had a ceremonial, and has aimed at deeply impressing the imagination and sentiment of its congregation. The statues of the Buddha have always been objects with his followers of tender veneration and regard. They represent him as seated cross-legged in meditation, or cross-legged with his head turned on one side as in the

act of cutting off the locks and headdress of his caste, or standing as if preparing to advance, or reclining on his side with his head resting on a pillow; sometimes also with one hand raised in the attitude of benediction. The offerings made before his likeness are the odours of beautiful flowers, fruits and incense, embalming his memory; for his memory lives as of one who has overcome. The earliest Buddhist temples were excavations, not structures; but in the most ancient of the rock-hewn Buddhist caves, though they do not probably reach back to within two centuries of the origin of the religion, there is seen the most careful and artificial construction for impressing the votary with the sentiments of awe and veneration. The Buddhist temple, in its general arrangements, is the same in all parts of India. It resembles in plan a Gothic church or cathedral, consisting of a nave and two aisles, separated by massive columns; the east end of the nave or choir terminating in an apse. At that which would be the west end in an English church, was a screen with three doorways, corresponding to the nave and aisles, through which the votaries were permitted to look within. The only window was high above the screen, and so arranged as to be unobserved by the spectator. The light admitted by it fell not far from the centre round which the apse was described, and nearly where would stand the altar in a church of the old Italian form: in this focus was placed the sacred image, appearing serene and calmly bright in the surrounding gloom, or the dagoba containing some relic of the Deliverer.* For the centres of the Buddhist ceremonial, which serves instead of a worship properly so called, are the topes, dagobas, or chaityas, memorial edifices raised over the relics of Buddha and his immediate followers, or upon the spots consecrated by his acts. More strictly the tope or dagoba is a monumental tomb over the Buddhist relics, and the chaitya a monument upon a sacred spot. The characteristic form of the Buddhist tomb is that of a hemisphere, or bell, often surmounted by a spire, and by the chatta or canopy of dominion, and sometimes elevated upon a drum or cylindrical shaft. The original form of the tope therefore is that of the mound or tumulus, such as all primitive races have been accustomed to raise over the remains of the mighty dead. There are extant in India topes anterior to the Buddhist period; but it only appears to have been customary to honour kings and potentates with such memorials. And the bestowing like monuments on the relics of their Teacher by the Buddhists

* See the very interesting "Illustrations of the Rock-cut Temples of India." By James Fergusson, Esq. London: Wcale. 1845.

intimates their supreme veneration for him, and proclaims, in silent protest against caste distinctions, that wisdom is the true greatness. Sometimes the dagoba is itself reared in its true type to the height of several hundred feet; sometimes it forms the nucleus about which a temple is excavated or constructed. The ritual of the Buddhists consists in making daily offerings at the shrines, the people "assisting" at the choral service of the priests, in festivals and processions. They observe an hebdomadal division of time, not founded indeed on the number seven itself, which is mystic to other peoples, but on the quarterings of the moon.

In the neighbourhood of the sacred spots have grown up the Viharas, monasteries, or lamaseries, as they are called in Tibet, inhabited by hundreds, and even, according to M. Huc, thousands of monks, sometimes utterly lazy and useless—sometimes, as in Burmah, employed in conducting the education of the people, such as it is. The lives of these monks are not scandalous; and though their obligations are rigid, they are not bound by a perpetual vow, and may return to the world; or, rather, one may become a member of a monastic community without proceeding to the order of the priesthood: in the Karmavākya, the candidate for ordination is enjoined and promises not to commit "unto his life's end" any of the four great crimes.* Before the lamaseries in Tibet are erected the praying-wheels, so advantageous both to the monks and people. Buddha had enjoined his disciples to "turn the wheel of meditation upon the law." By an easy and pleasant substitution of the material for the spiritual, of the literal for the figurative, the law becomes a wheel inscribed with the wise man's precepts, and the inward meditation is accomplished by turning a windlass.

Now let us commend the marvellous phenomena presented by Buddhism to the serious observation of Augustinian theologians, whether of a Romish or Calvinistic colour. Particularly to those who think that our world is now about 5856 years old, and that it is not more than 4200 years since it began to be peopled a second time by the sons of Noah—who think, it may

* The punishment of the great crimes is perpetual excommunication. 1. If a priest indulge in sexual intercourse, "*etiam cum bruto*," he is not a son of Sākya, he is no longer a priest. 2. A priest who has been ordained must not steal, even so much as a blade of grass. 3. A priest who has been ordained must not, knowingly, deprive any animal of life, not even an insect. 4. A priest who has been ordained must not make unfounded spiritual pretensions to the state of *arhat*.—*The Ritual of the Buddhist Priesthood, translated from the original Pali work, entitled Karmavākya*. By the Rev. B. Clough, C.M.R.A.S., Wesleyan Missionary in Ceylon. O.T.F. Vol. 2.

be, besides, that it is now trembling on the verge of its last millennium—we commend the reflection, that of these short ages, for more than a third of the former period, and for a full half of the latter, Buddhism—without a supreme God, and with its highest hope in an eternal sleep—has been the prevailing religion of the world.

Evangelical theorizers have been recently disturbed at speculations concerning the possible inhabitaney of other worlds besides our own by intelligent beings, as feeling puzzled how their economy of redemption, of which this speck of earth is the centre, could be related to a boundless moral universe. But a nearer difficulty, and one which hangs not on a speculation, but on a fact, concerns the relation to the same economy of these myriads of Buddhists—Godless in this world and hopeless as to any other—who are revealed to us by our now enlarged Oriental knowledge. Did any writers of the New Testament ever think of them, or know of them; are their words in any double sense applicable to them? How little have the sounds of the Gospel of an everlasting kingdom gone forth unto the ends of the world! How too truly has the ark of Noah been a type of the Church Catholic, floating with a chosen few, a very few within, over myriads perishing in the waters! Yet we cannot doubt that Paul, had he known of these nations, and been able to reach them, and able to speak to them, would have yearned after them, and sought them out and preached to them of a “house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” And of such as these we may be sure he would have said, that, “when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law; these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves, which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the mean while accusing or else excusing one-another.”

For there is one bright spot in the darkness of Buddhism: if it be a wreck and ruin, one treasure has not perished—if it be a stunted growth, a root out of a dry ground, there is within it one living germ. The moral sense has not been obliterated, and virtue, like an anchor of the soul, holds fast to whatever hope is left of the future, steadying man’s frail bark amidst the billows of the present.

The cultivation of *Dharmma*, or the law of virtue, is the practical side of Buddhism. Sákya took up the doctrine of a Triad, *Buddha*, *Dharmma*, *Sangha*, and applied it to his own system. In a theistic sense, *Buddha* is Mind or Spirit; *Dharmma*, Matter; and *Sangha*, the manifestation of their union in the phenomenal

world. In the Buddhist application, *Buddha* is Sākya-muni, *Dharma* is his moral law, and *Sangha* is his congregation, bound together as brethren by his Spirit, and manifesting the law of virtue in their lives. That Buddhism, which has exercised so wide and lasting a dominion, has not acted for the permanent amelioration of the races subject to it, is owing partly to this, that the *Sangha* became an ecclesiastical corporation, rather than an association united by any vital principle; that the life-giving influence of *Buddha* was preached as human and not divine; and that *Dharma* was a code of ordinance, limitation, and restraint, rather than an expression of natural and necessary moral truth. Yet there is this consoling reflection, that they who have not risen to the conception of God, have yet instinctively acknowledged virtue, and in honouring that which is good and beneficent, have, without knowing it, honoured him who is its author: though they have worshipped no Creator and adored no Providence, they have confessed the Infinite Good in its manifestation in the human heart. If in the morality of Buddhism there has been a tendency to set up a standard of virtue too lofty to be attained by many, and if in so doing it has, if we may use such a phrase, overshot its mark, Christianity itself, as it has been understood or misunderstood by many, is open to the same objection. In the one case as in the other, proverbial expressions and hyperbole have been mistaken for the literal enunciation of principle, and exceptional or exaggerated applications of principle have been taken as supplying general rules.

The system of Sākya acknowledged the existence of caste institutions as a fact—denied, indeed, the divine or mythological origin of the institution, yet, while endeavouring to override those distinctions and to supersede them, refrained from directly attacking them. Of the Buddha's immediate disciples, Śāriputra was a Brahman; Ananda, his own relative, a Kshatriya; Kātyāyana, a Vaiśya; and Upāli, a Sudra. The initiation into the orders of his own church superseded all hereditary distinctions, and the corporate succession of his ordained monks stands in the same relation to the hereditary consecration of Brahmanical caste, that the corporate succession of the Christian hierarchy did, to the hereditary consecration of the Levitical priesthood. But it would not be correct to attribute to Sākya the design of effecting a great political or social revolution, as we should understand it, by accomplishing the abolition of caste. It was not as a champion of equality, or by reason of a revolt of his moral sense against caste abominations, considered as a human injustice, that his law worked against it. It was with him an evil like any

other to which man is heir, like disease and pain ; like them, it was the consequence of foregone transgressions, and, like them, transitory as the life of which it was an accident. But if it was not as a Social Reformer, nor in any direct way, that Sákya assailed the institution of caste, and if consequently there was no temper or hostility towards others in any aggression which he made upon it, there was generated a deep and inveterate hostility against Buddhism in the Brahmanical caste. And Buddhism, which had risen upon the weakness of Brahmanism, gave way in the region of its birth, by reason of its own weakness, and by reason of the persecutions directed against it. The doctrine, however, of Sákya respecting caste was such as is embodied in the following legend.

Ananda, the cousin of Sákya, met one day, as he journeyed preaching, a young female of the tribe of the Chándálas, who was drawing water, and he asked her to give him to drink. Prakṛiti, the young maiden, fearing to pollute him with her touch, informed him that she was of the caste Matanga, and that she could not approach an holy man. "Young maiden, I ask thee only for water, and not concerning thy family, nor what is thy caste." Prakṛiti, however, becomes enamoured of Ananda, and Sákya, by a sort of Socratic method, and through a series of equivoques, leads her to embrace for herself the religious life. She has promised to follow Ananda, to wear his clothing, to live his life, and she has the consent of her parents to her act. She is admitted by Sákya to the state of a nun. But how can a Chándála enter into the habitation and employ herself about the persons of Brahmans and of Kshatriyas ? Troubled by such a scandal, Prasenadjit, king of Kosala, attended by all the high-caste men of Sravasti, render themselves in state at the monastery, and each, as he salutes Sákya, recites the name and family of his father and his mother. Bhagavat, knowing their thoughts and the intention with which they had come, convokes an assembly of the monks, and, in presence of all, reveals the life of Prakṛiti in a former existence. For birth, in a higher or lower caste, is an effect of conduct in some previous probationary state, and is a condition of trial with respect to migrations to come, so that the Sudra, by his virtues, may be born in his next human existence as a Brahmaṇ or a Kshatriya.

There can be no doubt of Sákya's sincerity. It is some evidence of the purity of his purpose, that he left kingdom, palace, and wives, and abandoned his caste, when he cut off with his own hands the flowing locks of the Kshatriya : it was some proof of his earnestness in the search after truth, that he submitted patiently for years to the instructions of the wisest

teachers of the Brahmins; some guarantee of his unflinching perseverance in a mission to the world (so that he could but find the way of that mission), that extreme asceticism was to him a thing simply indifferent. Ambition and gold, love and family affections, pleasure, intellectual pride, and the most urgent demands of the corporeal nature, were by him counted as nothing, could he but discover a way of deliverance and preach it to mankind. It is no impeachment of his sincerity, that the future evils from which he sought deliverance were mere bugbears of the imagination—that the terrors of transmigration were at best founded on wise men's parables, and, at worst, were the fictions of priests: they were no less real to him. If he deceived others in his doctrine of deliverance, it was because he was deceived as to the evils from which deliverance was necessary. As little can it be doubted, that his *εὐρηκα* was sincere at Bodhimanda. He had solved an imaginary problem by a theory incapable of verification. But, that he believed in his own theory, and in the method founded upon it, we have the evidence of a long life unswervingly devoted to the propagation of his system—we have the evidence of his success. No moral force sufficient to accomplish what Buddhism has accomplished could have issued from its founder, unless he had been sincere. No conspiracy between him and his ten immediate disciples is conceivable. If it were possible to suppose one man capable of playing such a part as Śākya's through life, in utter abnegation of self, and without even raising himself on a pedestal, to be worshipped as divine after his death, unless he had believed himself to be in possession of the truth, it is not possible to imagine that he could have gathered about himself a band of followers. But honest delusion is catching; and men above the vulgar, mistake sincerity for evidence. Honest delusion alone could put forth such a force as should communicate itself first to Śāriputra, Kāśyapa, Ananda, and the rest of the ten, and then over great nations and through hundreds of years. We have seen that the missionary impulse was still so strong in the time of Asoka, that he devoted his own son, Mahendra, as an apostle of Buddhism to Ceylon; and after China had become Buddhist, and before India relapsed into Brahmanism, that is, during the earlier centuries of the Christian era, more than a third of the human race must have acknowledged the law of Śākya. If the professors of Buddhism amount at the present day to four hundred millions, they fall not far short of the number of the Christians, and include a large proportion of the human race. No account can be given of such a propagation of so uninviting a system, but that of the moral force of honest and self-denying

conviction. If, indeed, it has now held its ground for ages by means of endowments, prejudices, superstitions, and monastic interests, these are themselves the evidence of a mighty force once active—the scoriæ of a volcano now extinct, the moraine of a rolling glacier now shrunk and melted away. Supernatural agency can here supply no hypothesis, and the operation of the baser influences and ordinary inclinations of human nature as little. Here was no Mahometan sword, nor Mahometan paradise; and a self-denial was required, equal to the Christian, without the spring of the Christian motives, or the reward of the Christian heaven. Buddhism made its way by preaching and self-denial against the influence of caste and priesthood, and has maintained itself without persecution, which would be contradictory to its principles. That Brahmanism, with its strong organization of castes, should have recovered its sway in India proper, is not so surprising as that it should have ever given way to Buddhism. That the latter should have retained its hold in other nations is the more remarkable, considering the limited application of its promises, such as they are. Those only who reach through *Dhyāna* to *Nirvāna* are perfectly emancipated from the fear of living again. By how few could this attainment be reached! Not many could hope to be heroes and saints. The rest must remain subject to the penalties due to past transgressions, and to the perils of future probations.

It is impossible not to be struck with numerous resemblances observable between Buddhism and Christianity, especially in its Roman form. But most of these are merely superficial. It cannot be wondered at, that until the better knowledge of the present century showed the hypothesis to be untenable, Romish writers represented Buddhism as an early though distorted offshoot from the Christian stem; and that they argued the primitive Christian character of some of their own institutions, from the existence of monasteries, forms of ordination, ordinances of confession, and the like, among those Easterns. It is, however, now proved to be as anterior in point of time as it is found to be inferior in simplicity and force to original Christianity. Yet, from passages in the travels of M. Huc, it is evident, that the Roman Catholics cling tenaciously to the view, that their church has had something to do with the growth, if not with the origination, of Buddhism. But we cannot see that the peculiar doctrines and practices of the church of Rome would receive any confirmation, could it be shown to have exercised an influence on the development of Buddhism. It could have nothing on which to pride itself, could that church be proved to be a daughter of her own, which preaches sin without atonement and interminable

purgatories without indulgences—whose saints have no merits and whose priests no sacrifice—whose monks say no prayers for others, and whose people have no worship—whose world has no God—and which substitutes for hope of heaven the prospect of an everlasting sleep.

But we cannot forbear to speculate for a few moments on the possible results, had Buddhism come in contact with the Western world at the time that the Gospel did, or if the first Gospel teachers had come in contact with it. Would it have met with the success in the West which attended it in the East, or with the success which followed Christianity? We cannot think that it would. Each of the two religions was promulgated in a state of society deformed by suffering and oppression. But in the East, the sense of the people and the reflection of philosophers fixed its attention on suffering as such; in the West, upon oppression as wrong. There was a strong and vehement insurrection, or *ground-swell*, against tyranny, connected with the reception of Christianity in the Roman Empire. In the West had been developed, even among the Polytheists, the idea of a Moral Governor in God. In the farther East, this idea, if there had ever been the rudiments of it, had become altogether obliterated. Buddhism taught no retribution, no Judge of all the earth, to do right sooner or later, to torment the hard-hearted rich and to comfort the humble poor. And if it would have brought small consolation to the poor man of some religious sentiment, who had a rude sense of God and a future life, much less would it have been acceptable to the Epicurean gentleman, who believed neither the one nor the other. He too looked for an extinction, an eternal sleep. Meanwhile he sang, *Carpe presentis dona lætus horæ*. Sákya or Sárputra would have had little success with him, lopping off desire from his present, and opening a terrible vista of transmigration into his future. On the other hand, had Apostles penetrated into the East, in becoming all things to all men, they would have had to seek for other topics than those which were suited to the Greek, the Roman, and the Jew. We should have had earnest appeals founded on other *argumenta ad homines* than those contained in Apostolic writings now extant; and in the face of the doctrine of transmigration, no doubt a Letter to the Sramanas would have contained adaptations as remarkable as the “forensic justification” in the Epistle to the Romans, or the “vicarious sacrifice” in that to the Hebrews—adaptations and illustrations which, like those others, would have been taken in after-time for inspired revelation of divine doctrine.

Meanwhile all missionaries to the East, of whatever creed, agree in this, that the great obstacle to the reception of

Christianity, both by Brahman and by Buddhist, is presented by the deeply-rooted doctrine of transmigration. Let them consider whether there is not a foundation of reason in this tradition, which is wanting in the future state according to the Gospel as they preach it; whether it is not more agreeable to the moral sense and to all observed analogies, to expect chequered and mixed sequences hereafter from mixed moral antecedents in this life, than to suppose that a sudden "conversion," an inward "witness of the Spirit," or an outward "seal of a sacrament" are alike necessary and alike equally efficacious to the hardened sinner at his eleventh hour and to the baby saint. Likewise ought men to dare to say, that if the next coming age shall be a sequel and final to this, it must be final absolutely? This is little better practically than a doctrine of *Nirvāna*.

And now, O gentle Buddhist, who wouldest not harm a fly, we hope that in time thou wilt meet with sensible teachers; but we are sure that thou wilt not lose thy part in whatever inheritance may be in store in any other world for the sons of men, though thou hast closed thine eyes upon earth in the terror of coming migrations, or thy lamp has gone out in the sad hope of an everlasting sleep.



ART. III.—THE PROPERTY OF MARRIED WOMEN.

Report of the Personal Laws Committee (of the Law Amendment Society) on the Laws Relating to the Property of Married Women. London. 1856.

THE business of legislation has always been attended with peculiar difficulties; for the state of society, when laws are most needed and first enacted, is generally one in which violence and rapine require to be crushed with a strong hand,—when the intellectual culture and moral feeling of a large portion of the community is at a low ebb, and when legislation consequently is apt to be hasty and severe. Where large portions of the population are so far brutalised as to require harsh laws to restrain them, this must always be the case; for in the midst of such a state of society, even the legislators themselves can hardly be expected to be very highly cultivated, or very deeply imbued with science. The first laws of a nation, therefore, are usually adapted to a state of semi-barbarism, and seldom go much beyond the notion of compensation to the person aggrieved,

either in the way of repayment, if the wrong be one of robbery or fraud; or of vengeance, if it be one of personal violence. It is reserved for later ages gradually to lay down juster principles of legislation, and eliminate from its rough unwritten common law the dicta and customs of unlettered lawgivers in an uncivilized age. This has been done but slowly in England, and we can hardly say that even yet the true principles of social law are by any means generally received or acted upon. Laws are still both proposed and opposed upon narrow grounds, without any reference to the first broad principle upon which the right to legislate at all is founded; and the consequence is, a kind of class legislation, which generally displeases all who are not immediately benefited by its enactments; and which ends by becoming altogether nugatory, because it has not enough of apparent justice to satisfy men's minds as to its expediency.

The magnitude of this evil naturally drew the attention of those whose profession made them most cognisant of it; and who were continually suffering annoyance from the confusion prevailing in our Statute Book in consequence of careless legislation; and about twelve years ago, a considerable number of gentlemen of the legal profession formed themselves into a "Society for Promoting the Amendment of the Law." Their purpose was to lay down juster principles; to enquire how far existing laws required alteration or even complete repeal; and, where needful, to suggest fresh ones, more in conformity with the exigencies of the time. The Report which we have placed at the head of this article, is one of the latest labours of this very praiseworthy society; and as the subject has been taken up by some contemporary journals,* and treated in a mode which we deem not very well calculated to accomplish the end of all critical discussion, *i.e.*, the arrival at truer views on any given subject, we shall endeavour to supply their deficiency by examining, first, what are the great principles on which social law is founded; and next, how these principles bear on the particular question before us.

The great principles of social law, it is evident, must rest primarily on acknowledged human rights; for if man has no rights, law has no foundation; and consequently, the first question to be answered will be,—What are these inalienable rights which every human being feels himself to be possessed of, and holds himself justified in defending? It is not difficult to define these in their simplest form; for they grow out of those original faculties and powers of the human being which were bestowed on man, as a species, at his creation; since the very fact of a gift

* The "Saturday Review," "Blackwood's Magazine," and some others.

implies the right to use it. Hence, according to Sir William Blackstone, human rights "may be reduced to three principal or primary articles.

1. The right of personal security;
2. The right of personal liberty;
3. The right of private property;

because there is no other known method of compulsion, or of abridging man's natural free will, but by an infringement of one or other of these important rights;" and these, it is clear, as stated above, must grow out of the original gift; for if life be bestowed, man has a right to it, and may defend it from violence; if limbs for labour and locomotion be given, he has a right to the free use of them, as long as he impedes no other in the use of his gifts also; if life and strength, whether of mind or body be given, which may enable him by personal toil, either for himself or for others, to earn a remuneration, he has the right to retain what he has thus toiled to acquire; and the condition upon which man has a right to private property is simply that the faculties originally bestowed on him shall have been used *bonâ fide*, without either violence or fraud in the first acquirement of such property: for being once acquired, it may pass from hand to hand by gift or purchase to the end of time, always with an equal right. When these rights are withheld, a wrong is committed, and the individual thus deprived, describes himself to have suffered an injustice; for a gift that may not be used, is no gift at all.

It was this feeling, that a wrong is sustained when a person is deprived of any of these primary rights, that gave rise so soon to a state of warfare,—for the differences of age, sex, stature, &c., expose the weaker to the tyranny of the stronger; and as no one suffers injustice willingly, aid is sought from friends in order to redress the wrong. We have an instance of this kind of private alliance for the purpose of defence, in ancient times, in the case of Abram, who when his servants and family were insufficient to rescue his kinsman, Lot, from the marauding tribes which had carried him off, called for the assistance of his neighbours, Aner, Eshcol, and Mamre, with whom he had formed a previous compact; and together they pursued and defeated the invaders, carrying home both the captives and their property in triumph. But when men came to have settled habitations, and depended on the culture of the earth for subsistence, the state of warfare which grew out of the violence of the stranger-tribes, and the confederation of the weaker to resist them, became a serious evil; and in order to avoid the bloodshed and destruction caused by a hostile inroad, men willingly referred their disputes to the arbitration of any person or persons whose supposed integrity and wisdom afforded the hope of a just decision. The decisions on

such occasions were remembered by the elders of the tribe, and repeated as the ground of fresh ones; and this will be found to be the origin of the unwritten common law of all countries. It was a collection of rude, but at that time useful expedients for the repression of violence.

It will be seen from this statement, which is borne out by all we know of the habits of our barbarous ancestors, that the beginning of social law was simple enough, and its very simplicity renders the task of defining its true province and jurisdiction especially easy; for its office evidently is to accomplish, by peaceable means, that defence of inalienable rights which would otherwise be attempted by more violent methods; and it is no less evident that, the law being but the delegated power of an aggregate of individuals, it can exercise no jurisdiction which it would not be just for that aggregate of individuals to exercise. Hence it has no power to enforce the observance of the moral law further than is requisite to prevent violence; for though a strict observance of the moral law by all the members of a community would render all other restraint unnecessary, yet it is quite possible that transgressions of morality may take place which from being committed in private, have no effect on the public peace; and such transgressions cannot justly be brought under the jurisdiction of social law, whose object is the preservation of human rights. Thus, a man who brutalises his intellect by intoxication, transgresses the moral law equally, whether he does so in public or in private; but social law can only take cognisance of it when he commits some violence or causes a riot: he may lie quietly in his chamber, in a state of drunken insensibility, where he injures no one but himself, and the officers of justice will have no right to interfere with him. Social law, then, is to a certain degree independent of the moral law; that is, it cannot take cognisance of all that this last condemns; for *this* deals with motives, *that* with overt acts: but nevertheless, inasmuch as the moral law is the divine mandate written upon nature itself, and social law is merely human, so the greater sanction must not be superseded by the lesser; and should any human enactment contradict the higher ordinance of God and nature, it has overstepped its limits, and will create the violence and disorder which it was expected to check. Thus we see in despotic governments, where the will of the ruler imposes restraints not needful for the accomplishment of the proper object of social law, in proportion as these restraints are onerous, and out of keeping with the sense of natural justice written in man's heart, conspiracies, assassinations, and insurrections follow; and therefore the first object of legislators in dealing with the rude laws of their ancestors, should be to strike out from them every limitation of personal liberty and rights

which cannot be justified by the evident necessity of the case. Thus the limits of social law are apparent; and its jurisdiction can extend no farther than is requisite to secure to every one the three great rights of human nature, and so much only of these rights can be justly abridged by it as is necessary to place all, whether strong or weak, upon an equal footing of security.

If, then, this be the true principle of social law—a proposition which will scarcely be denied,—it follows that all enactments not mediately or immediately reducible under one or other of these three great heads, must be classed among those instances of meddlesome legislation very common in a state of semi-civilization,* but which neither accomplish their purpose nor are justifiable upon any true principle. It would be easy to give numberless examples of such laws among those which have been gradually abrogated, as later ages became better acquainted with the science of government and the limits within which it should be restrained: not a few still remain in the Statute Book, though confessedly obsolete; and these, if the codification of the law which has been proposed shall be accomplished, will be removed; but there are others which are still in operation, no less at variance with the true principle of social law; and among these we must reckon the limitations imposed by the common law of England on the human rights of married women.

It was natural that a society like that for the amendment of the law, formed for the most part of men whose profession made them personally aware of the inconvenience and injustice growing out of the proverbial uncertainties of the law, should be feelingly alive to the necessity of its revision, and eager to place its administration on a better footing. There were few of the members who had not practically felt the evils resulting from contradictory or ill-considered enactments; the courts of law and equity in many cases adopted different principles; and the profession itself often bore the obloquy which was rather due to the legislators who had left them so difficult a task. These inconveniences, however, as far as mercantile transactions were concerned, were in a fair way of being remedied,—for merchants are a clear-headed race, and soon discovered where the grievance lay; but one large portion of the community, whom it had been the custom of ages

* As for instance, 10 Edw. III., cap. 3, by which the number of dishes to be set on a gentleman's table is limited: or, 2 Henry VII., cap. 16, forbidding any single person to hold a farm of more than 10 marks' yearly value, lest population should be thereby diminished, &c. &c.: or, 24 Henry VIII., cap. 4, in which it is enacted that "to avoid that most abominable sin of idleness," every person occupying land for tillage, shall, for every sixty acres under the plough, sow one quarter of an acre of flax or hemp, in order that men and women may be set on work in spinning, weaving, &c.

to keep in constant tutelage, being less aware of the cause, suffered injustice, if not without complaint, yet without any effectual attempt to remove the evil. The contradictory maxims of the common law and equity with regard to married women's property at last attracted the attention of the society; and Mr. Serjeant Woolrych having submitted to it a paper on the subject, it was referred to a special committee, which ended its work by the Report which we have placed at the head of our article.

But whilst judges and barristers were slowly awakening to the injustice and contradictions of the present law of England on this particular point, women themselves had taken up the question, and, without wasting time in discussing abstract rights, pointed at once to the grievance that pressed most heavily upon them. Almost at the same time that Mr. Serjeant Woolrych drew up his paper, a petition to both Houses of Parliament, from the pen of a lady already known as the author of "A Brief Summary of the most important Laws concerning Women," was circulated among those most likely to take an interest in its success, and speedily received a large number of signatures. It was brought under the consideration of the society almost immediately, and shortly after, the distinguished president, Lord Brougham, undertook to present it to the House of Peers, and Sir Erskine Perry, one of the council, took charge of it for the House of Commons.* The pen of this latter gentleman was afterwards engaged in drawing up the Report already alluded to.

* "To the Honourable the House of Peers [and Commons] in Parliament assembled. The Petition of the undersigned Women of Great Britain, Married and Single,

"HUMBLY SHEWETH—That the manifold evils occasioned by the present law, by which the property and earnings of the wife are thrown into the absolute power of the husband, become daily more apparent. That the sufferings thereupon ensuing, extend over all classes of society. That it might once have been deemed for the middle and upper ranks, a comparatively theoretical question, but is so no longer, since married women of education are entering on every side the fields of literature and art, in order to increase the family income by such exertions.

"That it is usual when a daughter marries in these ranks, to make, if possible, some distinct pecuniary provision for her and her children, and to secure the money thus set aside by a cumbrous machinery of trusteeship, proving that few parents are willing entirely to entrust the welfare of their offspring to the irresponsible power of the husband, to the chances of his character, his wisdom, and his success in a profession.

"That another device for the protection of women who can afford to appeal, exists in the action of the Courts of Equity, which attempt, within certain limits, to redress the deficiencies of the law; but that trustees may prove dishonest or unwise in the management of the funds entrusted to their care, and Courts of Equity may fail in adjusting differences which concern the most intimate and delicate relation of life;—that legal devices, patched upon a law which is radically unjust, can only work clumsily, and that here, as in many other

Such is, in brief, the history of the present movement. It has alarmed certain very strict conservatives, who see danger in every change, however salutary; but this, in a country where free discussion is allowed, is likely to prove advantageous to its progress, for public attention has been drawn to it by the very outcry raised by the admirers of ancestral wisdom; and it has thus obtained far more notice than is usually bestowed on the repeal of an old law in order to substitute in its stead an enactment better suited to the times. And this was most desirable, for it is not a mere legal grievance that requires to be remedied. Public opinion needs to have a better tone given to it; women themselves need to be taught to use the rights which God has given them for the advantage of society generally; and both men and women ought to learn that the necessary relation between the sexes was not thus arranged by chance; that woman was not

departments of justice, a clearance of the ground is the chief thing necessary. That since this is a truth, which has gradually come to be recognised in regard to protective restrictions upon trade, to titles of property in land, and to the legal machinery for conveying such property from one owner to another, &c., we would hope that, before long, it will also come to be recognised in matrimonial legislation.

“That it is proved by well known cases of hardship suffered by women of station, and also by professional women earning large incomes by pursuit of the arts, how real is the injury inflicted.

“That if these laws often bear heavily upon women protected by the forethought of their relatives, the social training of their husbands, and the refined habits of the rank to which they belong, how much more unequivocal is the injury sustained by women in the lower classes, for whom no such provision can be made by their parents, who possess no means of appeal to expensive legal protection, and in regard to whom the education of the husband and the habits of his associates offer no moral guarantee for tender consideration of a wife.

“That whereas it is customary, in manufacturing districts, to employ women largely in the processes of trade, and as women are also engaged as sempstresses, laundresses, charwomen, and in other multifarious occupations which cannot here be enumerated, the question must be recognised by all as of practical importance.

“That newspapers constantly detail instances of marital oppression, ‘wife-beating,’ being a new compound noun lately introduced into the English language, and a crime against which English gentlemen have lately enacted stringent regulations.

“But that for the robbery by a man of his wife’s hard earnings there is no redress,—against the selfishness of a drunken father, who wrings from a mother her children’s daily bread, there is no appeal. She may work from morning till night, to see the produce of her labour wrested from her, and wasted in a gin-palace; and such cases are within the knowledge of every one.

“That the law, in depriving the mother of all pecuniary resources, deprives her of the power of giving schooling to her children, and in other ways providing for their moral and physical welfare; it obliges her in short, to leave them to the temptations of the street, so fruitful in juvenile crime.

“That there are certain portions of the law of husband and wife which bear unjustly on the husband, as for instance, that of making him responsible for his

made to be either a plaything or a slave, but that her noble endowments, fine tact, and intellectual power were given her for better purposes than they have usually been employed in. But to the social effects of such a change as is now contemplated, we shall revert at a future time; for the present, we must confine ourselves to an examination of the law as it now stands.

We have seen that, according to Blackstone, and, indeed, according to the common sense of mankind, personal security, personal liberty, and the power of retaining private property, are among the inalienable rights of human beings; and that, therefore, to deprive a man of all or any of these rights can only be justified by the plea that he misuses them, to the danger of his fellows, and hence renders it necessary, for the security of others and for the preservation of the public peace, that he should be restrained. But, says the common law of England—we again quote

wife's debts contracted before marriage, even although he may have no fortune with her. Her power also, after marriage, of contracting debts in the name of her husband, for which he is responsible, is too unlimited, and often produces much injustice.

“That in rendering the husband responsible for the entire maintenance of his family, the law expresses the necessity of an age, when the man was the only money-getting agent; but that since the custom of the country has greatly changed in this respect the position of the female sex; the law of maintenance no longer meets the whole case. That since modern civilisation, in indefinitely extending the sphere of occupation for women, has in some measure broken down their pecuniary dependence upon men, it is time that legal protection be thrown over the produce of their labour, and that in entering the state of marriage, they no longer pass from freedom into the condition of a slave, all whose earnings belong to his master and not to himself.

“That the laws of various foreign countries are in this respect much more just than our own, and afford precedent for a more liberal legislation than prevails in England;—and your Petitioners therefore humbly pray that your Honourable House will take the foregoing allegations into consideration, and apply such remedy as to its wisdom shall seem fit—

“And your Petitioners will ever pray.”

“List of Signatures sanctioning the above.”

“ANNA BLACKWELL,	ANNA MARY HOWITT,
ISA BLAGDEN,	ANNA JAMESON,
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING,	GERALDINE JEWSBURY,
SARIANNA BROWNING,	MRS. LOUDON,
MRS. CARLYLE,	MRS. LOVELL,
MARY COWDEN CLARKE,	HARRIET MARTINEAU,
CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN,	HONBLE. JULIA MAYNARD,
AMELIA B. EDWARDS,	MARY MOHL,
ELIZA F. FOX,	BESSIE RAYNER PARKES,
MRS. GASKELL,	MRS. REID,
MATILDA M. HAYS,	BARBARA LEIGH SMITH,
MARY HOWITT,	MISS STURCH.”

The above petition was presented to both Houses of Parliament, March 14th, 1856, with upwards of 3000 signatures.

Blackstone,—“The husband and wife are one person in law; that is, *the very being or legal existence of the woman is suspended during the marriage.*” We might here object to the very strange way of effecting a union, by *suspending the legal existence* of one of the parties, were we disposed to jest; but the subject is too grave, and we will simply ask what crime the woman has committed by the act of marriage, that she is instantly deprived of all civil rights, which in most countries is considered as the punishment of felony? It is clear that the original law of nature affords no foundation for such an enactment; marriage makes no mental change in the individual; the will remains as strong, the reason as clear as before; individual needs are as separate as ever, individual health suffers, or *vice versa*, without the participation of the other party. The identity of husband and wife, therefore, must be reckoned among legal fictions, which have no foundation in fact, but are mere convenient modes of speech, invented by lawyers, and used for particular purposes. Let us see whether the purpose be good enough, or its working sufficiently advantageous to justify the framing a law on false premises.

The objects of marriage are not merely those of the animal: man is a rational being, partaking of a higher nature than the brute creation. The nurture and education of children forms, no doubt, one, and a very large part of the duties of married life; but the mutual incitement to all good and noble deeds, the disinterested affection, the support in sickness and sorrow, which render the union a spiritualized and holy intercourse, are no less a part of the intended objects of marriage; and these are the free growth of a noble nature cultivated to its highest point, so that all its impulses are controlled and balanced by the rational will. But have we ever found that the best mode of cultivating the higher virtues was to take away, as far as the law can do it, all the common rights of our nature, and to leave the individual in a state of utter subjection? All the experiences of slavery unite in one loud contradiction to so monstrous a proposition; and it is not in free England that it ought to be entertained for an instant.

“But,” say the apologists for the ancient common law, “why complain? not one husband in a thousand ever takes advantage of the power it gives.” We should say that this formed a good reason for the repeal of a law so little in accordance with the present feelings of the nation, that none but bad men resort to it. Let us suppose for an instant that the law had extended the husband’s power to the life as well as the person and property of the wife. No doubt this right would have been *very* rarely used; but it might have happened that a violent man might have killed his wife, and pleaded the law in justification of the murder.

Would it then have been any valid argument against the repeal of a law so liable to abuse, to remark that "it was well the wife should know herself to be utterly in the hands of her husband; that we might trust to the usual affection of a man for his wife; and that in fact the instance complained of was an exceptional case, not common enough to justify the alteration of a wholesome system." The natural answer would have been, "No law can be good or wholesome which gives a bad man the liberty to do with impunity what a good man's conscience would prevent him from attempting."

The fact is, that the real objection to the alteration of old laws lies in the conservative instinct of the human animal. We talk largely of reason as the peculiar gift of man; argue points very plausibly, till some obstinate thinker chooses to examine the argument more closely, and discovers a flaw—for which we call him ill names, and hate him,—and all this time never suspect that this array of excellent reasons is an effect rather than a cause; and that it means little else than that man, ashamed of acting, like his cat or his horse, from the mere impulse of nature, is seeking to disguise from himself and others the real motive for the course he is pursuing. Insurrections and revolutions are, for the most part, nothing more than the consequences of the same obstinate perseverance in an old course, in spite of altered circumstances, as is evinced by a pair of old carriage-horses, who determinately move abreast when turned out to pasture. If reason had any share in the matter, the altered circumstances would suggest a change of proceeding; but instead of this, men usually fence themselves round with the "wisdom of their ancestors," or some other equally inexpugnable fortification, and thus avoid the trouble of recurring to first principles. "*Quatuor vero sunt maxima comprehendendæ veritatis offendicula,*" says good old Roger Bacon, "*que omnium quemcumque sapientem impediunt . . . viz., fragilis et indignæ auctoritatis exemplum, consuetudinis diuturnitas, vulgi sensus imperiti, et propriæ ignorantie occultatio, cum ostentatione sapientiæ apparatus.* His omnis homo involvitur, omnis status occupatur. Nam quilibet in singulis artibus vitæ et studii et omnis negotii tribus pessimis ad eandem conclusionem utitur argumentis, scil. hoc exemplificatum est per majores, hoc consuetum est, hoc vulgatum est, ergo tenendum." Were we to proceed with our quotation, we might be thought uncourteous towards our opponents, and we will therefore merely add the clear-headed old monk's opinion as to the results of this so much lauded respect for ancient custom:—"*Ubi hæc tria dominantur,*" exclaims he, "*nulla ratio movet, nullum jus judicat, nulla lex ligat, fas locum non habet, naturæ dictamen perit . . . prævalet vitium, virtus extinguitur,*"

falsitas regnat, veritas exsuffiatur.* Verily, our so much boasted nineteenth century has many features of the thirteenth still remaining.

But to return to the effects of the common law as it now stands, which cannot be better illustrated than by some cases selected from the many which have come under our notice. We will not here insist on the severe limitation of personal liberty which it permits, as that is not any part of the question immediately under discussion; but we may be permitted to say, *en passant*, that had so gross an infringement of the rights of the citizen, as took place in the case of Mrs. Cochrane,† occurred with regard to a man, in consequence of any obsolete law still lingering in the Statute Book, the next Session of Parliament would have seen the repeal of the statute at the instance of the judge who had been obliged to give sentence in the case: and we have yet to learn that an English woman is less a free

* "There are four obstacles to the understanding of truth, which stand in the way of every wise man, viz., the example of weak and unworthy authorities, length of custom, the opinion of the ignorant vulgar, and the concealment of ignorance under an ostentatious form of science. These entangle every man, and take their place in all conditions of life: for whatever art, study, or business we are engaged in, we are met by these three worst possible arguments, all tending to the same conclusion, i.e., this is according to the custom of our ancestors,—this is customary,—this is usually thought, therefore to be believed. Where these hold dominion no reason moves, no justice decides, no law binds; right has no place, the dictates of nature are unheard, vice prevails, virtue is extinguished, falsehood reigns, truth is banished."—*Opus Majus*, l. i.

† *V.* Mr. Justice Coleridge's judgment in *re Cochrane*, 8, Dowling's P.C., 630. The facts were briefly these.—A writ of habeas corpus had been granted to the wife, who having been brought into the power of the husband by stratagem, had since that time been kept in confinement by him. By the return to the writ it appeared that the parties had lived together for about three years after their marriage on terms of apparent affection, and had two children; that in May, 1836, Mrs. Cochrane withdrew herself and offspring from his house and protection, and had resided away from him against his will for nearly four years. While absent from her husband, Mrs. Cochrane had always resided with her mother, nor was there the slightest imputation on her honour. In ordering her to be restored to her husband, the learned Judge, after stating the question to be whether by the common law the husband, in order to prevent his wife from eloping, has a right to confine her in his own dwelling house, and restrain her from liberty for an indefinite time, using no cruelty nor imposing any harshship or unnecessary restraint on his part, and on hers there being no reason from her past conduct to apprehend that she will avail herself of her absence from his control to injure either his honour or his property, stated "that there could be no doubt of the general dominion which the law of England attributes to the husband over the wife." In Bacon's Abridgment, title "Baron and Feme," B. 9, it is stated thus—"The husband hath by law power and dominion over his wife, and may keep her by force within the bounds of duty; and may beat her, but not in a violent or cruel manner." This is plain language, and justifies the assertion that the common law views the relation of husband and wife as that of master and bondswoman. A hired servant could not be so treated.

citizen than an English *man*. But our business now is with the working of the law as regards property. We will take a case of extreme hardship, where no one was in fault but the law, to begin with:—

“Mrs. ——— inherited from her father a comfortable property before she was married, and had never known any necessity to economise. She married; and having great confidence in her husband, and never having been used to think about money matters, omitted to have her property settled on herself. The husband died very suddenly shortly after their marriage, without having made a will, and all *her* property is gone to a nephew of her husband—a man almost a stranger to her. She is now very much reduced in her circumstances, and living, for the first time in her life, under the pressure of narrow means.”

“The change proposed in the law would entirely meet this evil, by restoring to the married woman the civil rights of which she is now deprived.

The next case is one of a different kind, and shows an unprincipled man laying a plan to avail himself of the law for the worst purposes:—

“Mr. A——, who is about 40 years old, was born of respectable parents, but had no property of his own. During the last nine years he has lived in a small market town as an assistant in a business, of which he gradually assumed the chief management. In the same town there lived, with her brother, a young lady whose parents were dead, and who possessed about 3000*l*. Of this amount, a part, yielding 30*l*. a year, was settled upon her; the rest was at her own disposal. Mr. A—— made her an offer of marriage, which was accepted. One of his relations urged on him and her brother the propriety of settling upon her an additional portion of the property. The brother did not concern himself about the matter. Mr. A—— seemingly acquiesced, and the deed was prepared; but he found means to delay its completion till the time fixed for the marriage had arrived. Then he discovered clauses in it which were objectionable, and proposed modifications, suggesting that it could be just as well completed after the marriage. The lady was quite ready to trust him. Just before going to church, however, his signature to a deed, by which £500 was settled on her, was with great difficulty obtained. He professed an intention to purchase a business; meanwhile, a wedding journey, and visits to relations and friends, occupied some months, and no desirable business presenting itself, they returned to her native town, where they boarded with her brother. Finding his old situation vacant he resumed it, but gave out that he was still seeking a profitable investment of the funds acquired with his wife. Some months passed thus; Mrs. A—— was surprised to find how difficult it was either to purchase a desirable business or to invest capital satisfactorily, but the difficulties Mr. A—— pointed out only increased her confidence in his sagacity. At length he disappeared, and as suddenly his master's wife and one of

her children disappeared also. The husband found himself not only minus a wife and child, but a considerable quantity of plate and linen, and half his shirts! Mr. A——, in his capacity of managing assistant, had access to his employer's cellars, and these proved convenient for extensive packing operations, in which the mistress of the house probably assisted, for liquor in considerable quantity, previously known to be there, was no longer to be found. The mystery was cleared up at last by a letter from Mr. A—— to one of his friends, dated on board ship, off Liverpool, wherein he stated that he was on his way to Australia with his late master's wife, and a sum of 1200*l*. Mrs. A——, on examining into her affairs, soon found from whence this sum was obtained, for all the property which by her marriage had become his, had been carried off by her faithless husband. It appeared that suspicions had been entertained of the great intimacy between Mr. A—— and his master's wife for some time; and it was probably with a view to obtain sufficient ready cash for a voyage to Australia with her, that he had inveigled an unsuspecting woman into the marriage which left her almost a beggar.*

Another case, which made a considerable noise at the time, is that of Mrs. Glover, the celebrated actress. She had been abandoned by her husband, who lived in adultery with another woman—we quote from recollection merely,—and Mrs. Glover went on the stage to procure a maintenance for herself and children. She was successful, and in the receipt of a good salary, when her husband applied to the manager to have the salary paid over to him. Naturally the claim was resisted, and it came before a court of law; but in vain:—the husband had the right to his wife's earnings; and the judge, though with regret, affirmed the law to be such. What compromise was afterwards made, or whether any, we know not; the case was reported in the newspapers some years ago, and we can only recollect the main features of it.

The many cases of this kind which have been communicated to us make it difficult to know where to stop; perhaps the one we shall now give is one of the most flagrant, since there was no oversight on the part of the wife, and the law left her no means of protecting herself. A gentleman in one of the northern counties failed in business: his wife, with praiseworthy spirit, turned her talents to account by setting up a fashionable millinery establishment with the assistance of her friends, which proved so successful that she not only maintained herself and husband, but realized a considerable fortune, sufficient to enable her to leave business and live comfortably on the proceeds of her savings. The husband during all this time did nothing to

* It may be gratifying to our readers to learn that the father of Mr. A—— has resolved to leave the property which he had intended for his son to the woman whom he had, by his deception, reduced to comparative poverty.

bring in any income, and was supported by his wife. After a time he died, and left a will, by which *he bequeathed his wife's property to his own illegitimate children!* She was left in poverty, and is now a milliner again! A somewhat similar case occurred lately, where a poor woman, deserted by her husband, had been set up as a laundress by some friends who pitied her. She, too, succeeded, and contrived, besides maintaining herself and children, to save a comfortable sum for old age, which she placed in a savings bank. The husband chanced to hear that she was well to do in the world, went to the savings bank, and required that his wife's stock should be paid to him. When she next went to the bank she found that the savings of years had disappeared, and she was again penniless!

These are evils for which no remedy but a change in the law can avail, for a woman cannot seek redress in a court of equity unless she has fortune sufficient to pay the cost, and this the common law effectually prevents: nay, when the wrong is done by will, as in one of the above cases, it is not even known until it is too late to meet it effectually. No doubt, out of the thousands of married couples in England, very many will be found who live too happily together ever to feel the pressure of the law; and we may here instance the county of Kent, where the profit of her hop-picking is invariably appropriated to the woman's own use, and where the comfort of the family is materially increased by that arrangement; for it usually provides decent clothing and bedding; and sometimes also a present from the wife to the husband, in token of grateful affection. But this is in spite of, not in conformity to, the law; and, like the separate trading of wives in the City of London, is a merely local custom, which may be quoted to show that the object proposed by the petitioners, so far from creating family disunion, has had no such evil consequences during a long period of time, but it does not lessen, except in a small portion of the country, and in a limited degree, the evils resulting from the common law. Indeed, so hazardous is it thought by fathers in general, to leave their daughter's property in the hands of the husband, according to the so much lauded custom of our ancestors, that none who can afford to pay legal expenses, trust their property on so frail a foundation as the intended husband's prudence and integrity: by a fresh fiction of law, the identity of man and wife is virtually abrogated, and his consent is required before marriage* to the placing the property in the hands of a

* It is probably not generally known that, when once a woman has accepted an offer of marriage, all she has, or expects to have, becomes virtually the property of the man thus accepted as a husband; and no gift or deed executed by her between the period of acceptance and the marriage is held to be

third person, who in his turn binds himself to pay the proceeds to the wife, and reserve the principal for the children. Thus, by a marriage settlement, as the transaction is called, the common law is so far defeated, and the wife re-enters upon a part of her civil rights. But this gives rise to strange contradictions in legal decisions; and as will generally happen where law is founded on false principles, the injustice originally done to the woman sometimes rebounds on the husband, but more frequently on the children.* The difficulty of meeting, by any legal decision, the complicated relations of such a state of society as ours, is enhanced by the conflicting usages of equity and common law in these points, and their uncertainty involves and entangles all testamentary provisions, for a new decree in equity may reverse former ones, and send his property into a line which the testator never contemplated. That this is no exaggerated statement of the inconveniences resulting from the present law will easily be seen by referring to any law treatise on the subject; for it is not even yet decided, with regard to what are technically termed the wife's *choses in action*, whether the husband has power over them or not;† and it remains doubtful whether he may not defeat her

valid; for were she permitted to give away, or otherwise settle her property, he might be disappointed of the wealth he looked to in making the offer.—*V. Roper*, “Law of Husband and Wife,” book i. chap. xiii.

* In the case (*Billingsley v. Critchet*, 1 B. C. C., 267, overruling *Swinmock v. Crisp*), it was held, that a mother married to a second husband was not bound to maintain her children by the first, on the ground that the husband took all her interest; and this, though the father had made a provision for her by his will, and she had a separate estate.—Again, “where the plaintiff (*Lanoy v. the Duchess of Athol*, 2 Atk., 477) was the daughter of the Duchess by a former marriage, and part of the question being as to 80*l.* maintenance, directed by the will of the plaintiff's father. Lord Hardwicke said, that, ‘as to compelling the mother to maintain her children out of her own property, that was going too far.’”—“It was held (*Cuendish v. Mercer*, 5 Ves., 195, n.) that, although the father be not of ability, the mother was not bound to maintain the children out of an income of 4000*l.* a year.”—*V. Wharton's* “Laws relating to the Women of England,” p. 82.

When a married woman was charged with the murder of her illegitimate child, three years old, by omitting to supply it with proper food, Mr. Baron Alderson held that she could not be convicted, unless it were shown that the husband supplied her with food to give to the child, and that she wilfully neglected to give it. The learned Judge said, “There is no distinction between the case of an apprentice and that of a bastard child, and the wife is only the servant of the husband, according to the case before Mr. Justice Lawrence, and can only be made criminally responsible by omitting to deliver the food to the child with which she had been supplied by her husband.”—*Ib.*, p. 163.

† “*Choses in action*,” in legal phrase, signifies property which may eventually come to the wife, but is not yet hers. “The reader must consider the power of the husband to assign for value his wife's reversionary choses in action as a point not yet finally settled. The opinions of most of the modern equity judges have been doubtful upon the subject; but, I am not aware of any judicial

inheritance, even after his death, of property coming to her from her own family. We quote from the Report already alluded to the following summary of the

“CONFLICT BETWEEN LAW AND EQUITY.

LAW.

1. By the common law, the wife has no property of her own; her personal estate absolutely, and her real estate during coverture, are her husband's.—*Per Lord Mansfield.*

2. By the common law, the wife has no separate power of contracting. She can neither sue nor be sued.—*Per Lord Mansfield.*

3. Marriage is an absolute gift to the husband of the goods, &c., of which the wife was naturally possessed at the time of marriage, and of such other goods and personal chattels as come to her during marriage.—*Lord Coke.*

4. If a husband obtain a judgment for a debt due to his wife at law, he is entitled to the whole fund.

5. So with respect to a legacy, the husband may appropriate the whole, if the executor pays it him.

6. A woman, by law, cannot dispose of her property, nor make a will without the concurrence of her husband.

7. If a wife carries on a separate trade, even with her husband's consent, he is entitled to all the profits.—4 B. & Ad. 514.

EQUITY.

1. Every kind of property, including estates in fee simple, and chattels personal, may be subject to a trust for the wife's separate use, which will be supported in equity.

She may dispose of such property as if she were a *feme sole*.

She may dispose of her savings as of the principal.

2. Equity allows a married woman to sue wherever she has a clear right. She may even sue her husband, when there is no other way of asserting her right, against him.—*Per Lord Loughborough.*

Being considered a *feme sole* in respect of her property, she may be sued on her own contract with respect to such property.

3. If land or personalty be left to a married woman, for her separate use, even without the intervention of trustees, equity secures such property for her separate use.

4. If it is necessary to have recourse to equity, equity will compel him to secure a provision for his wife out of the fund.

5. Equity will compel a settlement in such a case.

6. She may in equity.

7. Equity gives the profits to the wife, if the trade is carried on out of her separate estate.

opinion or decision, that the assignee could not retain his purchase against the wife's title by survivorship, except the decision of the present Master of the Rolls, and a dictum of Sir William Grant, M.R., that a husband can dispose of his wife's property in expectancy against every one but his wife surviving him. On the contrary side of the question stand the names of Lords Hardwicke, King, and Alvanley. . . . Sir Thomas Plumer's decree is, I believe, the first decision that the *reversionary* interests of the wife in choses in action cannot be assigned by her husband, even for value, so as to bar her title by survivorship.—Jacob's "Appendix to Bright's Roper," p. 449.

LAW.

8. Deeds of separation are not valid at law.—*Marshall v. Rutton*, 8 T. R.

9. A husband cannot give or grant any estate to his wife, either in possession, reversion, or remainder, though an exception under the Statute of Uses has been introduced.”

EQUITY.

8. In equity, it may be considered as at present settled, that such deeds . . . are valid.—2 *Bright's H. and W.*

9. Although gifts of property by the husband and the wife are . . . void in law, yet they will be supported in equity.”

On these contradictions the Report very properly observes,—

“We think it self-evident that the statements we have thus made as to the existing law of the land (by which it will be seen that two different sets of courts dispense diametrically opposite rules, and, in point of fact, two distinct codes, on the all-important subject of marriage), are most discreditable to our system of laws, if any claim for principle or comprehensive views should be set up for them.

“It appears, however, to your Committee, that the operation of the law is even more reprehensible than its want of scientific character and uniformity.

“Under the present law, the practice in society is, that among the upper and wealthier classes parents rarely allow their daughters to marry without securing for them some provision by the interposition of trustees. If the woman has property, she may by this mode secure the separate enjoyment of it to herself. So, also, any relative or friend, who desires to give separate property to a married woman, may secure the possession of it to her by law without the least right of interference on the part of the husband. But in all cases where parties marry without any ante-nuptial contract, and where property is bequeathed to, or acquired by the wife, without the technical words which create separate property, such property and acquisitions fall into the possession and absolute power of the husband.

“The operation of these laws is, that the rich are enabled, in many cases, to avoid the harshness of the common law, from which the middle classes, and those too poor to encounter the expenses of courts of equity, are unable to escape. . . . The petitions which have been presented to Parliament during the present Session, signed by about 21,000 persons, show that public attention is attracted to the subject, and we have reason to believe that the existing law operates grievously in society.

“Your Committee, therefore, are clearly of opinion that it is the duty of the legislature to amend the present state of the law affecting the property of married women, and to introduce one uniform rule, based on general principles, which shall keep in view all the relations of the married state, be applicable to all classes, and be administered by all courts of justice, whether of law or equity.”

It would be difficult to account for so strangely contradictory a state of the law were we not aware that it has descended to us from barbarous times, when physical strength was held to be the

best claim to authority, and the sword the only title* to an estate. In such a state of society women were in great measure at the mercy of those who were rich enough to buy, or strong enough to seize them; and the provisions of our common law, so far from being founded on the refined idea of an affection so strong that two existences might by its influence merge into one—as some sentimental chapters in modern law treatises assume,—are precisely those which belong to the relation of master and bond-woman; as indeed might be expected from the age in which this law assumed its principal features. The slave could not possess property; whatever he earned, or was bestowed upon him, became his master's; his testimony was not received in courts of law; he could neither sue nor be sued; and instead of property and civil rights, he received lodging, clothing, and food. This is precisely the state of a wife by the common law of England; but in proportion as greater refinement modified our views of woman's position in the world, the courts of equity have endeavoured to remedy the faulty principles of a rude age by various contrivances. Hence the discrepancy between the two systems; not very surprising when the cause of it is considered.

It might have been imagined that when the unsuitableness of the old law to present needs was so patent that one large portion of the community scrupled not to make a considerable outlay in order to escape from its grasp, that alone would have been held a sufficient reason for its abandonment. Not at all!—the conservative instinct is stronger than logic; and Roger Bacon's three bad arguments still influence many minds on this as well as other questions. The "custom of our ancestors," when the baron's wife was his chattel,—“length of custom,” enduring from the time

“When wild in woods the noble savage ran,”—

and the “usual opinion” of those who never think at all,—are in favour of the present law; and though two learned ex-chancellors and many barristers of note, who are themselves both husbands and fathers, wish to see the law placed on a less anomalous footing, there are still persons to be found who can see no injustice in any system sanctioned by long usage.

The fact is, that these ancient usages were suited to the people and the times amid which they had their origin, and form a curious record of a state of manners which has passed away; for be it

* When Edward I. required his nobility to produce the title deeds of their estates, William, Earl of Warrenne, when called upon to produce his, threw his sword upon the table, exclaiming, “With this my ancestor won his lands when he came in with William the Bastard, and with this will I maintain them.” The King pressed the matter of the title deeds no further.

remembered, that the common law of England is nothing more than a collection of the customs of old time, and the recorded decisions founded upon these at a later period;—customs, in many instances, very foreign to our present habits and modes of thinking, and which in a more civilized age would never have grown into usage. In modern times, for instance, who believes that “the wife is only the servant of the husband,” though it has pleased Baron Alderson, on the authority of our ancestors, so to decide;* and who does not feel that he would degrade himself, no less than his wife, by assuming such to be the case? Yet, if any man should be found willing to bear the obloquy which such a course of conduct would probably entail upon him, the laws of England, so chary of the liberty of the subject in other cases, hand over to him the woman he has sworn to protect and to cherish, as the slave of his caprices, and the victim of his profligacy. It is not in consequence of, but in spite of the law, that the domestic relations of this country are generally on a better footing than in many others; it is because Englishmen, for the most part, disdain to avail themselves of a law at variance with their feelings, that it has been allowed to stand so long as a monument of ancient barbarism; and but that several flagrant cases of injustice drew attention to the subject, it might have remained unthought-of till it gradually sank into desuetude; but profligate men have availed themselves of this evil power, and it is therefore better that it should at once be taken from them.

There is nothing in the mere fact of an agreement between two persons to pass the rest of their lives together, which entitles social law to interfere, unless some consequences are likely to result from it which might be prejudicial to the public. Such would be the neglect or abandonment of children,—and society has the full right to take measures to prevent this; but as, from the very nature of animal instincts, this is more likely to take place on the part of the father than the mother, so the despotic power granted to the husband over the wife's property and earnings is little calculated to attain its ostensible object. The more natural arrangement would be, to make a common fund at marriage, by mutual consent, for the benefit of the children, whenever there is sufficient property so to do; the *principal* of which should be placed beyond the power of either party; but, in other respects, to leave to each that liberty of action which belongs to free citizens of a free state. But instead of this, our law endeavours to compensate one wrong by another. Creditors must not be defrauded; therefore, as the act of marriage deprives the woman of all her

* *V. Squire's case*, 2 Stark. 340.

property, and gives it to her husband, he is made liable for all the debts which his wife may have contracted before her marriage, and thus a large field is opened for fraud of all sorts. It is a matter of history, we believe, that in the early part of the last century, and until the passing of the Marriage Act rendered such transactions impossible, ladies of more distinction than principle could find men willing, for a slight *douceur*, to go through the ceremony of marriage with them, on an understanding that they should part as soon as it was over. The man pocketed his fee, the unworthy clergyman did the like, and the lady had her certificate of marriage to stop the mouths of pressing creditors. Thus the law itself assisted the fraud. But though in this form it cannot now be repeated, and the creditor is secured, the husband is not; and an unprincipled woman who has large debts which she is unable to pay, may make a *bonâ fide* marriage, and shift the onus from her own shoulders to those of her unsuspecting spouse;—a species of fraud which cannot be guarded against, unless by abrogating the law which makes it possible. The following case is one in point, and its truth can be vouched for;—we suppress the names.

A. marries B., with whom he gets nothing; he makes a settlement upon her of his own property, and bestows also a sum for the purchase of wedding clothes. Before marriage, B., on being asked, tells A. that she has a few debts, and she names the amount in round numbers, to which he makes no objection, and tells her that he will pay the whole. After the marriage, A. discovers that the debts are treble the amount mentioned to him: he has no remedy; he must pay them, for she is his wife. A few weeks after marriage, B., who has already a large stock of clothes, and was indebted to a haberdasher before marriage about 30*l.*, goes to the same tradesman, unknown to her husband, and contracts a fresh debt of 40*l.* for many extravagant articles of dress. The haberdasher knows that she has been married since she contracted the former debt, but he does not apply for payment before giving fresh credit; he merely makes secret inquiries if the husband is able to pay. A., therefore, knows nothing of the transaction till he is informed of it by the amount of the bill. He is advised to pay it. Fortunately for him, she enters into an adulterous connexion shortly after, and he is delivered from a wife who could and would have ruined him. Cases of this kind are of such frequent occurrence that most of our readers will be able to furnish others from their own recollection. We think we have sufficiently redeemed our pledge of showing that the law as it stands does not work well.

The Society for the Amendment of the Law, taking all this

into consideration, proposes the following project for a new law of property, as to married women :—

“1. The common law rules, which make marriage a gift of all the woman's personal property to the husband, to be repealed.

“2. Power in a married woman to hold separate property by law, as she now may in equity.

“3. A woman marrying without any ante-nuptial contract, to retain her property and after acquisitions and earnings as if she were a *feme sole*.

“4. A married woman, having separate property, to be liable on her separate contracts, whether made before or after marriage.

“5. A husband not to be liable for the ante-nuptial debts of his wife any further than any property brought to him by his wife under settlement extends.

“6. A married woman to have the power of making a will; and on her death intestate, the principle of the statute of distributions as to her husband's personalty *mutatis mutandis* to apply to the property of the wife.

“7. The rights of succession between husband and wife, whether as to real or personal estate, to curtesy or dower, to be framed on principles of equal justice to each party.”

In this recommendation, the Society has no doubt been influenced by the example of the United States of America, which, after having adopted the common law of England in regard to the property of married women, gradually became sensible of its inapplicability to present times,* and have applied the remedy by repealing it in most of the States. Vermont appears to have taken the lead in this change, by enacting, in 1847, that “the rents, issues, and profits of the real estate of any married woman, and the interest of the husband in her right to the same, whether acquired before or after marriage, shall be exempt from attachment or execution for the sole debt of the husband; and no con-

* During a debate in the New York Legislature of 1840, upon a “Bill to incorporate the New York Female Benevolent Society,” several members expressed a wish for a reform in the laws relating to the property of married women. Mr. Loomis advocated the bill as one step towards recognising the separate existence of females. “I long,” said Mr. Culver, “to see the day when legislation shall give to women some right of possession on their own property.” Mr. Stoddard said he should “be glad to see the day when the female sex should have their own control over their own property; when they should be no longer subjected to the caprice and oppression and the ill-treatment of the vicious men to whom it may be their lot to be united.” Mr. M'Murray “hoped the period would soon arrive when very great and serious alterations would be made in our statutes relative to the rights of married women. These laws have been handed down to us from dark feudal times, and are not consistent with the better, wiser, purer spirit of the age.”—*V. Hurlbut's “Essays on Human Rights and their Guarantees,”* chap. viii., published at New York in 1845.

veyance of the husband during coverture of such right or interest shall be valid, unless the same be in deed executed jointly by the husband and wife. Married women may devise their real estate, or any interest therein, descendible to their heirs.* In 1848, the great state of New York followed the example, and extended the principle yet further, and it is now adopted also in Pennsylvania as well as in New England, in Texas, California, and the newly-settled states, where a married woman is allowed, with more or less modification, the same rights over property as if she were single. We have had it in our power to inquire closely into the working of the law, and in no instance have we heard any complaint of domestic inconvenience arising from the change. On the contrary, no women in the world are more devoted to their duties in private life than those of America. Thus, we are not treading in a new and unknown path in recommending this alteration in the law of England as a necessary consequence of advancing civilization; we are but following up a course of thought and action which our transatlantic kindred have already adopted, and, as it seems, with satisfactory results.

"The revised statutes of New York," says the Rev. F. Channing, in answer to the queries of Sir Erskine Perry, "in the years 1848-1849, provide that 'the real and personal property of any female who may hereafter marry, and which she shall own at the time of her marriage, and the rents, issues, and profits thereof, . . . shall not be subject to the disposal of her husband, nor be liable for his debts, but shall continue her sole and separate property, as if she were a single female.' And the laws of Pennsylvania provide that 'every species and description of property . . . shall continue to be the property of such woman as fully after marriage as before, . . . and shall not be subject to execution for the debts or liabilities of her husband,'" &c.

This principle has also been adopted by the states of Maine, Rhode Island, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, Florida, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, and California, although they have not all adopted it to the same extent, or applied it in the same way.

"Married women may become possessed of property, real or personal, by bequest, gift, purchase, &c., in their own name, and as their own property, and may convey and devise real and personal property, and any interest or estate therein, and the rents, issues, and profits thereof, in the same manner and with the same effect as if they were unmarried, &c." And "this principle has been likewise adopted by the states of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mis-

* *V. Kent's "Commentaries on American Law,"* vol. ii., p. 107.

Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Tennessee, Michigan, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, California, although they differ in their way of applying the principle."

The laws of New York further provide that deposits made in any savings bank, or other institution of the kind, made by the wife, shall be payable to her only. A wife may also take out a patent for her own invention, and enjoy the profit of it independently of her husband. And by a further law passed in 1854, "Any married woman whose husband, either from drunkenness, profligacy, or any other cause, shall neglect to provide for her support, or for the support and education of their children, and any married woman who may be deserted by her husband, shall have the right in her own name to transact business, to receive and collect her own earnings and the earnings of her own minor children, and apply the same for her own support, and the support and education of her children, free from the control and interference of the husband." By this same law, the wife in such case has the right to bind the children as apprentices, and appoint guardians. These further advances made in the same direction, after an experience of six years, argue that the legislature of New York had not seen any cause to repent of what was already done.

In Massachusetts there is another useful provision made, by which a married woman may at any time make over her property to trustees, for her own or her children's benefit, and thus be protected from either violence or importunity on the part of the husband.

Our limits will not allow of our going through the provisions of the law in every separate state the specimen we have given may suffice to show that the change from the old common law of England to a system of greater freedom, has thus far at least been unattended with any of the evil consequences which are so freely predicted by the admirers of the custom of our ancestors. Every fresh step in this matter made by the legislators of America shows a further advance towards that equality of rights which we firmly believe to be most conducive to happiness, as it is most befitting rational and responsible beings who have separate duties to perform, the neglect of which, by the sure law of God and nature, will entail its consequences on the individual wife or husband. If a woman has starved her child by command of her husband, she will not escape the moral consequences of the act, though the common law of England may acquit her because she is, in its view, "*his servant*." The remorse, the loss of solace in old age, the abhorrence of her fellow-creatures, will fall with full weight on her individually; and society has no right to condemn any intellectual and responsible being to a state of such utter depen-

dence, as to make the assertion of her own conscientious feeling of right and wrong illegal. The case is an extreme one, but we seldom see the immoral tendency of a law till we press it to its utmost possible results.

There is no more fatal error than to suppose that feelings can be controlled by law, or virtuous motives of action taught by statute. Fear and compulsion are ill elements out of which to form the domestic affections, and the man who has been unable to win his wife's affection by kindness and worth, calculates badly if he expects the law to effect what he has himself failed to do. He may intensify hatred by coercion, but he will gain nothing else. The same mode of thinking which now requires that women shall be kept in subjection to their husbands, both in body and soul, lest they should fly from their duties, led to the mediæval persecution of heretics. It was imagined that a man's belief might be coerced, and that when he had denied his inward conviction, from fear of torture, he had in truth embraced the faith he outwardly professed; but have we not long ago seen that all that was gained by such conversions was, that a weak but hitherto honest man was thus converted into a hypocrite and a rogue?

The same notion of the possibility of making virtue compulsory lay at the root of the main errors in our penal code, which are hardly even yet acknowledged by a large portion of the public, notwithstanding the experimental proof that by changing the course of proceeding, results have been obtained which were in vain sought under the old system. "But," as has been well observed by a modern writer,—

"If man is to be considered as a progressive race, it is evident that the very notion of progression or improvement implies a prior deficiency: . . . the erroneous conclusions in one age which have been founded upon fewer facts and imperfect experience, must be removed by the enlarged knowledge of facts, and the more extensive experience of another age. And because these erroneous conclusions are gradually embodied in the form of laws, maxims, customs, and observances which eventually command respect for their antiquity and supposed usefulness among one portion of a community, while they are considered to be obsolete, oppressive, or useless to another portion, the same progression or improvement therefore implies attainment among some, doubt with others, and controversy—which is but the effort to elicit truth,—with a third; . . . it implies the incessant, endless exercise of the reason of man, and the result of that exertion—greater happiness to the human race."*

At this point of doubt and controversy we are now standing, upon almost every question of importance; and a certain degree of respect is due to the prejudices of well-meaning persons, who

* Townsend's Preface to Foxe's "Acts and Monuments."

fear lest changes should "go too far;" and who oftentimes bow to the authority of an anterior age with the genuine humility of a child towards its parent. Let us then be content to examine courteously the objections which are raised against an act which, according to our view, is one of justice, and endeavour to convince our opponents rather by calm reasoning than by the use of the same bad weapons which some of them have had recourse to. On the part of the women of England, we deprecate alike the language of idle compliment or unmanly sneers; we ask for our countrywomen, no less than our countrymen, the equality before the law which is the boast of every Briton; and believing fully that they have right on their side, we ask the attention of our readers to a searching examination of the question before us.

The objections made by the opponents of the proposed measure, are for the most part of so light and flimsy a character, that it is difficult to reduce them to a solid form: we will, however, endeavour to condense them. They may be ranged under two heads:

1. Those which relate to the moral and social effect of the change contemplated,—and these we propose to consider in a future number;—and

2. Those which relate to the policy and justice of the measure. With the latter of these only can we deal at present.

It is said that the husband being charged with the maintenance of the wife, he has in justice a right to her property or her earnings when she acquires any. This might be just if the wife, on her part, did nothing for her husband; but when we are considering a simple question of profit and loss, it is but fair to take her services into the account. Now, it is well known that if a man needs a housekeeper, he must board, lodge, and pay her a salary moreover; that if he requires a lady of good manners and education, the salary must be handsome, and the entertainment as good as his fortune enables him to provide for himself; and even then, when he has given a sufficient maintenance and salary, if she has any time to spare after the fulfilment of the duties she has undertaken, she would be at liberty to employ it in any lucrative occupation, and would have the full right to enjoy the proceeds. The husband, then, receives services from the wife fully equivalent to all that she receives from him; the balance-sheet is even, as far as the law has anything to do with it; for the law holds her to be his servant, and as such, her services must be remunerated. This objection then falls to the ground.

It is farther said that although there may be cases of "barbarism and injustice, no considerate and unbiassed mind can omit to perceive that legislation for the exceptional cases, if it were possible, would be at once foolish and wrong.* We must con-

* "Blackwood's Magazine," April, 1856.

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* "Blackwood's Magazine," April, 1856.

fess to the being neither considerate nor unbiassed, if the perceiving this proposition to be a true one be a necessary part of such a mind; for crime is always exceptional, or it could not be punished, since the very fact of the punishment proves that those who inflict it must constitute a very powerful majority. Murder, theft, violence, and rapine of every kind, are exceptional cases; yet the whole of our criminal code is but an attempt to legislate with a view to the prevention of these exceptional cases in future. Do we consider that we have thrown a stigma upon all the honest men in England, because we make a law that a thief shall be imprisoned? By no means. The honest part of the community is glad that the liberty to do evil, which they have no wish to use, should be taken away from others less scrupulous than themselves. Legislation for exceptional cases, therefore, being the rule of English law, we do not see how we can term it "foolish and wrong," without setting ourselves at once to repeal the greater part of our code. This objection then, if it be one, lies with equal force against our whole system.

But, it is said, children cannot be divided: they belong to both father and mother, and the law must either take them away from both, or be unjust to one. Now, we are confessedly dealing with exceptional cases: in a happy marriage no question on the subject could arise; we will, therefore, suppose a case such as the law of New York supposes, when a husband and father spends in drunkenness and profligacy the money which ought to go to the support of his family. The New York law pronounces that the man in this case has forfeited his rights as a father, and gives the children into the charge of the other parent. Can this be called unjust? On the other hand, if a wife forsakes the father of her children, and cohabits with another man, the woman becomes unworthy of the name of mother, and would be justly deprived of the society of her children. It does not appear to us, therefore, that this is any sufficient cause for the inequality of the law as regards husband and wife.

"But," says another objector, "it is not the law, but nature which gives the man authority over the woman: it is *might* rather than *right* which he exercises, and the natural law of strength cannot be abrogated." Were this plea to be allowed, social law would be at an end, and we should at once revert to

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they shall get that have the power,
And they shall keep who can."

We have already shown that the legitimate jurisdiction of social law is exactly calculated for such cases. Its business is to protect the weak against the strong, and to prevent all occasion for breaches of the public peace, not by giving up the weaker, bound

hand and foot, into the power of the stronger, but by abridging just so much of the liberty of the stronger party as is inconsistent with the freedom of the weaker. If might prevail above right, it prevails by a force, which is a wrong, and the law instead of abetting in the perpetration of a wrong, is bound to prevent it.

"Lawyers do not find it difficult, in general"—says an American writer, himself a lawyer—"to assign some sort of reason in support of any proposition for which they may have occasion to contend. Accordingly, the last writer whom I have quoted (Petersdorff) hard pressed upon the premises, attempts to justify the legal supremacy of the husband, upon the ground that he is the stronger party of the two—that in him there is power to support his dominion; while if it were given to the woman who wants the power, she would at every moment be obliged to resort for help to conquer her refractory subject. This is the tyrant's old argument, that 'power confers right'—that physical force confers the right to do a moral wrong. This does not look well on paper, and he accordingly fortifies it by another statement,—that the man is best fitted by his education, experience, and mental powers to bear sway. This is but substituting intellectual for physical force, and substantially asserts the right of intellectual power to do a wrong. . . . But man shuts out woman from the education and experience which he enjoys, and after doing the wrong, makes the deficiency of his own creation the foundation of his own supremacy and the denial of her rights—which is but setting up one wrong as the justification of another."*

But it is farther said that the cases among the lower orders where the husband spends the wife's earnings, are not at all consequent on the law complained of. "Labouring people are not so learned in the law," says the objector; "and certain we are that no charwoman of our acquaintance, however induced to give her hard-won shillings to her drunken husband, has the remotest idea that he has any *right* to them." Assertion is no proof; but we recommend our readers to question those whom they may chance to know in that rank of life, and see whether that *right* is not very generally known, though, we are happy to say, it is far from being very generally acted upon. The cases in which a vagabond husband has returned, and swept off his wife's savings during his absence, show sufficiently that badly disposed men are fully aware of the evil privilege accorded to them by the law. But the objection is futile, for it does not make an unjust enactment the better, if we plead that it only legalizes what bad men do for their own pleasure, without knowing that it is legal.

These are the only objections to the measure, as far as we have seen, that have any show of solidity; for the complaints that the Law Amendment Society is growing "*gallant*," that the "*insur-*

* Hurlbut's "Essay on Human Rights and their Guarantees," chap. viii.

reaction of the women" will arrest the business of the nation, and other awkward attempts at ridicule of a like nature, cannot merit a serious answer in this journal. The question is a grave one, and those who approach it in a spirit of light mockery are by no means likely to arrive at its true solution. Much harm has been done in its time by over-legislation, and we are even yet but slowly weeding out from our Statute Book the mistakes of our ancestors. We are only just beginning to discover that trade and commerce, in order to flourish, must be free; and the first attempts to release them from restraint were met by such pertinacious opposition, that the very measures which are now generally acknowledged to have been salutary were long delayed by it. England was threatened with destruction at every step made towards a more enlightened system by the repeal of laws not to be justified upon any true principle, and the outcry was increasing, till it was discovered, after the lapse of some years, that the evils so loudly foretold had not followed. We are now called upon to deal with other antiquated laws as ill suited to the present state of society as any of those which have lately been expunged from our Statute Book; and the usual outcry against innovation is raised. The homes of England, according to these alarmists, are about to be desecrated, the marriage tie dissolved, and all the sanctions, both civil and religious, which we have been accustomed to reverence, are to be sacrificed to the whims of a few enthusiasts. Such exaggerated views are so common that they are hardly worth notice in this particular instance, and we shall very soon have occasion to show that the change proposed is much more likely to cement the peace of families than to disturb it; but it is important that false views of the principles of legislation, and the real jurisdiction of social law, should not go abroad uncontradicted. We are taught from our childhood to value the civil rights of a free citizen as the best inheritance of an Englishman, and when our mothers, sisters, daughters, wives ask for this birthright of their nation, can we tell them, without offering an insult which our countrywomen have by no means merited, that they are unfit for exercising it?—that if they are not bound by no less a penalty than the loss of all personal identity, they would rend asunder all the dearest affections of the human heart, and vagabondize about the world, careless of all but their own fantastic views?—that they are so little observant of Christian duties, or so little influenced by human feeling—supposing them not to have been favoured by fortune so far as to be worth a marriage settlement,—that on extending the same boon to them which has long been possessed by their richer countrywomen, they would at once abandon their best hopes, both here and hereafter, and defy both God and man in their licentious madness?

Those who say this, we may venture to affirm, do not believe it; if they did, would they consent to enter into holy matrimony with a marriage settlement, like the sword of Damocles hanging over their devoted heads?—for a settlement very frequently leaves the wife perfectly independent of her husband as far as property is concerned.

The real truth is that these objections are for the most part only idle talk, put forward to save the trouble of reforming a faulty system of legislation, so as to render it conformable to the principles of justice. Few men like to be compelled to think; it is a labour they seldom undertake willingly, and when called upon to do so, they generally escape from the task as quickly as they can. A few plausible *lieux communs* can be repeated from mouth to mouth as an argument to justify a vote, and the avoidance of being “*bored*” with close reasoning, a process which all who know the constitution of our House of Commons, know also to be very distasteful to the greater number of its members; hence those whose business it is to supply the daily mental food of those who will not cook it for themselves, give light dishes; flimsy reasons, such as may suit the appetite of one unable to digest solid nutriment. We may regret that our legislators should have so deteriorated their mental digestion, but we cannot be surprised that writers are to be found, like cooks, willing to minister to it. Still the eternal principles of justice remain the same;—still the English law asserts that all are to be presumed innocent till proved to be guilty, and on these grounds we put in our claim for our countrywomen,—first, that being equal before God, they shall also be equal among men in all the immunities and rights of free citizens; and secondly, that having property, or being endowed with intelligence and skill to earn it, they shall not be deprived by the law of what their ancestors or themselves have toiled to attain.

The attempt to maintain certain unjustly privileged classes has generally ended in evils far greater than those which were supposed likely to result from affording equal rights to all. We need only to compare the kingdoms of Naples and Sardinia to see that the system is bad in principle;—bad for the governors, bad for the governed: and perhaps, when we return to the subject, we may have occasion to show that the inequality of our social system in this respect has had consequences far more serious than those who take a cursory view of it are at all aware of. In the meantime we trust that if there be any *real* objections to be found to the measure, they will be brought forward in a spirit of rational inquiry. It is only thus that truth can be elicited, or jurisprudence placed upon just grounds, and it is quite vain to expect that either the men or women of the present age will be satisfied

with less. We have at length learned, in part at least, that without justice there can be neither prosperity nor happiness, and amid all our differences of opinion, there is now little question as to the fact that human beings have rights derived to them from a higher source than human laws. Where these are enjoyed there will be a happy, peaceable, and probably virtuous community; where they are denied the very foundations of society are sapped;—and an empire sinks into decay like a vicious man, from the very consequences of its own misdoings.

ART. IV.—GEORGE FORSTER.

1. *George Forster's sämtliche Schriften, herausgegeben von dessen Tochter und begleitet mit einer Charakteristik Forster's.* Von G. G. Gervinus. 9 Bände. Leipzig. F. A. Brockhaus. 1813.
2. *Haus und Welt, Eine Lebensgeschichte.* Von H. König. 2 Bände. Braunschweig: Vieweg und Sohn. 1852.

WE do not know a more touchingly tragical history than that of George Forster, who closed in so lonely and wretched a manner, that life which as a boy he began so dazzlingly; leaping, when yet in his teens, into startling fame, and winning the lively interest of all Europe as the companion of Cook, and the recounter of his second expedition to those blessed isles of the Southern Sea. Other lives have been more violently chequered, or rent by abrupt incidents, but the web of none has been so altogether spun with the threads of straitened penury and grinding distress. It is curious to observe the course of lives: there are some whose very accidental adventures are pitched into such wondrous tune with their owners' tempers, that fancy might stray to the thought of a moulding destiny designing their career from womb to death—lives the turns and meetings of which strike so into their tendencies, that they foster them, whether for weal or woe,—as it were out of necessity, and beyond any aid or power of repression of their own. Doubtless, when closely viewed, the mystery proves to be only that such souls, endowed with lively quickness, seize on everything akin to their promptings, while dullards stumble blindly on their way, and mysterious destiny resolves itself into a goodly dose of enterprise. There are other lives which offer analogies

more worthy of consideration: the lives of the children of their age, showing its sum total in their thoughts and doings as the blood and type of family come out in its offspring; the chance adventurers, who are transformed and diverted to their own purposes and feelings, as deluges turn to flooded lakes or rivers, according to the nature of the country that takes them in. Such men exist at all times; for times are the work of men, and in the summary of the man we learn to know mankind. George Forster was one of these. All his thoughts and doings are the utterings of that strange eighteenth century; as a boy turned into a mighty traveller suiting his age's spirit of inquiry, he remains his whole life long an eager, restless wanderer, an Ishmaelite on the face of his century, ever seeking and peering on to a brighter future; his temper is marked by that simple and undoubting trust in new perfections and coming certainties, with a credulous leaning to all novel and hidden truths, prevalent in his age, when man awoke to belief after centuries of slumber; his heart is honest and generous, his spirit eager, and freed from all he considers prejudice—allowing itself to soar into regions the subtle air of which is too rare to live in; a sufferer by his father's unbridled humours, in married life not slightly tried, and if not wholly wrecked thereon, saved only by a life-boat of most thorough eighteenth-century build; renowned as a sailor round the world, and as the man who had brought to Europe knowledge of friendly savages, and who could from personal acquaintance describe new realms of nature and mankind to the sickened age yearning for fancied archetypes of man and the world;—all these characteristics give a special zest to poor George Förster's life. In short, we see mirrored in his history the whole painful lot and social shackling of a man of science of those days in Germany, and how a thinking and feeling mind became drifted athwart them into perilous rapids and breakneck eddies; we see a man gifted with the highest abilities and soundest learning—strong in spirit and heart—moreover privileged with a hold on the tastes of the public from the very nature of his fame,—we see this man, in spite of his advantages, doomed to toil his whole life long beneath a weight of trammels, unable to find the hand that might drag him out of the choking mudsloughs of rotten petty courts, until at last he topples over the mighty chasm of the French Revolution. To the English public he is wholly unknown—to that of his own country, by a freak of destiny, he was until lately only notorious; for while straitened circumstances deprived his fine intellect of that repose, as necessary to its nurture as light and space are to a tree to enable it to put forth perfect fruit, the peculiarities of his political adventures exposed him to an ill will which blasted his memory. Almost

all Forster's writings partake of a fragmentary nature and hasty slightness of design, which were imparted to them of a necessity from the enforced circumstances of their production. They are mostly essays, contributed regularly to journals, or prefaces to translations of travels, undertaken at the bidding of publishers; but as soon as we look at them, we perceive a fund of learning, lively feeling and suggestive thought set forth in wording so full of natural charm, that we at once guess a mind of no common power to be at work here. Twice only in the course of his hard-working life did he get respite enough to be able to undertake a connected production: the first time, when hardly past his boyhood, he wrote that account of his voyage with Cook, which at once made his name known all over the world; the second time, just before the close of his career, when he began but did not finish his journey through Brabant and England. The two volumes he accomplished are his most perfect literary work, and show what would have been the fulness of Forster. Here is a mass of thoughtful observation and rich suggestion. The whole tone and scope of his writing were wholly different from the abstractness and vagueness from which no German thinker of his day was free; it had the life of reality about it, and his truthful feeling and keen eye made him so lively an exponent of nature, that his method and style were the chosen model of Humboldt, as Forster's example was his first incentive to scientific exploration.

The youth he had spent in this country had accustomed his mind to the ways of public life, and imparted to it habits of practical thought, which impregnated his whole being, and distinguished him for readiness of bearing amidst the dim haziness of his countrymen. His turn of mind found in the study of natural science the only nurture which the arid social system of Germany left for it: but as soon as the great French Revolution loosened the stoniness in which he had been bound, the promptings of his nature made him strike at once into the genial soil of politics. In truth, the quickenings of his mind were those that stamp the citizen: he was public spirited in the true sense of the word; and bred in self-governing England, accustomed to public enterprise and rule, he stood before his countrymen, in the delicately-organized manifoldness of his constitution, in the sparkle of his renown and in charm of writing, like a prophet whose words, passing their understanding, were coarsely malign'd. Therefore people's minds turned away from Forster until, when after near half a century the growth of enlightenment stirred up feelings of independence, men found that in him they had possessed one whose sound and patriotic aspirations had been altogether calumniated, and who combined the qualities of a noble intellect with the virtues of the citizen.

It is the interesting history of this man that Heinrich König recounts in a book undertaken under the inspiration of times in many respects akin to those of his hero, and written with a most intimate knowledge of the scenery of the story's plot. For many years he has studied every detail, however petty, of German history of the end of the last century; and before he entertained any thought of this book, he had already written a novel on the Revolution of Mayence, which is a wonderfully accurate picture of the times, and the close researches for which had made him intimately acquainted with many parts of Forster's life.

George Forster was born on the 26th November, 1751, at the poor village of Nassenhußen, near Danzig, where his father, whose Christian names were John Reinhold, was the Calvinistic minister. He had been driven to this calling by his father, who had been highly displeased on learning that his son, while a student at Halle, had taken the liberty to desert the law for medicine and the natural sciences, in which he had made considerable progress. It thus happened that he was, as it were, turned off cramped from the very starting post, and all through life's race he limped. Though ever an honest Protestant, science was more his love than theology, and the straits of his position chafed his temper to that irascibility which afterwards so marred his good and sterling parts. His son, who amidst all his trials never laid aside a most dutiful bearing towards him, strikes off the following sketch of him once in a letter to Jacobi:—

“My father is, in every respect, a useful man for the sciences,—possessed of solid learning, choice reading, and booklore, besides being a good naturalist, antiquary, and also theologian; although the last study does not occupy him any more, nor can it interest him scientifically, as I think. His warmth, hot temper, and eager battling for his ideas, have done him immeasurable harm, as it is also his misfortune that he does not know, and never will know, mankind—always suspicious and credulous exactly there where he should not be so.”

We can fancy the quarrelsome divine, plagued by his boorish parishioners in the midst of his study of Buffon, and flying into whims of wrongs under the friction of such daily worries. The living was not a fat one, while his family—for he early married a cousin—was the contrary of meagre; seven children required feeding, and the means to do so were not ready at hand. Under these circumstances the elder Forster, with his hankering for the sciences and his discontent with his parish, jumped at an offer made to him by the Russian Government to inspect and report on the new colonies founded on the banks of the Volga. Taking his son George, then eleven years old, with him, he spent the summer of 1765 in performing the journey and returning to St. Petersburg; in the autumn he handed in his report,

the matter of which is said to have been so good as to have given the Empress suggestions for her great code of laws. His blustering temper, however, which often proved his worst enemy, closed his promising career in Russia, and he spent the winter in St. Petersburg urging obstinate claims for recompence and imperturbably refusing to accept the offers made. During this time his wants drove him to the shifts of a translator, in which he called his boy to his aid, who was following the course of lessons at the high school, and who thus early was broken-in to his life-long drudgery of an overworked literary hack. At last the priest-sage gave vent to his anger with the Russian Government, and left St. Petersburg with the satisfaction of having at least had his will, if not the very sum of money and none other than that which he had made his mind up to have. But if St. Petersburg and the Russias were well behind him and his son, it was not very clear what land lay ahead. The good Christians of Nassenhuben had provided themselves, during their high priest's gaddings about on the Volga, with some ghostly viccgent, who seems to have been unwilling to give up his realm on his lord's advent; and so John Reinhold, who perhaps rather liked the chance, conscious of his real acquirements and sphere of action, took the sudden resolve to seek his fortune in England, and without even visiting his wife or family, sailed thither with his son. They sturdily fought off the dreariness of the voyage, lengthened by storms, with the study of English, and soon after their arrival, the father's solid scientific knowledge having gained him the goodwill of many distinguished men in London, he was appointed teacher of natural history at an educational institutioen for dissenting clergymen, at Warrington in Lancashire. George was apprenticed to a Russian merchant named Lewin, but the sedentary application of this life so pulled the youth down, that when, on his mother and sisters' arrival, he escorted them to Warrington, his father became alarmed at his favourite child's looks, and kept him by him. George was thus brought back to the study of the natural sciences under his father's immediate influence; and as the latter soon embroiled himself, as usual, with his superiors, while the wants of his large family caused him to feel sorely pinched in his resources, the son had to put himself into the family traces, and help sturdily to keep the household van going. We find him, therefore, not only combining the parts of scholar and teacher, learning botany and zoology from his restless father, and teaching French and German in a neighbouring school to those who ought to have been his playfellows, but the poor youth's strength was still further strained by continual translations of foreign books of travels into English. Thus early was the boy brought to encounter those hardships of life whose freaks, in spite of his bold

struggle, it was never his lot to be able to say that he was freed from. From this time of his life a story remains which is told by all his biographers, as foreshadowing in its small burden the haphazards which so often befel him, and the temper with which he took them. The pigmy professor's road to his lecture-chair lay past a pastrycook's savoury stall of sweet cakes, and the tale of this temptation ended as temptations will end when brought to bear on lively flesh and blood; the savour tingled through his veins, till wholly rapt by its witchery, he swallowed as many cakes as he could cram. The cook, however, like a crafty worldly cook, only considered his pies' sweetness as the means of barter, and before their taste was off poor George's lips, the horror of dunnery and dismay of debt cut short his relish. Shame made him skulk along backways, but the sharp cook's twinkling eyes would flash on him still, until his little heart burst forth its bitter distress in a fervent prayer, when lo! on crossing the next fence on his hiding by-path, his eye caught sight of a guinea embedded in a horse's tread, and having run to pay his debts, he bought with the remainder a gilt thimble for his sister. Painful troubles and dribbling windfalls of luck are indeed the tissue of his whole life; but if a lowness of spirit did come over him for a season in his gloomy times, one sunny ray was ever enough to lighten his heart and make it beat high and bold.

Under all these circumstances, and with the peculiar keen temper of Dr. John Reinhold Forster, it will be easily believed that he clutched at the sudden offer to accompany Cook as naturalist on his expedition. He only bargained to be allowed to take with him his son, then seventeen years of age; and so hurried was their departure, that only nine days intervened between decision on the journey and embarkation. The history of this voyage is known to most persons. At that time all Europe eagerly watched its results, for since the discovery of America, no geographical riddles had so whetted its curiosity as those of the great Southern Sea. The fashionable idyllic sentimentalism of those times, so fostered by the hot-house breathings of B. de St. Pierre and Rousseau, was fascinated by the gentle Savages and peaceful virgin isles of whose reality Cook's first voyage had given the certainty, and all the smirking skirmishers of enlightenment were on the eager look-out for new and startling confirmation of their yearning dreams. How the many and large views of nature such a journey brought with it must have impressed the quick mind of young Forster, already so given to a wandering, shifting life, can be easily conceived. The driest man could not have met with such a chance at such an age of his life without learning from it somewhat which lasted for the remainder of it. George Forster bore away with him that largeness of views on nature and man

which so nobly marked his thoughts in all stages of his life; he got his mind enriched with a tender, yet a large and manly sense of nature's beauty, whose healthy freshness contrasted as vividly with the mawkish feeling of those times as a peasant girl's ruddy cheek with a painted face; but he also bore away from these three roving years a hankering after travel which never left him, and to which, under the weight of trouble, he was too apt to give himself up, as the drinker grasps at his drum, while the seeds of lasting illness were laid in his body by an attack of scurvy.

The enjoyment of these pleasures was somewhat marred by painful embarrassments arising from fresh outbursts of his father's wild temper, which chafed at the discipline of a man-of-war, entailing on the commander the necessity of severe measures to repress his mutinous freaks. The youth himself was, however, a favourite with Cook; and the language in which he speaks of him in a biographical sketch, written many years later, shows how thoroughly he knew the worth of that daring seaman's character. But when, on the return of the expedition, the Doctor, with headstrong stubbornness, ran foul of the Admiralty itself, George was dragged into the quarrel, or from filial love rushed into it to a degree which had a lasting influence. It seems that the elder Forster had not fully understood the meaning of his engagement with the Government, according to which no account of the voyage was to be published before the official one: the Admiralty, therefore, stopped the publication of a work he was preparing; and in consequence of the fiery naturalist's persistence in contesting its right to do so, it proceeded to an act which seems harsh, and might have maddened many a quieter man so laden with troubles, who saw his hopes of gain vanish, and nothing before him but poverty, debts, and a starving family: it despoiled him of any share in the proposed Government publication. The blow was a desperate one. Yet even now the old man could not curb his temper ever so little, or matters would still have come to run more smoothly: George himself says as much in a letter of later date, although at all times he held his father to have been unjustly and most cruelly treated. As no mention of his own name had been made in the engagement with Government, he balked the Admiralty's precautions (probably at his father's desire) by writing himself an account of the voyage,—a proceeding which at the time exposed him to much abuse, and poisoned the quarrel beyond remedy. In this work the journey and the countries visited are described with simple truth, and a colour which shows how thoroughly his soul had become impregnated with the sunny warmth of the tropics. The artlessness of the account has a charm which carries the reader away, and is sufficient proof that, although the father looked over his scientific description of

animals and flowers, the bulk of the work is entirely George's own. The success of the book was great;—the author's name became at once well known, and the poor family garrets in Percy-street were enlivened by the hail of many a foreigner, anxious to see the lucky travellers who had, beyond doubt, beheld and been in the happy South Sea Isles. It was on the occasion of such a pilgrimage that George was first brought together with a young German physician whose name was Sömmering. He had come over to England to attend its medical schools; and that attraction which had drawn him unto his renowned countrymen grew quickly into the tightest bonds of friendship with the younger of them, fastened by kinship in studies, and, probably also, by ties of masonic brotherhood, which then, and for many years after, largely took hold of their minds in that alchemistic form under which it so mightily swayed the thought of Europe of that century.

The proceeds of the book were, unfortunately, small in money; starvation daily haunted the wretched dwelling, barely staved off by petty gifts from a friend, or some German princeling, coaxed into dribbling forth scanty alms by a present of South Sea rarities; the sale of the latter also came to an absolute standstill, and the Admiralty was deaf to the roar of claims, till at last hard-hearted creditors came down on the forlorn family, and bore away its mainstay and pillar, and dreary King's Bench shut on the chafing Doctor. It was indeed a bleak and starving future which George had then to look upon,—his father imprisoned and no prospect of relief,—his mother sick, and his sisters weak and helpless—while he himself was wracked by continued ill health maiming the sinews of his goodwill to work. He soon had to yield to the conviction that in England there was no chance of obtaining aid; so with the one thought of straining his utmost nerve for his parents, he turned himself to his native country, from which sundry cheers of fellow-feeling had at times gladdened the wretchedness of Percy-street. Making up, therefore, a bale of dried plants and other specimens of natural history, in the hope that some Continental museums might buy them, he, whose name was then trumpeted forth as the foremost of explorers, embarked at Harwich, to cross to Holland as an anxious pedler and seeker of alms. Nothing can be more touching than to read in his letters to his parents his grief at their sorrows, and his unflinching trust in Providence:—

“I am well and fresh” (he writes to his father), “resigned, and full of trust that God will not forsake us;—He has often proved his exceeding goodness, and will deliver us out of our present evil chances and hardships, which have weighed us down for these last years. I submit to all trials with the firm trust that they are meant for our best, and

believe that, while I leave everything to the ordaining of the most perfect Being, I act neither unrighteously nor frowardly if I beseech Him daily for the peace and earthly welfare of us all; for also here on earth we can reach to a certain pitch of happiness, and why, then, should we not pray for it?"

In these words we meet with two thoughts, which are the groundwork of Forster's belief and lively trust in the happy ending of all chances, which, through every distress, kept him from continued hopelessness, yet never stiffened into dull fatalism, and a strong religious feeling, full of devout yearnings, but with an inborn loathing of all strained asceticism.

Though he was received by the learned men of Holland with the most flattering kindness, and every sort of civil attention was paid him, he soon saw that he could have no hopes of bettering his family by any help from that country. In his letter to his mother he pours out the sorrow of his heart:—

"My hopes to dispose of something here have been driven to the winds. There is, in plain speaking, no possibility of doing so. I am in the hands of Almighty God, and yield myself to His ordaining. Before me I see nothing but darkness; but let His will be done: Amen! Oh, alas, my poor heart! I can write no more." "The thought on mine in England has given me many a troubled moment. Are you well, dearest mother?—are you at all at rest? Does God send you comfort and courage in the tribulation which you have to undergo? Has no new need befallen our sorely-pressed house?"

Driven on by such painful thoughts, George hastened to Germany, reproaching himself with the slightest delay. At Dusseldorf, then renowned for its galleries of art, he was, however, waylaid by Jacobi, who, with his enthusiastic kindness, as soon as he heard of the famed traveller's arrival, wrote him, before daybreak, a pressing invitation to spend a whole day with him. Forster was fascinated by the society he was introduced to, and that spell in Jacobi's bearing which had ravished Göthe with delight. One of the lords of the German commonwealth of letters, the bosom friend of Göthe, and of its chief leaders, whom he loved to gather around him at his country seat at Pempelfort, he enthralled the loving temper of young Forster by the welling forth of his speech, which he would let flow in the full stream of enthusiasm. Forster found himself transferred, as it were by a wizard's wand, into the very midst of the choicest spirits of Germany, while the charm of Jacobi's kindly hospitality soothed his aching heart like balm. The latest poems of Göthe—snatches from *Woldemar*, which Jacobi was then writing—freshly-received letters from the stars of literature, were the treats which, during four days, were thrust on Forster, spiced by the touching kindness of his host and his sisters. He tore himself from Dusseldorf, enraptured with his

new friends. "Such people as these we shall not meet again on our whole journey," was his exclamation to Alexander von Humboldt, when, twelve years later, on their trip to England, they turned out of their way to visit Jacobi.

Cassel was the goal of his immediate expectations. He had hopes that the new Landgrave, Frederic II., who partook of the fashionable taste, for dallying with enlightenment, provided it could be done cheaply, might be tempted to gain a man of his father's fame for his new high-school. This sovereign, who, during his father's lifetime, had forsaken his Protestant faith and ancestral views in politics, had, since his accession to his states, calmed the lively fears of the old servants of his house by steadily settling down into all the good old family ways. Although remaining a Catholic himself, he swore, as a true son of Hesse, to the maintenance of Protestantism in his country; and, quitting forthwith the Austrian Court, with which while heir apparent he had been unmindful enough of his blood to flirt, he left off all new-fangled whims, to the delight of his grey-haired ministers, ruling as his father had ruled before him, to the comfort of himself and the fattening of his exchequer, which he shrewdly enriched by selling 22,000 true Hessians to England for 7,000,000*l.* If the sum seemed large, it also appears that the Landgrave had many calls for it. But George soon saw his hopes vanish afresh: the whole of the funds allotted for the mental enlightenment of such Hessians as were not gaining it in another way in America, had been sunk in a parcel of rubbishy marbles, which were their owner's joy and pride. A sum that might have freed the starving traveller from King's Bench, and have allowed him and his family to live at Cassel, could not possibly be made forthcoming; but, in its stead, His Highness deigned to admit George to a gracious audience in his statue gallery, and insisted on his delaying his filial researches till after the next sitting of his Academy of Antiquities, at which he accordingly held a discourse, and, at last, the Landgrave not only accepted a copy of the father's books, but even strained his poverty to the disbursing of a gift of 50 louis, besides thrusting on the unwilling son the appointment of Professor of Natural History at the University of Cassel, with the dazzling salary of seventy pounds. It is touching to read how anxiously Forster debated with his conscience, whether he would be justified in accepting anything for himself as long as he had not achieved that relief for his parents which he had set out to seek; and when at last he did accept, it was with the express understanding that he should be allowed certain months of absence, wherein he might bring his endeavours to a satisfactory result. At Gottingen he made acquaintances which afterwards ripened into friendship—espe-

cially that of Heyne; and he wrote a letter to his father—who he evidently feared might misinterpret his proceedings,—in which he tried to enliven his gloom by the friendly greetings of the leading members of that University; but such kindly wishes were all he reaped, both here and at Berlin, with the exception of a pittance of 100 louis from the Prince of Dessau, bestowed in a warm-hearted manner, and coupled with the promise to use his influence in England with the Admiralty to obtain some recompense, which, however, proved vain. Such painful disappointments did not allow Forster to begin his stay at Cassel, in the spring of 1779, with a light heart; and his correspondence reveals his writhing efforts to burst his father's prison bars, when, in the forlorn midnight of this gloom, a hidden hand all of a sudden thrust comfort and freedom on the wretched family. The masonic lodges of Germany, at the call of the Duke of Brunswick, their grand-master, paid the father's debts, while the chair of natural history at Halle was to provide for his maintenance. True, however, to his self-willed temper, he nearly mured his own luck, for he could not, for a long while, be brought to give up the character of a victim, and insisted on his just claims, spurning what he deemed a dishonourable compromise, till the earnest entreaties of his family and the smarting reminiscences of imprisonment at last softened his resolve. If this happy event freed George's mind from a load of care, the spring of his spirits was now still further braced by a new piece of luck. Sömmering, the brother of his heart,—he to whom in the heyday of betrothal he wrote, "Love itself yields to the bond of soul which links me to thee,"—obtained the professorship of anatomy at Cassel, by dint of sundry diplomatic wiles which his eager friend suggested to him;—for the Landgrave had snatched up the crotchet that only Frenchmen knew that science, and it wanted no little knack to master his whims. With such intercourse to encourage him, he set to his duties with eagerness, employing his leisure hours with a translation of Buffon, to the account of which were put sundry trips to the library of Göttingen, which were, perhaps, suggested, if the whole truth were known, by other promptings than those of absolute literary research. Nor was the society of Cassel wanting in interest: besides many men of more or less distinction who were attached to its high-school, it counted the illustrious historian Johannes von Müller amongst its residents, between whom and Forster an intimacy sprang up; so that, had it not been for other discomforts, he might have contentedly endured the petty worries of court attendance; for the Landgrave regarded his University, with its staff, as his toys, and Forster found, on promotion to the inspectorship of a most threadbare cabinet of natural history,

that he shared with the statue gallery the honour of being His Highness's chief entertainer. But the want of money, the canker of his life, soon made its gnawings felt. The pittance of his salary, and the loss by shipwreck of all his little property on its way from England, had made it impossible for the famished youth to start his establishment, however frugally, without a loan, the cost of which shackled him like a galley-chain. Jacobi, with whom he kept up a close correspondence, in which he poured forth his sorrow into his kind and sympathetic heart, had already of himself devised how to help his friend to ease, by procuring for him the administratorship of the proposed new customs board for the Duchy of Berg, intending to pay from his own purse the required security of 30,000 thalers, when his hopes were disappointed by the abandonment of the whole plan. He now, therefore, on hearing of his friend's straits, came forward at once with his generous feeling, and thrust on him a loan of twenty-five pistoles in so brotherly a manner, that Forster was forced to yield all misgivings about its acceptance. But this sum was far from enough to insure him from further difficulties. In consequence of the miserable resources of the University, he found himself obliged to provide books at his own outlay, and, in spite of convulsive attempts at thriftiness, debt dogged him like a spectre. "Fy! fy! I can't get a book to look at here, unless I buy it," he writes to Jacobi. "Cassel is a perfect wilderness, as regards new books, for the annual sum allotted for procuring such for the Prince's library does not amount to 60*l*." Under such circumstances, it is easy to feel that alchemistic notions, if once allowed to be at all entertained, must have involuntarily lured him on with absorbing temptations.

Freemasonry, in the garb of Illumination and Rosicrucianism, at that time had largely laid hold of the mind of Germany. Its many interturnings are not easy to unravel through the mazes of its stealthy course; but in every court and in every high-school its high priests were then to be found,—for the catholic tone of its mystic language had charms for the most varied tempers; and thus, at the dawn of the sunrise of modern science, we see the smouldering embers of the alchemist's nightly furnaces flare through the breadth of the land once more into flame, fanned by the adroit breathings of jugglers on that vein of faith which ran, as it were, in irony so fully through an age boastful that the amulet of enlightenment shielded it from reach of duperly and superstition. The Rosicrucians were especially devoted to this scientific dressing up of mysticism, and the possibility of finding prime matter endowed with the virtues of an universal medicine and the transmutation of metals was seriously entertained by men of learning, and its research followed by many. We know

that both the Forsters were keen freemasons; and a letter from George to Heyne informs us, that it was through masonry that he became intimately acquainted with the Rosicrucians. Sömmering, his bosom friend, had joined the brotherhood, which counted amongst its active members most of the leading professors of Cassel, and even the great Johannes von Müller had allowed the shrewd twinkle of his keen sight to be hoodwinked for the nonce. Eagerly and fervently did these associates stimulate each other in the prosecution of what they held to be the great work, conjointly with their brethren spread on the surface of the globe. At this time, an event happened which startled the scientific world, and the tidings of which were caught up with nervous eagerness by the brethren of Cassel. The witheringly sarcastic Lichtenberg, that keen intellect the bolts of whose wit loved to split the very heart of humbug, seriously communicated to his friend Forster trustworthy accounts of transmutations of metals by Dr. Price, in England, in the presence of competent witnesses. The doings of this man were, indeed, such as to attract general attention. A member of the Royal Society, and a wealthy practitioner in Guildford, he believed or professed to have discovered a powder able to change silver or mercury into gold, and, after two years spent in doubt (as he averred) whether to publish or keep secret his discovery, he spoke of it to some friends, one of whom was Grose the antiquary, and to whom he even showed proofs of his skill. Success emboldened him to lay aside his fears, so that during several months of the year 1782 he exhibited, before anybody who chose to visit him at Guildford, evidence of his power to change mercury into gold and silver, by means of certain white and reddish powders; and, at last, on the 30th of May of that year, he produced an ingot of silver weighing two ounces, which he offered as a present to the King. All this he described in a pamphlet, containing numerous testimonials signed by unexceptionable witnesses,—amongst them Lords Onslow, King, and Palmerston. On the demand, however, of the Royal Society, that its fellow should renew his marvels before a chosen board, Price refused to do so, on the ground that he had exhausted his stock of philosopher's powder, the preparation of which required much time; and that, as a Rosicrucian, he was bound to maintain the secrets of the craft. Finding, however, that by such excuses his credit was thoroughly shaken, he retired, in January, 1783, to his laboratory at Guildford, announcing that he would be back in London in a month; and, having first prepared a large decoction of laurel juice, and written his will, he shut himself up in his study, when six months passed by before the world again heard of him. The Royal Society, at the end of that time, received an invitation to visit him in a

body on a certain day; but when, instead of the whole society, he saw but one or two of his colleagues arrive, he was so stung at the contempt shown for him and his discovery, that, entering his closet, he destroyed himself with the poison he had prepared. Before the melancholy end happened, the announcement of Price's success excited the greatest interest;—and was not Forster's heart made to leap with a fevered heat, when the hope of escape from poverty seemed to be visibly beckoning to him? It is nowhere clearly stated how far he allowed himself to be practically inveigled into great loss of time. Forster acknowledges in letters, and König supposes, that both he and Sömmering melted away much useful money in their Rosicrucian crucibles. It was not, however, a greedy want of gold which had been our friend's snare: his heart, in mysticism, was noble as in everything else. The mystic piety of language and the cosmogonic professions of the society had enticed his religious feeling and his inquiring mind. In letters to Sömmering, he prays that the Spirit of Jesus might lead them in holiness, forbearance, and love; and in the following extract from a letter, written to his bride after his breaking off with all secret brotherhoods, will be found a picture of his hopes and delusions.

“ You know that I was a dreamy enthusiast, but few people could be aware how far I was one, and to what degree I had allowed myself to be carried away, for I held it as a duty to keep it hidden. I have believed everything. The conviction that those who had misled me into this faith were morally bad *themselves*, opened my eyes. I thought then that I saw the whole pile of this fabric of faith resting on the point of a needle, which on inquiry I found to be itself rusted and crumbling. I was like one who awakes from a heavy dream, and finds that he has escaped danger of death. . . . Nothing is more intoxicating for one so vain as I was, as to look upon the great interlinkings in the plan of Creation; to be drawn near to God—viewing, as it were, through Him to read and overlook that universe in concentration which seems to lie before us in disorder that baffles understanding; to be the familiar of the world of spirits—oneself a little demigod, whole lord of the creation; and to know all, even the yet hidden powers of nature;—all this by the easiest means in the world, through boundless seraphic love of the most perfect Being—intimate communion in spirit with Him, self-denial in the highest degree, a forsaking of all vanity, continued ascetic intercourse with *Him*, and a contemplative as well as practical spying by experiments into nature, &c., &c. From such a height as this, the fall, as can be foreseen, was far from soft.”

It is the greatest proof of Forster's healthy soundness, that when he did wake to the self-knowledge of his trance, it was to renewed strength,—as illness cleanses a strong body of a surfeit of bad humours. He wished himself joy that he had thrown off such a charge of dreaminess before his thirtieth year, and taking

up his studies with no loss of true enthusiasm, he zealously tried to lessen the heap of debt which his mistakes had probably helped to pile up, by renewed translations and active contributions to literary journals. He, who by the chances of his early life had seemed to have been born at once to manhood, had proved how all must pay nature's debts, and, having cheated her of his childishness in his teens, she had exacted from his manhood payment of her calls. But now Forster the *man* was born, and and he was a goodly and a noble man. "The past is behind me," he says in the letter last quoted, "and I still retain a burning desire to arrive at the best possible insight of what we call truth which my nature is able to arrive at."

In spite, however, of this sturdy spirit, Cassel and all belonging to it had become loathsome to him. The remembrance of his errors was there continually thrust upon his thoughts, and all social enjoyment poisoned by Sömmering's trouble of mind, who, a true comrade to the last, had left at the same time with him the brotherhood which they had entered together, but bore away so trembling a fear of the wrath of its fellows, that it haunted his every step, and kept such hold of his mind, even until his death in 1830, that when Forster's widow was preparing his letters for publication in 1829, Sömmering not only refused to contribute those in his keeping, but entreated her, even by threats, not to broach a hint, in her sketch of her husband's life, as to any connexion with secret societies. Against such daily wrong of life neither learned dissertations on the bread-fruit and other points of natural history, nor translations of books of travels, proved sufficient antidotes; and he who had already feverishly exclaimed that a great journey alone could restore him to usefulness, can be well believed to have felt quickenings of joy at the sudden chance of removal to a new world. He was offered the professorship of natural history at Wilna in Poland, and accepted it, not merely on his own hasty promptings, but by the counsel of such wary friends as Lichtenberg and Heyne. The conditions were, in fact, such as might have tempted many a literary man: besides a fair salary, a sum was settled for correspondence and the purchase of specimens of natural history, while the flattering language of the Primate Poniatowsky's letter was backed by subscriptions which freed him from his liabilities at Cassel, and provided for his travelling outlay. Thus, at a moment when the atmosphere of Cassel choked his manly vigour, luck seemed to shower on him the very windfall befitting his wants; and with the good cheer with which he had formerly run to buy his sister a thimble with the chance sovereign that saved him from his boyish scrapes, he now leapt forward to snatch the happiness which seemed to be beckoning him.

Happiness this time appeared to him in the guise of a young girl of twenty. During his visits to Gottingen he had learnt to know Theresa Heyne, and had been struck by her feeling disposition and artless liveliness. She had been brought up in early youth at a distance from home, and a freedom of carriage thus contracted from habit, was increased by the enthusiasm of her temperament, while daily intercourse with the distinguished men who frequented her father's house, fostered a feverish liking for all which partook of intellectual superiority and excellence. Her feelings with regard to Forster are told by herself in the following words, written when the reflections of age threw its clear steady light upon the dark eddies of her life:—

“The girl had seen Forster repeatedly on his visits to Gottingen during his stay at Cassel; and the most heartfelt regard, which lasted till his death, gave her trust in him, while compassion for the forlorn position which awaited him in lonely Poland, hearty feeling, youthful spirit, and pride, spurred her to share the stern lot of the famed man; and thus she gave Forster the preference over other prospects.”

A certain easily fanned rapture, and something which partook of a love of frolic, were therefore, in truth, rather the spurs of her resolve than a thorough love passion. George, on his part, with his susceptibility and generous feeling, was strongly drawn to the lively girl, and although the kindly old father, with his wary forethought, would not allow himself to be edged into express sanction of the marriage, as long as Forster's worldly means were so doubtful, the eager girl soon dragged his goodwill into a tacit understanding that the wedding should come off as soon as Polish pledges proved trustworthy; and he started for his new home with the consciousness of being betrothed. He passed through Vienna on his way; when, what with the flow of his spirits at this the heyday of his life, when he saw gloom and error behind him, while happiness and ease were awaiting him in the future, and what with the flattering attention paid him by high and low, his delight was such, that his letters overflow with enthusiastic praise of that capital, which for a long while remained the Elysian paradise of his fancy. The Emperor Joseph received him in his closet, with his well-known friendliness, and on dismissing him, after much talk, foretold him laughingly that he would not long stay in the wilderness of Poland; while invitations from the mighty Kaunitz, and choice meetings at the house of the celebrated Countess Theresa Thum, whose pride and joy it was to gather together the picked spirits of Vienna, showed in what esteem the traveller was held by all.

• The first impression of Polish bleakness was indeed gloomy, and he owns that what he saw on crossing the frontier filled his

soul with dismay, although he had tuned his expectations down to the lowest pitch. The rawness of October weather fretted his sickly frame, which always suffered cruelly from cold and damp; while all the endless discomforts of jolted travel through fathomless roads, and lodging at filthiest hovels, crowded on him, yet revelling in the fresh memory of Vienna.

At Grodno he found himself in the very heart of the life and Court of Poland. The first free diet which had met since many years, was then holding its sittings there; and the mean huts and filthy lanes of the so-called city were thronged by the motley crush of Polish aristocracy, from the King and magnificent magnates with their dazzling followings, down to the equally haughty peasant nobles swaggering about with their big swords (the badge of their rank), while they floundered through the mammoth sloughs of mire in huge boots lined with dirty straw, in their proud disdain of the effeminacy of stockings and linen. Amongst the higher classes, however, he found many persons possessed of much elegant culture, which was, moreover, set off by a lordly hospitality, in which they vied with each other to show how highly they valued the gain of so noteworthy a man to their country. The King's sister, commonly called Madame de Cracovie, because her deceased husband, Marshal Branicki, had been Castellan of Cracow, received him with the most marked kindness, and presented him herself to her brother, whom he often saw in the familiarity of her evening meetings. That worn-out lover of the great Catherine, by whose bounty he had been pensioned with the royalty of Poland, had a mind whose dainty and over-refined taste delighted in the society of literary men, and Forster experienced the courtesy of his bearing, while the assurances of goodwill which he gathered from the King and Primate for himself and the University, encouraged his hopes for the future. It was, therefore, with pleasurable feelings that he continued his journey in November, on the closing of a diet, with the unwonted open-handedness and even flow of which the Government expressed itself delighted, though Forster writes that not a day passed but the Marshal of the Lower House smashed sundry staves of office in trying to allay uproar.

The first acquaintance with Wilna did not discourage him. It was true that "the cabinet of natural history proved not only a child in its cradle, but not even a fine child, while the library was most meagre;" but then he had the assurance that their wants were acknowledged, and would be made good. The University, as most of the schools in Poland, had been founded by the Jesuits, in consequence of whose suppression the whole system of education was being remodelled. His lodging was in the old palace of the Order, and though wretchedly bleak and

bare, he comforted himself by comparing it with those of his fellow-teachers, and by the readiness with which such changes as he asked for were granted. Many of the Jesuits remained attached to the high-school as laymen, and although he arrived by no means well disposed towards them—having been fully warned by the great Jesuit-croaker, Nicolai, against their wiles,—his first letters speak the praise of their unselfish behaviour; so that he even utters his conviction that the Jesuits of Wilna, at least, do not deserve the suspicion under which their brethren generally labour. The difficulties of his position showed themselves immediately on entering upon his duties, when he had to deliver his lectures in Latin; for, though a master in German style, and able to write English and French with wonderful correctness, Latin composition was a labour which cost him “an everlasting time;” while the unwonted tongue hampered his speech, which was at all times highly embarrassed in the professor’s chair, although its flow in conversation was astounding. But athwart the wintry cloudiness of his horizon, there was the light of his love to cheer him on; so, sturdily attacking the hardness of the Polish tongue, he hotly tried to overcome all bars between himself and happiness. The winter was thus employed by him in preparations for his marriage, which was fixed for the summer; and so engrossed was his mind in this one thought, that at first he overlooked how sundry impediments were being slyly thrown in the way of his university career. The fears he felt for Theresa’s comfort in the dreary banishment of Wilna, were laughed at by her eager temper, and her lively fancy rejoiced at the prospect of hardships to be overcome, in spite of which Forster’s tender care for her ease would not rest content with any but a home of such snugness, that the nakedness of Polish shops and the dull sloth of Polish workmen could not be got to fit it up, and in the warmth of his heart he launched into the outlay of getting furniture and servants from abroad. Forster always had a love for household comfort which was above his means, and is startling in a man of so roving a turn of mind. He would have spent lordly incomes had he possessed them; and with all his zeal for thriftiness, the close spirit of reckoning was not in him. Not that he had a bent for squandering, but with his scientific occupations he could never resist the purchase of books, charts, and instruments; and his only taste which could be chid as partaking of extravagance was this love of snugness, which, from repeated change of dwelling, brought heavy pulls on his purse. So little did any fondness for show enter into this liking, that to save money for it he even refused himself horses, which, according to Polish ideas of respectability, were nearly as necessary household articles as clean linen with us. As all such bits of economy

were, however, altogether insufficient to mend the hole made in his income, he restlessly sought means of repairing it, and at last decided on perfecting himself in the study of medicine. There was a great want of physicians in the country, and the skill of such as there were was eagerly sought and richly paid by noble Poles, who seem to have pinned their faith in health on the multitude of doctors; for we are told that as soon as anything like ailing was felt, the sick man called all the leeches together he could lay hold of, when he himself would preside, and adjudge their debate. With feverish looking forward to spring and happiness, he thus fretted through the dreariness of his first Polish winter in utter loneliness and daily worry; for, as time wore on, he saw that none of the pledges made to him were kept, while painful rheumatisms and weakened eyesight, brought on by climate, racked his poor body, until, at the very moment of his start on his longed-for journey, a putrid fever laid him for several weeks on a sick bed, and threatened to cut short his life in its bloom. Convalescence, like all other things, is helped by a stout heart; thus, as soon as the crisis was surmounted, his eagerness quickened his recovery, so that he reached Gottingen in August, 1785; and having been married in the beginning of the following month, he hastened back with his wife to his bleak banishment.

Henceforth Forster's household was the sanctuary wherein alone, during the remaining two years of his stay in Poland, he found refuge from endless teasing and annoyance. If fancy rather than thorough love had made Theresa become his wife, acquaintance with her husband at all events at first confirmed and increased her good opinion of him. Forster always maintained in his daily bearing so chaste a delicacy, that his widow declares never to have seen him guilty of an unseemly outburst; and this overwrought unwillingness to ruffle her peace of mind was such, that he never brought himself to unfold his many straits to her, until this very silence produced the misunderstanding which it had been meant to avoid. Thus, while in his generous fear lest she should not be fully aware of the lot she was encountering, he had always dwelt much on the privations awaiting her in Poland, this nice feeling had kept him from alluding to the pet home he had prepared; so that the young woman was quite rapt with joy to find so snug a dwelling on her arrival at Wilna. It was in truth not more than they wanted, for beyond it they found no comfort. If Cassel was loathsome, yet how grand was it when compared with the Polish University, which had not even one bookseller. Intercourse with the world was slow and difficult; he could not often even hear of new books, much less get a sight of them; so that his letters to Lichtenberg piteously beg

for the crumbs which might be swept from the fulness of his literary table. The want of all congenial society was the bitterest hardship to him, for the revels of the Lithuanian nobles had no charms, and his Jesuit fellows, on closer knowledge, had come out in their true light. Having failed in their stealthy stalking for the father and mother's souls, they hoped to net that of George's firstborn child, but their wiles were roughly torn by a gruff sally, "that as baptism must be, it should be done according to Calvinism," and henceforth their friendship was at an end. The turmoils of the State and the ill-will discovered to be borne to the University by the Primate, who even applied its funds to the one of Cracow, abashed his trust in promised improvements which would have enabled him to make himself practically useful; yet every time that in a fit of anguish he eagerly jumped at a chance of escape from this forlorn banishment, he was quickly dragged back by the feeling of its impossibility. By agreement he had bound himself to serve for eight years, in consideration of the payments whereby he had been freed from his Cassel debts; and no literary labour in his present wilderness, obliged as he was to buy at great expense every book he might require, could ever enable him to pay off this loan. Thus was there nothing for him but patience, rendered doubly irksome by continued attacks of painful illness. His courage, nevertheless, never flagged for any length of time, and as soon as health buoyed up his good cheer, his letters showed him even dwelling on the advantages of his abode in Poland:—

"The experience which I have gained through this change of residence has been dearly bought, but is withal worth much; I was obliged to see black against white, that I might know what white was. I owe it to my journey hither that I am aware of the full worth of many things, and chiefly of friendship. My mind has also obtained much growth and enlightenment which I should not have gained by staying at Cassel. Oh! a good shove, which thrusts us all at once out of the centre wherein we have long been resting, or in which we have been moving around our own pivot, gives us so thorough a shaking that one gets to espy countless new things in oneself and others. . . . Here at all events, I can become wise through my faults, in perfect peace, for I can commit my faults, and mend them unperceived. I look at Wilna as my caterpillar's case—I am bound for eight years, after that come my wings, and the perfect insect will follow its destination."

He even produced, besides sundry translations, two little works which deserve notice, to the writing of which he devoted himself so assiduously, that long before daybreak he sat at his desk, and his health began to suffer from the strain. The one was a dissertation on "The Human Race," intended as an answer to an essay by Kant on the same subject, in which mistaken statements

had been made about the South Sea Islanders. The dogmatic boldness with which the metaphysician laid down the law in matters of science displeased Forster, who in general had little liking for speculative philosophy, and even called Kant in a private letter "the arch-sophist and arch-scholastic of the age." In this dissertation, which is written with great moderation, he maintained the existence of distinct races of men, though he did not deny their belonging to one kind. The other work was a *Life of Cook*, already alluded to, the dedication of which was graciously acknowledged by the Emperor Joseph—a fact rendered highly remarkable by the broad freedom of thought running through the whole book, which contains, as in a summary, the political faith which guided Forster's future conduct. It has often been noticed, that there is not a single passage in any of the French writers of the eighteenth century, which shows any foreknowledge of the revolution which was coming over their country, although many travellers (amongst them Goldsmith) foretold it; but there is no man whose prophecies can vie in clearness with those of Forster. As early as 1782, he exclaimed in a letter to his father, "Europe seems to be on the point of a fearful overthrow;" and in a remarkable fragment amongst his writings, the precise date of which is not known, the following striking words occur:—

"We stand at the close of the century; this universal longing for change in our present forms, for relief from our many defects, the searching hither and thither, this revolt of reason against political pressure, this supremacy of understanding over feeling, these educational institutions for the rearing of sensible machines, these convulsive clutchings of faith at miraculous powers beyond the realm of understanding, this struggle between enlightenment and religion, this universal leavening,—herald a new teacher and a new doctrine."

Yielding to his heart's ever warm interest in his fellow-beings' weal, he had been steadily growing in his age's political thought, so that it was ever engrossing the better part of his mind; and while, therefore, it is not wonderful that in 1787 he should have arrived at writing as he then did, it is most wonderful that the head of the Holy Roman Empire should have nodded approbation to such words as these:—

"Human infallibility is disappearing before the dawn of knowledge. Tolerance and freedom of conscience proclaim the victory of reason, and make the way for freedom of the press and free search into all those relations which, under the name of truth, are of value to man. Lastly, luxury and industry are giving new worth to life; the arts are attaining the height of perfection and simplicity; observation and experience are enlarging and combining all knowledge, and all political powers, are tending to an equality; in short it is, or is about to be, the season of flowering."

It is well to recollect these words in connexion with Forster's after life, for they prove how he was not then whirled away by a sudden puff of rapture, but obeyed the long-flowing stream of his thoughts.

Early one morning in the month of June, 1787, Forster was disturbed at his desk by the entry of a Russian naval officer, who, presenting him with a letter from the ambassador, Stackelberg, made the startling announcement that he had full power to settle all terms, if he would agree to accompany a voyage of discovery in the Southern Ocean. What a leap for Forster from dreariest banishment into the very Eden of dreams. The openhandedness of the Russian Government removed all difficulties about the repayment of his loans, and an ample salary was assigned to him, as also a pension for his wife in the event of his death; while his delight with luck was raised to the highest pitch by the promised companionship of Sömmering, whom the Empress immediately appointed physician to the expedition, on Forster's recommendation; and as soon as ever he had brought his affairs to a close, he hastened away, traversing with six post-horses the space between Poland and Gottingen, which he reached on the 16th September. His hopes were fated to meet with a sad dash; the outbreak of the Turkish war caused the voyage to be laid aside for the present, and as Forster would not accept an appointment at St. Petersburg just after his escape from Polish winters, he was turned adrift on the world with a year's salary, but free from debt, so that, though pleasant visions had come to nought, he yet blessed the wondrous luck which alone had been able to snatch him from Poland, and set him down in the heart of Europe. A vague chance of employment in the Philippine Isles also proved vain, and is only worth remembering for a letter he wrote with a description of himself, which shows that practical matters had so laid hold of his attention that he held himself to be more fitted for affairs than for science proper, while he thought himself free from the usual prejudices of "learned men, who having small knowledge of the world, seldom understood how to fit their theories and hypotheses on to the real business of life."

While Forster was thus anxiously looking around him for some opening suitable to his wants, his attention was drawn to the electoral city of Mayence, where his old friend Johannes von Müller had just vacated the librarianship, on promotion, to be the Elector's private secretary, while the prospect of the society of Sömmering, who had for several years taught anatomy there, was a most powerful attraction. By the counsel of friends he went thither, that his presence might draw attention to him; and having been presented to the Elector by Müller, his appointment was decided on with a speed unwonted for the lazy sluggishness

of spiritual courts. The salary was small, but then there was the advantage of a central position, which the portly Elector, with sly shrewdness pointed out to him when, throwing open the casement of his closet, he showed him the view over the Rhine and its rich banks, asked him to compare it with Poland, and went on to reckon the cheapness of provisions—backing the whole with promise of regular payment.

It is as well shortly to describe the soil into which Forster was now transplanted; for it was owing to its nature that his life took the turn it did. The ancient German empire was dying the death of corruption; and the very death-slumbers of its elders were being broken in upon by forward heirs; foremost amongst whom was Prussia, who like a nightmare, bestrode and pinched them, even at the point of death. Everywhere there was silent dissolution of the powers that had been ruling, while popular spirit and enlightenment as yet only flitted here and there through the land like the will-o'-the-wisps that flicker about churchyards. German courts lay lazily bedded in a woof of wiles and tricks whose toils entangled the strength of the whole land, out of whose richness it had been spun for the enjoyment of a few sly cozeners. In looking at their doings and lives, so fevered and so bloated, one might think them creations banned by spells to a hectic existence, and who could not but fade away as soon as the healthy air of truth stole upon their pampered being. The time-honoured See of Mayence, with whose spiritual electorate was coupled the arch-chancellorship of the empire, as it had ever been one of the chief pleasure-haunts of the lustiness of Rhenish prelacy, so was it in its decay the hotbed of corruption. The predecessors of the reigning Elector had, like the Emperor Joseph, partaken of the reforming fashion of his time, and had foolishly thought that the worn-out body might be quickened again into youth. The Elector, simple, good-natured man, the chief feature of whose temper was kindly trustful feeling, and a fondness for plain burgherlike life, forsook the wonted pomp of a high prince of the empire, to follow the bent of his homely likings. Instead of having courtly feasts, he not only mingled in the holiday gambols of the citizens, but he forfeited the indulgence of his courtiers, who with shrugs would have winked at these whims of a sovereign, by his harmful meddling in the olden habits of the State. Saints were curtailed of their dues, monkish trickery was checked; and when in 1773, the Jesuits were suppressed by the Pope, Eusmerich Joseph seemed like a man who felt a load off his chest, and launched forth into plans for setting up sound schools in his lands. The Jesuit party was, however, not crushed, though beaten; and on the Elector's suspicious death in the following year, before he had time to carry out all his plans, they carried by a push the election

of Canon Erthal as his successor. Shrewd, ambitious, and thoroughly worldly, he had graduated in the schools of courtly diplomacy, where he had acquired that varnish whereby poor wits can for a time pass themselves off as minds of superior stuff. As the party had worked the strong Catholic feeling of the population, the new Elector began his reign with a mighty show of piety and devotion that edified the mob, but which were laid aside for more congenial pastimes, as soon as their need was less apparent: the banqueting-halls of the archiepiscopal pleasure-palaces rang with the revelry of feasts, the spice of whose cheer was set off by ribald wit.

“The Prince’s spirit of thrift was changed into the wantonest court pomp, pious cant into voluptuous sensuality, and church zeal into a little freethinking. Instead of evening devotions, a late hour brought with it a refined supper for a knot of chosen fellows, to which sometimes artists and witty heads were admitted. The knee-cushions remained as footstools, before the pleasure-couches brought from Paris and London. Footwashings and layings on of hands had been withdrawn (who knows with what ceremonies) into the innermost chambers of the castle of St. Martin, beyond the whispering Rhine and the gaze of the public. Father Goldhagen’s theological discussions had been exchanged for talk with Heinse about his novel, ‘Ardinghelle;’ in the room of the Deacon’s service in the Missal, Madame de Coudenhoven read Voltaire’s ‘Pucelle’ and the ‘Lettres Persanes’ to her French-talking friend, herself so clothed that the listener could easily attach himself to the visible instead of the edifying, and kiss the fair reader herself, in lieu of the Gospels formerly offered by the Deacon.”*

Altogether, as far as bedding and nursing will go, the right reverend prelate Erthal should have been snugly off in this world, —well fed, softly bedded and gently cherished by two willing damsels; so that when the stately Coudenhoven found that she palled on his old heart, her charity loved to find her cousin Ferette at hand as a safe cordial to warm it.

Around this foul carcase as the main pier of this Augean stable, the inmates of its stalls stood ranged and grouped. The throng was choicely noble, for the utmost that was given to a burgher in Mayence was the gift of a clerkship. The nobility was, however, far from being all on an equality within itself, and the highest class, whose string of ancestors enabled them to stand the tests required for canonries, looked down as haughtily on their lower fellows as those again on the mob of burghers at large; while besides, and above all hereditary rank, there was the consecration of holy orders, whereby first, only even the highest-born nobility became entitled

* “Haus und Welt,” vol. ii. p. 14.

to share fully the fatness of the State. Gluttony, wassailing, and a greedy craving for rich prebends, were the main qualities of these servants of the Church; and it was well when, in the revelry of their drinking-bouts over flagons of old Rhenish, which in summer-time they loved to hold in the pleasure-grounds of their lordly abbeys scattered along the stately river's banks, their wanton humour would be content with such harmless freaks as wagering whether this or that lady's calves could be encircled by the ribbons of their gold canon's crosses.

Yet were there some men amongst them who, athwart all this overcoat of fashionable dress, were not without stuff, and who learned, in the shifts and wiles of this evil haint, that great skill in statecraft which enabled them to juggle the world at large. Thus Forster found here Stadion, who, from a gay and enterprising canon, became one of the leading ministers of Austria; while the master of modern statesmen, Prince Metternich, took his first lesson in cunning in this high school of human worthlessness. High above these in nobleness of nature, as in the splendour of his birth, but so hampered by the contradictions, between his position and his likings, that he never mastered their difficulties, and thus through life had an awkward hesitation in his public conduct which looked almost like wilful trimming, was Dalberg, Bishop of Erfurt, coadjutor and expected successor of the Elector; but who afterwards, under Napoleon, became Duke of Frankfort, and died as Bishop of Ratisbon. His love of letters was great, and so zealously had he devoted his fine intelligence to study, especially of metaphysics, that his works ranked him amongst his country's leading writers, while his position and prospects caused him to be looked to, by such men as Schiller, as the coming Lorenzo de Medici of Germany. Everything without the circle of nobility was held to be mob; and at most a sort of half recognition was now and then extended as a favour to the professors, though never so far as to admit them with their wives to the houses of the aristocracy. The mass of burghers and the country people were inert, listless, and stolid, and their dull faint-heartedness was frightened as soon as they caught themselves but grumbling at a tax—their only idea of the State; but in Mayence itself there were a few citizens whose Rhenish light-mindedness had been unwittingly rapt by the political free-thinking of the professors. These latter were, indeed, a body by themselves, whose opinions, probably whetted by daily grinding against the world around, were so wholly at variance with its whole creed, that in their compactness they looked like a set of pioneers thrust forward into the enemy's country in advance of the coming revolution. This circle was the only one which offered Forster any chance of society. The

old Jesuit party, which had already declaimed often against the Protestant Johannes von Müller, looked with no friendly eyes on the new librarian; and such was the bigoted feeling fomented against everything that came from him, that his bare proposal to sell the duplicate copies of books, was met by the cry that desecration was threatening the work of the fathers, every single book gathered by whom deserved being treasured as a relique. In truth, as far as public enterprise was concerned, there was nothing gained by change from Poland, for the Elector and his Court, like a host of locusts, ate up the wealth of the land in their lavish luxury, while the jealous ill-will of the Jesuit swarms stifled every undertaking which smacked of enlightenment or free thought. Mayence, therefore, had no resources beyond the society of a few friends, foremost amongst whom was Sömmering, and its position in the heart of Germany. The neighbourhood of Dusseldorf reawakened the intimacy with Jacobi which had slackened in distant Poland, while the literary activity of Heyne spurred Forster to share it by becoming a regular contributor to the *Gottingen Advertiser*, and the kindly old man's fatherly love filled that gap in his heart which had been made by his wilful sire's estrangement. How this last came about is not plainly stated: occasional letters passed between them from time to time, and those of the son are marked by the most reverential respect; but time and distance had accomplished a work which it is wonderful that so headstrong a temper had not brought about long ago.

The family-ghost, poverty, showed itself in the household as soon as its tent had been pitched on the banks of the Rhine. Although he had been urged by the Elector to give lessons in natural history, the best of reasons stayed his doing so—for no pupils were to be found; and his duties as librarian were easy, since the fifteen thousand works which formed the boasted fifty thousand volumes of the library, were stowed away in a lumber-room beyond reach or use. Thus he found his literary activity arrested at every turn by an impassable slough of sluggishness; and as his desultory writings barely sufficed to enable him to live from hand to mouth, his mind reverted to his favourite plan of a History of the Geographical Discoveries in the Southern Seas, and a Flora of its Islands; when, as no German publisher could defray such an undertaking, he turned his thoughts to England. His old claim on the Admiralty presented itself as an incentive to a plan, the travel of which already allured his roving turn; and so, having obtained three months' leave of absence, he started, in the end of March, 1790, with Alexander von Humboldt, on a trip, in the course of which they passed through Brabant to England, and on their way home took a hasty look

at Paris, then in the glory of its new-won freedom. It is an interesting connexion which thus brings together the famed explorer Forster, in the evening of his renown as traveller, with the youth of that man who was to carry out scientific journeying and research to the furthest limit that has yet been reached by one man; and thus what seemed to the partakers thereof but the heedless chatting of a pleasure trip, takes for us the look of world-important intercommunings between two souls, the burthen of which yet rings in our ears through the clear-spoken words of the aged seer. A private pupil—a certain Mr. Thomas Brand—was the only pecuniary advantage brought by the journey beyond a crowd of vivid impressions, for he had seen the two chief events on which the attention of Europe was fastened. In England he had attended Warren Hastings's trial, where he had heard and beheld all the oratory and the genius of the country; while in Paris he had looked on the pageantry of its strange liberty, in the enthusiastic preparations for the great feast of the Champ de Mars. The result he gave to the world in his "Views of the Rhine and Brabant;" a work which, written in the gloomiest period of his life, is a masterpiece of racy writing, both as regards clearness of wording as well as the ease with which an array of deep thought is marshalled. "I tell you I hold your 'Views' to be one of the best books in our language," is the opinion pronounced by Lichtenberg.

Forster's household had been hitherto his stronghold wherein he defied all evil chances—but now this also began to fail him: the story is a strangely painful one, and of such woven intricacy as to be almost beyond unravelling, for never was there any show of strife; and this not from a cloaking guardedly worn against the world's insight, because, wondrously enough, the tightest friendship and esteem continued between husband and wife, when by the flight of that happy contentment which springs from love, the once cheerful homestead had been left bare and lonely. The truth seems that the warmth of Forster's temper, which had never known the sprightliness of boyhood, was mellowed to an even glow, less fitted for love's frenzy than for steady friendship, against which the fluttering heart of the woman mauled itself as a bird against its cage's bar, until, all forlorn, and innerly bruised and bleeding, the kindly nursing bestowed by a chance passer-by was taken with thankfulness. That passer-by was ready at hand in Huber, Secretary to the Saxon Mission, a slim, simpering, scrofulous fellow, whose rather pretty powers of mind were akin to his body's slightness; a man, the intertwining of whose life with that of Forster, and the upshot thereof, remind one how, as well as the eagle, the reptile by crawling reaches the pyramid's summit. With the feverish trembling of sickly

nervousness he tells us himself that he always felt the want of something to close his day, "so that on going to bed the last sounds might not be wanting to him as in unfinished accords." Possessed of that painful perseverance which is often found in small minds, he had wormed himself into the intimacy of Forster's home by dint of painstaking; and so anxious had he been for this acquaintance, especially for that of the wife, from the accounts he had heard of her, that having learnt to know George on his first visit to Mayence, his nervous impatience drove him to meet him at Frankfort on his coming with his wife; and in a letter which marks the sickly anxiety with which he watched himself, he tells his delight that the interview went off well, "because desire to please strangers often gave his bearing something wavering and unsteady." So insignificant a man would never have enthralled the love of a spirited woman like Theresa, had not her loneliness made her feel herself drawn towards one who wholly merged his existence and feelings in her. There was no forethought on the part of any one in this business. Forster's large soul knew not what was meant by jealousy; and, moreover, in accordance with his own and his age's philosophy, he favoured close friendships as a duty, so that when the cautious Sömmering, before his marriage, once expressed some dislike of a freedom in Theresa's bearing towards men, he answered, that every sympathetic quickening of her heart gave him pleasure, and that he felt himself happy every time she heartily loved some one whom he believed to be good and noble. "I hate everything which bars freedom, everything which hinders a seed or bud from sprouting," are his words in an early letter to her. His honest soul, all glowing with fellow feeling and steady devotion, had no inkling how such thoughts might get twisted by others, for his own healthy being was free from any sickly taint.

The household straits, together with Forster's overwrought reserve about them, daily brought fresh worries, more and more inflaming a covert misunderstanding, which found its chief food in that very silence beneath which it was foolishly thought to stifle its quickenings. Huber appeared, on the occasion of these embarrassments, as the beam that propped the tumbling homestead; for while his simpering feeling had a charm for Theresa under the circumstances of her situation, he not only actually helped Forster in the toils of translations, but from his many connexions with leading publishers and literary journals, was enabled to be in many ways of real service to him. It was, therefore, in that state of inner strife which is brought about by want of happiness, that, during her husband's absence, the wife was as it were thrust to rest herself on Huber, who naturally redoubled his nursing care, sanctioned as it was by Forster's knowledge thereof;

while on the other hand, Theresa's undisturbed attention fastened itself more and more on his devotion until it came out to her sight in striking relief against the dim canvas of household disappointment. Thus Forster returned from England after failure in his hopes, while the irresistible temptations of books and charts had largely added to the heavy outlay of his journey, to find that he had lost the greatest blessing of his life—the peace of a loving home. His exceeding delicacy probably never allowed him to broach his knowledge of his loss to his wife, but henceforth regard carefully maintained the chastity of a bond which hitherto had been the happy delight of love. Probably, had Sömmering been at a distance, the facts of this strange misunderstanding would be somewhat laid bare in the letters that then would have passed between the two, but as it is, there is nothing in the affectionate correspondence with Heyne which hints that the father had the least inkling of his children's unhappiness. Forster shrouded the barrenness of his home from every one, fighting, with a brave heart, the throng of his painful disappointments and the ever-growing load of poverty and debt. Once only, in a letter to Jacobi, after speaking of efforts to obtain relief from his embarrassments, he added,

“Call it weakness, or an insurmountable artlessness, that I could not break myself from some expressions which have caused you anxiety—or as it is better to touch *all* the cords of my heart, which set it a-going, excuse the sallies of peevishness, spleen, and sadness therewith, that I have moments when *another* sort of misfortune lets me feel still more deeply the oppressiveness of my circumstances.”

Happiness had gone from him, yet in the midst of his sad loneliness, how deeply touching is it to see the thoughtful care for the peace of mind of those about him, which is revealed by the following prayer in another letter to Jacobi, wherein he had been dwelling on his gloomy prospects:—

“One thing I beg of you, if you touch on this point in your letter, then do so on a separate bit of paper. Whatever I have to suffer, I like to suffer alone; and as your dear letters are that which we all love to snatch at, I could wish that no one who is near to me but myself should find anything in them which might cause anxiety and pain.”

The household was not the only thing which had changed: time had borne Mayence itself along with it. The great world-drama in France was progressing in its mighty working, and all Europe was watching it, some with hearty sympathy, others with hatred and fear. The Elector and his pampered courtiers, too rotten at heart to be quickened into a manly outburst of hate, kept shooting from over their cups a shower of wit-bolts at King Mob. Soon a throng of noble exiles began to crowd the neighbourhood.

of the Rhine, who loved rather to eat goodly mosses in other men's homes than to try to save their own; and great was the soul's delight of the Electoral Court that chance should allow them to fawn in daily intimacy on so high and illustrious a brood. The town and country were literally overrun by boastful runaways, in pandering to whose whims it was felt to be an honour to squander the exchequer; and the general ill-will at these new-comers, which was powerfully fomented in the first instance by the dear-ness of food, was heightened into exasperation by the swaggering effrontery of their behaviour. While every branch of the administration was neglected and its hard-working servants were being starved, every fund and resource of the country was drained to its uttermost farthing that the Electoral Court might not be stinted in its pomp. The Prince de Condé was splendidly lodged, with his mistress, the Princesse de Monaco, in the Episcopal Palace of Worms, which belonged to the Elector; and on Count d'Artois' visit to Mayence, his private household was defrayed by the impoverished principality at a daily cost of 200*l.* Wherever money could be found, it was laid hold of by the clutches of the pillering Court, and thus about a million of florins, which belonged to the University, out of the sale of church lands, were swallowed up in gormandizing and riot. Nor did the Elector even reap hearty thankfulness from the beggars whom he was thus stripping himself bare to clothe and feed, for while in public they showered on him the titles of father and protector till they made the dulled blood of his head tingle with delight, as soon as his back was turned the graceless crew would nickname him Sir Upstart, and Monsieur l'Abbé de Mayence. Meanwhile the tide of German politics was rising, and rapidly bearing away the little princes who were unguardedly disporting themselves in its heavy swell. There was a mighty plotting of statecraft going on between Austria and Prussia, and the Elector of Mayence was puffed up and full of importance, for he had been admitted to look on in that innermost closet where the secretest designs were being concocted by wily heads, too glad to buy with a little flattery a cat's-paw willing to pick for them the burning brands out of the fire. As he found his old ministers too awkward to handle such nice devices, he procured from Vienna Baron Albin as a master in statesmanship, and bestowing on him the title of Grand Chancellor, with a salary befitting his high dignity, he trustfully had himself launched, under his steering, upon the sea of political machination. The first fruits of such superior guidance was the glorious honour of holding Liège at a cost of three millions of florins, as a conqueror, with the Mayence army, as soon as the two heads of the empire decided that German troops should quash the revolutionary movement in that bishopric. This army was of

a piece with the whole fabric of the State, for while it barely counted three thousand ill-appointed and worse-fed soldiers, its army list counted no less than twelve noble and richly-paid generals. But when the coronation of the new Emperor Francis had come off at Frankfort, which the Elector, of course, attended with the pomp and state befitting his high rank, then it was that the flock of princely brains there assembled and labouring in the birth-throes of subtlest state thought, accepted the invitation to the hospitable retreat of Mayence as best suited to their deep counsellings; and its sovereign gloated with delight at seeing himself the pivot around which the princes of Europe moved. Never had anything been beheld like the endless changes of dazzling revelry which followed on each other during the stay of princes and statesmen, so that it was a wonder at what time they snatched bare minutes for those cunning designs which it was whispered were being woven in a poor hut, away from din and distraction, on the shrouded islet of Weßsanau. At last the high-born wise-aces were delivered, and the printing presses of the Court published the Duke of Brunswick's famous manifesto. "These are the men whose measures one is told to approve of," Forster exclaimed. "That man is happy who has found a nook whence he can quietly look on the mad turmoil."

The French Revolution could not otherwise than powerfully interest one who was so alive to the welfare and doings of his fellow beings. His letters to Heyne show, how closely he watched its course, and that, keenly aware of its blemishes, he yet ever felt such sympathy for its struggles that he would become quite enraged at the fashion of overlooking its world-meaning in the flippant judgments currently passed upon it after hurried glances at some of its wild incidents. So on the occasion of a book full of abuse of everything connected with France, he exclaimed,

"Mr. Girtaner is impassioned for the old system, because, under the new constitution he received sundry digs between the ribs on the 14th July, in the Champs de Mars. Who taught him the wrong conclusion that a democratic crowd is not just the same sort of crowd as any other? Had he stood on the scaffolding which fell in on the occasion of the rejoicings at the Dauphin's birth, and had he sprained his toe or finger, he would have written an apology of regicide."

Injustice and selfishness were things so hateful to him, that his soul could never desist from battling against them; and the daily sights and haps of his Mayence life were such as to be always stirring up his otherwise peace-loving heart. Not that he was minded to preach overthrow and change in Germany; over and over again he utters his belief, in letters, that public feeling and enlightenment were yet a century or two behind a want of poli-

tical freedom, so that he bewails the blindness of princes, who, by wilful goadings, hasten an unseasonable discharge of ill-humours, which thus must burst forth with the acrid pungency of unripeness. Heyne, whose thoroughly humane feeling was being constantly shocked by the wanton temper of German aristocracy, but whose character partook of a certain painful caution, kept hovering about his out-spoken son-in-law with timid hints and prudent counsels. It is amusing to see how the old man is surprised into expressing his heart's joy at every fine burst of public feeling in France; and how again, in his next letter, frightened at his own daring, he pours out a string of saws meant to quench the fire of revolutionary enthusiasm. Already, while Forster was writing his "Views," Heyne had given vent to his fears as to how he would treat the political and religious considerations which would be suggested by the events of the countries he described, and Forster had felt so discouraged by his exceeding timidity, that he had given himself much trouble to explain away the meaning of his warnings. Soon after this, however, he was thrown into a mightier fit of alarm, on hearing that his son-in-law was translating a work of Brissot's, of which he had written a review for the *Gottingen Advertiser* in language which had attracted such attention that the name of its author had been repeatedly asked. In the trouble of his mind he posted off a letter of earnest warning as to the consequences likely to ensue from so rash an undertaking; when Forster answered as follows:—

"I am not translating Brissot, and never thought of doing so. There is as much aristocratizing going on in my house as there is spoken on the other side; and as for myself, I certainly belong as little to the *enragés* of the one party as of the other. It is this very fairness which is hateful to all the fools and rogues who have espoused a party. . . . How should I tumble on the thought of wishing to preach an overthrow which I myself do not desire, but rather hold to be so great a mishap for Germany, that I make every effort to ward it off, and on this account chiefly blame all the lying reviewers, who only embitter the public by their partiality, inasmuch as they give themselves the appearance as if it must needs trust them on their word. . . . I can remain silent, but I cannot write against my insight and conviction."

While such feelings animated him with regard to the great movement going on everywhere around, his own private circumstances were getting more and more engulfed in gloom. His courage bore gallantly up against his adversity as long as health lasted; for in the end of 1790 he wrote that he felt the courage of a lion in him. His literary labours at this period brought his latterly somewhat forgotten name with fresh vividness to the memory of the general public. Besides his "Views," which he

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wrote in such sunny moments as he could snatch, he translated the Sanscrit drama, "Sacontala," from Sir W. Jones's English version. This glowing flower, picked from the tropical garden of Indian poetry, excited such intense interest in Germany, that Göthe, in an epigram, styled it the embodiment of all beauty. All this was, however, far from enough to shield him from the embarrassments which kept tormenting him from without, while at home there was cold comfort, to all which trouble there came besides the rack and wear of bodily sickness, and at last the sorrow of losing his youngest child, a boy to whose growth and training he had fondly looked forward.—"The whole year through, I have ceaselessly worked with iron application and great strain of mind. My powers are worn out, my body is incapable of any more exertion, my mind is palsied, and I have the gloomiest prospect before me for the winter and coming year. It is as if all my hopes should run to water,—nothing succeeds; the more I work, the more I hope to earn, so much the more do things come to nought in my hands; and now I stand empty-handed, unable to work as hitherto, and yet in a position that I cannot make the two ends meet in my housekeeping, without a continuation of my former application." In vain he would recur to his proposed work on the "Botany of the South Sea," for which when last in England, he had launched into the outlay of having the drawings coloured by skilled artists: there was no one who would pay for the work. "I could find a publisher in Germany, but none who would pay me. Fruitlessly do I look about me for a Mæcenas amongst our magnates and princes, who would pay with a couple of hundred louis for being paraded in a dedication as the protector of the work, and becoming immortal in the world of science." Soon after these sad bewailings, in a letter written late in 1791, it was the mockery of his lot, that just when they were too late, two chances were thrown to him, which a little earlier might have proved the cables of his rescue from shipwreck. Prospects of enlarged activity were opened to him in Mayence by the sudden decision of the Elector to assign the Jesuit church to the library, while on the death of the Professor of Natural History, his salary was added to Forster's pay. On the other hand, a man of the highest standing and name, unexpectedly put himself in friendly communication with him. Amongst his literary jobs, he had received from the well-known Berlin publisher, Voss, the commission to write an account of the events of 1790, with an especial view to the part played in them by the Prussian statesman, Herzberg, between whom and Pitt he wished a parallel to be drawn. Herzberg, the old minister of Frederick the Great, and at that moment pretty much out of favour at the court of his successor, felt himself too much

interested in this work not to wish that an account bearing the name of such an author and publisher, should be trustworthy. He wrote Forster a letter, marked by honourable esteem, in which after sending him some printed documents, he offered, if the manuscript were communicated to him, to look through it, and see that its statements were historically true, "as the King had positively forbidden him to make known a collection of State Papers he had prepared, and which would have thrown much light on these events." Forster thankfully accepted the offer; and Herzberg expressed himself highly satisfied with his exposition of his ministry. Before this business had, however, gone thus far, Mayence had been occupied by the French, and Forster had embarked in the new state-vessel, as he thought, beyond possibility of an honourable return. Herzberg wrote him, through Voss, a letter in which he expressed his hope that Forster would continue a well-intentioned Prussian, and accompanied it not only with a batch of books having reference to the history of the said times, but also with the silver medal of the Berlin Academy, (of which Forster was a member and Herzberg curator,) and sent him a considerable sum of money. It is plain that the statesman, who knew of Forster's embarrassed circumstances, thought that he might by these means save a man, whose worth and abilities he had learnt to know, from following a path which he believed would lead to his destruction. Forster thought he saw an attempt at bribery, and wrote the following answer, at a time when he was smarting under the direst want:—

"If I understand aright the wish that I should remain a good Prussian, it is a suggestion wholly incompatible with my principles, and with that love of freedom spoken out in so many of my writings, although certainly with some caution, because of despotism. I was born in Polish Prussia, an hour's distance from Danzig, and left my birthplace before it came under Prussian rule. Thus far, therefore, I am no Prussian subject. I have lived as a man of science in England, have made a voyage round the world, and furthermore have tried to impart my poor knowledge at Cassel, Wilna, and Mayence. Throughout my life I have always tried to be a good citizen; and wherever I was, I worked for the bread I received. *Ubi bene ibi patria* must remain the motto of the man of science; and it must also remain that of the free man, who must meanwhile live isolated in lands which have no constitution. If to be a good Prussian means as much as when one is in Mayence under French lordship, to wish for a speedy peace and recovery from all the ills of war, then I am a good Prussian as I am a good Turk, Chinese, Moor; but if it means that I am to deny in Mayence my well-known principles—that I should not rejoice at its having a free constitution—that being called upon, I should not help to work for it—that in a time of fermentation and crisis, when one must absolutely take a decision, I should either remain undecided,

or should try to talk over the people of Mayence, that they had better keep their old outrages than be free with the French,—if then to be a good Prussian, means to take principles which never were mine, and which are, not to keep in view the weal of the inhabitants of Prussia, but the weal of the cabinet, the court, the ghostseers of Mayence, then one asks me to do something for which I should deserve to be strung up on the next lamp-post. You will understand now, that it is my most pressing duty wholly to renounce the offered advance of money—although I never was so poor as now, and have become poorer through disappointed hopes. I would rather that every wretchedness came over me, than that I should become untrue to my principles. How could I take, under such circumstances, an advance of . . . dollars, when I would scorn half a million as a bribe?"

Yet had Herzberg only known Forster some few months earlier, and had he by such means entered that sphere of business and historical writing into which he only got this late peep, how different might his end have been. The throng of princes and statesmen had left Mayence behind them in the progress of their crusade; and the sultriness of suspense had followed on riotous revelry; for the nobility was daily awaiting tidings how the revolutionary snake had been scotched by their lucky brethren who were happy partakers of the great royal pageant. As thus hope and good cheer were in the hearts of all the swarm, and their boastful trust knew no bounds, a fearful blow came upon their rejoicings. Custine had suddenly passed the Rhine at Spiers, and was in full march on Mayence, having thoroughly beaten the Electoral troops under Colonel Winkelmann, an officer of such excellent sentiments, that the bare words of freedom and the rights of man, were enough to send him into a fit of raving. It was as if a pack of wild beasts had been suddenly let loose on a tea-party; the whole nobility of Mayence thought of nothing but to snatch up as much of their wealth as they could carry, and betake themselves with it beyond the Rhine. It was an endless bustle and trooping by day and night across the bridge, and through the town-gates: laden skiffs covered the river, and the roads were blocked with every sort of cart and waggon; while runaways on foot and horse hurried along in selfish haste to their hiding-places, thoughtless of all but their own safety. It is said that 200,000 florins were spent in means of transport out of the town in these few days. The Elector scurried into the town, to take a glimpse at it, but left it again secretly, after dark, on the day of his arrival, in well-closed chariots, with his mistress and his jewels, having first seen that his arms were well erased from his carriage-panels, after which he bethought himself of duly naming Chancellor Albini as Regent. The treasures of the churches were also packed up, and got safely out of the town;

and then the High Chancellor called the burghers (in truth the only inhabitants who remained) to a meeting, at which he urged them not to lose courage, but, abiding by the town, to defend it to the last; and addressing them as his brethren, read a proclamation, forbidding flight and removal of goods, on pain of severest punishment. The fraternal title, we are told, so dumbfounded the burgher brains, that a rough journeyman unwittingly gave vent to his astonishment by a thundering rap of his big fist on the table, accompanied by a monstrous oath; when just as brotherly affection was about to make them all strike into that stream of bravery let loose by the Chancellor, an ill-timed meddler dashed this flow of mind by the shout that their most gracious brother, the Chancellor, in his heavily-laden chariot, had just safely passed the gates. His Excellency General von Gymnich, Master-General of the Ordnance, swore loudly he would defend the town *to his last shirt*; and truly endless was the clatter and the bustle of warlike preparations during the next few days. The burgher-guard were even under arms; all horses were put in requisition to drag artillery, and the full-dressed generals of the Mayence army inspected the raising of batteries by panting citizens, who were praying God to put a speedy end to such troubles, before worse came of them. Now and then a bit of news would come how Custine had advanced another march; and once the sight of a cloud of dust sent such a thrill of fear through the town, that the garrison nearly crushed itself to atoms in scampering across the bridge on the Rhine; until, on the 19th of October, the French arrived bodily under the walls of Mayence, and summoned the town to surrender; when General von Gymnich gathered his splendidly-clad brother generals about him, amongst them the Elector's relative, Count Hatzfeldt, to consider in council whether they should desert or defend the town. To desert was the decision they quickly came to; so, having bargained that each officer should be allowed to take away a horse out of the Elector's stable, while he himself received six famous cream-coloured steeds, his Excellency-in-Chief rode over to the opposite bank with the proud bearing of one who had worthily taken care of his master's dearest interests; and having received each officer's pledge to restore his animal to its owner, he hastened to present himself, his horses, and his report, at Erfurt, whither his sovereign had retired.

It was no wish to abet French conquest which made Forster remain in Mayence. His post was there; the world without was all strange to him, and offered him no home which he could make for in these troubles; and while his duty and his interests both told him to stay, his generous mind was, moreover, deeply shocked at the selfishness of the higher classes, and of every one

connected with the Government. The very last act of the Elector was to pilfer and bear away with him the saving fund of widows and orphans, so that Forster could well exclaim, "The last quivering of despotism is one more piece of unrighteousness which calls to Heaven for vengeance." He determined, therefore, to abide events,—a resolve in which he was strengthened at the time by Theresa's good cheer and encouragement. So active a mind, with its love of practical employment, could not, however, remain long without being drawn into the eddy which was spinning around him; and thus his great knowledge of French made him the University's natural spokesman with Custine, on the occasion of its being threatened with loss of funds by new decrees concerning tithes and dues. . In those days events marched rapidly, and while the memory of the Elector, in his distant retirement, or from the selfish abandonment of everything by him and his own, had faded in a few weeks, as if years had elapsed since his departure (so that indeed all believed, come what might, the old Government at least could not return), every day brought with it new situations, which not only loudly called on a man of Forster's knowledge and parts to seize as a duty the occasion thrust on him, of warding ill from off his fellow-citizens, but which often—from the nature of their complications and his peculiar position—pointed him out as the man who could alone unravel and straighten them. Thus, from being his fellow-professors' champion for their dues and rights, he came to have to do with the equitable allotment of the demands of the French Commissariat, until step by step he was drawn into being the heart and soul of the new administration; and, on the appointment of a provisional government, allowed himself to be named one of its nine members. His motives are manfully stated in a letter to Heyne, whose fear at his son-in-law's conduct was becoming excessive.

"It is the duty of every honest inhabitant, I think, to take thought, when called upon to do so, for the ease and property of the inhabitants in general; for, let Mayence come into whose hands it may, it must always be pleasing to the sovereign of the day to have a country which is not exhausted, and which is in the enjoyment of its resources. I have no other principle of action, and this one is as simple as it is true. No one will deny that, if the people of Mayence can become free on this occasion, they would be great fools not to become so, and they really seem possessed of enough sound sense to do it."

This step was final; it tore almost all his ties of friendship; and even Sömmering was so overcome with fear and horror that, turning away from one who loved him so dearly, he henceforth would have no further knowledge of him. Traitor and low designer were the names showered upon him; and the Duke of

Brunswick's remark on hearing of Forster's doings was, astonishment that one who had so many means of earning a livelihood should have sought a rebel's calling! Yet if Forster proved wrong in his political belief, he shared his mistake with many keen thinkers; for even the shrewd Johannes von Müller, initiated as he was into all the springs and workings of German statecraft, gave it as his opinion, on a hasty visit to Mayence for matters of private business (where he was beset by hundreds of doubtful burghers seeking to steady their minds by the wisdom of so deep an oracle), that, under the circumstances, they would do best to rally round the republican Government. In the midst of the bustle of convening the assembly which was to decide whether Mayence would become independent or not, affairs without the walls grew dark and threatening. The French had been driven back from Frankfort, and the allies were hovering about the town. Business now overwhelmed Forster; his fluent French made him necessary everywhere, and after working all day in offices, he had to take the chair of an evening in the Jacobin Club, while the editorship of a journal left him not a spare moment to himself. It was in the turmoil of such troubled times, when every day the look-out became more and more threatening, that he determined Theresa should no longer encounter the risks of his lot. She had been entirely deprived of society by the universal emigration (Huber, as Saxon agent, had been forced to leave the town), and hardships which would formerly have excited her romantic temper, now only tended to depress it; so it was decided that Thomas Brand, the English pupil, should take her to Strasburg, where she was to reside with good Jacobin friends of her husband. Thus was the knot of Forster's marriage noiselessly untied, although it is certain that neither husband nor wife were fully aware that they were then unloosening it so completely for ever. Much deep and earnest thought had Forster held within himself as to what it was his honest duty to do for his wife's happiness; that secret about Huber weighed upon him, in spite of his philosophy; yet seeing himself and the ship of his household becoming more and more engulfed in an eddy, he wished to see his wife at least landed beyond its reach; and thus this severing was, in truth, a renunciation on his part. Huber soon after vowed that as long as he lived Theresa never should suffer want, and, forsaking his diplomatic calling,—advancement in which was barred by his well-known friendship for the Jacobins,—he went to Switzerland, whither she had gone from Strasburg with her children. Strange to say, a happier and better understanding between all three was the immediate result of this unwonted settlement. Forster had lost much, but he had won a devoted friendship which, freed

from the restraint of late doubt and fear, now revealed itself in its full strength; and his letters show how at this time, at least, it did not enter his thoughts, that the new order of things should cut him off from personal intercourse with his wife; while she, again, manifests the liveliest sympathy and interest in his career, and fully approves of his pursuing it. In truth, this is one of the most wonderful complications woven out of the smallest and pitiablest misunderstandings, with the highest and noblest self-denial, so that it passes comprehension how they could be dovetailed together; and not least strange is the artless bearing and true childlike affection shown by all the sharers in this odd union.

It was time for women to get out of Mayence when Theresa left. Merlin de Thionsville, Haussmann, and Rewbell arrived from Paris, as commissioners, when all doubt as to the future constitution of the country was laid aside. Endless was now the racket of Forster's daily life, and especially was he worried by the labour of presiding at the club sittings, which were violently disturbed by unseemly brawls. Then were there also patriotic banquets, followed by long-winded orations, so that he might well groan over the part he was made to go through; yet his health was wonderfully borne up by excitement, until a four hours' bath of snow and sleet, on the solemn planting of the tree of freedom on the 4th of January, nearly ended the patriot's days. The loss of so useful a man was borne impatiently; so no sooner was he able to move than he was made to travel through the country districts, as Government Commissioner, to watch the elections of deputies for the Constituent Assembly of Mayence,—an office which brought him into collision with the nobles on their estates. The Union was voted at once, when Forster, with two other citizens, was sent to bear to the Convention the decree which he himself had drawn up. So little did he foresee, in the eagerness of that hour, how events were upon the point of turning, that he expected to be back before the end of three weeks, and, even neglected to take any care for his books and papers. On the 30th of March he was admitted to the bar of the Convention, where he was received with the enthusiastic cheers of that France to which he was sent as the spokesman of its new brethren; although one short week was to suffice to prove how unstable and tottering was the Union he heralded. The allied armies had crossed the Rhine the day before Forster's departure, and since then had advanced upon the town, so as to invest it completely. Under such circumstances, return was for the present out of the question, so to shift for himself as he best could in the heaving surf of Paris, on the pittance of eighteen assignat. livres a day, was all the look-out left to him, and he tried to

make it as cheery a one as good-will would allow. A large world suited Forster's temper; the many shiftings of his early life had given him habits of largeness; and there was in the nature of Paris and its world-movement, abundance to fasten and powerfully interest the peculiar tastes of his mind. Moreover, he came thither with a lively trust and belief in the great Revolution, which the excitement of partisanship had worked up into passionate liking; and yet the first impression of what he saw, when he began to sift and order the crush of sight which thronged on him, was disappointment, which, in spite of himself, stole with clammy chill over his boiling enthusiasm. He saw the ugly under-workings of parties and of party-chiefs, and his gossamer visions threatened absolutely to fade away at the strong glare of Paris light. "The only thing still wanting, after all I have suffered of late, is to have the conviction forced on me, that I have offered up my best strength to a monster, and have worked with honest zeal for a cause with which no one else will work honestly, and which is a cloak for the maddest passions." Forster's political faith, and keen glance into the workings of men and times, were, however, far too steady to be shaken or blinded by any sudden gust; he had become enamoured of the Revolution for herself; and through the throng of low suitors who had jostled and dragged her along into the filth of their debaucheries, his eye, disregarding the harlotry of foisted fashion, dwelt ever lovingly on the beauty with which she had been born. Thus, while goaded to despair by the excesses and horrors of the violent party, he yet proclaimed himself a Jacobin, because he saw in extreme measures the State's only safeguard against a return of old abuses. "I do not deny that the men of the Mountain often show themselves from a disadvantageous and impolitic side; but they seem withal to be freer from prejudice than the others, and, beyond doubt, they have more power and decision." Thus Forster remained true to his convictions,—for with him they were the clear light of belief, which no chance storm could lastingly trouble, for he knew that, in the heaven of his world, certain seasons must have passing storms, and that the big darkness was but the shadow which must come along with the mighty lightning that would clear the firmament.

Eighteen paper livres a day (of which a hundred went, to make one gold louis) were slender rations to fatten on, especially for a man who found himself unable to pick up any scrap of means for himself, being yet so thorough a stranger in the wild chaos he had got into, that, in spite of all his efforts, he could pitch on no standing ground whatsoever in its rocking whirligig. Affairs in Mayence grew daily worse; for not only were a hundred ducats put upon his outlawed head, about which he could afford to joke

from his Paris garret, but, what was infinitely more alarming, a thorough rain of shells and cannon-balls had been hurled upon the town, great part of which, and especially of his own neighbourhood, had been burned; while, even if his house escaped destruction, there was small chance that he would be able to recover his papers, which he had so thoughtlessly forgotten to stow away. Without his papers he was like a palsied man pilfered of his crutches, for his hopes of active employment in the service of France did not wear a promising look. All France was then bustling about Paris and the office haunts of the ministers, and, unless a man had big shoulders, and a strong will to make others afraid of him, there was small likelihood for his luck in picking up anything. Lebrun, Minister of Foreign Affairs, had indeed received him in a friendly manner, and he had the justest claims on the State for whose benefit he had risked and lost his all; yet, if such hopes were worth aught, their value was as yet to come, and, so far, not even in sight.

“After so many years’ hard work, everything which I have undertaken for my advancement has failed, and I begin the world, as it were, afresh, without knowing how or wherewith, as cut off from all Europe, and overladen with debt. I am here without means, without any support, and almost without prospects. I have pledged myself to accept everything which may be offered to me. Scientific merit, and even the skill of the man of business, are now of no avail here. Whoever floats uppermost sits at the helm, until the next man, being the strongest for the moment, dislodges him. In short, for the first time in my life, all my means prove utterly useless; and I stand as forlorn as a child which has not the strength to nourish itself.”

This dreary view of his circumstances did not, however, long cast down his spirit: summer always invigorated Forster; it was as if this season ever quickened the throb of his tropical heart; and so, as it came on, his courage began to plan designs which smacked of its temper and his roving disposition. He thought of studying Eastern languages, and of going to India for some years.

“If I could only scrape together 400*l.* or 500*l.*, and were it only 300*l.*, I would learn Persian and Arabic, and go overland to India to gather new experience, and besides, make my fortune as physician in a few years. Wholly new objects, foreign sights, movement, occupation, discomfort, and even danger—all this together, with the consciousness that I am busy in the enjoyment and pursuit of such human work as suits my powers, knowledge, and taste, must infallibly prove healing balm to my wounded feelings. I might stay away from four to six years, or still longer, and then return not yet too old to enjoy the end of my days in my children’s arms, while finding them happy, I should bring back to you a friend thankful for the fulfilment of your motherly duties.”

Is not this the same old Forster,—good, generous, and never allowing himself to be long downcast? This last-spoken hope of seeing his wife and children remained bright through all his summer visions, although resignation had been steadily growing on him, so that he saw now clearly enough that it would not do for him to live in the neighbourhood of Theresa, and any longings for such life passed only like the death-quivers of his lone existence. The intimacy of their correspondence was extreme; it was a continual outpouring of friendliest love and sympathy, and he seemed but to feel the pains of his straitened circumstances in the palsy they brought on that helping hand he was always wishing to thrust to those he was so fond of. Even in his uttermost poverty he screwed together a little money for some present when a trusty opportunity of sending it offered; and the only occasion when his letters showed any displeasure with his wife, was when she chanced to lag behind his zeal and faith in the Revolution.

At times Lebrun threw out a sign which buoyed up his hope, and made him look nearer home than India for a beam whercon to float from drowning; until at last, in October, he really was named a French envoy, and was sent to Cambrai to negotiate an exchange of prisoners with the allied generals. On the very day of his appointment, the Angel of Blood had passed close by him with his sword: Lux, one of his two fellow-deputies from Mayence, and who had been the comrade of all his Paris penury, had been arrested that morning to be dragged before the revolutionary tribunal. The poor youth, crazed with admiration of Charlotte Corday's heroism, had loudly said that he would hold it as his highest honour to be doomed to share her death, and wrote an apotheosis of her, in which he proposed that a statue should be erected to her as greater than Brutus. Nor was the mission itself a pleasant and comfortable thing, whatever visions friends abroad made to themselves of Forster's mightiness; in truth, the Republican Envoy was woefully off in every way, worried by the dullest of business, which, during three months he in vain tried to see make some progress, without a friend or an amusement to cheer weary days, while he ruefully shivered in a reeking garret (and even there in his wretched bed he was robbed of comfort by hosts of vermin), for the measure of wood cost 120 livres, and, as he says himself, "he did not understand the art of swelling his income of 3000 into 40,000 livres." Still this mission may well be put down amongst the lucky windfalls of his life, for at this time Paris was at the highest pitch of its mistrust of foreigners, and but for his absence, Forster would hardly have escaped suspicion, with his open out-spoken honesty and his intimate connexion with poor Lux, who, when brought before the tribunal and in

prison, bore himself like one rapt with frenzy, and at last leapt up the steps to the scaffold as lightly as if they led to a bridal chamber. It is very noteworthy what calm, unruffled courage Forster shows during all these sad times; it is as if the thought of danger to himself never crossed him for an instant; and from his garret at Arras (whither the approach of the allies had driven him rather hastily from Cambrai), as from the heart of Paris, he looks unflinchingly on the terrible things going on around him, and passes his judgment as quietly and unguardedly on men and matters as if he himself were wholly beyond their power and reach. There is literally not one word in his correspondence which betrays the thought that he might be drawn down by the wild eddy he was so close to. The only uneasiness which worried him was the uncertainty of his prospects, by which he found himself kept in continued fever; for while he saw that his foreign origin and sturdy independence were stumblingblocks in the way of employment, the absence of his papers and books rendered him unable to undertake any literary labour. Yet with all this his brave spirit was not abashed, and indeed at this period of his life he seems to have been animated with unwonted courage. In the outer world there was only one spot for him where he hoped to find soothing comfort; and daily, on returning from long, lonely walks along the poplar-edged canals of Flanders, his mind spinning with schemes for the future, the perusal of Theresa's letters, or chafing disappointment when his expectation of such was baulked, made him turn with impassioned longing to the thought of once more seeing her and his children. The difficulty was great; for even if he could find the requisite money, public mistrust was ever watching the goings and comings on the frontier, and Forster in his peculiar position could easily come to be denounced as a traitor who held intercourse with the enemy's spies. Theresa was staying at Neufchâtel, which, being under Prussian supremacy, was forbidden ground to the outlaw. Yet for her to come over into France was even more dangerous than for Forster to break the decree of the Convention which forbade any one to cross the boundaries without the Government's express permission. The first petty police officer might cheaply show his zeal by laying hold of her as a skulking emigrant; while Huber, as an enemy's subject, could never be admitted. About the middle of October, being at last relieved from his diplomatic functions, Forster moved heaven and earth in Paris to be able to attain his wishes. It was resolved that Theresa should come with Huber to Travers, a poor village in the Jura a few miles from the French frontier, whither Forster was to cross from Pontarlier. He obtained a loan of 1000 livres from an old Mayence friend. He reckoned on his official character to overcome any difficulties on:

the frontier, while he hoped to shield himself against the penalty of death which was attached to the transport of coin out of the country, by bringing back a paper in Huber's possession, which, written by Clermont Tonnerre, contained matters of high importance about General Luckner's supposed treason, and which, if subjected to inquiry, Forster would pretend to have been bought with the money he had in truth carried to his children. At last the arrangements were ready, and early in November he left Paris for Pontarlier. The chief of the frontier post proved a friendly man, who willingly agreed to help him as far as he could; so, riding across the snowy ridges of the Jura, he reached unobserved the appointed hamlet on a November morning. What passed between the three—what overwhelming thoughts—what flashes of hope and pangs of disappointment shot across their minds in those three days, when all the floodgates of their hearts were opened, and their fulness flowed so fast to choking—there is no account, for how could any cunning words set forth such a throng of emotion? It is a meeting worth thinking about. Forster seemed to his friends to have grown stouter in health, and his complexion appeared to have a freshness, which was probably but the flush of joyous excitement, while he also expressed himself pleased with what he saw. Thus did these few days fly past but too swiftly in the enjoyment of the highest and most heartfelt bliss, and the three were again torn asunder so suddenly and so rapidly that all was like a dream, had not the tingling throbs of memory continued to heave and flush their frames.

“I thank Heaven” (he writes, the day after the separation) “that I have carried out coming to you; these three days have strengthened me for a long while, and have perhaps poised me rightly for ever. I feel myself like Antæus, the son of Earth, who received new strength when he touched his mother. My courage to hold out is firmer and more decided, and my resignation (if I may so call it) to everything which may happen, has now no struggle more to overcome. We could still be happy, and live with and near each other some twenty or thirty years. As for our starving, that is out of the question; and the more so if we are together, and restrict ourselves to that which is simply necessary. Would that be any suffering *for us*, especially after all we have experienced, seen, and heard,—after all that happens and takes place about us? I can reckon that I shall always have an income of 6000 livres;—could I only find 4000 for Huber, then I would pledge myself that we might live perfectly well in Paris. Why, it must go! Kiss my sweet children. How I scanned the mail-guard to-day who had seen them yesterday. Good-bye.”

Poor Forster! who, reckoning on thirty years of happiness, had but nine weeks of nether life allotted to him, and most of these to be passed in racking torments!

For a fortnight Forster still remained by himself at Pontarlier,— for what reason does not appear, unless it were that he feared to leave the neighbourhood of those he loved until want of money drove him away. The journey was made in the wretchedest winter weather, so that he reached Paris in sad plight, where he put up at the *Hôtel des Patriotes Hollandais*, in the *Rue des Moulins*. He had been attacked on the way with rheumatic spasms in the chest, which, however, yielded to remedies, and allowed him to run about Paris, where, as he wrote, he found not a few new things. Chebot and Bazire's imprisonment, which had just happened, were startling tidings even in those days; while Danton's mighty voice, after long silence, was beginning to let itself be heard again within the walls of the Convention. Poor Chaufort, the librarian, whom he had left dealing out books in the *Rue Richelieu*, was lying in the *Luxembourg* prison, being carefully nursed of his razor-gashes that he might be reserved for the guillotine, which, in the interval of his absence, had been at work on many known heads—amongst them, Manuel, and Bailly, and *Egalité*. Careless exposure to wintry weather did him, however, fresh harm, for, on the 11th December, he had to write that for three days he had been obliged to keep his bed, but that things were mending, and before three other days were over he would be able to go out again as usual. His old disease, the scurvy, brought on, in the first instance, by the wet and cold he had encountered on his journey, had taken the shape of rheumatic gout, and was flying about his body, having been violently increased by his careless neglect of precautions. Still gradually he began to recover, though sleepless nights and exhausting torments required a longer convalescence than the three days he had been hopefully looking to as enough. With his inborn eagerness, at this time heightened by the lively spirit of enterprise which had come over him since his visit to Travers, he forthwith went out as soon as ever he could, in cold and bitter weather, and so, having visited some friends on the evening of the 19th December, he found himself obliged to walk home late at night, as no carriage could be found. The consequence was an immediate and violent return of his malady. "I have fared ill in this undertaking. My chest became as sore and tired as if a scurper had been passed over it; and even now my whole inside is still one sore." Two days later, however, he already wrote a more hopeful account; for though so weak as to be unable to walk a hundred steps without violent coughing and faintness, while his joints were painfully swollen, he yet declared himself without fear of the consequences of his illness; and so duped were Theresa and Huber by the cheerful tone of his letters, that, accustomed, on the one hand, to know Forster continually

ailing, while, on the other, trustful in the healthy look he had at Travers, they felt no serious alarm about his state. The improvement announced in every letter would not come. The gouty swellings spread more and more over the whole body, racking it with ceaseless torments, which baffled all soothing medicines, though they did not overcome his sturdy courage. On the 4th January he wrote the following letter to Theresa:—

“But a few lines from my bed of pain that my darlings be not without tidings. My sickness has now lasted thirteen days. I do not shut an eye, and until this night I have always had more or less violent pain. Now it seems to be venting itself—the fourth day after two blisters. At the same time I have that fearful scorbutic flow of saliva which I had at Mayence when your father came to see us. Danger there is none. Strength exists still, although so lessened that my recovery will be slow. Believe me, that in the account of my sickness there is neither a word too much nor too little. The pains have left the stomach and bowels; they were the chief thing. You will understand that I can do no work. I can only save myself. I cannot continue this scrawl—therefore, only be without anxiety. I beg of you, dear Huber, take care that our Theresa does not create herself any fancies. It is true that I am very and painfully ill; but once more—there is no danger. Your letters, my dear child, which I have all received, have been a dear gift to me in my illness; be sure to continue writing assiduously! We have everywhere been victorious like lions; the Frankfort call has been full of augury. I am curious to learn how public spirit will express itself on the other side the Rhine, now that the truth of the news is undoubted. Is it not true, my children—a few words are better than nothing? I have no more strength to write. Farewell! Guard yourselves against illness—kiss my darlings.”

It was the last letter ever written by George Forster, and with what a healthy flow of unaffected feeling does it teem, and how thoroughly warm and lively is his heart's throb to the last. He had a few friends who at first watched at his bedside, but becoming tired with waiting for his death, they all of them forsook him, except one old messmate from Mayence. The gout by degrees conquered the body bit by bit, until, at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 12th January, 1794, the brave soul breathed its last. The Mayence friend immediately informed Huber of what had happened in the following words:—

“My tears announce to you, dear friend, a melancholy event. Our poor Forster is dead; he died in his room an hour ago of apoplexy, after a long gouty illness. I rendered him the last duties of a friend, and closed his eyes. . . . Of the last hours of our poor dead friend I can in truth say nothing, but that the proverb proved itself true:—

‘Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos
Tempora si fuerint nubila solus eris.’

Ovid was quite right. In the last eight days, as Forster's illness became more serious, all his many friends—French, Germans, Poles,—forsook him; I alone remained to succour him in his sufferings. I seldom left him; and on the day of his death I was with him till four in the afternoon. At that time his illness did not yet threaten death: business called me away, and when I returned at five in the evening, nature's struggle between existence and cessation had already begun, and my poor friend was at the point of death. The gout had got into the chest, an apoplectic stroke came thereto, and his last words were of his children. Quiverings snapped the fetters of life; his two watchmen and myself were present at his last breath, and I then immediately took care about the sealing up of all he had left behind him, and the *procès verbal* which the *juge de paix* arranged."

Little indeed was it that he left behind him, for the journey to Travers had not yet been paid for, and even that little got frittered away by dishonest handling. An ex-count—at that time citizen Joguet—thrust himself, with much show and bustle of friendship, on Theresa, and offered, by his influence and knowledge of Paris, to settle her husband's affairs, if she would furnish him with the authority to do so. What became of the man himself does not appear, beyond that he tried to turn to his own best possible advantage the trust which had been blindly reposed in his assurances. Theresa sent such of Forster's papers as he had with him in Paris, as a donation from his children to the Committee for Education, without ever receiving any acknowledgment, until, many years later, a friend of the family found a bundle of old papers in the lumber-room of the National Institute, and on scrutiny it proved to be the remains of this donation, which figured as a patriotic gift of the said citizen. So forsaken was the end of one who had begun life so daz- zlingly. Hardly a word was spoken about his death, and if so, then was it mostly a curse, for pity was barely dared to be whispered. Sömmering, peevish, and fretting at the chattels he had lost during the Mayence outbreak, started back from the very name of Forster as from the Evil One. Lichtenberg timidly bewailed that his married state imposed caution, so that all he could afford to do for his friend's memory was to *think* freely of him. Jacobi's delicate nature did not mingle in the low choir of hooters, but still he stood silently aloof; and, most shocking of all, the old father at Halle, in the mad frenzy of hoary age, belched forth a yell of outrage against his George, to have seen whom swing on the gallows he declared would have been the closing pleasure of his life. One man alone dared to weep openly for him, and tenderly he wept over his loss: kindly old Heyne, who, in the fulness of his honest heart, cast aside all his caution and regard for consequences, to let its sorrow pour itself forth.

"Since yesterday's news, which has altogether confounded me" (he wrote to Huber on the 31st of January), "I cannot collect my thoughts. I cannot console myself for the loss of my Forster.—Truly was he *my Forster*. I loved him beyond expression: so many feelings were mingled in him. His worth—ah! he will never be replaced for the world. The knowledge that was gathered in him will not soon again be found in one man. The noblest nature—the noblest heart—and for me ever the object of sorrow—of pity. I always thought of him with emotion; he deserved to be happy more than thousand others, and yet was never so—was so deeply unhappy! It is as yet impossible for me to think that I am never to see him again! I shall never be able to forget him; always will he float before my eyes—thou noblest—best man! What would I give for one hour which I might have conversed with him! Rest in peace, my dear, my cherished Forster!"

The man who had borne the name of Germany all over the world,—whose writings were amongst the masterpieces of its language,—whose feeling was so true and whose thought so national, that he first coined a thorough German word for public spirit (*gemeingeist*), that man's memory was tracked and hunted down as of the vilest traitor; so that, nearly forty years after his death, his wife did not dare to publish his letters without prefixing an apology. Four months after Forster's death Theresa and Huber were married, and the remainder of their lives was at least happy and contented.

ART. V:—EDINBURGH FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Memorials of His Time. By Henry Cockburn. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1856.

WILL anybody give us a history of Scotland from the year 1745 onwards to the present time? Perhaps Mr. Burton, who has already presented us with a "History of Scotland from 1688 to 1745," may be induced to carry on the work, so as to traverse the period still nearer us; but if he does not fulfil the task, it will probably not be fulfilled at all. For it is precisely from the year 1745 that Scotland ceases to have that sort of history which, according to our ordinary ideas of history, it is easy or necessary to write. Some forty years before that time, Scotland had parted with her nationality by the Treaty of Union. There was an end of "an auld sang;" and the smaller country, though nominally only united to the larger, was virtually, for all purposes of general history, incorporated with it. Scotchmen
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have recently been complaining that literature has not even paid Scotland the poor compliment of remembering the fact of her union with England, so far as to use the word "Britain," then specially provided by law as the designation of the compound kingdom, but has gone on speaking of "England," and "English History," as if the absorption by the larger country of such a morsel as Scotland had produced no change of national identity worth distinguishing by name. The fact that this has taken place is, according to many, its own justification. The continuity of English life *was* too little disturbed by the mere admission into the Parliament of Westminster of sixteen peers and forty-five members for counties and boroughs, from the other side of the Tweed, to make it reasonable to suppose that Englishmen would always thenceforth remember to call themselves Britons, even when speaking of the new kingdom in the aggregate. Literary usage will not be bound by treaties; and even patriotic Scottish writers—as, for example, Sir Archibald Alison—have been in the habit of using the word "England" for the conjunct nation oftener than the legal word "Britain." Apart, however, from all controversy in the matter of names, it is plain that, from the date of the Union, Scotchmen themselves have considered their national history, in all ordinary senses, concluded. There is an Irish History as late as the year 1800, or later; but our text-books of Scottish History close at the year 1707. For about forty years after that date, indeed, Scotland contrived by vigorous exertions to make her separate existence still felt. The fierce flutter of the tartans in the two rebellions of 1715 and 1745 drew the historians hurriedly back to her after they thought they had done with her; and so it is not uncommon in books of Scottish history to find the narrative continued, by way of appendix, as far as 1745. But then the historian takes his final leave. With the furious Cumberland and the Government whom Cumberland served, he scatters the tartans for the last time; he breaks up the Highlands by forts and roads; he abolishes hereditary jurisdictions; he grubs up, so to speak, all the roots and relics of the old Scottish autonomy which, since the Union, had been left in the ground and had proved troublesome; and, when he turns his back on Scotland again, it is with an assurance that he will never be recalled, and that from that hour all on the other side of the Border will be, like cleared land, left quiet and fallow. Scotland *is*, then, but a part of Britain.

And yet, in another sense, what do we see? Why, that this very period of the historical non-existence of Scotland is the period of her most energetic, most peculiar, and most various life! What Scotland was in the world prior to 1745, is nothing

compared with what, even purely as Scotland, she has been in the world since 1745. Prior to that time she was cooped up within herself, a narrow nation leading a life of intense internal action; and the most thrilling facts of her history—such as the wars of independence against England, and the Presbyterian Reformation under Knox—were of a kind, the contemporaneous interest of which was confined within her own bounds. Even after the union of the Crowns, in 1603, it was only indirectly and collaterally, as in the Scottish episodes of the Great Civil War and its sequel, that the influence of Scotland in general history became at all notable. But since 1745, the Scottish element has visibly acquired a proportion in the general mass of things which it never had before. Not only since that period has Scotland still stood where it did, inhabited by the same race of men living on according to their old habits, and the same in all respects, barring the lost autonomy,—not only, therefore, has there been a distinct history of Scottish society since that time, capable of being written by itself, if any one chose to take up the subject,—but the circumstance that at that time Scotland burst its bounds has reacted on its history, so as vastly to increase its dimensions, and in many ways also to vary its character. Since 1745, Scotland has nearly tripled its population. The commercial prosperity of Scotland, with all that that involves, dates from the same period. It is since that period that Scotland has sent forth most of that series of eminent men who have made their names illustrious in the various walks of active and industrial life, at home and abroad. From that period, with some allowance for those numerous Scottish thinkers who taught philosophy in the European schools in earlier centuries, dates the rise and development of what is known as the Scottish Philosophy. From that period, still more conspicuously, dates the manifestation of Scottish intellect, in any considerable degree, in the departments of literature and art. Before 1745, with the single exception of the poet Thomson, Scotland had not given birth to a literary man able to command the distinct recognition of his English contemporaries. It was precisely about this time, however, that such men as Hume and Smollett, and Robertson and Adam Smith, and Blair and Kames—all of them born after the Union, and most of them between the two rebellions,—began that literary activity of the Scottish mind, which, kept up by such of their immediate successors as Burns, and Mackenzie, and Dugald Stewart, has been continued, with ever-increasing effect, to our own time, by writers whose name is legion. In short, however we look at the matter, it is a singular fact, that the most productive period of the History of Scotland is that which has elapsed since Cumberland tore the last relics of

autonomy out of her soil, and left her, passive and Parliamentless, to the sheer influences of nature.

One reason why—notwithstanding this interesting progress of Scottish society since 1745—the history of the period has not been written, is that, according to our common views, the very circumstance of autonomy is necessary to a proper history. It is over parliaments, monarchs, and seats of government, with an occasional excursion after embassies, or in the route of armies to great battle-fields, that the muse of history hovers; where there is no parliament, monarch, or seat of government, and no embassy or march of armies to make up for the want, she finds it unnecessary to stay, and thinks it sufficient if she leaves the muse of individual biography as her deputy. Hence, as we have said, the muse of history left Scotland in 1707, and only returned temporarily, and on compulsion, to attend to the Highland rebellions. Whatever claim on her attention Scotland since that time has possessed, she considers herself to have amply satisfied by hovering over the Parliament of Westminster, as the centre of British interests in general, or by following those trains of military and international action, emanating from that centre, in which Scotchmen have had part side by side with Englishmen and Irishmen. The task of recording purely Scottish events in their sequence during the last hundred and ten years,—of taking note of all the flitting social phenomena of which during that period the land north of the Tweed has been the scene,—has accordingly devolved on the muse of individual biography, aided by the muse of economical dissertation and statistics; and whether the materials which these subordinate muses have gathered in the shape of miscellaneous lives of remarkable Scotchmen since 1745, and miscellaneous sketches of Scottish life and society, will ever be organized into a regular history, seems, as we have said, somewhat problematical. To a writer capable of combining the scattered elements of interest lying in such materials, the thing would certainly be possible.

Of the various recent works having anything of the character of contributions to a history of Scottish society during the period in question, the richest by far, both in fact and in suggestion, are the two which bear the name of the late Lord Cockburn. Rich enough in this respect was his "Life of Jeffrey;" but richer still are those posthumous "Memorials of his Time," quotations from which have for the last three months been filling our reviews and newspapers. Lord Cockburn was born in 1779, and died in 1854; consequently, it is not over the whole of the period under notice, but only over the last seventy years of it, that his reminiscences could in any case have extended. In point of fact, however, the period over which they do extend is still more limited.

The "Memorials" begin about the year 1787, when the author was a boy at school, and they do not come farther down than the year 1830. We think, too, that all readers of the volume will agree with us that the earlier portion of it—that which contains Lord Cockburn's recollections of the time of his boyhood and youth—is by far the most interesting. Nowhere is there such a vivid and racy account of the state of Scottish society from about 1790 to about 1806, as is contained in these pages. Fixing on the latter year, and remembering that Lord Cockburn's recollections refer chiefly to Scottish society as it was represented in Edinburgh, we have in the "Memorials" the best text for an article with the title which we have assumed.

First of all, the "Memorials," taken in connexion with the "Life of Jeffrey," bring more distinctly before us than has ever yet been done since the time of the Reform Bill pamphlets, the anomalous system of polity by which Scotland was governed fifty or sixty years ago. Such a system of polity, maintained so quietly and with such results, was probably never seen under the sun. Nominally, Scotland was under a free representative government; but in reality it was under the absolute rule of a single native. Ever since Scotland had parted with her turbulent autonomy at the Union, the English Government, except in a few instances when they had tried to govern her for themselves, according to Anglican methods, which raised a storm about their ears, had found it convenient to entrust the sole management of her affairs to a single minister, who, by his Scottish birth and connexions on the one hand, and his connexions with the supreme power in London on the other, could act as a kind of responsible middleman. Knowing the character and habits of his countrymen, he could carry out the intentions of Government in Scotland far better than they could do themselves; and commanding the Scottish votes in Parliament, he could serve the Government in British questions, and dictate to them in Scottish ones. This kind of ministerial sovereignty, or government by contract, in Scotland, was long exercised by the powerful Whig family of Argyle. During the Whig and Tory alternations of the early part of the reign of George III., the sovereignty was shifted from the Argyle family to others, till at last, about the time of the formation of the Pitt ministry in 1783, it settled permanently in the Tory family of Dundas, whose patrimonial property as lairds, and their professional craft as lawyers, connected them more immediately with Edinburgh. From 1783 to 1806 Henry Dundas, the first Lord Melville, was virtually the king of Scotland; and whenever the history of Scotland during that period comes to be written, he will be the central figure. All in all, though within a narrower field, he was as remarkable a man as

either Pitt or Fox; and his life, from the absoluteness with which it was identified with the career of his native country during so long a period, possesses elements of biographical interest which theirs want. Both Lord Brougham and Lord Cockburn have sketched the character of this important man, of whom, in their youth, Scotchmen were continually speaking as subjects speak of their liege lord. In the House, says Lord Brougham, he could not be called an orator; he was "a plain, business-like speaker," and "an admirable man of business," whose discipline as a lawyer had done him much good. Personally, he was a man of "engaging qualities;" "a steady and determined friend;" "an agreeable companion, from the joyous hilarity of his manners," "void of all affectation, all pride, all pretension;" "a kind and affectionate man in the relations of private life;" "in his demeanour hearty, and good-humoured to all." Lord Cockburn, as becomes the nephew speaking of the uncle, is even more enthusiastic in his descriptions. "Handsome, gentlemanlike, frank, cheerful, and social," says Lord Cockburn, "he was a favourite with most men, and with all women;" "too much a man of the world not to live well with his opponents when they would let him, and totally incapable of personal harshness or unkindness." "He was the very man for Scotland at that time; and is a Scotchman of whom his country may be proud." Such was the man in whom, partly from the circumstances which had placed him where he was, partly from his own qualities, the entire management of Scottish affairs was vested towards the close of the last and at the beginning of the present century. This era of Scottish history might be named the Dundas despotism.

But what was the method of the despotism? It was very peculiar and at the same time very simple and natural. Mr. Dundas was a leading member of the Pitt administration. He had been Lord Advocate of Scotland under the North ministry, and he was subsequently, in succession, Minister for India, Home Minister, War-Secretary, and First Lord of the Admiralty. It was as minister for India that he most usefully distinguished himself in his capacity as a British statesman. But it was in his other capacity as sovereign minister for Scotland that he laboured most characteristically. Coming and going between London and Edinburgh, he was known to carry all Scotland in his pocket. His colleagues, on the one hand, made Scotland entirely over to him; and he, on the other, contracted to keep Scotland quiet for them, and to give them the full use of the united Scottish influence in Parliament. His means, as regarded his countrymen, were very efficient: they consisted, apart from the mere power of his own tact and talent, in the uncontrolled use of patronage. The population of Scotland at that time did not exceed a million

and a half,—a population in which, according to the ordinary calculation, there could not be more than about three hundred and fifty thousand adult males. This was a nice little compact body to keep in order, and not above one man's strength, if he had offices enough at his disposal. But it was not even necessary to deal with all this little mass directly. There was no popular representation in Scotland. Fifteen out of the five-and-forty Scottish members of the House of Commons were members for burghs; and these were elected by the town-councils, who were themselves self-elected, and nearly permanent. Nay, the Edinburgh town-council alone returned a member directly; the other burgh-members were for "districts of burghs," and were elected by delegates from the various town-councils included in the several "districts." The county constituency, on the other hand, who elected the thirty county members, did not exceed 1500 or 2000 persons for all Scotland; and these, from the standard of qualification, were necessarily all persons of an upper rank. In managing Scotland, accordingly, Government, through Dundas, had only to deal directly with an upper two thousand or so, including the town-councils,—a body not too large, as Lord Cockburn says, to be held completely within Government's hand. Gratitude for places conferred, fear of removal from place, and hope of places to be obtained for themselves and their relations or dependents, were the forces by which they were held. Nobody could get a place or could hold a place except through Harry Dundas; and he had places enough at his disposal to give all the necessary chance. There was, first, all the patronage of Scotland itself, including judgeships, sheriffships, professorships, clerical livings, offices of customs and excise, and a host of minor appointments, all within the control of Dundas, to be distributed by him according to his personal knowledge, or the representations of his friends. Then there were commissions in the army and navy, appointments in the India service, medical appointments, and posts in the various departments of the public service in England, all excellent as openings for young Scotchmen who could not be provided for at home, and in the patronage of which Dundas had at least his full share as a member of the general administration. The political faith of Scotland was, therefore, simply Dundasism; and it was in a great measure the result of Dundas's own political position that this Dundasism was equivalent to Toryism. As the colleague and friend of Pitt, the member of a government whose one thought was hatred to the French Revolution, and everything at home that savoured of sympathy with it, Dundas willed that his subjects should be Tories, and they were so. At last Toryism became the inveterate national habit. Lord Cockburn describes feelingly the utter political

abjectness of Scotland during the Dundas reign. As in England, "everything rung and was connected with the Revolution in France; everything, not this or that thing, but literally everything, was soaked in this one event." But in Scotland, more than in England, horror of the French Revolution and of every doctrine or practice that could be charged with the remotest suspicion of connexion with it, became the necessary creed of personal safety. To resent every idea of innovation or popular power, nay, every recognition of the existence of the people politically, as blasphemy, Jacobinism, and incipient treason, was the same thing as allegiance to Dundas; and this, again, was the same thing as having any comfort in life. Hence, three-fourths of the entire population, and almost all the wealth and rank of the country, were of the Tory or intolerant party; and no names of abuse were hard enough, no persecution harsh enough for the daring men, consisting perhaps of about a fourth of the middle and working classes, with a sprinkling of persons of a higher grade, who formed the small Opposition. Though the opinions of these were of the most moderate shade of what would now be called liberalism, the slightest expression of them was attended with positive risk: spies were employed to watch such of them as had any social position; in several cases there were trials for sedition, with sentences of transportation, and only the impossibility of finding grounds for indictment prevented more. The negative punishment of exclusion from office and every favour of Government and its supporters was the least, and it was universally applied. Burns nearly lost his excisemanship for too free speaking; and a letter is extant, addressed by him to one of the commissioners of the Scottish Board of Excise, in which, without denying his liberalism, he protests that it is within the bounds of devout attachment to the Constitution, and implores the commissioner, as "a husband and a father" himself, not to be instrumental in turning him, his wife, and his little ones adrift "into the world, degraded and disgraced." Part of the poet's crime seems to have been subscribing to an Edinburgh liberal paper which had been started by one Captain Johnstone. This Johnstone was imprisoned after the publication of a few numbers; and the very printer of the paper, though himself a Tory, was nearly ruined by his connexion with it. No subsequent attempt was made, during the Dundas reign, to establish an Opposition newspaper. From 1795 to 1820, according to Lord Cockburn, not a single public meeting on the Opposition side of politics was or could be held in Edinburgh. Elections of members of Parliament, whether for burghs or counties, in Scotland, were a farce: they were transacted quietly, by those whose business it was, in town-halls or in the private rooms of hotels; and the people only

knew of the matter by the ringing of a bell, or by some other casual method of announcement. Abject Toryism, or submission to Dundas and the existing order of things, pervaded every vein and corner of established or official life in Scotland—the church, the bench, the bar, the colleges and public schools; and so powerfully were any elements of possible opposition that did exist kept down by the pressure of this organized self-interest, and by the fear of pains and penalties, that the appearance at last from the Solway to Caithness was that of absolute and imperturbable political stagnation. Once, indeed, a crisis occurred which put the Scotch nearly out in their calculations. This was in 1801, when Pitt resigned office, and Dundas along with him, and a new ministry was formed under Addington. Dundas out of power was a conception totally new to the Scottish mind; an association, or rather a dissociation of ideas utterly paralyzing. “For a while,” says Lord Brougham, “all was uncertainty and consternation; all were seen fluttering about like birds in an eclipse or a thunder-storm; no man could tell whom he might trust; nay, worse still, no man could tell of whom he might ask anything.” Dundasism, which had hitherto meant participation in place and patronage, now seemed in danger of losing that meaning; and the Scotch feared that they might have to choose between the name and the thing. They were faithful to Dundas, however, and they were rewarded. Pitt returned to office; and until 1806, when the impeachment of Lord Melville and the death of Pitt brought on a new crisis, there was no farther disturbance of the Scottish stagnation.

An awful state of things this must seem to our modern politicians! A country without political life, without public meetings, without newspapers, without a hustings: could any enduring existence be led in such a set of conditions—could any good come out of it? Incredible as it may seem, there is evidence that in this state of things the Scotch did contrive, in some way or other, to lead not only an enduring, but a very substantial and jolly existence; and that not only a great deal of good, but much of what Scotland must now regard as its best and most characteristic produce, had its genesis in these times, though the exodus is nearer our own. The various liberties of the human subject may be classified and arranged according to their degree of importance; and a great many of them may exist where the liberty of voting for members of Parliament and of openly talking politics is absent. So it was in Scotland, at least during the reign of Dundas and Toryism. The million and a half of human beings who then composed Scotland and were scattered over its surface, in their various parishes, agricultural or pastoral, and in their towns and villages, went through their daily life with a great deal of energy and enjoyment, notwithstanding that Dundas, and the lairds and

the bailies as his agents, elected the members of Parliament and transacted all the political business of the country; nay, out of the lairds and the bailies themselves, and all the business of electioneering, they extracted a good deal of fun. • What mattered it that now and then some long-tongued fellow who had started a newspaper, was stowed away in jail, or that an Edinburgh lawyer like Muir was transported for being incontinent in his politics? Could not people let well alone, obey the authorities, earn their oatmeal, and drink their whisky in peace? Few of Scott's novels come down so far as this period of Scottish life, and it has hardly yet been described in our literature of fiction; but there are many yet alive who remember it, and delight in recalling its savageries and its humours. O, the old Scottish times of the lairds, the moderate ministers, the provosts, and the bailies!—the lairds speaking broad Scotch, farming their own lands, carousing together, marrying their daughters, and writing to London for appointments for their sons; the moderate ministers making interest for *their* sons, preaching Blair and “cauld morality” on Sundays, and jogging to christenings or Presbytery dinners through the week; the provosts and bailies in their shops in the forenoon, or meeting in the morning to their “deid-chack” after a man was hanged! Every considerable town then had its hangman, who was generally a well-to-do person who sold fish. And then all through society, the flirtations, the friendships, and the long winter evenings at the fireside, with the cracks between the “gudeman” and his neighbours, and the alternative of a hand at cards or a well-thumbed book for the young folks. What stalwart old fellows, both of the douce and of the humorous type, oracular and respected in their day, and whose physiognomies and maxims are still preserved in local memory, lived and died in those days and made them serve their turn! Nay, of the list of Scotchmen recently dead, or still alive, who have been eminent in the intellectual world, what a number belong by their birth to the reign of Dundas, and were nurtured amid its torpid influences! Burns closed his life in the midst of it; Stewart and Watt lived through it; Scott, and Jeffrey, and Chalmers, and Wilson, and Hamilton, and Carlyle are all, more or less, specimens of what it could send forth. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*: there was pith in Scotland before parliamentary reform.

Naturally it was in Edinburgh that the various elements of Scottish life at this time were seen in their closest contact and their most intimate union or antagonism. It was here that Dundas lived when he was in Scotland; and here were the central threads of that official network by which, through Dundas, Scotland was connected with the English Government. Edinburgh was then still the chief city of Scotland, even in population; for

though now Glasgow has far outstripped it, numbering nearly 400,000 inhabitants, while Edinburgh counts but about 160,000, then the two cities were happy in numbering little more than 80,000 each. At least, in the census of 1801, Edinburgh stands for 82,000, or almost exactly neck to neck with Glasgow, which stands for 83,000. Dundee, which came next, reckoned but 29,000; Aberdeen 27,000; and Leith and Paisley, each about 20,000. Few other Scotch towns had a population of more than ten thousand.

Was there ever in this world such a city to live in as Edinburgh?

“ And I forgot the clouded Forth,
The gloom that saddens heaven and earth,
The bitter east, the misty summer,
And gray metropolis of the North.”

We are sorry that this was all that Mr. Tennyson's experience of it enabled him to say about it. The east winds do bite there fearfully, and blow a dust of unparalleled pungency in your eyes as you cross the North Bridge; but with that single exception, unless you choose to add an incidental perfume that may not be pleasant in some streets, and the prevailing Calvinism of the whole place, what a city! Gray! why it is gray, or gray and gold, or gray and gold and blue, or gray and gold and blue and green, or gray and gold and blue and green and purple, according as the heaven pleases, and you choose your ground! But take it gray (and gray, if properly appreciated, is a fine sombre colour), where is there such another gray city? The noble irregular ridge of the old town, with its main street of lofty antique houses rising gradually from Holyrood up to the craggy castle; the chasm between the old and new towns, showing its grassy slopes by day, and glittering supernaturally with lamps at night; the new town itself, like a second city spilt out of the old, fairly built of stone, and stretching downwards over new heights and hollows, with gardens intermixed, till it reaches the flats of the Forth! Then Calton Hill in the midst, Arthur's Seat looking over all, like a lion grimly keeping guard, the wooded Corstorphines lying soft on one side, and the larger Pentlands looming quiet in the distance! Let the sky be as gray and heavy as the absence of the sun can make it, and where have natural situation and the hand of man combined to exhibit such a mass of the city picturesque? And only let the sun strike out, and lo! a burst of new glories in and around. The sky blue as sapphire overhead; the waters of the Forth clear to the broad sea; the hills and the fields of Fife distinctly visible from every northern street and window; still more distant peaks on either horizon; and, as day goes down, the gables and pinnacles of the old houses blazing and glancing

with the setting sun! It is such a city, that no one, however familiar with it, can walk out in its streets for but five minutes at any hour of the day or night or in any state of the weather, without a new pleasure through the eye alone. Add to this the historical associations. Remember that this is the city of ancient Scottish royalty; that there is not a close or alley in the old town, and hardly a street in the new, that has not memories of the great or the quaint attached to it; that the many generations of old Scottish life that have passed through it have left every stone of it, as it were, rich with legend. To the English poet all this might be indifferent; but hear the Scottish poets:—

“Edina! Scotia’s darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers!”

is the salutation of Burns, brought from his native Ayrshire, for the first time to behold the Scottish capital. “Mine own romantic town,” is the outburst of Scott, in that famous passage, where, after describing Edinburgh as seen by Marmion from the Braids, he makes even the Englishman beside himself with rapture at the sight:—

“Fitz-Eustace’ heart felt closely pent;
As if to give his rapture vent,
The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle hand,
And, making demi-volte in air,
Cried, ‘Where’s the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?’”

This is sixteenth-century feeling; and probably Richter’s words, used by way of apostrophe to *his* native place, would more properly express a Scotchman’s feeling of the present day towards the city so enthusiastically celebrated in the past: “City of my dwelling,” he says, “to which I would belong on this side the grave!”

Fifty or sixty years ago, this city had the advantage of having only about eighty thousand people in it. For all comfortable, and for most good social purposes, that is about the extreme size to which a city should go. The size of London is preposterous. There can be no intimacy, no unity of interest in such a vast place. Ezekiel might be preaching in Smithfield, Camberwell might be swallowed up by an earthquake, and the people of St. John’s Wood might know nothing of it till they saw it announced in the newspapers next morning. There can be no corporate life in London; since the days of the Gordon Riots it has never all been agitated simultaneously. We have an illustration in ancient Athens of what a town of moderate size could be and produce under very favourable conditions. That

such a cluster of men as Pericles, Socrates, Æschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Plato, Alcibiades, Xenophon, and others—men of that class which we only expect to see now far distributed over space and time, *nantes rari in gurgite vasto*,—should have been all seen swimming contemporaneously or nearly so in such a little bit of a pond as Athens was, and that this affluence in great men should have been kept up by so small a population for several generations, seems almost miraculous. The peculiar fineness of the Hellenic nerve may have had something to do with it; but the compactness of the place—the circumstance of so many finely-endowed fellows being all thrown together precisely in such numbers as to have a daily sense of mutual companionship and competition,—this also must have had its effect. In Modern Athens the conditions of its ancient namesake are not *all* reproduced. To say nothing of any difference that there may be in point of original susceptibility between the modern and the ancient Athenian, Modern Athens is unfortunately not a separate state, with separate interests and a separate power of legislation. There are no walls round the Edinburgh territory; nor have the Edinburgh people the privilege of making wars and concluding treaties with the rest of Great Britain, nor of meeting periodically on the Castle Esplanade to pass laws in popular assembly, and hear consummate speeches, beginning “O, men of Edinburgh.” But with many such differences, there are some similarities. Everybody knows or may know everybody else; everybody meets everybody else in the street two or three times every day; the whole town is within such a convenient compass that even to go from extremity to extremity there is no necessity for taking a cab unless it rains. It is a city capable of being simultaneously and similarly affected in all its parts; an idea administered to one knot of citizens is as good as administered to the whole community; a joke made on the Mound at noon ripples gradually to the suburbs, and into the surrounding country, before it is evening. Such is even the case now, when the population is 160,000; it was still better fifty or sixty years ago, when the population was only 80,000, and that population was more shut in within itself by the absence of telegraphs and railroads.

Moreover, the eighty thousand people who were in Edinburgh fifty or sixty years ago, were people of a rather peculiar and yet rather superior mixture of sorts. There never has been any trade or manufacture to speak of in Edinburgh, nor much of the wealth or bustle that arises from trade and manufacture. For the roar of mills and factories, and for a society ranging correspondingly from the great millionaire uppermost to crowds of operatives below, all toiling in the pursuit of wealth, one must go to Glasgow. In Edinburgh, the standard of the highest income

is much lower, and the standard of the lowest is perhaps higher, than in Glasgow; nor is wealth of so much relative importance in the social estimate. According to a rough, but still tolerably exhaustive classification, the society of Edinburgh, fifty or sixty years ago, as well as now, consisted of an upper stratum of lawyers and resident gentry, college professors and clergy, reposing on, but by no means separated from, a community of shopkeepers and artisans sufficient for the wants of the place. Let us glance successively at these various ingredients of Edinburgh society, adding a few particulars respecting each.

(1) *Lawyers and Resident Gentry.*—These two classes may be taken together as to a certain extent identical. From the time of the Union, such of the old nobility of Scotland as had till then remained in their native country, occupying for a certain part of the year the homely but picturesque residences of their ancestors in the old town of Edinburgh, had gradually migrated southwards, leaving but a few residuary families of their order to keep up their memory in the ancient capital of Holyrood and St. Giles. In the room of this ancient nobility, and, indeed, absorbing into it such families of the order as had remained, there had sprung up—as might have been expected from the fact that Edinburgh, though it had parted with its court and legislature, was still the seat of supreme Scottish judicature—a new aristocracy of lawyers. The lawyers—consisting, first of all, of the judges, with their incomes of several thousands a year; then of the barristers, older and younger, in practice or out of practice; and then of the numerous body of writers to the *Signet*, or law-agents,—are now, and for the last century or more have been, the leading element in Edinburgh society. From the expense attending education for the profession, the members of it were generally scions of Scottish families of some rank and substance; and, indeed, it was not unusual for Scottish lairds or their sons to become nominally members of the Scottish bar, even when they did not intend to practise. The fact of the substitution of the legal profession for the old Scottish aristocracy, in the chief place in Edinburgh society, is typified by the circumstance that the so-called Parliament House, which is on the site of the ancient hall where the Estates of the kingdom sat when the nation made its own laws, is now the seat of the Scottish law-courts, and the daily resort of the interpreters of the laws. Any day yet, while the Courts are in session, the Parliament House, with its long oaken ante-room, where hundreds of barristers in their wigs and gowns, accompanied by writers in plainer costume, are incessantly pacing up and down,—and its smaller inner chambers, where the judges on the bench, in their crimson robes, are trying cases,—is the most characteristic sight in Edinburgh. There is

nothing like it in Lincoln's Inn. Even now the general hour of breakfast in Edinburgh is determined by the time when the courts open in the morning; and, dispersed through their homes, or at dinner-parties, in the evening, it is the members of the legal profession that lead the social talk. Fifty or sixty years ago it was the same, with the addition that then the lawyers were perhaps more numerous in proportion to the rest of the community, and were more connected by birth and marriage with the Scottish nobility and lairds.

(2) *The Professorial and Academical Element.*—As Edinburgh is a university town, as its University has always been celebrated, and as, owing to the comparative cheapness of living and education in Edinburgh, many families, after a residence in England or the colonies, have been attracted thither for the sake of the education of their sons, or, without going there themselves, have sent their sons there to be educated, the business of education has always been carried on there on an extensive scale. The teachers of the public and other schools have always formed a considerable and respectable class; while to the professors of the University as the heads of the teaching-class, partly from the inherent dignity of their office, partly from the traditional and accidental dignity conferred by the reputation of some of their body, and partly from the superiority of their emoluments, there has always been accorded a degree of social consideration not attached to the same function anywhere out of Scotland. The reputation of the medical school of Edinburgh, in particular, conferred high distinction on its medical professors; and, as these professors were generally also at the head of the medical practice of the city, the medical element, and, with it, the scientific element, in old Edinburgh society, were, to a considerable extent, bound up with the professorial. There were also, however, professors of law, professors of the classical languages, professors of philosophy, and professors of general literature; and all, simply as professors, took precedence of perhaps every other class of the society of the city, except the judges, and other high legal officials. This holds good in Edinburgh to the present day.

(3) *The Clerical Element.*—In all the Scottish cities, the clergy exercise great influence, and occupy a high rank in society. This arises partly from the same causes which give the clergy influence in other parts of Britain, partly from the peculiar degree to which the Scotch, as a people, are possessed by their Calvinistic religion. In Edinburgh, owing to the perpetuation there of relics of that old Scottish aristocracy which never was completely brought into subjection to Presbytery, even when allied with it, and also owing to the presence in society of a distinct intellectual element in the lawyers, the clergy had not, perhaps, relatively, the same weight as in other

towns. Still they were powerful; at the very least, a negative respect was paid to them by the preservation throughout the place of an external Presbyterian decorum and strictness; and in all houses "the minister" was treated with distinction. Add to this that there generally were, among the Edinburgh clergy, men possessing claims to respect in addition to those belonging to their profession. Some, even in that age of "Moderatism," were remarkable for their eloquence and zeal as preachers and pastors; others had literary pretensions; and others were professors in the University as well as parish clergymen. More, indeed, than now, the professorial and the clerical elements were at one time associated in Edinburgh. Perhaps, however, that which gave the greatest dignity to the clerical or ecclesiastical element in Edinburgh was the annual meeting; in that city, every May, of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. In the history of Scottish society, since the Union, there is, perhaps, no one fact of greater importance than the regular and uninterrupted succession of these annual assemblies in Edinburgh on the affairs of the National Church. Let an Englishman fancy that, during the last century and a half, there had been no Parliament in England, no meetings of the House of Lords or the House of Commons, but that regularly during that period there had been annual convocations of representatives of the whole English clergy, together with such leading members of the laity as churchwardens and the like, from every English parish, and that these convocations had sat ten days in every year, discussing all public matters in any way bearing on the Church, and making laws affecting the entire ecclesiastical organization of the country, both in its spiritual and its secular provisions,—and he will have an idea of the extent to which the national history of Scotland since its union with England, is bound up in the records of its General Assemblies. The General Assembly, in fact, from the year 1707 to the disruption of the Scottish Church in 1843, was, to some extent, a veritable Parliament, in which, though the secular Parliament had been abolished, the united people of Scotland still saw their nationality preserved and represented. All through the year the separate clergymen in the thousand parishes, or so, into which Scotland was divided, managed their own parochial affairs with the assistance of select laymen called elders; these clergymen, again, with some of their elders, held frequent district-meetings, called Presbyteries, in order to regulate, by deliberation and voting, the Church affairs of their districts; there were still larger meetings, periodically held, called Synods; but the grand rendezvous of all, the supreme court of appeal and ecclesiastical legislation, was the Annual Assembly in Edinburgh. The time of its meeting was one of bustle and excitement. Black coats

swarmed in the streets; the Assembly was opened with military pomp and circumstance by a Lord Commissioner, as representative of the Crown; this Commissioner sat on a throne during the meetings, and held levees and dinner-parties at Holyrood all through the ten days; the clergy, with the lay-representatives, some of whom were usually noblemen or baronets, deliberated and debated during these ten days, under a moderator of their own choosing, settling all matters, in parliamentary form, by a majority of votes; and in many cases—as in trials of clergymen for ecclesiastical misconduct—barristers were called in to plead professionally, as they did in the secular law-courts. As was natural in a deliberative assembly almost all the members of which were of the speaking class, and the leaders of which were the ablest men of that class, the speaking was of a very high order—far higher, indeed, than is usual in the British Parliament; while, at the same time, there was ample opportunity for the exercise of business talent and all the tact and skill of party-leadership. Much of the general politics of Scotland took necessarily the form of church politics; and, indeed, the connexions between church politics and state politics were pretty close. The vast majority of the clergy were Dundasites in general politics, and bent on giving church questions a turn in the same direction; while the small minority of “Evangelicals,” as they were called, corresponded to the proscribed Liberals in secular politics. The leading men of both parties were to be found in or near Edinburgh.

(4) *Shopkeepers and Artisans*.—These, as we have said, were by no means separated by any social barrier from the preceding classes, but were connected with them by family-relationships, and often also by intelligence and education. Booksellers and printers formed a considerable item in this class.

In a population of such dimensions, composed as we have described, there was necessarily a good deal of leisure; and leisure leads to sociability. Edinburgh fifty years ago, was one of the most sociable towns in the world. By that time “society,” in the conventional sense, had, with a few lingering exceptions, shifted itself out of the old town into the new, or into the suburbs; and with this change there had been a considerable change of manners. Much of the formality, and at the same time much of the coarseness of an older stage of Scottish life, had been civilized away—the absurd etiquette of the old dancing-assemblies, for example, and the more monstrous excesses of hard drinking. But the convivial spirit, and many of the old convivial forms, remained. Dinner-parties were frequent; and the custom of “toasts” and “sentiments” by the guests over their wine, was still in fashion. Lord Cockburn’s description of these dinner

parties of his youth, is one of the best passages in his book. But it is on the supper parties that he dwells with most evident affection. There were various kinds of supper parties: the oyster-supper at taverns, the bachelor supper in lodgings, and the real domestic supper, to which both sexes were invited; which last Lord Cockburn vaunts as a peculiar convivial institution of Edinburgh, worthy of general adoption. In short, in every form and way, from the set dinner party, with its immense consumption of claret, in the houses of the more wealthy and aristocratic, to the homely tea parties of gentlewomen of moderate means, living in the suburbs of the old town, or in *flats* in the new town, and the roystering suppers of young men, where the defects of cooking were made up by the good humour and the whisky punch, people were in the habit of incessantly meeting together. Lord Cockburn mentions, as illustrative of these sociable habits of Edinburgh, continued to a somewhat later period, the fact that from the time of his marriage, in 1811, he had not spent above one evening on the average in every month, alone, and in his own house; that is, without either being out as a guest, or having friends with him at home. Even Sydney Smith, though not native and to the manner born, and, with his English tastes, more fastidious in his ideas of the requisites of conviviality, retained to the last a pleasant recollection of these Edinburgh hospitalities, as experienced by him during his stay in Edinburgh, from 1797 to 1802. "When shall I see Scotland again?" he says, in one of his letters. "Never shall I forget the happy days passed there, amidst odious smells, barbarous sounds, bad suppers, excellent hearts, and most enlightened and cultivated understandings."

Sydney Smith's allusion to "the enlightened and cultivated understandings" whom he found living in the midst of such unsavoury physical conditions, suggests the mention of what was, all in all, the most characteristic feature of Edinburgh society fifty or sixty years ago—its intellectualism. Composed in so large a degree of learned professions, it was inevitable that there should be more of intellectual taste than usual in the community, more of a habit of discussion, more play and variety in the choice of topics. What mattered it that many of the most intellectual men and women gave expression to their ideas in broad Scotch? Ideas may be expressed in broad Scotch, and still be the ideas of cultivated minds; at all events, it was so then in Edinburgh, where many excellent lawyers, professors, and medical men kept up the broad Scotch in their ordinary conversation, though the majority had gone over to the English in all save accent, and some were sedulous in practising *Anglicism* even in that. But, whether the dialect was English or Scotch, there was a great deal

of substantial talk. The society was as intellectual in its way as the best contemporary society in London; with the addition that in Edinburgh, the intellectual part of society was larger in proportion to the size of the whole. True, Sydney Smith, with all his appreciation of the excellence of the conversation that used then to be going on in Edinburgh, had several complaints against it—as that it ran too much to that species of jocosity, perfectly torturing to an Englishman, which the Scotch themselves called *wut*; and also that it ran too much to disputation and dialectics. “Their only idea of wit,” says Sydney, speaking of the Scotch, “or rather of that inferior variety of the electric talent which prevails occasionally in the north, and which, under the name of *wut*, is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals.” And again,—“They are so imbued with metaphysics, that they even make love metaphysically: I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance, at a dance in Edinburgh, exclaim, in a sudden pause of the music—‘What you say, my lord, is very true of love in the *abstract*, but—here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost.” This is somewhat unfair. *Wut*, in its way, is as good as *wit*, and a great deal heartier. As practised in the north, it corresponds more with what is properly humour. It consists of a general openness to the humorous view of things; a general disposition to call each other Tam and Sandy; a general readiness to tell and to hear anecdotes and stories, the fun of which lies in the whole series of conceptions (often too local) which they call up, rather than in any sudden flash or quip at the close. At all events, the Scotch like their *wut*, and find it far more satisfying for convivial purposes than English *wit*. As for the dialectics, there is, perhaps, too much of that. Even Emerson, on his visit to Edinburgh a few years ago, found too much of it. It arises, doubtless, in part, from the great predominance of the lawyers in society. But *wut* and dialectics, after all, make a very good mixture; and dashed as this mixture is and always has been in Edinburgh with higher ingredients, there has been no town, for the last century, of greater deipnosophistic capabilities, all things included. One element which Englishmen who do not know Edinburgh always fancy must be wanting in it, never has been wanting. Calvinistic and Presbyterian as are the forms of the place, still as are all the pianos and deserted as are the streets on Sundays, there is no want of intellectual freedom within doors. Whether from the presence of the lawyers, and the relics of the old Scotch baronage and baronetage, as a rival element to the clergy, or from this in conjunction with other causes, there has always been in Edinburgh, a freer undercurrent of speculative opinion, a tougher traditional scepticism, a greater latitude of jocosity at things

clerical and Presbyterian, than in other Scottish towns. From the early part of the eighteenth century, when Allan Ramsay, Dr. Pitcairn, and others, did battle with the clergy in behalf of theatrical entertainments and other forms of the festive, there had never been wanting a strong anti-clerical and even free-thinking clique in Edinburgh society; and towards the end of the century, when David Hume and Hugo Arnott were alive, no city in Britain sheltered such a quantity of cosy infidelity. Of hundreds of stories illustrative of this, take one of the mildest. Pitcairn, going about the streets one Sunday, was obliged, by a sudden pelt of rain, to take refuge in a place he was not often in—a church. The audience was scanty; and he sat down in a pew where there was only another sitter besides—a quiet, grave-looking countryman, listening to the sermon with a face of the utmost composure. The preacher was very emphatic; so much so, that at one passage, he began to shed tears copiously, and to use his handkerchief. Interested in this as a physiological fact, for which he could not in the circumstances see any sufficient cause, Pitcairn turned to the countryman, and asked in a whisper, "What the deevil gars the man greet?" "Faith," said the man, slowly turning round, "ye wad, maybe, greet yoursel, if ye was up there, and had as little to say." Pitcairn was the type of the avowed infidel, of which class there were not a few, whose esoteric talk when they met together, was of an out-and-out kind; but the countryman was the type of a still more numerous class, who kept up exterior conformity, but tested all shrewdly enough by a pretty tough internal humanity. Indeed, at the close of the last, and the beginning of the present century, a kind of sturdy scepticism, quite distinct from what would be called infidelity, was common throughout the educated classes in Edinburgh. Old gentlemen who went duly to church, kept their families in great awe, and preserved much etiquette in their habits towards each other, were by no means strait-laced in their beliefs or in their talk; and it was not till a later period, when a more fervid religious spirit possessed the Scottish clergy themselves, and flamed forth in more zealous expositions of peculiar Calvinistic doctrine from the pulpit than had been customary in the days of Robertson and Blair, that evangelical orthodoxy obtained in Edinburgh its present intimate alliance with social respectability. Moreover, even those who were then indubitably orthodox and pious, even according to the strictest sense, were pious after a freer fashion, and with a far greater liberty of rhetoric than would now be allowable consistently with the same character. There is no point on which Lord Cockburn lays more stress than on this. "There is no contrast," he says, "between those old days and the present, that strikes me so strongly as that suggested

by the differences in religious observances, not so much by the world in general, as by deeply religious people. I knew the habits of the religious very well, partly through the piety of my mother and her friends, the strict religious education of her children, and our connexion with some of the most distinguished of our devout clergymen. I could mention many practices of our old pious, which would horrify modern zealots. The principles and feelings of the persons commonly called evangelical, were the same then that they are now; the external acts by which these feelings and principles were formerly expressed, were materially different." Among the differences, Lord Cockburn mentions in particular the much laxer style, as it would now be called, in which Sunday was observed by the pious, and even by the pious among the clergy. There seems also to have been more freedom of speech, in the direction of what would now be called profane allusion, among the admittedly pious. One of the gems of Lord Cockburn's book is his portrait of the venerable old lady, the clergyman's widow, sitting neatly dressed in her high-backed leather chair, with her grandchildren round her; and, when one of her granddaughters, in reading the newspaper to her, stumbled on a paragraph to the effect that the reputation of a certain fair one at court had suffered from some indiscreet talk of the Prince of Wales, starting up, and saying with an indignant shake of her shrivelled fist—"The d—d villain! does he kiss and tell?" There were not a few old ladies of this stamp in Edinburgh fifty years ago; some of whom survived far into the present century, too old to part with their peculiarities, even to please the clergy. "Ye speak, sir, as if the Bible had just come oot," said one such old lady who lingered long in Edinburgh, to a young clergyman who was instructing her on some point of Christian practice on which she was disposed to differ from him. The continuation in the society of Edinburgh of a considerable number of such free-speaking gentlewomen of the old Scottish school, and of as many of the other sex using a still rougher rhetoric, imparted a flavour of picturesque originality to the convivial conversation of the place, which has now been smoothed away. Presided over by such seniors, the young educated men of the time did not stint themselves in the choice or the range of their convivial topics. They discussed everything under the sun, and pretty freely. Who has not heard of the Speculative Society of Edinburgh, founded in 1764, in connexion with the University; and which, kept up from that time to this by the successive generations of students, "has," in the words of Lord Cockburn, "trained more young men to public spirit, talent, and liberal thought, than all the other private institutions in Scotland?" Sixty years ago this society was in all its glory,

discussing, week after week, as its minutes inform us, such topics as these:—"Ought any permanent support to be provided for the poor?" "Ought there to be an established religion?" "Was the execution of Charles I. justifiable?" "Should the slave-trade be abolished?" "Has the belief in a future state been of advantage to mankind, or is it ever likely to be so?" "Is it for the interest of Britain to maintain what is called the balance of Europe?" Here surely was scepticism enough to keep thought alive; and that such questions, discussed not only in the Speculative, but in other minor associations of the same sort, and carried, doubtless, also, with other more scientific topics, into private society, should have been ventilated at all in Edinburgh at that day, shows that, even under the Dundas despotism, there was no lack of intellectual freedom.

It is but a continuation of what we have been saying, to remark that, fifty or sixty years ago, Edinburgh had already an established reputation as a literary metropolis. The rise of the literary reputation of Edinburgh may date, for all except anti-quarian purposes, from the time when Allan Ramsay set up his circulating library in the High-street, and supplied the lieges furtively with novels, plays, and song-books, including his own poems. This was about the year 1725, when his countryman, Thomson, was just publishing in London the first portion of his "Seasons." Thomson himself, and his contemporaries or immediate successors, Mallet, Smollett, Armstrong, Mickle, Macpherson, and Falconer, all rank in the list of early literary Scots, but they were *Scoti extra Scotiam agentes*, and had, most of them, but an incidental connexion with Edinburgh. The poets Blair and Beattie, the philosopher Reid, and the theologian and critic, Dr. George Campbell, were not only literary Scots, but literary Scots whose lives were spent on their own side of the Tweed; but, with the exception of Blair, none of them were natives of Edinburgh, and even Blair did not live there. After Ramsay, in short, the early literary fame of Edinburgh is associated with the names of a cluster of men who, born in different parts of Scotland, had, from various chances, taken up their abode in Edinburgh, and resided there, more or less permanently, during the latter half of the eighteenth century. The most prominent men of this cluster were—David Hume (1711-1776), known as a philosophical writer since the year 1738, and who, though he spent a good many years of his literary life in England and France, was for the last twenty, and these the most busy years of it, a resident in Edinburgh; his senior and survivor, Henry Home, Lord Kames (1696-1782), one of the judges of the Court of Session, still remembered for the contrast between the coarse Scotch facetiousness of his manners as a man and his philosophic

fineness as a writer; the learned and eccentric Burnet, Lord Monboddo (1714-1799), also a judge of session, at whose Attic suppers in the old town all the talent and beauty of Edinburgh were for many years regularly assembled; the pompous but sensible Dr. Hugh Blair (1718-1799), professor of Belles Lettres in the University, and one of the clergymen of the city; his more celebrated colleague, Dr. Robertson, the historian (1722-1793), principal of the University, and also one of the city clergymen; the minor historical writers and antiquarians—Tytler, of Woodhouselee (1711-1792), Dr. Henry (1718-1790), Lord Hailes (1726-1792), Dr. Adam Ferguson (1724-1816), and Dr. Gilbert Stuart (1742-1786); the poet, John Home, author of the tragedy of "Douglas" (1722-1808), once the Rev. Mr. Home, but long bereft of that title, and known since 1779 as a retired man of letters in Edinburgh; the illustrious Adam Smith (1723-1790), settled in Edinburgh during the last twenty years of his life in the post of commissioner of customs; the hardly less illustrious Dugald Stewart (1753-1828), elected professor of mathematics in the University as early as 1774, and thence transferred in 1785 to the chair of moral philosophy, where he completed his fame; and lastly, not to overburden the list, the novelist and essayist, Henry Mackenzie (1745-1831), an acknowledged literary celebrity ever since 1771, when he had written the "Man of Feeling." In a class by himself, unless we choose to associate him with the Creeches, Smellies, and other "yuts" of a lower grade, whose acquaintance Burns made in his leisure hours during his visit to Edinburgh in 1786, we may mention Burns's immediate predecessor as a poet in the Scottish dialect, the unfortunate Robert Fergusson (1751-1774). He was a native of Edinburgh, and his brief life was squandered in its taverns.

It was in virtue of the residence in it during the latter half of the eighteenth century of this cluster of men—a tolerably brilliant cluster, it will be admitted,—that the Scottish capital first assumed that position of literary rivalry with London, which the fame of Scott, and Jeffrey, and Wilson enabled it to sustain for thirty or forty years longer, and which it has not yet wholly given up. And here we may be permitted a remark, parenthetically, on a subject interesting to Scotchmen. One of the most frequent questions with them is, whether Edinburgh will continue to maintain its fame as a literary capital, or whether in literature, as in everything else, the tendency is to absolute centralization in London. There is a little fact, involved in the list of names we have given, of some pertinence in relation to this inquiry. Let the list be examined, and it will be found that hardly one of the men mentioned in it as having begun the literary fame of Edinburgh, was *professionally* a man of letters. They were all

either lawyers, or clergymen, or University professors, or retired gentlemen who had posts and pensions. Even poor Fergusson, the poet, made his living as copying-clerk to a lawyer. In this respect, even at that date, the literary society of Edinburgh contrasts with that of London. Johnson, Goldsmith, and most of their set were writers by profession; and it was chiefly by such professional writers that the literary reputation of London was then supported. Nay, whenever a Scotchman of that time was led by circumstances to adopt literature as a profession, it will be observed that, almost as a matter of course, he migrated into England, and attached himself to the skirts of the literary world of London. There was there a literary *market*, whereas in Edinburgh there were merely so many resident citizens, who were at the same time authors. Thomson, Mallet, Smollett, Macpherson, and many other Scots of less note connected professionally with the British literature of the last century, betook themselves to London as their proper field. Hence a difference between the literary society of Edinburgh and that of London, not indicated in the mere fact that the one city was the Scottish and the other the English capital. *The literary society of Edinburgh did consist chiefly of authors of Scottish birth, but there might have been Englishmen in it without essentially changing its character; and, on the other hand, the literary society of London included Scotchmen and Irishmen as well as Englishmen. The difference, therefore, was not so much that the one society consisted of Scottish and the other of English elements. It was rather that the one consisted of men independently resident in the place, as lawyers, clergymen, and the like, and employing their leisure in literature, while the other consisted, to a far greater extent, of authors by profession. This difference is alluded to by one of the old Edinburgh set itself, as serving to account for what he considered the greater geniality and cordiality of the habits of that set in their intercourse with each other, when compared with the contemporary habits of London literary society, under the dogmatic presidency of Johnson. "Free and cordial communication of sentiments, the natural play of good humour," says Henry Mackenzie, in his memoir of his friend John Home, "prevailed among the circle of men whom I have described. It was very different from that display of learning, that prize-fighting of wit, which distinguished a literary circle of our sister country, of which we have some authentic and curious records." And the reason, he thinks, lay in the different constitution of the two societies. "The literary circle of London was a sort of sect, a *caste* separate from the ordinary professions and habits of common life. They were *traders* in talent and learning, and brought, like other traders, samples of their goods into company, with a jealousy of

competition which prevented their enjoying, as much as otherwise they might, any excellence in their competitors." There is some truth in this, though perhaps too strongly stated; and even at the present day the remark is not quite inapplicable, as describing a certain difference which the Edinburgh "wits" think they see between their own convivial habits at home, and those of the "wits" they meet in London. A more important bearing of the fact under notice, however, is its bearing on the centralization question. If from the first, and at the very time when the literary reputation of Edinburgh was at its height, Edinburgh was not a centre of *professional* literature, then (notwithstanding that the subsequent establishment of a few high-class periodicals in the city has generated in it something of the professional literary element), it is hardly likely that it can long resist the tendency which threatens to centralize the whole professional literature of the country in London. If, indeed, in literature as in other kinds of production, the manufacture might be carried on at a distance from the market, the tendency *might* be resisted; in other words, authors might live in Edinburgh with the advantage of its quiet and economy, and still the publishing machinery might be in London. In literature, however, less than in most trades, is such an arrangement possible. But let not Edinburgh despair! Unless there is also an irresistible law (which, surely, there is not), that all our good literature shall ultimately be the work of men pursuing literature as a professional craft, and sold, soul and body, to the inkstand, Edinburgh may see all its publishing offices closed, or shifted to Paternoster-row, and still be, in one sense, a literary metropolis. Only let it still have, as hitherto, a sufficient number of intellectual men in its resident population, distributed through its judgeships, professorships, and official appointments, or in some way or other permanently connected with it, and there is no fear but that books of all sorts and sizes will continue to burst from it at proper intervals, of a kind all the more valuable, perhaps, that they will not have been made to order. Scott spoke in the spirit of some such theory when he maintained that every man ought to be either a laird or a lawyer before being an author.

To return to our more immediate subject:—It will enable us more distinctly to conceive the state of Edinburgh society fifty or sixty years ago, if we enumerate the more important of the individual men, old and young, who then figured in it. In doing so, it will be necessary to fix on some one year, at which to take our census. For various reasons, the year 1802 may be selected. It was the first year of the short peace, or "armed truce," which intervened between the two wars with France; it was the first year, also, of that short and perplexing interregnum in home

affairs, when Addington was minister, and Pitt and Dundas were out of office.

Few of the intellectual chiefs of the former generation were now alive. David Hume and the poet Fergusson had been dead more than a quarter of a century; Kames and Gilbert Stuart for nearly twenty years. Dr. Henry, Adam Smith, the famous physician Cullen, Blacklock, Lord Hailes, the elder Tytler of Woodhouselee, and Robertson the historian, had been removed more recently, and were still remembered. Fresher still was the local recollection of Lord Monboddo, Dr. Hugh Blair, and the chemist, Black, whose death had occurred in 1799,—and of such minor celebrities as the Rev. Dr. Macknight, and Dr. Carlyle, of Inveresk. Of nearly all these men Lord Cockburn could remember something—either as having known them domestically in his boyhood, or as having watched them taking their daily walk in the “Meadows;” and it was one of the gratifications of his after life to think that, while privileged to live into the splendours of a new age, he had been born early enough to see the departing skirts of the old. Some remnants of the old age, however, did survive as connecting links between it and the new. Home, the author of “Douglas,” was yet alive in 1802, an infirm veteran of eighty, with flashes of his former fire in him, and vivid recollections of the Highland Rebellion, and still, in a moderate way, capable of his claret. Another survivor was Dr. Adam Ferguson, two years the junior of Home, but with fourteen years of life still before him, nursing himself on farinaceous food, milk, and water, but with his house hospitably open to guests. Henry Mackenzie, the “Man of Feeling,” as he was called, but as shrewd a man of the world as there was in Edinburgh, was another of the veterans, fifty-seven years old, but destined to reach the age of eighty-six. Then there was Dugald Stewart, verging on his fiftieth year, and with his philosophic reputation still on the increase. To these survivors in the world of philosophy and letters, add, as notables in the department of science, Robison the professor of natural philosophy, and Playfair the professor of mathematics; and, as the ablest remaining specimens of the old Edinburgh clergy, Dr. John Erskine and Sir Henry Moncreiff. Passing into the miscellaneous society amid which these men moved, and which they linked intellectually with the past, we may distribute their Edinburgh contemporaries of the year 1802 into three categories: (1) *The Old Worthies*.—This category includes a considerable number of surviving citizens, belonging, by their age, habits, and costume, to the same past generation as the distinguished men above named; and many of them, indeed, older than the younger celebrities of that list—such as Robison, Playfair, and Dugald Stewart: Most

conspicuous among them were the old dons of the Parliament House, of some of whom Lord Cockburn gives such graphic portraits. The awful Braxfield was dead; but his successor on the bench, Lord Eskgrove, was keeping the Parliament House in a roar with the daily rumour of his last absurdities. Of the rest of the fifteen judges, the most remarkable for their talents and their character, were the Lord President Hay Campbell, Lord Glenlee, Lord Hermand, Lord Meadowbank the first, and Lord Cullen. After Esqy, Hermand was the oddity of the bench. At the bar, the witty Harry Erskine and Charles Hay, afterwards Lord Newton, might be ranked among the older men. Coevals of these dons of the Parliament House, in other ranks of society, were such men as Andrew Dalzel, the professor of Greek, and Dr. Finlayson, the professor of logic, in the University; the simple-hearted Dr. Adam, rector of the High School; the Rev. Dr. Struthers, a distinguished preacher of the Secession Church; and the veteran bookseller, Creech. (2) *The Middle-aged Men*.—Taking this class to include all who, while old enough to have obtained some standing in life, were still not past their maturity, we may enumerate in it such leading members of the bar as the Lord Advocate, Robert Dundas of Arniston, Robert Blair, Charles Hope, Adam Gillies, John Clerk of Eldin, David Cathcart, and David Boyle, all of whom subsequently rose to the Bench; Malcolm Laing, then also an advocate, but subsequently known better as an antiquarian and historian; James Gibson, writer to the Signet, afterwards Sir James Gibson Craig; the Presbyterian clergyman, Dr. John Inglis, and the Rev. Archibald Alison of the Scotch Episcopal Church; in the medical profession, Dr. Andrew Duncan, Dr. James Gregory, and Dr. John Bell; and among miscellaneous residents, Nasmyth the portrait painter, and George Thomson, the correspondent of Burns. (3) *The Young Fellows*.—Here also, the bar had the preponderance. Reckoning among the juniors at the bar all who had been called subsequently to 1790, the list includes such names as John Macfarlan, Archibald Fletcher, Walter Scott, William Erskine, Thomas Thomson, George Craunstoun, George Joseph Bell, James Grahame, James Moncreiff, Francis Jeffrey, Francis Horner, J. A. Murray, John Richardson, Henry Cockburn, and Henry Brougham. Of this group of young advocates, all afterwards locally eminent, some had already revealed the qualities which were to make them known far beyond the precincts of the Parliament House. Brougham was about the youngest of them, being then only in his twenty-third year, but he was the recognised dare-devil of the whole set, the most vehement of the orators of the Speculative, and the terror of Old Esqy on the southern circuit. "That man Broom or Broug-ham," said the Justice, "is the torment of my

life." Older than Brougham by a year, Horner was already a leader among his associates, by the solid strength and integrity of his character. Jeffrey was in his twenty-ninth year, a married young barrister, waiting for briefs. Scott, then also married and past his thirtieth year, was more comfortably settled in life: he was Sheriff of Selkirkshire, had some practice at the bar, and had already some literary reputation, as a translator of German poetry, a writer of Scotch ballads, and editor of the *Border Minstrelsy*. But the bar did not monopolize all the young talents. Among the hopes of the medical profession were John Allen, John Thomson, and Thomas Brown, the future metaphysician; Leyden, the poet and linguist, was then one of the stars of the place; and, greater still, Thomas Campbell, whose "Pleasures of Hope" had been for three years before the world, was for the time a welcome resident. Nor was a sprinkling of English residents wanting to exchange ideas with so many fervid young Scots, and banter them about their prejudices. Had not the cultured and philosophic Lord Webb Seymour chosen Edinburgh as a place of permanent residence? and was not Sydney Smith living there on his memorable visit? Finally, if any of all these young fellows wanted to have his portrait painted, to whom would he go but to Raeburn? and if he wanted any information about books which old Creech, or Miller, or Bell and Bradfute could not give him, from whom was he so likely to get it as from the rising and ambitious young bookseller, Archibald Constable?

Looking down in fancy on the sea of eighty thousand heads, which in the year 1802 constituted the population of Edinburgh—some grey with age, many wigged and powdered, and many more wearing the brown or light locks of natural youth,—it is on the above-named sixty or seventy that the instructed eye now rests as the most conspicuous in the crowd. But the instructed eye sees something more than the mere mass of heads, with here and there one of the conspicuous sixty. It sees the mass swaying to and fro, here solid and stagnant, there discomposed and in motion, and the conspicuous heads unequally distributed amid the wavering parts. In other words, the society of Edinburgh at that time; like every other society before or since, presented the phenomenon of a society divided into two parties—the party of rest or conservation, and the party of change or progress. The main fact in the history of Edinburgh as a community at that time was, that an incessant house-to-house battle was going on in it between old Scottish Toryism and a new and vigorous Whiggism. Numerically the Tories were immensely in the majority; and the Whigs were but in small proportion. But it is not by the numerical measure in such cases that History judges or portions out

her interest. The portion which is largest may be the lump, and that which is smallest the leaven. So it was most peculiarly in Edinburgh in the second year of this century. To any one surveying the society of Edinburgh then, with something of that knowledge beforehand which we now possess, two facts would have seemed very significant—first, that, though the numerical majority were on the Tory side, most of the conspicuous heads were on the Whig side; and secondly, and still more obviously, that, of these conspicuous heads, the Whigs possessed nearly all the young ones. If, for example, of the veterans whom we have mentioned, Toryism could claim a full half, including the potent old chiefs of the Parliament House, yet even of these a goodly few, such as Erskine, and Dugald Stewart, and Playfair, and old Dr. Adam, and Sir Henry Moncreiff were Whigs; if among the middle-aged, Toryism was equally strong, yet here also Whiggism could count its representatives in Gillies and Clark of Eldin, and Malcolm Laing, and the resolute James Gibson; and, lastly, if still, after surveying these two classes, there should seem to be any doubt which political party predominated intellectually, it was only necessary to descend among the young and adolescent to see that among them, at least, Whiggism had most recruits. Of the younger men of Edinburgh then entering life, who afterwards rose to be something in the world's eye, Scott alone, remarks Lord Cockburn, was unmistakably a Tory. The exception is certainly a weighty one; but this is a case in which we cannot take one Scott as an offset against a few Jeffreys, and Horners, and Sydney Smiths, with Brougham, and Allen, and Thomas Brown, and Tom Campbell to boot.

We do not now associate Whiggism with any ideas of heroism. Whiggism now means nothing more than being respectable, having no enthusiasm, being a little less deferential to the Church than Tories are expected to be, and having the best chance of all vacant places. But half a century ago it was otherwise. Whiggism all over Britain, but especially Scotch Whiggism, required some courage, some spirit of sacrifice, in its adherents. The actual creed of the Scotch Whigs was moderate enough. It consisted in believing that there were a great many abuses in the Scotch political and administrative system which might be remedied, that the people had too little power and the lairds too much, that the Revolution in France had not been unmitigated madness, that at any rate the fear of its influence in this country had been monstrously exaggerated, and that, on the whole, the policy of Fox and his associates was a policy to be supported in preference to that of his rival, Pitt. The creed, we say, was moderate; and, besides, it was undoubtedly true. What made it heroism to hold it was the personal consequences which it in-

volved—exclusion from all share in public patronage, and even, to a great extent, from popular confidence and favour; with no prospect either (for who could tell when George III. would die, or how his son might act when he came to the throne?) that this state of things would soon be changed for the better. That, in such circumstances, so many men in Scotland, and especially so many men of the legal profession, should have maintained the obnoxious creed, and maintained it with such tenacity and mutual fidelity in spite of all temptation, is a fact of which Scotland may be proud. As a body, the Scotch Whigs of fifty years ago seem to have been as courageous and pure-minded a set of men as there were in the kingdom. Theirs, in the most literal sense, was “the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.” Most creditable of all, perhaps, was the persevering Whiggism of so many of the younger men. Beating their heels idly in a particular corner of the Parliament House, where no agents came to them with briefs, and whiling away the rest of their time with essays and debates in the Speculative, ambitious dreams in secret, convivial meetings at each other’s lodgings, and eternal jokes about Esky, these light-hearted young Whig lawyers had not even that sense of social consequence to support them which their seniors, on the same side of politics, could not but feel as an inspiration. They formed a little band by themselves, cherishing their Whiggism for its own sake, and not even visited by much countenance from their Whig seniors. And yet upon them, to a greater extent than either they or their seniors were aware, depended the future history of Scotland.

The moving force in Scottish society at that time was consciously possessed by the Whigs. Though by far the smaller party numerically, taking all Scotland into account, they could not but feel that they must eventually win the day. The great want of the party hitherto had been some voice or organ, some public means of proclaiming in common the views which they individually entertained, of propagating these views in new quarters, and of exhibiting them again and again in contrast with those of their opponents. No such means of utterance existed, or indeed seemed to be thought of. The senior Edinburgh Whigs had been in the habit of dining together on Fox’s birthday, on which occasions constables were stationed at the doors to take down the names of the guests as they entered; they also occasionally fought their opponents on a temporary local question. This, however, was all; and Scotch Whiggism, though existing as a social element, had no organization and no flag. The year 1802—the country having then a breathing-time of peace, and Pitt and Dundas being out of office—was a time when it began to seem possible to supply this want. “Events,” says Lord Cock-

burn, "were bringing people into somewhat better humour. Somewhat less was said about Jacobinism, though still too much; and sedition had gone out. Napoleon's obvious progress towards military despotism opened the eyes of those who used to see nothing but liberty in the French Revolution. Instead of Jacobinism, Invasion became the word." In short, though the old habits and all the old abuses still remained, the state of the public mind was such that it became more easy to establish a means for publicly attacking them, and advocating reform.

Where was the expected demonstration to come from, and what form was it to take? Where in Scotland was the standard of Scottish Whiggism to be first raised, and who was to step forth as the standard-bearer? There *was* a man who, had he lived till then, might have been called on to take this part, or might have taken it himself without being called upon to do so. In all Scotland, at the very time, some six or eight years before, when it was most dangerous to be a Whig—when to be too zealous a Whig, unless one were powerfully connected, meant to run a risk of trial for sedition,—there had not been a more daring Whig than the poet Burns. True he was a Whig, as he was everything else, after a broad uncovenanted fashion of his own, which did not keep faith with any of the current definitions of what Whiggism ought to be; but, for all that, he was, and he called himself, a Scotch Whig. "Go on, sir," he writes from Dumfries, in the end of 1792, to the Whig, or rather Whig-Radical editor of the short-lived *Edinburgh Gazetteer*, to which he had become a subscriber; "go on, and lay bare, with undaunted heart and steady hand, that horrid mass of corruption called politics and statecraft. Daze in their native colours those 'cairn-thinking villains whom no faith can fire,' whatever be the shibboleth of their pretended party." This is Whiggism, and something more; but the following song, written at the same time, or not long after, shows that, all in all, as matters then stood, it pleased him to be known as a Whig:—

"Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa;
 And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
 May never guid luck be their fa'
 It's guid to be merry and wise,
 It's guid to be honest and true,
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the buff and the blue.

"Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa;
 Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
 Although that his band be sma'!

May liberty meet wi' success !
 May prudence protect her frae evil !
 May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
 And wander their way to the devil.

“ Here’s a health to them that’s awa,
 Here’s a health to them that’s awa ;
 Here’s a health to Tamnie, the Norland laddie,
 That lives at the lug o’ the law !
 Here’s freedom to him that wad read,
 Here’s freedom to him that wad write !
 There’s nane ever feared that the truth should be heard,
 But them wham the truth would indiet.”

Had Burns lived, who knows to what his politics might have led him? In 1802, he would have been still only in his forty-fourth year: and what fate more likely for him, had destiny added these six years to his life, than that, deprived of his gaugership, or throwing it up, he should have left Dumfries for Edinburgh, and associating himself there with the many who would have welcomed him, and with whom, whatever their rank, there was no fear that his relations would have ever been other than those of perfect equality, he should have lived publicly by his pen, as the editor, mayhap, of a Whig newspaper? And if so, who can doubt that prose also would have become easy to him, that he would have been a power among the Scottish Whigs, and that his influence would have been felt by them and the nation? Ah, and living on through all their struggles, he would still have been but seventy-three years of age at the passing of the Reform Bill: and in gratitude to him as a veteran Whig and ex-editor who had done so much, might not his fellow-citizens at last have returned him to Parliament as the senior colleague of young Macaulay? This career, however, was not to be his! He died in 1796, a broken-down exciseman, in Dumfries; he was to be remembered only as the Scottish bard, cut off in his black-haired prime.

The standard which Burns might have raised, was raised by the young Whigs of Edinburgh. It was in Jeffrey’s humble domicile, in an upper story in one of the houses of Buccleugh-place, that, on one memorable day of the year 1802, Sydney Smith first started the idea of a new periodical of literature and politics, to be published quarterly, and kept up by contributions from the teeming minds of the Speculative. No sooner said than done: Constable at once undertook the publication; and on the 10th of October, 1802, the first number of the “Edinburgh Review” saw the light. For the first number or two the editorship was a joint-stock work of Smith, Jeffrey, Horner,

Brougham, and a few others, Smith officiating in chief; but, Smith returning to London soon afterwards, the management devolved exclusively on Jeffrey.

The establishment of the "Edinburgh Review," as all the world knows, was the beginning of a new era in the history, not only of Scottish, but also of British politics. For a while, indeed, it was rather as a power in the general thought and literature of the country, than as a direct force in politics, that the new organ made itself felt. For its success in the latter function the time was not very propitious. War was again declared against France (1803); the Addington ministry came to an end (1804); Pitt and Dundas returned to office, the latter with his new title of Lord Melville; the Scottish Tories, seeing their favourite once more in power, settled back solidly into their old allegiance; the island, from one end to the other, Tories and Whigs included, was in a ferment of volunteering and drilling; hourly in dread of a French invasion, people were in no mood to listen to Whig distinctions and proposals; and a Whig admiral in winning for his country the glory, willingly bequeathed to a Tory government the usufruct, of the battle of Trafalgar. Still an influence of disaffection to Tory rule was at work, and in due time there came a change. The death of Pitt (January, 1806), at the very time when his government was tottering under the blow given to it by the proceedings instituted against his friend and colleague, Lord Melville, on a charge of embezzlement, acted with shattering effect on all established party arrangements; and equally to their own surprise and that of the country, the Whigs, for the first time within the memory of all except the very old, found themselves in office. The fact of a Whig ministry was startling enough, even had there been no acts to correspond. But, during the thirteen months of the Fox and Grenville ministry (Jan., 1806—March, 1807), there *were* acts to correspond. As places fell vacant, Whigs were appointed to them; an attempt was made to open negotiations for peace with Napoleon; measures of domestic reform were introduced into Parliament; and, more significant of Whig domination than all besides, Melville's fall as a minister was followed up by his impeachment and public trial. To the Scotch Tories, it was as if chaos had come again. Could they have foreseen that the crisis was to be so short, and that when, weakened by the death of Fox, the Whigs had once more resumed their accustomed place as a minority in opposition, another quarter of a century of uninterrupted Tory administration for Britain and of a modified Dundas rule in Scotland was to intervene before they should again rise into power, it is possible that the consternation would have been less. But this at the time could hardly have been anticipated. The accession of the

Whigs to power, and their retention of it during a whole year, were like a rude awakening to men who had been asleep; and from that moment Toryism had disturbed dreams.

In no city of the empire was the crisis of 1806 felt more powerfully than in Edinburgh. As was natural, the mere lapse of time, independently of the special events that had been happening, had produced some changes. Of the seniors, both of the Whig and of the Tory party, whom we enumerated as alive in the year 1802, some had been removed by death; and those who in 1802 had occupied the position of juniors, found themselves promoted, in consequence, to higher places in their respective parties, and to a more active concern in whatever was going on. Among the Tories of the Parliament House, the most active heads were Dundas of Arniston, now Lord Chief Baron; Hope, now Lord Justice Clerk, in the place of old Eskgrove; and Blair, afterwards Lord President; but among the younger men who acted with them, there was no one whose name stood higher, or whose Toryism was more enthusiastic, than Scott. During the four years which had elapsed since 1802, his literary reputation had been gradually rising; and the recent publication of his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" had given him a rank among the most popular poets of his age, and taught his countrymen for the first time the true nature and measure of his genius. His literary celebrity had not been without its effect on his worldly circumstances; for, besides retaining his sheriffship, he was now settled for life in the clerkship of the Court of Session. Very similar to the position which Scott thus held among the Edinburgh Tories, was the position which Jeffrey held among the Edinburgh Whigs. The active heads of the Whig party in the Parliament House were such seniors as Harry Erskine, John Clerk of Eldin, and Adam Gillies. On the accession of the Whigs to office, Erskine had been restored to his old place as Lord Advocate, Clerk had been made Solicitor-General, and Hay, another of the older set of Whig lawyers, had been raised to the bench. But under these men Jeffrey was now a person of far more consequence than he had been in 1802. Then he was only a rising junior of that set of independent young Whigs whom their elders were disposed rather to slight than to encourage; but his rapidly increasing distinction at the Bar, not to speak of the distinction accruing to him from the fame of the "Review," had broken down the reserve of his seniors and compelled them to yield him his due. Had Horner and Brougham remained in Edinburgh, they and Jeffrey together might have formed a kind of triumvirate, dividing among them the increased consideration which was now accorded to the younger portion of the Whig bar. But Horner and Brougham, as well as Allen and others of the

little band of 1802, had by this time left Edinburgh for the wider field of London, keeping up their connexion with Edinburgh chiefly by correspondence and by contributions to the "Review;" and as Cockburn and Murray had not yet attained such a standing at the bar as Jeffrey, there was no doubt as to his individual supremacy among the younger resident Whigs.

Scott and Jeffrey—these names represent, therefore, the heartiest Toryism of Scotland and its most hopeful and opinionative Whiggism, as they stood related to each other in Edinburgh society in the year 1806. Remembering this, and keeping the well-known portraits of the two men, as they then were, before us, we can read, with a new sense of its significance, a little anecdote recorded for us by Lockhart:—

"Scott's Tory feelings appear to have been kept in a very excited state during the whole of the short reign of the Whigs. He then, for the first time, mingled keenly in the details of county politics—canvassed electors—harangued meetings; and, in a word, made himself conspicuous as a leading instrument of his party. But he was, in truth, earnest and serious in his belief that the new rulers of the country were disposed to abolish many of its most valuable institutions; and he regarded with special jealousy certain schemes of innovation with respect to the courts of law and the administration of justice, which were set on foot by the crown-officers for Scotland. At a debate of the Faculty of Advocates on some of these propositions, he made a speech much longer than he had ever before delivered in that assembly; and several who heard it have assured me that it had a flow and energy of eloquence for which those who knew him best were quite unprepared. When the meeting broke up, he walked across the Mound, on his way to Castle-street, between Mr. Jeffrey and another of his reforming friends, who complimented him on the rhetorical powers he had been displaying, and would willingly have treated the subject-matter of the discussion playfully. But his feelings had been moved to an extent far beyond their apprehension. He exclaimed, 'No, no—'tis no laughing matter; little by little, whatever your wishes may be, you will destroy and undermine, until nothing of what makes Scotland shall remain.' And, so saying, he turned round to conceal his agitation—but not until Mr. Jeffrey saw tears gushing down his cheek,—resting his head until he recovered himself, on the wall of the Mound."

Edinburgh fifty years ago, is painted for us in that incident. Of the two men seen in it, standing together on the Mound under the tall clump of old houses, which still on that spot arrests the eye of the visitor, the stalwart fair-haired one, resting his head on the wall to conceal his tears, is the genius of the Scottish past; his less moved companion, of smaller stature, with dark acute features and piercing hazel eyes, is the confident spirit of the Scottish future. There was, indeed, one element of the Scottish

future of that day, not represented in Jeffrey, and not logically involved in any existing form of Scotch Whiggism. This was the element of revived Evangelical theology, the effects of which on the national character and national polity of Scotland during the last forty years, have been at once so powerful and so singular. But this was a manifestation of later date, which even the closest observer of 1806 could hardly have anticipated. The tradition existed in Sir Henry Moncreiff, but the new development came with Andrew Thomson and Chalmers.

ART. VI.—SILLY NOVELS BY LADY NOVELISTS.

SILLY Novels by Lady Novelists are a genus with many species, determined by the particular quality of silliness that predominates in them—the frothy, the prosy, the pious, or the pedantic. But it is a mixture of all these—a composite order of feminine fatuity, that produces the largest class of such novels, which we shall distinguish as the *mind-and-millinery* species. The heroine is usually an heiress, probably a peeress in her own right, with perhaps a vicious baronet, an amiable duke, and an irresistible younger son of a marquis as lovers in the foreground, a clergyman and a poet sighing for her in the middle distance, and a crowd of undefined adorers dimly indicated beyond. Her eyes and her wit are both dazzling; her nose and her morals are alike free from any tendency to irregularity; she has a superb *contralto* and a superb intellect; she is perfectly well-dressed and perfectly religious; she dances like a sylph, and reads the Bible in the original tongues. Or it may be that the heroine is not an heiress—that rank and wealth are the only things in which she is deficient; but she infallibly gets into high society, she has the triumph of refusing many matches and securing the best, and she wears some family jewels or other as a sort of crown of righteousness at the end. Rakish men either bite their lips in impotent confusion at her repartees, or are touched to penitence by her reproofs, which, on appropriate occasions, rise to a lofty strain of rhetoric; indeed, there is a general propensity in her to make speeches, and to rhapsodize at some length when she retires to her bedroom. In her recorded conversations she is amazingly eloquent, and in her unrecorded conversations, amazingly witty. She is understood to have a depth of insight that looks through and through the shallow theories of philosophers, and her superior instincts are a sort of dial by which men have only to set their clocks and watches, and all will go well. The men play a very subordinate part by her side. You are consoled now and

then by a hint that they have affairs, which keeps you in mind that the working-day business of the world is somehow being carried on, but ostensibly the final cause of their existence is that they may accompany the heroine on her "starring" expedition through life. They see her at a ball, and are dazzled; at a flower-show, and they are fascinated; on a riding excursion, and they are witchèd by her noble horsemanship; at church, and they are awed by the sweet solemnity of her demeanour. She is the ideal woman in feelings, faculties, and flounces. For all this, she as often as not marries the wrong person to begin with, and she suffers terribly from the plots and intrigues of the vicious baronet; but even death has a soft place in his heart for such a paragon, and remedies all mistakes for her just at the right moment. The vicious baronet is sure to be killed in a duel, and the tedious husband dies in his bed requesting his wife, as a particular favour to him, to marry the man she loves best, and having already dispatched a note to the lover informing him of the comfortable arrangement. Before matters arrive at this desirable issue our feelings are tried by seeing the noble, lovely, and gifted heroine pass through many *mauvais moments*, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that her sorrows are wept into embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs, that her fainting form reclines on the very best upholstery, and that whatever vicissitudes she may undergo, from being dashed out of her carriage to having her head shaved in a fever, she comes out of them all with a complexion more blooming and locks more redundant than ever.

We may remark, by the way, that we have been relieved from a serious scruple by discovering that silly novels by lady novelists rarely introduce us into any other than very lofty and fashionable society. We had imagined that destitute women turned novelists, as they turned governesses, because they had no other "lady-like" means of getting their bread. On this supposition, vacillating syntax and improbable incident had a certain pathos for us, like the extremely supererogatory pincushions and ill-devised nightcaps that are offered for sale by a blind man. We felt the commodity to be a nuisance, but we were glad to think that the money went to relieve the necessitous, and we pictured to ourselves lonely women struggling for a maintenance, or wives and daughters devoting themselves to the production of "copy" out of pure heroism,—perhaps to pay their husband's debts, or to purchase luxuries for a sick father. Under these impressions we shrank from criticising a lady's novel: her English might be faulty, but, we said to ourselves, her motives are irreproachable; her imagination may be uninventive, but her patience is untiring. Empty writing was excused by an empty stomach, and twaddle was consecrated by tears. But no! This theory of ours, like many other pretty theories, has had to give way before observation.

Women's silly novels, we are now convinced, are written under totally different circumstances. The fair writers have evidently never talked to a tradesman except from a carriage window; they have no notion of the working-classes except as "dependents;" they think five hundred a-year a miserable pittance; Belgravia and "baronial halls" are their primary truths; and they have no idea of feeling interest in any man who is not at least a great landed proprietor, if not a prime minister. It is clear that they write in elegant boudoirs, with violet-coloured ink and a ruby pen; that they must be entirely indifferent to publishers' accounts, and inexperienced in every form of poverty except poverty of brains. It is true that we are constantly struck with the want of verisimilitude in their representations of the high society in which they seem to live; but then they betray no closer acquaintance with any other form of life. If their peers and peeresses are improbable, their literary men, tradespeople, and cottagers are impossible; and their intellect seems to have the peculiar impartiality of reproducing both what they *have* seen and heard, and what they have *not* seen and heard, with equal unfaithfulness.

There are few women, we suppose, who have not seen something of children under five years of age, yet in "Compensation," a recent novel of the mind-and-millinery species, which calls itself a "story of real life," we have a child of four and a half years old talking in this Ossianic fashion—

"Oh, I am so happy, dear gran'mamma;—I have seen,—I have seen such a delightful person: he is like everything beautiful,—like the smell of sweet flowers, and the view from Ben Lomond;—or no, *better than that*—he is like what I think of and see when I am very, very happy; and he is really like mamma, too, when she sings; and his forehead is like *that distant sea*," she continued, "pointing to the blue Mediterranean; 'there seems no end—no end; or like the clusters of stars I like best to look at on a warm fine night. . . . Don't look so . . . your forehead is like Loch Lomond, when the wind is blowing and the sun is gone in; I like the sunshine best when the lake is smooth. . . . So now—I like it better than ever . . . it is more beautiful still from the dark cloud that has gone over it, *when the sun suddenly lights up all the colours of the forests and shining purple rocks, and it is all reflected in the waters below.*'"

We are not surprised to learn that the mother of this infant phenomenon, who exhibits symptoms so alarmingly like those of adolescence repressed by gin, is herself a phoenix. We are assured, again and again, that she had a remarkably original mind, that she was a genius, and "conscious of her originality," and she was fortunate enough to have a lover who was also a genius, and a man of "most original mind."

This lover, we read, though "wonderfully similar" to her "in

powers and capacity," was "infinitely superior to her in faith and development," and she saw in him the "'Agape'—so rare to find—of which she had read and admired the meaning in her Greek Testament; having, *from her great facility in learning languages, read the Scriptures in their original tongues.*" Of course! Greek and Hebrew are mere play to a heroine; Sanscrit is no more than a *b c* to her; and she can talk with perfect correctness in any language except English. She is a polking polyglott, a Creuzer in crinoline. Poor men! There are so few of you who know even Hebrew; you think it something to boast of if, like Bolingbroke, you only "understand that sort of learning, and what is writ about it;" and you are perhaps adoring women who can think slightly of you in all the Semitic languages successively. But, then, as we are almost invariably told, that a heroine has a "beautifully small head," and as her intellect has probably been early invigorated by an attention to costume and deportment, we may conclude that she can pick up the Oriental tongues, to say nothing of their dialects, with the same aerial facility that the butterfly sips nectar. Besides, there can be no difficulty in conceiving the depth of the heroine's erudition, when that of the authoress is so evident.

In "Laura Gay," another novel of the same school, the heroine seems less at home in Greek and Hebrew, but she makes up for the deficiency by a quite playful familiarity with the Latin classics—with the "dear old Virgil," "the graceful Horace, the humane Cicero, and the pleasant Livy;" indeed, it is such a matter of course with her to quote Latin, that she does it at a pic-nic in a very mixed company of ladies and gentlemen, having, we are told, "no conception that the nobler sex were capable of jealousy on this subject. And if, indeed," continues the biographer of Laura Gay, "the wisest and noblest portion of that sex were in the majority, no such sentiment would exist; but while Miss Wyndhams and Mr. Redfords abound, great sacrifices must be made to their existence." Such sacrifices, we presume, as abstaining from Latin quotations, of extremely moderate interest and applicability, which the wise and noble minority of the other sex would be quite as willing to dispense with as the foolish and ignoble majority. It is as little the custom of well-bred men as of well-bred women to quote Latin in mixed parties; they can contain their familiarity with "the humane Cicero" without allowing it to boil over in ordinary conversation, and even references to "the pleasant Livy" are not absolutely irrepressible. But Ciceronian Latin is the mildest form of Miss Gay's conversational power. Being on the Palatine with a party of sightseers, she falls into the following vein of well-rounded remark:—"Truth can only be pure objectively, for even in the creeds where it pre-

dominates, being subjective, and parcelled out into portions, each of these necessarily receives a hue of idiosyncrasy, that is, a taint of superstition more or less strong; while in such creeds as the Roman Catholic, ignorance, interest, the bias of ancient idolatries, and the force of authority, have gradually accumulated on the pure truth, and transformed it, at last, into a mass of superstition for the majority of its votaries; and how few are there, alas! whose zeal, courage, and intellectual energy are equal to the analysis of this accumulation, and to the discovery of the pearl of great price which lies hidden beneath this heap of rubbish." We have often met with women much more novel and profound in their observations than Laura Gay, but rarely with any so inopportunately long winded. A clerical lord, who is half in love with her, is alarmed by the daring remarks just quoted, and begins to suspect that she is inclined to free-thinking. But he is mistaken; when in a moment of sorrow he delicately begs leave to "recall to her memory, a *depôt* of strength and consolation under affliction, which, until we are hard pressed by the trials of life, we are too apt to forget," we learn that she really has "recurrence to that sacred *depôt*," together with the tea-pot. There is a certain flavour of orthodoxy mixed with the parade of fortunes and fine carriages in "Laura Gay," but it is an orthodoxy mitigated by study of "the humane Cicero," and by an "intellectual disposition to analyse."

"Compensation" is much more heavily dosed with doctrine, but then it has a treble amount of snobbish worldliness and absurd incident to tickle the palate of pious frivolity. Linda, the heroine, is still more speculative and spiritual than Laura Gay, but she has been "presented," and has more, and far grander, lovers; very wicked and fascinating women are introduced—even a French *lionne*; and no expense is spared to get up as exciting a story as you will find in the most immoral novels. In fact, it is a wonderful *pot pourri* of Almack's, Scotch second-sight, Mr. Rogers's breakfasts, Italian brigands, death-bed conversions, superior authoresses, Italian mistresses, and attempts at poisoning old ladies, the whole served up with a garnish of talk about "faith and development," and "most original minds." Even Miss Susan Barton, the superior authoress, whose pen moves in a "quick decided manner when she is composing," declines the finest opportunities of marriage; and though old enough to be Linda's mother (since we are told that she refused Linda's father), has her hand sought by a young earl, the heroine's rejected lover. Of course, genius and morality must be backed by eligible offers, or they would seem rather a dull affair; and piety, like other things, in order to be *comme il faut*, must be in "society," and have admittance to the best circles.

“Rank and Beauty” is a more frothy and less religious variety of the mind-and-millinery species. The heroine, we are told, “if she inherited her father’s pride of birth and her mother’s beauty of person, had in herself a tone of enthusiastic feeling that perhaps belongs to her age even in the lowly born, but which is refined into the high spirit of wild romance only in the far descended, who feel that it is their best inheritance.” This enthusiastic young lady, by dint of reading the newspaper to her father, falls in love with the *prime minister*, who, through the medium of leading articles and “the *resumé* of the debates,” shines upon her imagination as a bright particular star, which has no parallax for her, living in the country as simple Miss Wyndham. But she forthwith becomes Baroness Umfraville in her own right, astonishes the world with her beauty and accomplishments when she bursts upon it from her mansion in Spring Gardens, and, as you foresee, will, presently come into contact with the unseen *objet aimé*. Perhaps the words “prime minister” suggest to you a wrinkled or obese sexagenarian; but pray dismiss the image. Lord Rupert Conway has been “called while still almost a youth to the first situation which a subject can hold in the *universe*,” and even leading articles and a *resumé* of the debates have not conjured up a dream that surpasses the fact.

“The door opened again, and Lord Rupert Conway entered. Evelyn gave one glance. It was enough; she was not disappointed. It seemed as if a picture on which she had long gazed was suddenly instinct with life, and had stepped from its frame before her. His tall figure, the distinguished simplicity of his air—it was a living Vandyke, a cavalier, one of his noble cavalier ancestors, or one to whom her fancy had always likened him, who long of yore had, with an Umfraville, fought the Paynim far beyond sea. Was this reality?”

Very little like it, certainly.

By-and-by, it becomes evident that the ministerial heart is touched. Lady Umfraville is on a visit to the Queen at Windsor, and,—

“The last evening of her stay, when they returned from riding, Mr. Wyndham took her and a large party to the top of the Keep, to see the view. She was leaning on the battlements, gazing from that ‘stately height’ at the prospect beneath her, when Lord Rupert was by her side. ‘What an unrivalled view!’ exclaimed she. •

“‘Yes, it would have been wrong to go without having been up here. You are pleased with your visit?’

“‘Enchanted! ‘A Queen to live and die under,’ to live and die for!’

“‘Ha!’ cried he, with sudden emotion, and with a *eureka* expression of countenance, as if he had *indeed found a heart in unison with his own*.”

The “*eureka* expression of countenance,” you see at once to be

prophetic of marriage at the end of the third volume; but before that desirable consummation, there are very complicated misunderstandings, arising chiefly from the vindictive plotting of Sir Luttrell Wycherley, who is a genius, a poet, and in every way a most remarkable character indeed. He is not only a romantic poet, but a hardened rake and a cynical wit; yet his deep passion for Lady Umfraville has so impoverished his epigrammatic talent, that he cuts an extremely poor figure in conversation. When she rejects him, he rushes into the shrubbery, and rolls himself in the dirt; and on recovering, devotes himself to the most diabolical and laborious schemes of vengeance, in the course of which he disguises himself as a quack physician, and enters into general practice, foreseeing that Evelyn will fall ill, and that he shall be called in to attend her. At last, when all his schemes are frustrated, he takes leave of her in a long letter, written, as you will perceive from the following passage, entirely in the style of an eminent literary man:—

“Oh, lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure, will you ever cast one thought upon the miserable being who addresses you? Will you ever, as your gilded galley is floating down the unruffled stream of prosperity, will you ever, while lulled by the sweetest music—thine own praises,—hear the far-off sigh from that world to which I am going?”

On the whole, however, frothy as it is, we rather prefer “*Rank and Beauty*” to the two other novels we have mentioned. The dialogue is more natural and spirited; there is some frank ignorance, and no pedantry; and you are allowed to take the heroine’s astounding intellect upon trust, without being called on to read her conversational refutations of sceptics and philosophers, or her rhetorical solutions of the mysteries of the universe.

Writers of the mind-and-millinery school are remarkably unanimous in their choice of diction. In their novels, there is usually a lady or gentleman who is more or less of a upas tree: the lover has a manly breast; minds are redolent of various things; hearts are hollow; events are utilized; friends are consigned to the tomb; infancy is an engaging period; the sun is a luminary that goes to his western couch, or gathers the rain-drops into his refulgent bosom; life is a melancholy boon; Albion and Scotia are conversational epithets. There is a striking resemblance, too, in the character of their moral comments, such, for instance, as that “It is a fact, no less true than melancholy, that all people, more or less, richer or poorer, are swayed by bad example;” that “Books, however trivial, contain some subjects from which useful information may be drawn;” that “Vice can too often borrow the language of virtue;” that “Merit and nobility of nature must exist, to be accepted, for clamour and pretension cannot impose

upon those too well read in human nature to be easily deceived ; and that, " In order to forgive, we must have been injured." There is, doubtless, a class of readers to whom these remarks appear peculiarly pointed and pungent ; for we often find them doubly and trebly scored with the pencil, and delicate hands giving in their determined adhesion to these hardy novelties by a distinct *très vrai*, emphasized by many notes of exclamation. The colloquial style of these novels is often marked by much ingenious inversion, and a careful avoidance of such cheap phraseology as can be heard every day. Angry young gentlemen exclaim—" 'Tis ever thus, methinks ;" and in the half-hour before dinner a young lady informs her next neighbour that the first day she read Shakspeare she " stole away into the park, and beneath the shadow of the greenwood tree, devoured with rapture the inspired page of the great magician." But the most remarkable efforts of the mind-and-millinery writers lie in their philosophic reflections. The authoress of " Laura Gay," for example, having married her hero and heroine, improves the event by observing that " if those sceptics, whose eyes have so long gazed on matter that they can no longer see aught else in man, could once enter with heart and soul into such bliss as this, they would come to say that the soul of man and the polypus are not of common origin, or of the same texture." Lady novelists, it appears, can see something else besides matter ; they are not limited to phenomena, but can relieve their eyesight by occasional glimpses of the *noumenon*, and are, therefore, naturally better able than any one else to confound sceptics, even of that remarkable, but to us unknown school, which maintains that the soul of man is of the same texture as the polypus.

The most pitiable of all silly novels by lady novelists are what we may call the *oracular* species—novels intended to expound the writer's religious, philosophical, or moral theories. There seems to be a notion abroad among women, rather akin to the superstition that the speech and actions of idiots are inspired, and that the human being most entirely exhausted of common sense is the fittest vehicle of revelation. To judge from their writings, there are certain ladies who think that an amazing ignorance, both of science and of life, is the best possible qualification for forming an opinion on the knottiest moral and speculative questions. Apparently, their recipe for solving all such difficulties is something like this :—Take a woman's head, stuff it with a smattering of philosophy and literature chopped small, and with false notions of society baked hard, let it hang over a desk a few hours every day, and serve up hot in feeble English, when not required. You will rarely meet with a lady novelist of the oracular class who is diffident of her ability to decide on theological questions,—

who has any suspicion that she is not capable of discriminating with the nicest accuracy between the good and evil in all church parties,—who does not see precisely how it is that men have gone wrong hitherto,—and pity philosophers in general that they have not had the opportunity of consulting her. Great writers, who have modestly contented themselves with putting their experience into fiction, and have thought it quite a sufficient task to exhibit men and things as they are, she sighs over as deplorably deficient in the application of their powers. “They have solved no ‘great questions’—and she is ready to remedy their omission by setting before you a complete theory of life and manual of divinity, in a love story, where ladies and gentlemen of good family go through genteel vicissitudes, to the utter confusion of Deists, Puseyites, and ultra-Protestants, and to the perfect establishment of that particular view of Christianity which either condenses itself into a sentence of small caps, or explodes into a cluster of stars on the three hundred and thirtieth page. It is true, the ladies and gentlemen will probably seem to you remarkably little like any you have had the fortune or misfortune to meet with, for, as a general rule, the ability of a lady novelist to describe actual life and her fellow-men, is in inverse proportion to her confident eloquence about God and the other world, and the means by which she usually chooses to conduct you to true ideas of the invisible is a totally false picture of the visible.

As typical a novel of the oracular kind as we can hope to meet with, is “*The Enigma: a Leaf from the Chronicles of the Wolchorley House.*” The “enigma” which this novel is to solve, is certainly one that demands powers no less gigantic than those of a lady novelist, being neither more nor less than the existence of evil. The problem is stated, and the answer dimly foreshadowed on the very first page. The spirited young lady, with raven hair, says, “All life is an inextricable confusion;” and the meek young lady, with auburn hair, looks at the picture of the Madonna which she is copying, and—“*There* seemed the solution of that mighty enigma.” The style of this novel is quite as lofty as its purpose; indeed, some passages on which we have spent much patient study are quite beyond our reach, in spite of the illustrative aid of italics and small caps; and we must await further “development” in order to understand them. Of Ernest, the model young clergyman, who sets every one right on all occasions, we read, that “he held riot of marriage in the marketable kind, after a social desecration;” that, on one eventful night, “sleep had not visited his divided heart, where tumultuated, in varied type and combination, the aggregate feelings of grief and joy;” and that, “for the marketable human article he had no

toleration, be it of what sort, or set for what value it might, whether for worship or class, his upright soul abhorred it, whose ultimatum, the self-deceiver, was to him *THE great spiritual lie*, 'living in a vain show, deceiving and being deceived;' since he did not suppose the phylactery and enlarged border on the garment to be *merely* a social trick." (The italics and small caps are the author's, and we hope they assist the reader's comprehension.) Of Sir Lionel, the model old gentleman, we are told that "the simple ideal of the middle age, apart from its anarchy and decadence, in him most truly seemed to live again, when the ties which knit men together were of heroic cast. The first-born colours of pristine faith and truth engraven on the common soul of man, and blent into the wide arch of brotherhood, where the primæval law of *order* grew and multiplied, each perfect after his kind, and mutually inter-dependent." You see clearly, of course, how colours are first engraven on a soul, and then blent into a wide arch, on which arch of colours—apparently a rainbow—the law of order grew and multiplied, each—apparently the arch and the law—perfect after his kind? If, after this, you can possibly want any further aid towards knowing what Sir Lionel was, we can tell you, that in his soul "the scientific combinations of thought could educe no fuller harmonies of the good and the true, than lay in the primæval pulses which floated as an atmosphere around it!" and that, when he was sealing a letter, "Lo! the responsive throb in that good man's bosom echoed back in simple truth the honest witness of a heart that condemned him not, as his eye, bedewed with love, rested, too, with something of ancestral pride, on the undimmed motto of the family—'LOIAUTÉ.'"

The slightest matters have their vulgarity fumigated out of them by the same elevated style. Commonplace people would say that a copy of Shakspeare lay on a drawing-room table; but the authoress of "The Enigma," bent on edifying periphrasis, tells you that there lay on the table, "that fund of human thought and feeling, which teaches the heart through the little name, 'Shakspeare.'" A watchman sees a light burning in an upper window rather longer than usual, and thinks that people are foolish to sit up late when they have an opportunity of going to bed; but, lest this fact should seem too low and common, it is presented to us in the following striking and metaphysical manner: "He marvelled—as man *will* think for others in a necessarily separate personality, consequently (though disallowing it) in false mental premise,—how differently *he* should act, how gladly *he* should prize the rest so lightly held of within." A footman—an ordinary Jeames, with large calves and aspirated vowels—answers the door-bell, and the opportunity is seized to

tell you that he was a "type of the large class of pampered menials, who follow the curse of Cain—'vagabonds' on the face of the earth, and whose estimate of the human class varies in the graduated scale of money and expenditure . . . These, and such as these, O England, be the false lights of thy morbid civilization!" We have heard of various "false lights," from Dr. Cumming to Robert Owen, from Dr. Pusey to the Spirit-rappers, but we never before heard of the false light that emanates from plush and powder.

In the same way very ordinary events of civilized life are exalted into the most awful crises, and ladies in full skirts and *manches à la Chinoise*, conduct themselves not unlike the heroines of sanguinary melodramas. Mrs. Percy; a shallow woman of the world, wishes her son Horace to marry the auburn-haired Grace, she being an heiress; but he, after the manner of sons, falls in love with the raven-haired Kate, the heiress's portionless cousin; and, moreover, Grace herself shows every symptom of perfect indifference to Horace. In such cases, sons are often sulky or fiery, mothers are alternately manœuvring and waspish, and the portionless young lady often lies awake at night and cries a good deal. We are getting used to these things now, just as we are used to eclipses of the moon, which no longer set us howling and beating tin kettles. We never heard of a lady in a fashionable "front" behaving like Mrs. Percy under these circumstances. Happening one day to see Horace talking to Grace at a window, without in the least knowing what they are talking about, or having the least reason to believe that Grace, who is mistress of the house and a person of dignity, would accept her son if he were to offer himself, she suddenly rushes up to them and clasps them both, saying, "with a flushed countenance and in an excited manner"—"This is indeed happiness; for, may I not call you so, Grace?—my Grace—my Horace's Grace!—my dear children!" Her son tells her she is mistaken, and that he is engaged to Kate, whereupon we have the following scene and tableau:—

"Gathering herself up to an unprecedented height, (!) her eyes lightning forth the fire of her anger:—

"'Wretched boy!' she said, hoarsely and scornfully, and clenching her hand, 'Take then the doom of your own choice! Bow down your miserable head and let a mother's—'

"'Curse not!' spake a deep low voice from behind, and Mrs. Percy started, scared, as though she had seen a heavenly visitant appear, to break upon her in the midst of her sin.

"Meantime, Horace had fallen on his knees at her feet, and hid his face in his hands.

"Who, then, is she—who! Truly his 'guardian spirit' hath

stepped between him and the fearful words, which, however unmerited, must have hung as a pall over his future existence;—a spell which could not be unbound—which could not be unsaid.

“Of an earthly paleness, but calm with the still, iron-bound calmness of death—the only calm one there,—Katherine stood; and her words smote on the ear in tones whose appallingly slow and separate intonation rung on the heart like the chill, isolated tolling of some fatal knell.

“He would have plighted me his faith, but I did not accept it; you cannot, therefore—you *dare* not curse Jim. And here,’ she continued, raising her hand to heaven, whither her large dark eyes also rose with a chastened glow, which, for the first time, *suffering* had lighted in those passionate orbs,—‘here I promise, come weal, come woe, that Horace Wolchorley and I do never interchange vows without his mother’s sanction—without his mother’s blessing!’”

Here, and throughout the story, we see that confusion of purpose which is so characteristic of silly novels written by women. It is a story of quite modern drawing-room society—a society in which polkas are played and Puseyism discussed; yet we have characters, and incidents, and traits of manner introduced, which are mere shreds from the most heterogeneous romances. We have a blind Irish harper “relic of the picturesque bards of yore,” startling us at a Sunday-school festival of tea and cake in an English village; we have a crazy gipsy, in a scarlet cloak, singing snatches of romantic song, and revealing a secret on her deathbed which, with the testimony of a dwarfish miserly merchant, who salutes strangers with a curse and a devilish laugh, goes to prove that Ernest, the model young clergyman, is Kate’s brother; and we have an ultra-virtuous Irish Barney, discovering that a document is forged, by comparing the date of the paper with the date of the alleged signature, although the same document has passed through a court of law, and occasioned a fatal decision. The “Hall” in which Sir Lionel lives is the venerable country-seat of an old family, and this, we suppose, sets the imagination of the authoress flying to donjons and battlements, where “lo! the warder blows his horn;” for, as the inhabitants are in their bedrooms on a night certainly within the recollection of Pleaceman X., and a breeze springs up, which we are at first told was faint, and then that it made the old cedars bow their branches to the greensward, she falls into this mediæval vein of description (the italics are ours): “The banner *unfurled* it at the sound, and shook its guardian wing above, while the startled owl *flapped* her in the ivy; the firmament looking down through her ‘argus eyes,’—

“Ministers of heaven’s mute melodies.”

And lo! two strokes tolled from out the warder tower, and 'Two o'clock' re-echoed its interpreter below."

Such stories as this of "The Enigma" remind us of the pictures clever children-sometimes draw "out of their own head," where you will see a modern villa on the right, two knights in helmets fighting in the foreground, and a tiger grinning in a jungle on the left, the several objects being brought together because the artist thinks each pretty, and perhaps still more because he remembers seeing them in other pictures.

But we like the authoress much better on her mediæval stilts than on her oracular ones,—when she talks of the *Ich* and of "subjective" and "objective," and lays down the exact line of Christian verity, between "right-hand excesses and left-hand declensions." Persons who deviate from this line are introduced with a patronizing air of charity. Of a certain Miss Inshquine she informs us, with all the lucidity of italics and small caps, that "*function, not form, as the inevitable outer expression of the spirit in this tabernacled age, weakly engrossed her.*" And *à propos* of Miss Mayjar, an evangelical lady who is a little too apt to talk of her visits to sick women and the state of their souls, we are told that the model clergyman is "not one to disallow, through the *super crust*, the undercurrent towards good in the *subject*, or the positive benefits, nevertheless, to the *object.*" We imagine the double-refined accent and protrusion of *clin* which are feebly represented by the italics in this lady's sentences! We abstain from quoting any of her oracular doctrinal passages, because they refer to matters too serious for our pages just now.

The epithet "silly" may seem impertinent, applied to a novel which indicates so much reading and intellectual activity as "The Enigma;" but we use this epithet advisedly. If, as the world has long agreed, a very great amount of instruction will not make a wise man, still less will a very mediocre amount of instruction make a wise woman. And the most mischievous form of feminine silliness is the literary form, because it tends to confirm the popular prejudice against the more solid education of women. When men see girls wasting their time in consultations about bonnets and ball dresses, and in giggling or sentimental love-confidences, or middle-aged women mismanaging their children, and solacing themselves with acrid gossip, they can hardly help saying, "For Heaven's sake, let girls be better educated; let them have some better objects of thought—some more solid occupations." But after a few hours' conversation with an oracular literary woman, or a few hours' reading of her books, they are likely enough to say, "After all, when a woman gets some knowledge, see what use she makes of it! Her knowledge remains acquisition, instead of passing into culture; instead of being

subdued into modesty and simplicity by a larger acquaintance with thought and fact, she has a feverish consciousness of her attainments; she keeps a sort of mental pocket-mirror, and is continually looking in it at her own 'intellectuality'; she spoils the taste of one's muffin by questions of metaphysics; 'puts down' men at a dinner table with her superior information; and seizes the opportunity of a *soirée* to catechise us on the vital question of the relation between mind and matter. And then, look at her writings! She mistakes vagueness for depth, bombast for eloquence, and affectation for originality; she struts on one page, rolls her eyes on another, grimaces in a third, and is hysterical in a fourth. She may have read many writings of great men, and a few writings of great women; but she is as unable to discern the difference between her own style and theirs as a Yorkshireman is to discern the difference between his own English and a Londoner's: rhodomontade is the native accent of her intellect. No—the average nature of women is too shallow and feeble a soil to bear much tillage; it is only fit for the very lightest crops."

It is true that the men who come to such a decision on such very superficial and imperfect observation may not be among the wisest in the world; but we have not now to contest their opinion—we are only pointing out how it is unconsciously encouraged by many women who have volunteered themselves as representatives of the feminine intellect. We do not believe that a man was ever strengthened in such an opinion by associating with a woman of true culture, whose mind had absorbed her knowledge instead of being absorbed by it. A really cultured woman, like a really cultured man, is all the simpler and the less obtrusive for her knowledge; it has made her see herself and her opinions in something like just proportions; she does not make it a pedestal from which she flatters herself that she commands a complete view of men and things, but makes it a point of observation from which to form a right estimate of herself. She neither spouts poetry nor quotes Cicero on slight provocation; not because she thinks that a sacrifice must be made to the prejudices of men, but because that mode of exhibiting her memory and Latinity does not present itself to her as edifying or graceful. She does not write books to confound philosophers, perhaps because she is able to write books that delight them. In conversation she is the least formidable of women, because she understands you, without wanting to make you aware that you *can't* understand her. She does not give you information, which is the raw material of culture,—she gives you sympathy, which is its subtlest essence.

A more numerous class of silly novels than the oracular, (which are generally inspired by some form of High Church, or transcendental Christianity,) is what we may call the

white neck-cloth species, which represent the tone of thought and feeling in the Evangelical party. This species is a kind of genteel tract on a large scale, intended as a sort of medicinal sweetmeat for Low Church young ladies; an Evangelical substitute for the fashionable novel, as the May Meetings are a substitute for the Opera. Even Quaker children, one would think, can hardly have been denied the indulgence of a doll; but it must be a doll dressed in a drab gown and a coal-scuttle bonnet—not a worldly doll, in gauze and spangles. And there are no young ladies, we imagine,—unless they belong to the Church of the United Brethren, in which people are married without any love-making—who can dispense with love stories. Thus, for Evangelical young ladies there are Evangelical love stories, in which the vicissitudes of the tender passion are sanctified by saving views of Regeneration and the Atonement. These novels differ from the oracular ones, as a Low Churchwoman often differs from a High Churchwoman: they are a little less supercilious, and a great deal more ignorant, a little less correct in their syntax, and a great deal more vulgar.

The Orlando of Evangelical literature is the young curate, looked at from the point of view of the middle class, where cambric bands are understood to have as thrilling an effect on the hearts of young ladies as epaulettes have in the classes above and below it. In the ordinary type of these novels, the hero is almost sure to be a young curate, frowned upon, perhaps, by worldly mammas, but carrying captive the hearts of their daughters, who can “never forget *that sermon* ;” tender glances are seized from the pulpit stairs instead of the opera-box; *tete-a-tetes* are seasoned with quotations from Scripture, instead of quotations from the poets; and questions as to the state of the heroine’s affections are mingled with anxieties as to the state of her soul. The young curate always has a background of well-dressed and wealthy, if not fashionable society;—for Evangelical silliness is as snobbish as any other kind of silliness; and the Evangelical lady novelist, while she explains to you the type of the scapegoat on one page, is ambitious on another to represent the manners and conversation of aristocratic people. Her pictures of fashionable society are often curious studies considered as efforts of the Evangelical imagination; but in one particular the novels of the White Neck-cloth School are meritoriously realistic,—their favourite hero, the Evangelical young curate is always rather an insipid personage.

The most recent novel of this species that we happen to have before us, is “The Old Grey Church.” It is utterly tame and feeble; there is no one set of objects on which the writer seems to have a stronger grasp than on any other; and we should be entirely at a loss to conjecture among what phases of life her experience has been gained, but for certain vulgarisms of style

which sufficiently indicate that she has had the advantage, though she has been unable to use it, of mingling chiefly with men and women whose manners and characters have not had all their bosses and angles rubbed down by refined conventionalism. It is less excusable in an Evangelical novelist, than in any other, gratuitously to seek her subjects among titles and carriages. The real drama of Evangelicalism—and it has abundance of fine drama for any one who has genius enough to discern and reproduce it—lies among the middle and lower classes; and are not Evangelical opinions understood to give an especial interest in the weak things of the earth, rather than in the mighty? Why then, cannot our Evangelical lady novelists show us the operation of their religious views among people (there really are many such in the world) who keep no carriage, "not so much as a brass-bound gig," who even manage to eat their dinner without a silver fork, and in whose mouths the authoress's questionable English would be strictly consistent? Why can we not have pictures of religious life among the industrial classes in England, as interesting as Mrs. Stowe's pictures of religious life among the negroes? Instead of this, pious ladies nauseate us with novels which remind us of what we sometimes see in a worldly woman recently "converted;"—she is as fond of a fine dinner table as before, but she invites clergymen instead of beaux; she thinks as much of her dress as before, but she adopts a more sober choice of colours and patters; her conversation is as trivial as before, but the triviality is flavoured with gospel instead of gossip. In "The Old Grey Church," we have the same sort of Evangelical travesty of the fashionable novel, and of course the vicious, intriguing baronet is not wanting. It is worth while to give a sample of the style of conversation attributed to this high-horn rake—a style that in its profuse italics and palpable innuendoes, is worthy of Miss Squeers. In an evening visit to the ruins of the Colosseum, Eustace, the young clergyman, has been withdrawing the heroine, Miss Lushington, from the rest of the party, for the sake of a *tête-à-tête*. The baronet is jealous, and vents his pique in this way:—

"There they are, and Miss Lushington, no doubt, quite safe; for she is, under the holy guidance of Pope Eustace the First, who has, of course, been delivering to her an edifying homily on the wickedness of the heathens of yore, who, as tradition tells us, in this very place let loose the wild *beasties* on poor St. Paul!—Oh, no! by-the-bye; I believe I am wrong, and betraying my want of clergy, and that it was not at all St. Paul, nor was it here. But no matter, it would equally serve as a text to preach from, and from which to diverge to the degenerate *heathen* Christians of the present day, and all their naughty practices, and so end with an exhortation to 'come out from among

them, and be separate ;'—and I am sure, Miss Lushington, you have most scrupulously conformed to that injunction this evening, for we have seen nothing of you since our arrival. But every one seems agreed it has been a *charming party of pleasure*, and I am sure we all feel *much indebted* to Mr. Grey for having *suggested* it; and as he seems so capital a cicerone, I hope he will think of something else equally agreeable to *all*."

This drivelling kind of dialogue, and equally drivelling narrative, which, like a bad drawing, represents nothing, and barely indicates what is meant to be represented, runs through the book; and we have no doubt is considered by the amiable authoress to constitute an improving novel, which Christian mothers will do well to put into the hands of their daughters. But everything is relative; we have met with American vegetarians whose normal diet was dry meal, and who, when their appetite wanted stimulating, tickled it with *wet* meal; and so, we can imagine that there are Evangelical circles in which "The Old Grey Church" is devoured as a powerful and interesting fiction.

But, perhaps, the least readable of silly women's novels, are the *modern-antique* species, which unfold to us the domestic life of Jannes and Jambres, the private love affairs of Sennacherib, or the mental struggles and ultimate conversion of Demetrius the silversmith. From most silly novels we can at least extract a laugh; but those of the modern antique school have a ponderous, a leaden kind of fatuity, under which we groan. What can be more demonstrative of the inability of literary women to measure their own powers, than their frequent assumption of a task which can only be justified by the rarest concurrence of acquirement with genius? The finest effort to reanimate the past is of course only approximative—is always more or less an infusion of the modern spirit into the ancient form,—

Was ihr den Geist der Zeiten heisst,
Das ist im Grund der Herren eigner Geist,
In dem die Zeiten sich bespiegeln.

Admitting that genius which has familiarized itself with all the relics of an ancient period can sometimes, by the force of its sympathetic divination, restore the missing notes in the "music of humanity," and reconstruct the fragments into a whole which will really bring the remote past nearer to us, and interpret it to our duller apprehension,—this form of imaginative power must always be among the very rarest, because it demands as much accurate and minute knowledge as creative vigour. Yet we find ladies constantly choosing to make their mental mediocrity more conspicuous, by clothing it in a masquerade of ancient pames;

by putting their feeble sentimentality into the mouths of Roman vestals or Egyptian princesses, and attributing their rhetorical arguments to Jewish high-priests and Greek philosophers. A recent example of this heavy imbecility is, "Adonijah, a Tale of the Jewish Dispersion," which forms part of a series, "uniting," we are told, "taste, humour, and sound principles." "Adonijah," we presume, exemplifies the tale of "sound principles;" the taste and humour are to be found in other members of the series. We are told on the cover, that the incidents of this tale are "fraught with unusual interest," and the preface winds up thus: "To those who feel interested in the dispersed of Israel and Judea, these pages may afford, perhaps, information on an important subject, as well as amusement." Since the "important subject" on which this book is to afford information is not specified; it may possibly lie in some esoteric meaning to which we have no key; but if it has relation to the dispersed of Israel and Judea at any period of their history, we believe a tolerably well-informed school-girl already knows much more of it than she will find in this "Tale of the Jewish Dispersion." "Adonijah" is simply the feeblest kind of love story, supposed to be instructive, we presume, because the hero is a Jewish captive, and the heroine a Roman vestal; because they and their friends are converted to Christianity after the shortest and easiest method approved by the "Society for Promoting the Conversion of the Jews;" and because, instead of being written in plain language, it is adorned with that peculiar style of grandiloquence which is held by some lady novelists to give an antique colouring, and which we recognise at once in such phrases as these:—"the splendid regnal talents undoubtedly possessed by the Emperor Nero"—"the expiring scion of a lofty stem"—"the virtuous partner of his couch"—"ah, by Vestal!"—and "I tell thee, Roman." Among the quotations which serve at once for instruction and ornament on the cover of this volume, there is one from Miss Sinclair, which informs us that "Works of imagination are *avowedly* read by men of science, wisdom, and piety;" from which we suppose the reader is to gather the cheering inference that Dr. Daubeny, Mr. Mill, or Mr. Maurice, may openly indulge himself with the perusal of "Adonijah," without being obliged to secrete it among the sofa cushions, or read it by snatches, under the dinner table.

"Be not a baker if your head be made of butter," says a homely proverb, which, being interpreted, may mean, let no woman rush into print who is not prepared for the consequences. We are aware that our remarks are in a very different tone from that of the reviewers who, with a perennial recurrence of pre-

cisely similar emotions, only paralleled, we imagine, in the experience of monthly nurses, tell one lady novelist after another that they "hail" her productions "with delight." We are aware that the ladies at whom our criticism is pointed are accustomed to be told, in the choicest phraseology of puffery, that their pictures of life are brilliant, their characters well drawn, their style fascinating, and their sentiments lofty. But if they are inclined to resent our plainness of speech, we ask them 'to reflect for a moment on the chary praise, and often captious blame, which their panegyrists give to writers whose works are on the way to become classics. No sooner does a woman show that she has genius or effective talent, than she receives the tribute of being moderately praised and severely criticised. By a peculiar thermometric adjustment, when a woman's talent is at zero, journalistic approbation is at the boiling pitch; when she attains mediocrity, it is already at no more than summer heat; and if ever she reaches excellence, critical enthusiasm drops to the freezing point. Harriet Martineau, Currer Bell, and Mrs. Gaskell have been treated as cavalierly as if they had been men. And every critic who forms a high estimate of the share women may ultimately take in literature, will, on principle, abstain from any exceptional indulgence towards the productions of literary women. For it must be plain to every one who looks impartially and extensively into feminine literature, that its greatest deficiencies are due hardly more to the want of intellectual power than to the want of those moral qualities that contribute to literary excellence—patient diligence, a sense of the responsibility involved in publication, and an appreciation of the sacredness of the writer's art. In the majority of women's books you see that kind of facility which springs from the absence of any high standard; that fertility in imbecile combination or feeble imitation which a little self-criticism would check and reduce to barrenness; just as with a total want of musical ear people will sing out of tune, while a degree more melodic sensibility would suffice to render them silent. The foolish vanity of wishing to appear in print, instead of being counterbalanced by any consciousness of the intellectual or moral dérogation implied in futile authorship, seems to be encouraged by the extremely false impression that to write *at all* is a proof of superiority in a woman. On this ground, we believe that the average intellect of women is unfairly represented by the mass of feminine literature, and that while the few women who write well are very far above the ordinary intellectual level of their sex, the many women who write ill are very far below it. So that, after all, the severer critics are fulfilling a chivalrous duty in depriving the mere fact of feminine authorship of any false prestige which may give it a delusive attraction, and in recom-

mending women of mediocre faculties — as at least a negative service they can render their sex—to abstain from writing.

The standing apology for women who become writers without any special qualification is, that society shuts them out from other spheres of occupation. Society is a very culpable entity, and has to answer for the manufacture of many unwholesome commodities, from bad pickles to bad poetry. But society, like “matter,” and Her Majesty’s Government, and other lofty abstractions, has its share of excessive blame as well as excessive praise. Where there is one woman who writes from necessity, we believe there are three women who write from vanity; and, besides, there is something so antiseptic in the mere healthy fact of working for one’s bread, that the most trashy and rotten kind of feminine literature is not likely to have been produced under such circumstances. “In all labour there is profit;” but ladies’ silly novels, we imagine, are less the result of labour than of busy idleness.

Happily, we are not dependent on argument to prove that Fiction is a department of literature in which women can, after their kind, fully equal men. A cluster of great names, both living and dead, rush to our memories in evidence that women can produce novels not only fine, but among the very finest;—novels, too, that have a precious speciality, lying quite apart from masculine aptitudes and experience. No educational restrictions can shut women out from the materials of fiction, and there is no species of art which is so free from rigid requirements. Like crystalline masses, it may take any form, and yet be beautiful; we have only to pour in the right elements—genuine observation, humour, and passion. But it is precisely this absence of rigid requirement which constitutes the fatal seduction of novel-writing to incompetent women. Ladies are not wont to be very grossly deceived as to their power of playing on the piano; here certain positive difficulties of execution have to be conquered, and incompetence inevitably breaks down. Every art which has its absolute *technique* is, to a certain extent, guarded from the intrusions of mere left-handed imbecility. But in novel-writing there are no barriers for incapacity to stumble against, no external criteria to prevent a writer from mistaking foolish facility for mastery. And so we have again and again the old story of La Fontaine’s ass, who puts his nose to the flute, and, finding that he elicits some sound, exclaims, “Moi, aussi, je joue de la flute;”—a fable which we commend, at parting, to the consideration of any feminine reader who is in danger of adding to the number of “silly novels by lady novelists.”

ART. VII.—FRANCE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION OF '89.

L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution. Par Alexis de Tocqueville.
Paris: 1856.

“THE purpose of the work,” says the author, “which I present to the public, is to show why this great Revolution, which was preparing at the same time over almost the whole continent of Europe, broke out among us rather than elsewhere; why it proceeded, as it were, of itself, out of that society which it was going to destroy; and how, finally, the old monarchy could fall so completely and so suddenly.” This volume is not a history, but what the French call a study (*une étude*) on the Revolution; a kind of work most useful when it is the result of labour such as the author has bestowed, and of judgment such as he possesses in a high degree. There are men still alive, who were of mature age when the first French Revolution (1789) surprised the world; but so great have been the changes in Continental Europe, and even in Great Britain since that time, that we seem as if we were ages removed from the ante-revolutionary period. Men’s minds have been so steadily fixed on this great event, that while contemplating the suddenness of the catastrophe and the ruins of the ancient edifice, they have cared little to examine what was the nature of the structure which was levelled to the ground, and what were the causes of its unexpected downfall. Most of the historians of the French Revolution help us little towards discovering the causes of it; and people both in France and in other countries know less of the real character of the French government and of French society in the century preceding the Revolution, than of many more remote periods of French history. Yet when we have got rid of some prejudices, and taken the necessary pains to learn a few facts, the causes are not so obscure nor the consequences so different from what might have been expected.

In 1789, the French made a violent effort to separate themselves from the past, to form a new political order, and we may say to form a new society. After sixty years, we find them under an absolute government, such as the old monarchy is supposed to have been, and in a manner was, but under a government infinitely more powerful and more despotic than the old monarchy before the Revolution. We find equality and despotism, but no liberty and no life; a society increasing in wealth, but excluded from public affairs; an administration which

secures tranquillity and order, but is uncontrolled in its expenditure; a people who are without a public voice, without a will, without a purpose,—as little united as if they were all strangers in the country; in fact, some millions, realizing the poetical image of every man being under his own vine and his own fig-tree, and nowhere else; attending to their daily affairs, working hard, paying their taxes, doing as they are told, even without the privilege of grumbling, which, in the worst times of his history, the Englishman has had and has exercised.

This wretched result of the great movement of '89, is a political problem well worthy of examination. But few men are competent to handle it. Long research, sound judgment, and freedom from prejudice, are required of every man who treats historical matters, and more particularly events which are so near to our own time. The author tells us that his work, though it is a small volume, is the product of very great labour; and any man who reads it carefully, with a reasonable knowledge of the subject, will see that it is. In few words, he often gives conclusions which can only be reached by an examination of much evidence; and when the evidence is of a nature to establish certain facts—when it is carefully examined, fairly weighed, and the result is stated in plain, clear language, we owe our thanks to the man who tells us what we did not know before, and what most of us could never have learned in any other way.

When we are reading a work in which we are compelled to give a large amount of credit to the author, because he presents to us certain conclusions without producing or being able to produce all the evidence, it is of great importance to know the kind of man whom we have to trust. The name of De Tocqueville is well-known, and his opinions, as he says, were made public above twenty years ago. Men change in all countries, even in France; but the author is not changed. He is still a friend of liberty, as he understands liberty,—for everybody does not understand it the same way. His liberty is the liberty of the citizen of a free state—a liberty which is founded on fixed principles of government, and so inseparable from them, that the liberty of the citizen and the existence of the government only express the same thing. There is political liberty when a man can freely exercise his abilities and his industry,—when he can speak and write what he likes, subject only to the condition of being answerable before the law, and before the law as the guardian of every man's interests, and as administered by an honest court,—when as a citizen of a state he can take a part in its legislation and administration, and exhibit the talents and the virtues which flourish on the soil where true freedom exists; but wither under the shade of despotism, even if despotism, as now in France, has allied itself to equality.

That a Frenchman who has ability and spirit should love political liberty, cannot surprise us. It would rather be surprising if there were one generous soul in France which preferred the heavy sleep of slavery to the active life of liberty; the security of the prison with a full belly to the pleasure of breathing the open air, even at the risk of living on scanty food.

The author says,—

“In the midst of the darkness of the future, we may already discover three truths very clearly. The first is, that all the men of the present day are led by an unknown force, which we may hope to regulate and moderate, but not to overcome,—a force which sometimes urges them gently, and at other times hurries them on, towards the destruction of aristocracy. The second is, that among all the political societies of the world, those which will always have the most difficulty in escaping for a long time from an absolute government, will be precisely those societies in which aristocracy no longer exists, and cannot exist. The third, finally, is this, that nowhere is it in the nature of despotism to produce worse effects than in such societies; for despotism, more than any other form of government, favours the development of all the vices to which these societies are especially exposed, and drives them thus in the very direction towards which, according to their natural disposition, they are already inclined.”

In those social systems, according to the opinion of M. de Tocqueville, where men are not bound together by any tie of castes, of classes, of corporations, and of families, they are too much inclined to attend only to their private interests. Despotism encourages this tendency by depriving the citizens of every common passion, of every mutual want, of the necessity and of the power of communicating and acting together. Wealth, which becomes the chief thing by which men are distinguished from one another, passes rapidly from one hand to another, changes the condition of individuals, raises or depresses families, and thus every one makes a desperate effort to keep it or to get it. The desire of wealth got any how, the love of gain, the pursuit of pleasure and of material enjoyment, become the predominant passions, and they spread through all classes. It is of the essence of despotism to cherish and strengthen these passions, for they are its support: they turn away men's thoughts from public affairs, and make them tremble at the bare idea of revolution. “Despotism alone can supply these passions with the secrecy and the shade under which cupidity is at its ease, and allow it to make disgraceful profit by braving disgrace. Without despotism these passions would have been strong; with it they are all-powerful. Liberty alone, on the other hand, can effectually combat in such societies the vices, which are natural to them.” It is only liberty which can draw men from their

isolated privacy, and bring them together by the necessity of understanding one another, and attending to their common interest; liberty alone can draw them from the worship of gold to learn that their country is above everything else, make them feel that there are higher and nobler passions than mere material comfort, and present to them objects of ambition greater than the acquisition of wealth.

These opinions, which may be supposed to have had some effect on the author's general conclusions, he has fairly stated in his Preface. About the truth of the first opinion, that modern society tends to the destruction of aristocracy, there can hardly be any dispute; and this opinion may be accepted even if people do not exactly agree in their political definition of aristocracy. We all conceive it in a general way, some more exactly than others; but we have a little difficulty in defining exactly what it now is, in England for example. As to the second and third opinions, we believe them to be equally true. An aristocracy may bring many evils on society, but if it is rich, and possessed of political power, it is a security against a despotism such as rules in Russia, France, or anywhere else. The total destruction of such a political power in a state where it has once existed, makes the road easy to absolute power. Even in a pure democracy, such as the States of the North American Union, is it certain that liberty, or licence, whichever you call it, is so very far from despotism? The instrument of usurpation in Europe is the soldier; and where there is not a large army, the means for seizing power are not so ready. But a small force may perhaps do as well as a large one in some societies; or no military force at all. Despotism may come in other ways and under other forms; it may exist under the name of empire, republic, or democracy. And for a plain reason. Modern civilized societies are essentially pacific, lovers of quiet, lovers of pleasure, and lovers of money-making. Material enjoyment is the end, and money is the means. A rich society will not risk the loss of its wealth. Tranquillity is essential to its existence; and any power which arises in the midst of disorder, and keeps order and quiet, will always be accepted. The remark, it may be said, is not very profound; but it is true and should be often repeated, for people are apt to forget simple and wholesome truths. Political liberty is not an easy thing to get, nor easy to keep; and when it has once been had and is lost, it is very hard to recover.

Despotism lives by flattering in a people the very vices which have helped it to power. It loves sensuality and looks favourably on industry, for industry produces wealth, and despotism takes from what toil has produced; taking, if it is wise, no more than it wants, for the maintenance of its own power, and bidding the

labourer enjoy himself in security, and get more. The richer a nation grows, the more a people is given to the lust of gain, the readier it is to bow the neck and put on the yoke. For why does a man get, except to keep and to enjoy?—and what is life to such a one without wealth? And what is the great end that his philosophy proposes, if he has a philosophy, except accumulation? And where is accumulation so easy and so safe as under a Government whose calm is never disturbed by the breeze of freedom, which in the wholesome exercise of its force may sometimes rise into the storm? Is there any man in his senses who would trust the liberties of England to those who traffic in money, who deal in loans, who grow rich by all the various methods by which they transfer to their own pockets without labour the fruits of the labour of others; nay, would he trust them even to the manufacturer and the merchant, liberal and honourable as many of them may be? The pearl above all price, the rational liberty of a free people, must be guarded by those who value it before everything else, before gold and silver, and even before life. The second French empire has corrupted and debased the French, and there are signs enough in England that many Englishmen are mean enough to bow the knee before the image whose head is of gold, with legs of iron, and feet of clay. But the image will be broken, like the image in the prophetic vision, and the fragments will nowhere be found.

The history of the great French Revolution, observes the author, will never be anything except darkness to those who will look only at the Revolution. They may read all the histories that have been written, and all that shall be written, if we are to have any more; and they will be never the wiser. Without a clear view of what the old society was, they will never be able to understand the history of France since the memorable 1789. But something more than this is wanted. They must not only know the country and its former social condition: they must understand the character of the people, for the Frenchman has had a distinct and a peculiar character for more than two thousand years. An excellent writer, Amédée Thierry, "*Histoire des Gaulois*," has traced the history of his nation from the earliest times to the final subjugation of Gallia by the Romans, and he finds them everywhere the same. And there is nothing surprising in this. The mass of the people are the same, though they have been Romanised; and ever since the time when Cæsar tamed the warlike Gaul, they have changed less than any nation in Europe. The Teutonic people have pressed upon them from the north and the east, and occupied large tracts of the country, but the great heart of France is still in the centre. The country of the Gaul, within the historical period, lies between the Pyrenees and the Alps; between the

Ocean and the Rhine. Before the Christian era the German was in the north and the east; in the south-west there were Aquitanian peoples, akin to the Spanish stock; in the south-east the Ligurian was mingled with the Gaul; and the Greeks had sprinkled their civilization and their towns along the southern coast from the Pyrenees to the Var. But the bulk of the nation remained unmoved in the centre, between the Garonne and the Seine, between the Atlantic and the Rhine; and there it is still. M. de Tocqueville (p. 321) has described his countrymen's character in a few lines. He speaks of the French as a people "so unchangeable in their principal instincts, that we recognise them even in the portraits drawn of them two or three thousand* years ago." The character is a compound of contrasts, of great virtues and great vices; it is a people governed by impulse more than by reflection; with ability enough to do anything, and a singular want of plain common sense. "If," says Thierry, "we were to examine ourselves well at any of these critical times, when nations, breaking through all social conventions, display themselves, as we may say, in the nudity of their nature, would it be impossible to discover some sign of this union of virtues and vices?" The great political defect in the Frenchman is, that "one day he is the declared enemy to all obedience, and the next he shows a sort of passion for servitude which the nations that have the best capacity for it cannot equal." (De Tocqueville). "We must always observe," says Mallet du Pan, "that in France neither the law, nor the power which comes from it, are respected, except so far as they make themselves respected by being feared." So we may conclude with the author, that no people but the French could have made such a Revolution, so sudden, so violent, so full of contradictions. When we have learned the character of the man, we have to study the circumstances under which his passions were called into activity.

The author has divided his work into two books, and each book into chapters. The heading of each chapter is a kind of proposition which he develops and proves. There is matter enough in each chapter for an essay. All that can be done here is to state some of his opinions, with the reasons for them.

In England we have long been taught to consider the philosophical writings of the eighteenth century as one of the chief causes of the Revolution; and M. de Tocqueville admits this. The French philosophy of the eighteenth century was entirely irreligious; but here the author makes a remark which seems to us to be most important. There are two parts or two sides of

* * "Three thousand" is careless on the part of the author. Let him be satisfied with "two thousand," which is enough, and as much as is true.

this philosophy. One part contains all the new doctrines which concern the condition of society, the principles of law and government, the natural equality of men, the sovereignty of the people, and the like. These doctrines are not the product of the Revolution, but the cause of it; they are the Revolution itself, which was only an attempt to put in practice what the philosophers had laid down as a theory. The other part, or other side of the philosophical writings of the eighteenth century, is the furious attack on the clergy and on Christianity. But the author maintains that it was much less as the teacher of religion than as a political institution, that the church was assailed; it was not because the priests pretended to regulate the affairs of the other world, but because they meddled too much with matters here. The church was rich, and therefore it was hated. It was the greatest power in the state, and it was odious because it reaped where it did not sow. The passion against religion, which showed itself in such fantastic forms during the Revolution, was a temporary fit of frenzy—a mere accident. A great Father of the eighteenth century, but not of the Church, one who did his best against Christianity, knew well enough that a nation can never be roused against any religion which leaves them quiet. In his "Homily on Superstition,"* he says, after speaking of the civil wars of France—"It is not the people, my brethren, it is not the cultivators, nor ignorant and peaceable artisans, who have stirred up these ridiculous and mischievous disputes, the source of so many horrors and so many murders. Unfortunately, there is not one of which the theologians have not been the authors. Men fed by your toil, living happy in indolence, enriched by the sweat of your brow and by your miseries, contended who should have most partisans and most slaves. They inspired you with a furious fanaticism in order to become your masters: they made you superstitious, not that you should fear God more, but that you should fear them." This was the way to stir up a people against a priesthood; against the men who were fed by the toil of the people, and would not let them live in peace.

The anti-religious passion survived the Revolution, and it still exists. "Even in our time," says the author, "we have seen men who thought that they made amends for their servility towards God; and who, while abandoning all that was most free, all that was most noble and most proud in the revolutionary doctrines, flattered themselves that they continued faithful to its spirit by continuing profane." These men are the opposite of another class, who are found in all countries, of whom it has

* Voltaire, "Homélie sur la Superstition."

been well said, that they indemnify themselves for their humility towards God by their arrogance to man.

M. de Tocqueville maintains that since the political work of the Revolution has been consolidated, its anti-religious work has fallen into ruins; that the church being separated from all that fell with it, has gradually recovered its power over men's minds, and strengthened itself in opinion; and that there is not a Christian church in Europe which has not revived since the French Revolution. This may be true. It is true of England at least. Whatever irreligion there may still be in France, it is pretty certain that there was more before the Revolution. If any powerful church will try the experiment of throwing off its wealth, and not disturbing people in their material interests, it will find that the number of its enemies will soon diminish. Never will a whole nation be roused to the anti-religious frenzy of the French Revolution by a pure hatred of religion. There must be something that touches their interests nearer, to call men away from their daily occupations, to attack churches and kill priests.

The great characteristic of the French Revolution was its universality, in which it resembled a religious rather than a political revolution. It was a revolution of opinion; a revolution of proselytism, which proceeded by preaching and by armed force at once. It sought to establish not the rights of French citizens only, but the political rights, as they were termed, of all mankind. This was its serious side; and as the serious and the ridiculous are often very near to one another, the propagandism of the Revolution drove some of its apostles mad, made the timid look on it with fear and hatred, and the sober-minded at last treat its doctrines with contempt.

In the eighteenth century, the political institutions which rose in the Middle Ages, and were established with a singular uniformity through a great part of Europe, had become old; they were worn out. New things had arisen by the side of them and among them; and what existed of the old society was felt to be a burden. Even in England, where forms have always been preserved, and are still clung to with an instinctive tenacity of grasp, the feudal institutions were no longer in their force. The wars of the first Charles and his Parliament, and the usurpation of Cromwell, had been to the nation a severe but wholesome discipline; and under the inglorious reign of Charles II., we had the formal abolition of military tenures. With the decay of feudal nobility commenced in England the aristocracy of money; wealth became and is a power, the surest way to the titled orders of the state. If this had been all that England got by the change, it would not have been much; but from the expulsion of the Stuarts, and the Revolution of '88, England dates the real freedom of the press, and the

Englishman the freedom of his person; though there has been many a struggle since that time to maintain the liberties of England against the encroachments of power. Voltaire, in his "Lettres sur les Anglais," (Lettre IX., sur le Gouvernement), told his countrymen a good deal in few words:—"A man because he is a noble or a priest, is not exempt from paying certain taxes; all the imposts are regulated by the House of Commons, which though only the second in rank, is the first in opinion." What a contrast to France, where nobles and priests were exempted from most of the taxes that fell on the labourer, and where the people had only to pay the taxes, and nothing to do with regulating them. That which the English had accomplished by their civil war, and by long and painful labour, the French Revolution attempted to do by a convulsive effort. So violent was the shock by which the nation broke loose from its chains, that it made the Revolution, as M. de Tocqueville observes, "app ear greater than it was; for that which it destroyed was closely connected with the whole, and was, as it were, part of one and the same body." And so he comes to the following conclusions, which in the second part he attempts to establish, and the establishment of which is one of the great features of his work:—

"However radical the Revolution has been, still it has made much less change than is generally supposed. What may be truly said of it is this; that it has entirely destroyed, or is in the way to destroy (for the Revolution still continues) everything which in the old society was derived from aristocracy and feudal institutions; everything which in any degree was connected with them; everything which bore the slightest impress of them. It has retained nothing of the old world, except that which had always been foreign to these institutions, or that which could exist without them. The Revolution was least of all a fortuitous event. It is true that it took the world by surprise; and yet it was only the completion of a long labour, the sudden and violent termination of a work which had passed before the eyes of ten generations of men. If it had not taken place, the old social edifice would nevertheless have fallen everywhere, in one place sooner, in another later; it would only have continued to fall bit by bit, instead of yielding to a blow. The Revolution accomplished suddenly, by a convulsive and painful effort, without any transition, without any precaution, without any scruple, that which would have happened gradually of itself in the course of time. Such was its work!"

• ——"But this Revolution, everywhere prepared, everywhere threatening, why did it break out in France rather than elsewhere? Why has it had among us certain characteristics which have not been seen anywhere else, or only in part? This second question is certainly well worth considering; and the examination of it will be the subject of the following book."—*Livre ii.*

This second book contains the result of the author's inquiries as to the condition of France before the Revolution. It is a vast subject, ill understood, even by most of those who have written the history of the French Revolution. Those who would master the matter, must take the pains to read more than once what the author has said. It is only possible here to state a few of his most important conclusions.

The Revolution did not break out in Germany, though in Germany the institutions of the Middle Ages existed, serfdom included, in more of their original vigour than in France. In France, serfdom had ceased except in one or two of the eastern provinces; and some of the serfs were held by ecclesiastical bodies. Voltaire says that the number held by the religious houses was considerable, and there are a few of his letters, such letters as he could write when he had a priest to deal with, about an abbey of Bernardins on the flanks of the Jura, which held a great number of men in servitude. * But there was another more important change in France; the peasant had become a landed proprietor. M. de Tocqueville observes that it has been the common opinion that the division of landed property in France dates from the Revolution, and was produced by it; but that the contrary is proved by every kind of evidence. The establishment of this fact is most important, for many consequences flow from it. Those who know Arthur Young's* "Travels in France," will not be surprised so much at M. de Tocqueville's assertion, as at his stating that people have held, and that many still hold, such an erroneous opinion. Young says of the small properties in France, which he explains to mean "little farms belonging to those who cultivate them;" he says of them,—“The number is so great that I am inclined to suppose more than one-third of the kingdom occupied by them.” He also says,—“I have seen some of half, and even a quarter of a rood, with a family as much attached to it, as if it were an hundred acres.”† Young shows, beyond all dispute, the great subdivision of landed property in France before the Revolution, and the wretched consequences of it. His remarks are most original and instructive. M. de Tocqueville gives proof too, if the thing wanted proving, for a grosser historical misstatement never obtained currency. “I find,” he says (p. 36), “in a secret report made to an intendant a few years before the Revolution; ‘Successions are becoming

* “Arthur Young's book,” says M. de Tocqueville, “is one of the most instructive works that exist on France before the Revolution.” This is true. A book of such merit has seldom appeared. It is written in a careless, inexact style, yet it is clear and forcible; and it contains what the author saw and thought in his journeys through France in 1787, 1788, and 1789. *

† Young, vol. i., 2nd edition; “Tenantry and the Size of Farms.”

equally subdivided and in a manner which causes uneasiness, and as every one wishes to have a share of everything and wherever he is, the pieces of land are divided *in infinitum*, and are subdivided continually. Would not one suppose that this is written in our own times?"

The passion of the Frenchman to be the owner of land is older than the Revolution; and how many passions dwell in the breast of the small proprietor? He is a different man either from the small tenant-farmer, or the labourer of England. The Revolution has not divided the soil of France, but freed it from the servitudes imposed on it under the old system; for though the French peasant, long before the Revolution, had escaped from the government of the seigneur, his land was subject to many heavy burdens. The seigneur had lost the political power which he once had as a feudal lord; and he only had his pecuniary rights, which had sometimes greatly increased. The great ecclesiastics had their fiefs; the convent generally held the seignory of the village where it was planted; the convent, as already observed, in some parts had serfs; it employed the *corvée*, or compulsory labour for the making of the roads, many of which were excellent in France, even at that time; it levied dues at fairs and markets; it had its feudal bakery, its mill, its wine or cider-press, and its feudal bull, all for the service of its vassals, who must not serve themselves any other way. The church must even meddle with procreation; and make a profit out of it. Besides this, the clergy in France, as everywhere else in Christian Europe, had tithes. Imagine the prospect of a revolution for the French peasant. It satisfied at once his hatred and his love of gain. Young says:—

"In passing through many of the French provinces, I was struck with the various and heavy complaints of the farmers and little proprietors of the feudal grievances, with the weight of which their industry was burthened; but I could not then conceive the multiplicity of the shackles which kept them poor and depressed. I understood it better afterwards from the conversation and complaints of some grand seigneurs as the Revolution advanced; and I then learned that the principal rental of many estates consisted in services and feudal tenures, by the baneful influence of which the industry of the people was almost exterminated. In regard to the oppressions of the clergy as to tithes, I must do that body a justice to which a claim cannot be laid in England. Though the ecclesiastical tenth was levied in France more severely than usual in Italy, yet it was never exacted with such horrid greediness as is at present the disgrace of England.* Such mildness in the levy of this odious tax is absolutely unknown in Eng-

* But we must remember that, in England, a large part of the tithes belonged to laymen and to corporations, as they do still.

land. But mild as it was, the burthen to people groaning under so many oppressions, united to render their situation so bad, that no change could be for the worse.”*

The author says:—

“Just imagine the French peasant of the eighteenth century, or rather the man whom you know; he is always the same; his condition has changed, but not his temper. Observe him, such as the documents which I have quoted have represented him, so passionately fond of the land that he devotes to the purchase of it all his savings, and buys it at any price. To acquire it he must first pay a duty, not to the government, but to other proprietors in the neighbourhood; as much strangers as he is himself to the administration of public affairs, almost as powerless as he himself is. At last he gets his land, and there he buries his heart together with the seed of his crop. This little nook of ground which is his own, in the midst of this vast universe, fills him with pride and independence. However, these same neighbours come upon him, tear him from the field, and compel him to go and work elsewhere, and without pay. If he wishes to protect his crops against the game, the same men prevent him; the same men wait for him at the crossings of the river, and demand of him a toll. He finds them again at the market, where they sell him the right of selling his own produce; and when returning home, he would employ for his own use the remainder of his wheat, this wheat which has grown under his own eyes, and by the labour of his own hands, he cannot do this till he has sent it to be ground at the mill, and baked at the oven of these same men. It is in order to give them a rental, that a part of the revenue of his little domain passes from him, and this rental is imprescriptible and unredemable. Let him do what he likes, he meets on his road, everywhere, those disagreeable neighbours, who disturb his pleasure, impede his labour, and eat the produce of it; and when he has done with them, others clothed in black present themselves, and take from him the purest part of his crop. Imagine to yourselves the condition, the wants, the character and the passions of this man, and calculate, if you can, the amount of hatred and envy which is concentrated in his heart.”

It is the author's opinion that these feudal claims appeared the more grievous, because the lord had ceased to be the political governor of the vassal. If the seigneur had retained his political power, the feudal dues would have seemed a natural consequence:—

“When a nobility possesses not only privileges, but powers; when it governs and conducts administration, its private rights may be at the same time both greater and less seen. In the feudal times, the nobility were looked on pretty much as we now look on the government: men supported the burdens which they imposed, and took into

* He adds in a note:—“They have since found how erroneous this opinion was, and that, great as the evils were, they have been aggravated into a more exterminating despotism, under the fictitious names of liberty and equality.”

account the security that they gave. The nobles had oppressive privileges, they possessed rights which were onerous to the vassal; but they maintained public order, distributed justice, executed the law, helped the weak, and managed the common interests. In proportion as a nobility ceases to do those things, the weight of its privileges appears heavier, and people end at last by being unable to understand why it exists."—(p. 46.)

It is generally supposed that the centralization of the administration in France is a result of the Revolution:—

"On the contrary," says the author (p. 49), "it is a product of the old *régime*, and, I will add, the only part of the political constitution of the old *régime* that has survived the Revolution, because it was the only part that could be accommodated to the new social condition which that Revolution has created. If the reader will have the patience to read attentively the present chapter, he will perhaps find that I have proved my proposition more than enough."

The author makes a limited qualification in respect of the *Pays d'états*, or the provinces which had their own administration, or rather appeared to have it, for the central power had contrived to subject even these provinces in a great degree to the general rules of administration. These *Pays d'états* were at the extremity of the kingdom, and did not contain more than one-fourth of the population; and among them there were only two, Bretagne and Languedoc, in which provincial freedom was a reality. In an appendix (p. 325) the author has treated more particularly of Languedoc, in a most interesting and instructive chapter. Even at the present day one may see in this country some evidence of the former freedom that it had. Young was struck with the goodness of the roads in this remote part of France, roads such as did not exist in England at that time; but they were made by heavy taxation unequally distributed. Still there was no *corvée* in Languedoc.

If we look at the old administration of France, it appears at first sight as if there was an infinity of powers and authorities, and nothing but confusion. France was covered with bodies which had powers of administration, and with isolated functionaries independent of one another, who participated in the government by virtue of an authority which they had purchased, and which could not be taken from them. Courts of justice had legislative powers. The towns had constitutions which varied infinitely. Their magistrates had different names, and derived their authority from different sources: some were appointed by the king, some by the seigneur, or a prince who had an *apanage*: some were elected annually by their fellow-citizens, and others had purchased the right of governing their fellow-citizens for ever. These were the ruins of the ancient authorities, the wreck and

fragments of a former state of society. But a new authority had grown up among them, and those who would understand the history of France must know what it was.

By the side of the throne a new administrative power had gradually established itself. This was the *conseil du roi*:—

“Its origin is of ancient date, but most of its functions are recent. It is everything at once: supreme court of justice, for it has power to annul the judgments of all the ordinary courts; supreme court for administration, for it is the final court of appeal from all the special jurisdictions. As the council of the government it also possesses, under the good pleasure of the king, legislative power, discusses and proposes most of the laws, imposes taxes, and assigns the proportion to each province. In the capacity of supreme council of administration, it belongs to this body to make general rules for the direction of the agents of government. It alone decides all important matters, and watches over the secondary powers. Everything converges to this centre, and from it comes the movement that is communicated to all. Still it has no jurisdiction of its own. It is the king who alone decides, even when the council seems to give its judgment.—This council is not composed of great seigneurs, but of men of middle rank or of low birth, former intendants and other persons versed in practical matters, and all of them liable to be removed. Generally it acts with discretion and makes no noise, always displaying less pretension than power. Accordingly in itself it makes no show; or rather it is lost in the splendour of the throne, to which it is so near; so powerful that it meddles with everything, and at the same time so obscure, that it is scarcely noticed by history.”

As all the administration of the country was directed by one body, so one man had almost the whole direction of the internal affairs of the country. This was the *contrôleur-général*. Every province had its particular minister, but he had not often occasion to act in any important matters. The *contrôleur-général* by degrees gets the whole public administration in his own hands, acting successively as minister of finance, minister of the interior, minister of public works, minister of commerce. This was the office which Jean-Baptiste Colbert held from 1664.

Even in the eighteenth century there were great seigneurs who had the title of governors of provinces, and were the representatives of royal authority. They had titles and honours, but no power. The *intendant* had the administration in his hands. He was a man of ordinary extraction, always a stranger to the province, a young man who had his fortune to make. He was chosen by the Government from among the inferior members of the *conseil d'état*, and might always be displaced. In his hands the *conseil* entrusted their powers. “Like this council, he is at once administrator and judge. He corresponds with all the

ministers; he is in the province the only agent of the will of the Government." Under the intendant, and appointed by him, was a *subdélégué* in every canton. The intendant is generally a man who has been ennobled; the *subdélégué* is always a *roturier* (one who is not noble). The *subdélégué* is under the intendant, as the intendant is under the minister. When Law was *contrôleur des finances*, he discovered, and he said, that the kingdom of France was governed by thirty intendants. Yet these powerful functionaries are almost unobserved in history. The nobility surround the king and form his court. They command his armies and his fleets. They enjoy all those external distinctions, which dazzle the vulgar and deceive even the historians, who look, as many do, no deeper than the surface. It would have been an insult to a great seigneur to offer him the place of intendant; and even the poorest gentleman of family would have generally disdained the office. The noble looked on the intendants as intruders, as upstarts, as men who had to manage bourgeois and peasants. And yet they governed France, as the author proceeds to show.

With the institutions of the Middle Ages in wreck and ruin, and a new power in the centre which was daily extending its arms in all directions, it seems certain that all the ancient authorities in France must at last have been extinguished. It is not in the nature of such a central power to lose anything that it has got, particularly when a country is so divided, when every part and every local authority was so isolated as in France.

When the Revolution had thrown down the tottering and fantastic edifice, under which the central power had silently erected a new structure, the labour of its hands was clearly seen. A new form of administration showed itself. When the authority of the king and his name were gone, there still remained the great revolutionary work of the ante-revolutionary period; a form of power and a substance too, ready to be managed by those who were bold enough to lay hold of it. The establishment of the departmental division of France by the Constituent Assembly seemed a mighty change; and so it would have been, if the old provinces had been compact homogeneous masses. But they were all pieces and fragments, no more united among themselves than with the fragments of any neighbouring mass. To arrange them in a new order was no disturbance, but quite the contrary. As the author says, "It seemed, in fact, as if the French were tearing in pieces living bodies, while they were only dissecting dead ones."

He observes, that people are often surprised that the French have supported patiently the military conscription of the Revolution, and of the period since the Revolution; but the people

had long been accustomed to it. Under the monarchy there was the *milice*. The young peasants were taken from time to time by lot, and a certain number were formed into *régiments de milice*, in which they served six years. "The inrolments for the militia," says Young, "which the *cahiers* call an injustice without example, were another dreadful scourge on the peasantry; and, as married men were exempted from it, occasioned in some degree that mischievous population, which brought beings into the world in order for little else than to be starved."—(p. 598.) M. de Tocqueville says (p. 58),—"As the *milice* was a comparatively modern institution, none of the ancient feudal authorities had anything to do with it; the whole affair was entrusted solely to the agents of the central government. The *conseil* fixed the general contingent and the proportion of each province. The intendant regulated the number of men to be raised in each parish; the *subdélégué* superintended the drawing, decided all cases of exemption, determined which militia men should stay at home, and delivered up to the military authority those who were required to leave."

Further, except in the *Pays d'état*, all the public works, even those which had the most limited purposes, were decided on and directed by the central power. Though there existed many local authorities, they did little or nothing. All the great roads, even those which ran from one town to another, were made and maintained by the orders of the *conseil*, and under the immediate direction of the intendant. It was the business of the *subdélégué* to summon those who were bound to work on the roads. "The *corvées* or police* of the roads were annually the ruin of many hundreds of farmers; more than three hundred were reduced to beggary by filling up one vale in Lorraine: all these oppressions fell on the *tiers état* only; the nobility and clergy having been equally exempted from *tailles*, militia, and *corvées*."—(Young.) There was even the *corps des ponts et chaussées*, the great

* "Police" is not a good word, but I suppose it might be used in this sense in Young's time. The *corvée*, or *courvée*, for both forms were used, is thus defined:—"Ce sont des charges personnelles qui obligent les roturiers à donner leurs peines et leur tems sans en tirer aucun fruit."—*Richelet, Dictionnaire*. They have been compared to the demands which the Roman Patronus could make upon his freed men. There are two titles in the Digest (38, tit. 1,) and in the Code (6, tit. 3,) about these matters.—*De Operis Libertorum*: It requires, however, a very particular examination to determine if any of the French services, generally called feudal, were of Roman original.

The *corvée*, which was originally seigniorial, having become royal, was applied to all public works, even to the building of barracks and to the transport of military stores. Generally, those who were subject to this *corvée* received some small pay; but this was no recompence to a man for loss of time and being taken from his work.—*De Tocqueville*, p. 200.

agent of the central government for all public works. Here we have under the old monarchy the very thing that exists now, even the name is the same. The administration *des ponts et chaussées* under the monarchy has its *conseil* and a school; inspectors who annually travel through France; engineers who reside on the spot, and direct the works under the intendant. "If the French have not husbandry to show us," says Young, "they have roads." Many of the roads were excellent, but made either by the miserable labour of the people, or, as in Languedoc, made by unequal assessment (*taille*). Young says of Languedoc, "The ways are superb, even to a folly." And so we see in some of the most remote corners of France such bridges as would never have been built in any country where the people controlled the expenditure.

The central government, by its agents, undertook to maintain order in the provinces by means of the *maréchaussée*, which was spread all over the country in small bodies, and was under the direction of the intendants. It arrested vagabonds, checked mendicity, and put down the riots which the high price of grain was constantly producing. These bread riots were common occurrences.

Under the old feudal system, the seigneur had to look after the people; it was his business to relieve the poor. But no such obligation had existed in France for a long time. The seigneur had lost his powers, and been relieved of his obligations. "No local authority, no *conseil*, no provincial or parochial association had taken his place. No one was any longer legally bound to look after the rural poor; the central government had boldly undertaken to provide for their wants."

Every year the *conseil* appropriated to each province, out of the general produce of the taxes, certain funds, which the intendant distributed among the parishes by way of relief. To him the needy labourer had to apply. In times of scarcity, it was the intendant's duty to distribute among the people wheat or rice. The *conseil* annually made orders for the establishment, in certain places, indicated by itself, of *ateliers de charité*, where the poorest peasants could work at a low rate of wages. We can easily believe that charity administered at such a distance was often blind or capricious, and always inefficient.

The central government let nothing alone. It even attempted to make the artisans adopt certain processes, and fabricate certain articles; and as a government which is so active must have many agents, "there were even inspectors of industry, who scoured the provinces to enforce the regulations." This meddling power was everywhere. It is disgusting to see such ignorance affecting to govern, and tedious to trace such a history. M. de

Tocqueville has a chapter entitled, "Comment ce qu'on appelle aujourd'hui la tutelle administrative est une institution de l'ancien régime." It is worth reading. But the conclusion is put in few words:—

"Under the old government, as in our time, there was not a town, *bourg*, village, not even the smallest hamlet in France, neither *hôpital fabrique*, convent, or college, which could have an independent will in its own affairs, or administer its own property at its pleasure. Then, just as it does now, the administration kept all the French in tutelage: and if the insolence of the term had not yet shown itself, they had at least the thing."

In another passage he informs us that the correspondence of the intendant and his *subdélégués* shows that the government meddled with everything in the towns, the most trifling matters as well as the most important. It even regulated the *fêtes*; in some cases it gave orders for public rejoicings, which displayed themselves in fireworks and illuminations of the houses. "I find an instance of an intendant fining some members of the *garde bourgeoise* 20 livres for having absented themselves from the Te Deum."

M. de Tocqueville (chap. iv.) explains a feature of the old monarchy which shows its character well. France was full of courts independent of the government. The king had little authority over the judges. Generally, he could neither remove them nor promote them. The royal authority being thus cramped, had to find out a way of doing indirectly what it could not do directly. It effected this by withdrawing from the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts those matters which had immediate reference to its own authority. In most of the royal *édits* and declarations made in the eighteenth century, as well as in the decisions (*arrêts*) of the *conseil*, it is said that any question which may arise in consequence, and any judicial proceedings, must be brought exclusively before the intendants and the *conseil*; before the intendant in the first instance, with an appeal to the *conseil*. The ordonnance on such an occasion forbids the ordinary courts to entertain these matters. In cases which were regulated by the ancient customs or the laws, and where this precaution had not been taken, the *conseil* interfered by *evocation*, by removing them from the ordinary courts to its own jurisdiction. Most of the litigation that arose out of the collection of the taxes was thus brought within the jurisdiction of the intendant and the *conseil*, and many other things too. The intendants show great zeal in extending this exceptional jurisdiction; and one of them, in a particular case, gives an excellent reason for it—"The ordinary judge," he says, "is bound by fixed rules, which compel him to check any act which is contrary to

law; but the *conseil* can always proceed contrary to the rules, when it has a useful purpose in view."

Under the old monarchy the courts had the power, or were permitted to exercise the authority, of making regulations of administration; which was an abuse, for the function of courts of justice is the decision of cases which are brought before them. They have to determine by evidence the facts which are in dispute, and to apply the law to the facts. In the present system, says the author, we keep the courts to their proper business; but under the old monarchy, while the courts were often excluded from their rightful domain, the administration insinuated itself into it; and there it remains now.

"Among the nine or ten constitutions which within the last sixty years have been established for perpetuity, there is one in which it is expressly declared that no agent of the government shall be brought before the ordinary courts without proceedings having been first authorized by the government. The article seemed to be so well conceived, that when the constitution which contained it was destroyed, care was taken to drag this article out of the ruins, and it has ever since been carefully protected against every revolution. Persons engaged in the administration are still in the habit of calling the privilege which is allowed them by this article—one of the great conquests of '89; but here they are mistaken, for under the old monarchy the government was no less careful than it is now to save functionaries from the disagreeable position of appearing before a court of justice like other citizens. The only essential difference between the two periods is this:—before the Revolution the government could only protect its agents by having recourse to illegal and arbitrary measures, while since the Revolution it has got the power of legally allowing them to violate the law."

Here the old *régime* is better than the modern system, for when an act of the administration is arbitrary and illegal, it is felt to be a wrong, even by the power which does it; and there is always some hope of amendment. There is no hope where arbitrary power is invested with the form of law: it is the most cruel and unrelenting of tyrannies. There is only one way to correct it, and that is by destroying it.

Thus (chap. v.) we find in the centre of the kingdom a single body, the *conseil*, which regulates the administration of all the country; one and the same minister generally directing all the internal affairs of the kingdom; in every province a single agent of the Government, the *intendant*, who looks after all the details; no secondary administrative bodies, or bodies which can act without being authorized to put themselves in motion; and exceptional courts, which determine all the matters in which the administration is interested, and protect all its agents. All that

has been done since the Revolution is to add to and perfect the system; but its ante-revolutionary origin is plain. The establishment of a central authority was a work of time and patience, not of direct usurpation. It is singular to observe that at the moment when the Revolution breaks out, the old structure of French society was externally almost untouched. Forms and names of old authority existed, but no more power. Political power was in the hands of the *conseil*, and exercised by the intendant. M. de Tocqueville says that there is nothing to show that the Government of the old *régime* had followed any settled plan in effecting this great revolution. He says that it simply obeyed the instinct which leads every Government to attempt to manage everything itself. That all power loves to be active, and tries to extend its limits, is an old remark, and a true one. But whether it be from long habit, or whether it be a part of his character, the Frenchman is peculiarly given to meddling. He has a passion for governing and regulating everything. Nothing is easier to conceive than the growth of this central power in such a country as France; but its increase, and its origin too, seem to have been a necessary consequence of the union under one King of so many widely-separated and different countries. Nothing but a central authority could have maintained coherency among the members of such a body. The progress of modern Europe has been from the disunion resulting from the conflicts of petty political powers to the union of these powers in larger political bodies; and the necessary consequence has been the establishment of a strong authority in the centre where the Government is placed. It is by this concentration that modern states in Europe make their authority felt and respected both by their own citizens and by other states. In France this centralization has produced a force greater than we have ever seen since the downfall of the Roman Empire; and other states follow the example, by strengthening and extending that authority which we call the government. Modern industry developed in every form supplies, through taxation, the means by which power executes its will; and if temporary help is wanting, the men of money are ready with their gold, ready to lend it to any power which is strong enough to make itself feared.

M. de Tocqueville says,—

“If I am asked how this part of the ancient *régime* could be thus transplanted entire into the new society, and incorporated with it, I will answer thus: if centralization did not perish in the Revolution, it was because centralization was itself the commencement of this Revolution, and the sign of it; and I will add that when a people have destroyed their aristocracy, they hurry towards centralization of themselves. Then it requires much less force to drive them along this

slope than to maintain them in their position. Among such a people all the powers naturally tend towards a unity, and it is only by great skill that we can succeed in keeping them distinct. The democratic Revolution which destroyed so many institutions of the old *régime*, was calculated to consolidate this; and centralization found its place so naturally in the society formed by this Revolution, that it could easily be mistaken for one of its works."

The author has a chapter (vi.) "*Des mœurs administratives sous l'ancien régime.*" If this title does not express very well what the chapter contains, a few words will do it. Power is always the same. The minister of the old *régime* wishes to know everything, and to regulate everything.

"Towards the end of the eighteenth century there is not even an *atelier de charité* established in any corner of a remote province without the *contrôleur-général* superintending the cost, drawing up the rules, and fixing the locality. If houses of mendicity are established, he must be informed of the names of the beggars who present themselves there; and he must be told precisely when they go out and when they come in. Before the middle of this century (1733) M. d'Argenson wrote:—"The details which the ministers have to look after are immense. Nothing is done without them, and everything by them; and if their knowledge is not so extensive as their powers, they are compelled to leave everything to be done by clerks, who become the real masters."

Even the taste for statistics existed then. Towards the end of the old *régime* there were often forwarded to the intendant small printed forms, which it was his business to get filled up by his *subdélégués* and the syndics of the parish. The *contrôleur-général* wishes to know everything—the amount of produce, the number of cattle, and the character of the people. "The information thus obtained is neither less circumstantial nor more exact than that which in like cases is now supplied by the *sous-préfets* and the *maires*." The *subdélégués* often give a bad character of the people. They repeat—"the peasant is naturally lazy, and would not work, if he were not compelled to labour for his living." The brutal stupidity of the remark is a sign of the system. Every power that has ever existed in France up to the present day has taken good care that the peasant should never want this motive for working. It has loaded him so well with fiscal burdens that he must work hard, or he must die.

"Even the administrative language of the two periods is the same—a vague and feeble style. "Qui lit un préfet lit un intendant," says the author; and that is telling us a good deal in few words. But he observes that towards the end of the eighteenth century, when the language of Diderot and Rousseau had begun to work upon the popular expression, we find that the false sensibility of these writers had touched even the language of

those who were engaged in administration; one of the proofs, among others, of the great influence which the writers of the eighteenth century had on the French nation—an influence such as no writers in England have ever had or ever will have. “The administrative style, which is generally very dry, then becomes occasionally unctuous and tender. A *subdélégué* complains to the intendant of Paris, ‘Qu’il éprouve souvent dans l’exercice de ses fonctions une douleur très-poignante à une âme sensible.’” Who would undertake to translate this tender soul’s sentimentality?

Though the central power in France in the eighteenth century had not acquired the full force and energy which it has since got, it had succeeded in destroying the life of all other powers, and there was nothing between it and the nation. As a natural consequence, it was considered the sole spring of action—as the source from which all must flow. The people had no idea that they should or could do anything themselves. It is a most just remark of the author, that in all the political systems proposed by theoretical writers before the Revolution, however various may be the views and the ends of these reformers, they all want the hand of the central power for accomplishing their plans. The power of the government is to be unlimited, and each schemer would apply the power in his own way. All through the Revolution, too, the same idea governs everybody. It is the State that must do everything. This mischievous notion is still in Frenchmen’s minds, and it is the source of all their political failures, and of their present servitude.

This childish dependence on others, this inability of the people to do anything by themselves, or even to conceive that they should try, is proof enough that if the French ever had the true notion of liberty—and they certainly had it in their towns, at least once,*—

* “Lettres sur l’Histoire de France.” Par Augustin Thierry. “Sur l’Affranchissement des Communes.”—Lettres xiii.—xxiv., a most instructive work. He concludes thus:—“If their (the bourgeois) days of independence, full and complete, were of short duration, let us not be too ready to blame them for want of constancy, and let us not pass on them the sentence pronounced against great nations which have not been able to maintain their will for more than a moment. What was a handful of merchants against the royal and papal authority in the twelfth century? What were these little societies of citizens, scattered here and there like the oases of the desert, in the midst of a peasant population still too ignorant to sympathize with those who rejected slavery. Rather than lightly blame those who have preceded us in the great work which we continue with more success than our ancestors, and which, however, we shall not complete, let us look with admiration at the difficulties through which the idea of liberty has made its way up to our time; let us acknowledge that it has never failed to give birth, as in our own times, to great rejoicings and profound regret; and let this conviction aid us in supporting, like men of spirit, the trials which are still in reserve for us.”

they completely lost it before the Revolution; and they must recover it before they can recover their liberty.

An agriculturist (p. 106) thinks that the Government should appoint inspectors to examine the state of cultivation, and to point out better methods—to teach the people how to manage their cattle, and even how to sell them. The inspector, of course, should be well paid. Those who prove themselves to be the best farmers should receive marks of honour. Another thinks that it is only the Government that can keep the peace in the country; the people only fear the *maréchaussée*, and the farmers put their trust in nothing else. The official documents show that the peasants petition to be indemnified when they have lost their cattle, or had their houses burnt; the richer proprietors want to be helped in improving their lands; manufacturers ask for privileges which shall relieve them from every disagreeable competition; and some who are in bad plight tell the secret of their affairs to the intendant, and pray for help or a loan from the *contrôleur-général*. Even the gentlemen turn beggars: nobles and great lords pray for relief from the *vingtième*, on the ground of their poverty or the bad state of their affairs. It was the fashion for the gentlemen to address the intendant by the title of Monsieur only; but when they had a favour to ask they styled him Monseigneur, as the bourgeois did. (p. 109.)

And this was the nation which made the great Revolution of '89; or, to speak more correctly, the nation in which it was made. Verily, if any man at that time had known what the French were as well as we know now, he would not have been surprised at anything that happened. Of all the writings of the day that we have seen, none give a picture of France so like that of De Tocqueville, as Young's simple journal of his travels. But a Suffolk farmer was too plain a man for great people to listen to, and too sensible a man for enthusiasts to read. Burke's declamation about the French Revolution was read in England, and admired.

One trait more.—

"In times of scarcity, which were so common in the eighteenth century, the whole population of each *généralité* turns to the intendant, and appears to expect its bread from him alone. It is true, that every one has already begun to blame the government for all his sufferings. Those which are most inevitable, are considered to be the work of government: they reproach the government even for the bad seasons. We are no longer surprised at seeing with what marvellous ease centralization was re-established in France at the commencement of this century. The men of '89 had overthrown the edifice, but its foundations were fixed in the minds even of those who destroyed it; and on these foundations it was possible to raise it again, all at once afresh, and to build it with more solidity than ever."

Queen Elizabeth, it is said, made a proclamation to prevent the increase of London, by stopping building; and her sapient successor is said to have done the same. Louis XIV. tried to do it for Paris, but without success. Paris went on increasing; but it was not the increase of buildings that was to be feared. It was the power of the capital which was dangerous. Paris, M. de Tocqueville observes, in the time of the Fronde was only the largest city in France: in 1789, it was already France itself. This change had taken place during the time that all the local authorities had been sinking into inactivity and lifelessness. But if the provinces were dead, Paris was not. Life was still at the centre. It is a striking example of change (p. 114), that the printing-press was very busy in the provincial towns of France in the sixteenth and in the seventeenth centuries; but at the end of the eighteenth, there was very little printing done in the provinces, though the whole amount of printing in France must have increased greatly.

The author quotes Young's evidence as to the bustle in Paris shortly after the meeting of the States-General, and the activity of the press. He had seen nothing like it. When he got out of Paris, and was in the country between the Saône and the Rhine, he could not see a newspaper. Besançon, with its 25,000 inhabitants, the capital of a large province, could not supply him with any journal that contained the news of Paris. And yet the Bastille had been taken. The ignorance of the people in the provinces was beyond belief.

Another change had taken place in Paris before the Revolution—a change that has had a great influence on the course of events since '89. Paris was not only the seat of government, the centre of literary activity, and the head-quarters of pleasure: it had become a great manufacturing town. It had always been the first town in France for manufacturing industry; but, during the sixty years which preceded the Revolution, the number of artisans in Paris had more than doubled, as the author conjectures, though the whole population had only increased about a third.

“ Thus Paris had become the master of France, and the army was collecting which was destined to make itself master of Paris. It seems that people are now pretty well agreed that the centralization of the administration and the omnipotence of Paris have been the main causes of the fall of all the governments which we have seen succeed one another for forty years. I shall have no difficulty in showing that we must attribute to the same cause a large share in the sudden and violent downfall of the ancient monarchy, and that we ought to consider this among the principal causes of the first Revolution, which has begotten all the revolutions that have followed it.”

In studying the social condition of France before the Revolu-

tion, says the author (p. 119), we discover that all the men are alike, particularly those of the middle and upper classes, the only two classes of which we obtain a clear view. And yet we find at the same time an infinite number of petty barriers, which separate these men from one another, and shut them up in small circles out of which they never go.

"I think of this almost endless division" (says the author), "and, seeing that in no part of the world were citizens less prepared to act together, and to help one another in the time of danger, I comprehend how a great revolution could completely overthrow such a society in a moment. I imagine all these petty barriers overthrown by this great convulsion; and then I perceive a social body, more compact and more homogeneous than, perhaps, has ever before existed in the world."

So we can understand how a small body, how a contemptible minority, could inflict on the French the tyranny of their first Revolution. The agitators were united, but the rest could not unite. Plundering, burning, and destroying, were the order of the day, when Young was in France, after the capture of the Bastille. He remarks,—

"That if the nobility of other provinces are hunted like those of Franche-Comté, of which there is little reason to doubt, that whole order of men will undergo a proscription, and suffer like sheep, without making the least effort to resist the attack."

Yet the *noblesse* of France was numerous enough to have made an army itself; and if the body could have been united, it was strong enough to make itself respected. But the *noblesse* had become impoverished and dispirited, save a few great seigneurs. These very nobles of Franche-Comté were miserably poor, and still absurdly proud. "They form," says an intendant, in 1750, "a fraternity, into which nobody is admitted who cannot prove four quarters." Some of these four-quarter nobles were too poor to keep a horse. While the nobles were growing poorer, the *roturier* was growing rich. In some parts of France, as in the Limousin, the little nobility possessed hardly any landed property, and lived chiefly on their seigniorial rights and quit-rents. The *roturier*, who generally lived in a town, was often a proprietor of land,—sometimes he got even a seignory.

M. de Tocqueville has a long chapter, in which he shows "Comment ces hommes si semblables, étaient plus séparés qu'ils ne l'auraient jamais été en petits groupes étrangers les uns aux autres." The chapter is most interesting and instructive, but it is too long to analyse. Those who have read some of Balzac's novels, in which he describes provincial life in France, will easily understand how this society, in which the individuals so much resemble one another, was still divided into innumerable small

bodies. M. de Tocquevillé remarks that, since the middle ages, nobility has become a *caste*, and that its distinguishing characteristic is birth. He says, that wherever the feudal system was established on the continent, it has ended in *caste*; "in England alone it has returned to aristocracy." What he says of England is true in the main. The nobility of England is not a *caste*.

"Would you know whether *caste*, the ideas, the customs, and the barriers which it has created among a people are completely destroyed?—examine the marriages among them. There, alone, you will find the decisive test. Even in our time, in France, after sixty years of democracy, you would often look for it in vain. The old and the new families, which seem confounded in everything else, still avoid in France, as much as they can, to unite themselves by marriage."

Some centuries before the French Revolution, we have examples of the *noblesse* and the *tiers état* acting in concert for the common interest. In the eighteenth century, when the old governments of France were worn out, when a new power had arisen, when the general liberties of the kingdom were gone, and the ruin of local freedom had followed as a consequence, the *bourgeois* and the *gentilhomme* have no occasions for meeting, and they thus become strangers and even enemies. While the *gentilhomme* had been losing his political power, he had been acquiring privileges; and privileges without power make those who have them hated and feeble. Among the most odious privileges was the freedom from taxation—a privilege which, with the increase in the amount of taxation in the kingdom, became more hateful to those who were not exempt. When Louis XIV., being hard pressed for money, established two taxes, which all classes were bound to pay—the capitation and the *vingtièmes*,—still there was a difference made in the collection even of these taxes between the *noblesse* and the *tiers état*. The author truly remarks, that, of all the ways of making a distinction among men and marking classes, inequality of taxation is the worst.

We have seen that the *noblesse* were separated by their habits, their prejudices, and their privileges from the rest of the nation. The *bourgeoisie* also were separated from the body of the nation, whom we call the people. The middle class generally lived in the towns, and the author explains the reason of this, as he conceives it. However this may be, the *bourgeois* living in the towns lost all taste for the country, and his ambition was to be a functionary. The passion of the French for places is of old date, and it has been fostered since the Revolution. Though the places under the old government did not always resemble those of the present day, there were more of them, as the author thinks, and the eagerness with which men sought after them was intense. "The chief difference that is observed between the times of which

I speak and our own is, that then the government sold the places, while at present it gives them; to get them a man no longer gives money, he gives himself."

The *bourgeois*, too, was distinguished from the peasant by privileges. There were thousands of offices which exempted him either entirely or partially from the public burdens, the *milice*, the *corvée*, and the *taille*. The author is of opinion that the number of exemptions was as great among the *bourgeoisie* as among the *noblesse*, and often greater. Such privileges filled with envy and hatred those who had not got them, and made the possessors proud and insolent. The *bourgeois* and the people living in the same town became strangers and enemies: Turgot says, in one of his works, that the *bourgeois* of the towns had contrived to regulate the *octrois* (duties paid on certain articles brought into towns) in such a way that they did not press on them.

The reader may suppose that he has now got a pretty good idea of the ancient *régime*, but the author assures us (p. 167) that we must read further in order to understand the society which made the Revolution. He tells us that, notwithstanding all that had been done towards the establishment of absolute power, there was still a kind of liberty in France which is difficult to understand. He has a chapter (xi.) on this matter, which is very instructive. A few remarks may give some idea of what it contains.—

"Centralization had already the same character, the same ways of proceeding, and the same objects as in our day; but not yet the same power. The government, in its eagerness to get money, having made most of the offices saleable, had thus deprived itself of the power of giving them and taking them away at its pleasure.—It was constantly under the necessity of employing instruments which it had not made itself, and could not destroy. It thus happened that its absolute will was weakened in the execution.—The government did not yet dispose of this infinite amount of favours, of relief, of honours, and of money which it can distribute at present; accordingly it had much fewer means of corruption and of compulsion.—Many of the privileges, of the prejudices, of the false ideas which were most opposed to the establishment of a regular and wholesome freedom, maintained in many persons a spirit of independence, and disposed them to resist the abuses of authority."

The nobles themselves, though they had lost their ancient power, retained something of the pride of their ancestors; they were as much the enemies of servitude as they were of order. The priests, who have since become the servile tools of the temporal sovereign, were one of the most independent bodies of the nation. Many of the ecclesiastics were of noble blood, and re-

tained even in the church the pride and the intractable character of their race. But it was the possession of landed property which, more than anything else, contributed to give to the priest the ideas, the wants, the feelings, and often the passions of the citizen. Many of these priests—as, for example, in Languedoc,—were excellent men of business, as we see among other evidence from the minutes (*procès-verbaux*) of the provincial assemblies in 1779 and 1789.* Bishops and abbés, eminent for their piety and knowledge, make reports on the establishment of roads and canals, and treat the subject like men who understood it well:—

“I venture to think,” (says the author,) “contrary to an opinion which is very common and well fixed, that the people who deprive the Catholic clergy of all share in the property of the land, and change all their revenues into salaries, only serve the interests of the Holy See and those of temporal princes, and deprive themselves of a very great element of liberty.—If one would form a true idea of the revolutions which men’s minds can undergo in consequence of a change in their condition, he must read the *cahiers* of the order of the clergy in 1789.”

Here we learn something worth knowing. The servility of the clergy in France, under its two emperors, presents a striking contrast to its character under the old monarchy. The ancient clergy of France, in spite of the vices of some of the body, will always be remembered for its learning and its virtues. “I commenced,” says the author, “the study of the old society full of prejudice against the clergy; I ended full of respect.” This is a manly avowal. It shows the goodness of the author’s heart, and his noble character. A man who can say this deserves our confidence.

“The men of the eighteenth century” (says M. de Tocqueville, p. 181) “knew little of this kind of passion for material comfort (*bien-être*), which is, as it were, the mother of servitude—a feeble passion, but one of great tenacity and unchangeable, which readily mingles with and, as one may say, entwines itself among many private

* Young tells a good story about a bishop of Languedoc. At Béziers, he went to see the farm of the Abbé Rozier, a writer on husbandry, but he was gone. “I asked why he left the country? and they gave me a curious anecdote of the Bishop of Béziers’ cutting a road through the abbé’s farm, at the expense of the province, to lead to the house of the bishop’s mistress, which occasioned such a quarrel, that Mons. Rozier could stay no longer in the country. This is a pretty feature of a government, that a man is to be forced to sell his estate and driven out of a country, because bishops make love—I suppose to their neighbours’ wives, as no other love is fashionable in France. Which of my neighbours’ wives will tempt the Bishop of Norwich to make a road through my farm, and drive me to sell Bradfield? I give my authority for this anecdote, the chat of a *table d’hôte*: it is as likely to be false as true; but Languedocian bishops are certainly not English ones.”

virtues—the love of family, well-regulated morals, respect for religious creeds, and even the lukewarm and constant observance of the established forms of religion; a passion which is consistent with general propriety, but repugnant to heroism, which is excellently adapted to make orderly men and cowardly citizens. They were better and worse.”

Thus we must not estimate the servility of the French before the Revolution by their submission to the sovereign power. They submitted to the will of the king, but there was a kind of obedience that they know nothing of:—

“They did not know what it was to bend before an illegitimate or disputed authority, which is little honoured, often despised, but willingly submitted to because it is useful or can do harm. This degrading form of servitude was unknown to them. The king inspired them with feelings such as no prince, even the most absolute who has since appeared in the world, has been able to excite, and which are even become almost incomprehensible to us, so completely has the Revolution extirpated even the very roots of them from our heart. They had for him both the feeling which we have towards a father, and the respect which is only due to God. When submitting to his most arbitrary commands, they yielded less to constraint than to love; and thus it often happened that they preserved the freedom of the mind even in the most extreme dependence. For them the greatest evil in obeying was constraint; for us, it is the least. The worst part is in the servile sentiment which produces obedience. Let us, then, not despise our fathers; we have no right to do it. Would to God that we might be able to recover, with their prejudices and their faults, a little of their grandeur.”

The author's conclusion is, that the ancient *royume* was not a time of servility and dependence; there was much more liberty than in our days, but it was an irregular liberty, always confined within the limits of class, and attached to the idea of exception and privilege. Certainly the men who met in the Constituent Assembly, and those bold spirits which disturbed France and the world, were not such men as could have been produced in a country where all liberty had been extinguished.

There still remain several elements to be considered before we attain a full perception of the condition of France before the Revolution of 1789. But we can only indicate them briefly. The author endeavours to establish the fact (chap. xii.) that, notwithstanding the progress of civilization, the condition of the French peasant was sometimes worse in the eighteenth century than it had been in the thirteenth. Everybody had left the country except the peasant; the nobility and *bourgeois* did not live there. The peasant was alone. The author affirms this to have been the general rule. There only remained one gentleman in each village, and that was the *curé*, who, in spite of Voltaire,

says the author, might have been the master, if he had not belonged to a privileged class which was hated. Thus, in the eighteenth century, a French village is a community of poor, ignorant people, left entirely alone, with no person of superior condition to help, aid, or advise them, or set them a better example. In Ireland the same miserable condition existed not long since, and the results have been very much the same in both countries, though they have come in different ways. This poor French peasant—a free man and a proprietor, ignorant and miserable—still preserved the natural perspicacity of his race, but he had lost even the capacity of applying himself to agriculture. His aptitude was almost limited to arms; a talent for war is a characteristic of the Gallic race. He lived alone in his village; but from time to time some of the new ideas reached him. Externally he did not seem changed; his habits, his faith, were the same; he was submissive, and even merry. But let this man, who bears so well what he cannot avoid, be roused by the hope of escaping from his miserable condition, and then you will know what he is capable of doing:—

“It is curious to see in what strange security all the persons were living who occupied the upper and middle ranks of French society, even at the moment when the Revolution was commencing; to hear them talk so cleverly among themselves of the virtues of the people, their kind disposition, their faithful attachment, their innocent pleasures, when already '93 is beneath their feet.”

In the reign of Louis XVI., one of the few French kings who cared for his people, it began to be the practice for the king himself to tell the people, or for his agents to do it for him, that they were oppressed and ill treated. Thirteen years before the Revolution, when the king attempted to abolish the *corvée*, he said in his preamble:—

“With the exception of a small number of provinces (*les pays d'état*), almost all the roads of the kingdom have been made gratuitously by the poorest part of our subjects. All the weight of this burden accordingly has fallen on those who have only their arms, and who are only interested in a secondary degree in the roads; those who are really interested are the proprietors, almost all privileged, whose property is increased in value by the making of the roads. By forcing the poor alone to support them, by compelling him to give his time and his labour without pay, we deprive him of the only resource which he has against misery and hunger, in order to make him work for the advantage of the rich.”

This, and other things like it, were said in public documents, which the government printed and published. They were, of course, addressed to the enlightened part of the nation. The people, it was generally understood, heard without understanding.

With all the good intentions displayed during the reign of Louis XVI. for relieving the misery of the poor, there was mingled a great amount of contempt for them; and "this," remarks M. de Tocqueville, "reminds us somewhat of the opinions of Madame Duchâtelet, who made no scruple, says Voltaire's secretary, about undressing herself before her people, not considering it well proved that valets were men."

M. de Tocqueville explains (chap. xiii.) how the writers (*hommes de lettres*) of the eighteenth century had become the chief political personages of the country, and the consequences of it. The consequences were plain. These men had no practical knowledge of affairs, and yet matters political and social were their favourite topics. They discussed the origin of society, the rights of man, the foundations of law, sometimes carelessly and slightly, sometimes with great labour and industry, if not with great exactness of thought. Dealing with general principles and with things in the abstract, they had no idea of the immense practical difficulties which stand in the way even of the most desirable reforms, and of the dangers that accompany even the most necessary revolutions. They had not even that superficial knowledge which every man has in a free country simply from living among free institutions. Thus, like all men who think only, and never act, they became bold in opinion; they despised all experience, and had no faith except in their own systems. Their readers being as ignorant as themselves, gave them a ready ear. Even the higher classes of the *ancien régime* were so blinded, that they readily accepted the theories of the men who handled the pen, even those which were most hostile to their own rights and their very existence. It was an amusement to them, while enjoying peaceably their privileges, to laugh at the absurdity of all the established customs. Yet they never dreamed of a violent revolution.

"I read attentively the *cahiers** which the Three Orders drew up before the meeting of the States General in 1789; I say the Three

* These *cahiers*, or *mémoires*, were drawn up in perfect freedom by each of the Three Orders; they were fully discussed and considered by each of the Three Orders; "For," says the author, "the government of this time, when it addressed itself to the nation, did not undertake both to ask questions and give the answer." The chief part of the *cahiers* were collected at the time, and published in three volumes. The originals are deposited in the national archives, and with them the minutes of the assemblies which drew them up, and some of the correspondence which took place at the time between Necker and his agents on the occasion of these assemblies. The collection is a long series of folio volumes, the most precious document which remains on the ancient condition of France, and which every one must study who would know what opinion was in France at the commencement of the Revolution.

Orders—those of the nobility and clergy as well as those of the *tiers état*. I observe that here they call for the change of a law, there of a custom. I continue to the end of this immense piece of work, and when I come to put together all these several demands, I see, with a sort of alarm, that what they ask for is the simultaneous and systematic abolition of all the laws and of all the usages of the country; I see at once that the question is going to be about one of the greatest and most dangerous revolutions which have ever happened on the earth. Those who will soon be the victims know nothing of it: they believe that the total and sudden transformation of such a complicated ancient society can be effected without a shock, by the aid of reason, and by its sole power.”

When the difficulties, of the Government, and particularly its financial embarrassment, caused the convocation of the States General, in 1789, at Versailles, everything was ready for the explosion; and we who live now, and can see better than the actors in that great drama could do, are not surprised at the catastrophe.

One word more. Sometimes the French Revolution has been attributed to the American, and there is no doubt that the establishment of the independence of the British colonies had some influence on the French Revolution, some effect, perhaps, in hastening it, but no more. “The Americans,” says M. de Tocqueville (p. 223), “seemed only to execute that which our writers had conceived; they gave the substance of the reality to that which we were dreaming about.” Abstract theories, however, had little to do with the American Revolution, which was made by a people of a very different character from the French, and who had received a very different political education under the colonial government of Great Britain. Yet the enunciation of the rights of man,* as they are called, came from the other side of the Atlantic, and the American Declaration of Independence is red-

M. de Tocqueville says (p. 100), that the printed volumes are a faithful abbreviation of what the manuscripts contain. Young has some remarks on the demands contained in the *cahiers* (p. 618). He says,—“From this detail of the instructions given by the nation, I will not assert that everything which the National Assembly has decreed is justifiable; but it may be very fairly concluded, that much the greater part of their *arrêts*, and many that have been the most violently arraigned, are here expressly demanded.”

* “We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.”—*Declaration of Independence*.

lent of those abstract theories of government in which the revolutionary Frenchmen had unbounded faith. But the Declaration of Independence was the work of Mr. Jefferson, who was a great admirer of the French writers. Though his draught of the Declaration was approved by Adams and Franklin, and formally accepted by Congress, there was not a man in America, except Jefferson, who would have expressed it in the same language.

Here we must pause, both for the sake of keeping within reasonable limits, and because the matter is too large to be adequately treated in any review. Enough has been said to show what are the author's opinions of the state of France before the Revolution, and of what we may call the causes of it. There still remain several chapters which we have not analysed; and this omission leaves the examination of the author's work less complete than it might be. There is a chapter (xvi.) in which he shows that the reign of Louis XVI. was the most prosperous period of the ancient monarchy, and that this very prosperity hastened the Revolution; another (xviii.), on certain measures by which the Government completed the revolutionary education of the people; not intending to accomplish so good work, we may assume; and another (xix.), on a great administrative revolution just before the year 1789, and its consequences. The author concludes,—

“I have now reached the threshold of this memorable Revolution; at present I shall not enter; in a short time, perhaps, I shall be able to do so. I shall then not consider the Revolution in its causes; I shall examine it in itself, and probably I shall venture to pass a judgment on the society which has sprung out of it.”

All men who love truth must earnestly wish that the author may be able to finish his work.



ART. VIII.—EMERSON'S ENGLISH TRAITS.

English Traits. By R. W. Emerson. London. 1856.

ENGLISHMEN have a particular pleasure in hearing and reading criticisms on their own country. They are perfectly impervious to the shafts of ridicule or the revilings of abuse, and can enjoy a joke at their own expense as heartily as if a neighbour were the sufferer. Nothing delights a cockney more than to see the traditional Englishman, of the French theatre, padded to do justice to the national fat, rollicking on the stage in a green cutaway, offering to sell his wife to all comers, and

confining his conversation to the disconnected but suggestive expressions "Goddem" and "Rosbif." But perhaps this equanimity is itself a provoking trait in the national character, and may be one of the chief causes of the irritation with which most foreigners speak of Englishmen. Certainly there are very few works on England by foreigners which treat the subject either fairly or with any degree of vigour and originality. Lesser men cannot overcome their chagrin at the indifference displayed by the criticised to the critic; greater men fear they should not do justice to a nation so insular and peculiar. It is, therefore, a welcome novelty that within the last twelve months the England of the present day should have been the subject of publications from the pen of two writers so different, yet each so *piquant* and so able, as M. de Montalembert and Mr. Emerson. Englishmen cannot complain of any want of courtesy, or any deficiency of insight; on the part of either author; but, glad as we are to see the admiration bestowed on England by a distinguished Frenchman, we are still more pleased with the friendly and honest tribute of an American. It is nearer our hearts to be well understood by America than by any other country. A kindred blood, too, runs in the veins of the critic, and teaches him to appreciate those of whom he writes in a manner impossible, perhaps, to a foreigner. Mr. Emerson has given us a book from which we may learn many things; much about ourselves, about what we have, and about what we have not; and, still more, from which we may learn that the nobleness of spirit which gives praise as well as blame where it is due, may be relied on as existing across the Atlantic.

Mr. Emerson came to England, in 1847, to give a course of lectures at the request of the managers of the Union of Mechanics' Institutes. As he remarks, this invitation not only secured him an indemnity for his travelling expenses, but gave him a ready introduction into the society of many important towns. He opens his commentaries by the remark made so often by Americans, that "England is a garden." "The fields," he says, "appear to have been finished with a pencil instead of a plough." No sentence could have better introduced us to what was coming, and prepared us for what we had to expect. We might be sure it was an inhabitant of a new and a vast continent who could speak with such exaggeration; as we might also be sure that the phrase could only belong to a lover of elaborate epigrams. It is the characteristic of Mr. Emerson's writing, that it consists of thousands of such sentences—short, pointed, yet conceived on a large scale. Johnson tells Boswell that he had once read a long passage from "Thomson's Seasons," omitting every other line, that his hearers never found it out, and thought the passage

exceedingly fine. Mr. Emerson seems to have cut out every other line of his observations, and to have distilled the spirit of his remarks into the smallest compass, in order to season them more highly. Reading his book is like eating potted meat; it is very good, very creditable to the cook, and a little of it goes a long way, but it is not exactly the genuine beef. We have got to add something, to add bulk and proportions, before we arrive at what Mr. Emerson really thought. How many little leaps the mind makes before it springs from saying "England is highly cultivated," to saying "England is finished with a pencil instead of a plough." But these leaps remain unnoticed by the author, and we only have the result, on which he ultimately lit. The manner and the matter of a book cannot be disjoined; the expression and the thought go together. An epigrammatic writer is necessarily an artificial one, and we must be on our guard against his art. As we proceed in Mr. Emerson's book, we come upon many passages where we may conveniently call to mind this opening remark, and may say of his highly-cultivated little sentences, what he says of the plots of English soil, that "they are finished with a pencil rather than with a plough."

Mr. Emerson's cardinal point of view is that England is the mistress of the present, as America is the mistress of the future. "It is observed," he says, "that the English interest us a little less within a few years; and hence the impression that the British power has culminated, is in solstice, or already declining." Perhaps the consolation derived from this thought may have something to do with his breadth of statement when speaking of the actual influence which England exerts, and the position she holds in the modern world. "The culture of the day, the thoughts and aims of men, are English thoughts and aims." "The Russian in his snows," continues our epigrammatist, "is aiming to be English. The Turk and Chinese are making awkward efforts to be English." And this universality of influence makes it hard to judge of England, for the critic is not independent; his thoughts are insensibly coloured by all that is English. "England has inoculated all nations with her civilization, intelligence, and tastes; and to resist the tyranny and prepossession of the British element, a serious man must aid himself by comparing with it the civilization of the farthest east and west, the old Greek, the Oriental, and much more the ideal standard." We presume that we are to gather from the sentence, that the civilization of the farthest west will be the same with the ideal standard. We hope it may prove so; and, as Mr. Emerson tells us that the civilization of America is yet in futurity, it is impossible to say how nearly it may reach perfection when it comes.

Spade-husbandry; we are told by agriculturists, answers admi-

rably where the scope of operations is limited, definite, and ascertainable; and so Mr. Emerson is particularly successful in the way he treats an obvious and familiar truth. He digs about it, and dresses it; he manures it with a rich deposit of illustration and anecdote; he works with inconceivable labour, and in the end certainly produces a much finer fruit than we are accustomed to get. That England derives great advantages from its geographical position; which makes it the centre of trade, and that the variety of its produce and the evenness of its climate give ample room for all kinds of industry, is one of those recognised facts with which we are made well acquainted almost before we begin to wear trousers. But the truism is too true to remain unnoticed; and Mr. Emerson has to point out what every one knows. The way in which he does it, is as good a piece of spade-husbandry as is to be found in any modern writer. We seem to have heard every sentence before, and yet to find every sentence new. We know it all, and yet we like to read it. It could not have been done better. A little story or happy allusion is put at convenient intervals to light us like a gaslamp, along a way which the author fears we might find somewhat dreary. The description of the climate is brightened up by a saying of Charles II., that it invited men abroad more days in the year, and more hours in the day, than that of any other country. To the London fog is allotted the epigram of an anonymous wit, who said of the English atmosphere, that "in a fine day it was like looking up a chimney; in a foul day like looking down one." Sir John Herschel is quoted as saying that London is the centre of the terrene globe, and the advantages of the Thames are illustrated by a saying of a Lord Mayor, who when James I. declared his purpose of punishing London by removing his court, replied that, "in removing his royal presence from his lieges, they hoped he would leave them the Thames." All this is done with great skill, and is the fruit, we may be sure, of much labour and patience. Were it done with moderate success, we should be content to take it in its turn, and then forget it by the time we began the next chapter. But Mr. Emerson's success is so great, that we can afford to dwell on his description, and may peruse with equal pleasure and amusement the production of his painstaking art.

After he is once established in England, Mr. Emerson begins to speculate whether race is in any great degree the cause of all that Englishmen have done. Speculations on race seem generally intended only to provoke contradiction, and the first application we make of any general rule turns out to be an exception. Mr. Emerson tells us that the low organizations are simplest; "a mere mouth, a jelly, or a straight worm." As the scale

mounts, the organizations become complex. "The best nations are those most widely related." We may enjoy the pleasure of contradicting this, if we please. The Greeks, Arabs, and Jews, were of a simple race; they were, to use the physiological language, mere "mouths and jellies." The Byzantine Greeks were mongrels, so were the Egyptians of the Delta under the Romans, so are the modern Mexicans. We confess that looking at these instances, the jellies seem to us to have the best of it. But Mr. Emerson is far from any pedantic advocacy of a theory. He owns that the fact is worth more than any reasons that can be given for it. The Englishman, who is, as Defoe said, "the mud of all races," is better than any of the parts from which he is derived. Perhaps the only great advantage which we can with certainty attribute to the mixture of races from which the English spring, is the great variety of talent and character to be found among them. There is a greater play of individuality here, a greater diversity, and a greater persistence in diversity, than in any nation under the sun.

As we have got among the "mouths and jellies," we may observe here as well as anywhere else, that the rudiments of physiology seem a very dangerous acquisition for the lovers of the spade-husbandry kind of writing. They suggest an infinity of false analogies. The great facts of Nature slowly worked out by science are marvellous and unexpected. They strike the imagination, and dwell in the memory. They haunt the man of poetical temperament, and the inventive and laborious writer thinks that surely he can work them in somehow. Mr. Emerson has a mind exactly fitted to be caught and betrayed by them. We need not go far to seek for instances. The pages in which the jelly theory of races is discussed, supply us with two examples that may stand for a hundred others. "It need not puzzle us," we are told, "that Malay and Papuan, Celt and Roman, Saxon and Tartar, should mix, when we see the rudiments of tiger and baboon in our human form." We should like to know who could possibly doubt that Celt and Roman would mix. If it is meant by mixing that the offspring of the two races has a union of qualities better than the qualities belonging to either of the parent stocks, what light could be thrown on this doubtful fact by knowing that the structure of certain mammalia is, up to a particular point, the same? Again we read, "Perhaps the ocean serves as a galvanic battery to distribute acids at one pole, and alkalis at the other. So England tends to accumulate her liberals in America, and her conservatives in London." If Mr. Emerson had not been deluded by his reminiscences of electricity, we may be sure he would never have penned this sentence. The complete separation in space produced by the intervening Atlantic,

is one of the many causes why America is independent of England, and her freedom unfettered by the traditions of the old country. But as to the galvanic battery, and the acids and alkalis, we know that India is separated by twice the distance of sea, and that still the English mind does not undergo any great chemical change during the voyage to Calcutta.

In Mr. Emerson's book, however, there is much more to admire than to find fault with, and we must hasten to do justice to its great merits. Sometimes these consist in remarks, new and instructive, which we may be glad to take into our thoughts and weigh them carefully and well. But more generally English readers will find the prominent merit to be the fertility, the liveliness, and acuteness of observation with which topics, long familiar to them, are handled. Such a merit can only be appreciated by those who read the book itself, but a specimen may give some indication of it, and we will therefore give a quotation from this same chapter on "race," which we think is a fair sample of Mr. Emerson's manner of writing:—

"The English have more constitutional energy than any other people. They think, with Henri Quatre, that manly exercises are the foundation of that elevation of mind which gives one nature ascendant over another; or, with the Arabs, that the days spent in the chase are not counted in the length of life. They box, run, shoot, ride, row, and sail from pole to pole. They eat, and drink, and live jolly in the open air, putting a bar of solid sleep between day and day. They walk and ride as fast as they can, their head bent forward, as if urged on some pressing affair. The French say that Englishmen in the street, always walk straight before them like mad dogs. Men and women walk with infatuation. As soon as he can handle a gun, hunting is the fine art of every Englishman of condition. They are the most voracious people of prey that ever existed. Every season turns out the aristocracy into the country, to shoot and fish. The more vigorous run out of the island to Europe, to America, to Asia, to Africa, and Australia, to hunt with fury by gun, by trap, by harpoon, by lasso, with dog, with horse, with elephant, or with dromedary, all the game that is in nature. These men have written the game-books of all countries, as Hawker, Scrope, Murray, Herbert, Maxwell, Cumming, and a host of travellers. The people at home are addicted to boxing, running, leaping, and rowing matches.

"I suppose the dogs and horses must be thanked for the fact, that the men have muscles almost as tough and supple as their own. If in every efficient man there is first a fine animal, in the English race it is of the best breed, a wealthy, juicy, broad-chested creature, steeped in ale and good cheer, and a little overloaded by his flesh. Men of animal nature rely, like animals, on their instincts. The Englishman associates well with dogs and horses. His attachment to the horse arises from the courage and address required to manage it. The horse finds out who is afraid of it, and does not disguise its opinion. Their

young boiling clerks and lusty collegians like the company of horses better than the company of professors. I suppose the horses are better company for them. The horse has more uses than Buffon noted. If you go into the streets every driver in 'bus or dray is a bully; and, if I wanted a good troop of soldiers, I should recruit among the stables. Add a certain degree of refinement to the vivacity of these riders, and you obtain the precise quality which makes the men and women of polite society formidable."

A chapter follows on "ability,"—on the qualities, that is, which have enabled England to attain its present pitch of greatness. Mr. Emerson dwells on the logical turn of the English mind, on its love of utility, its patience, its capacity for sustaining artificial systems, its trustfulness. "There is a necessity," he says, "for the English to be logical. They would hardly greet the good that did not logically fall, as if it excluded their own merits or shook their understandings. And yet they do not love a syllogism merely for its own sake. They have a supreme eye to facts, and are 'locked and bolted to results.'" They have the high logic of never confounding the major and minor proposition, keeping their eye on their aim in all the complicity and delay incident to the several series of means they employ. And yet no nation has as keen a sense of the means to be employed. "They are impious in their scepticism of theory, and in high departments they are cramped and sterile. But the unconditional surrender to facts, and the choice of means to reach their ends, are as admirable as with ants and bees." And Mr. Emerson paints the success of this happy instinct in the strongest colours. He tells us that the English apply themselves to agriculture, to draining, to resisting encroachments of sea, wind, travelling sands, cold and wet subsoil; to fishery, to manufacture of indispensable staples, salts, plumbago, leathers, wool, glass, pottery, and bricks, and by their steady combinations they succeed. And as a proof of what they can do, he boldly adds, "A manufacturer sits down to dinner in a suit of clothes which was wool on a sheep's back at sunrise." Certainly there is no finishing off with a plough about this, but it is touched in with the most finely-pointed pencil.

In the same way Mr. Emerson goes through the consideration of the other qualities on which he thinks it worth while to expatiate. He bids us notice how patient the English are. "They have no running for luck and no immoderate speed." "Private persons exhibit in scientific and antiquarian researches the same pertinacity as the nation showed in the coalitions in which it yoked Europe against the empire of Buonaparte." And then our careful purveyor dishes up his well-selected instances, and reminds us how Sir John Herschel expatriated himself for years at the

Cape of Good Hope, finished his inventory of the southern heaven, came home, and redacted it in eight years more; how the Admiralty, sending out expedition after expedition, have at last solved the problem of the North-west passage; how, lastly, Lord Elgin, having spent five years in discovering the marbles of Athens, and then hearing that the ship conveying them to England had struck and gone to the bottom, had them all fished up by divers. Throughout England and Englishmen, Mr. Emerson sees the presence of energy, as one proof of which he notices the "highly artificial construction of the whole fabric." The soil itself is artificial; Chat Moss and the fens of Lincolnshire have been recovered by art from the wastefulness of nature. The cattle are of an artificial breed; the climate is made milder by the enormous consumption of coal. The models of designers are brought from Southern Europe. The law is a network of fictions. The Universities galvanise dead languages into a semblance of life;—and so forth, the author heaping up a hundred ingenious instances, and occasionally falling into such pitfalls of spade-husbandry as telling us that "the crimes are fictitious, as smuggling, poaching, nonconformity, heresy, and treason."

Chapters follow on the manners and character of the English, written with a good-humoured recognition of all that is great in us, and a good-humoured ridicule of all that is absurd. "I find the Englishman," says Mr. Emerson, "to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes. The one thing the English value is pluck." He observes "that this is no country for faint-hearted people; that the vigour of the people appears in their incuriosity and stony neglect each of every other." "I know not where any personal eccentricity is so freely allowed, and no man gives himself any concern with it. An Englishman walks in a pouring rain, swinging his closed umbrella like a walking-stick; wears a wig, or a shawl, or a saddle, or stands on his head, and no remark is made." Mr. Emerson is an honest and fearless man, and seems untroubled with that fear of his own countrymen which besets most Americans; for he adds, "It was an odd proof of this impressive energy that in my lectures I hesitated to read, and threw out for its impertinence many a disparaging phrase which I had been accustomed to spin about poor, thin, unable mortals." In a new country like America, where national vanity is so much stronger than national pride, it requires true courage to say openly that views of humanity, based on what was to be seen at home, had to be corrected when acquaintance with a foreign country showed the speaker what manhood could be.

"Domesticity," he continues, "is the taproot which enables the nation 'to branch wide and high.' The motive and end of their trade is to guard the independence and privacy of their

homes. They love all that is old, of long-standing, traditionary. They keep their old customs, costumes, and pomps. Their leases run for a hundred and a thousand years. Every Englishman is an embryonic chancellor. His instinct is to search for a precedent; and then the severest decorum rules the court and the cottage." Mr. Emerson introduces a story to illustrate this. "When Thalberg, the pianist, was one evening performing before the Queen at Windsor, in a private party, the Queen accompanied him with her voice. The circumstance took air, and all England shuddered from sea to sea. (Has not the finishing pencil been at work here?) The indecorum was never repeated." "A seashell," he says, "should be the crest of England; not only because it represents a power built on the waves, but also the hard finish of the men." "The Englishman," he tells us, "is finished like a cowry or a murex. After the spire and the spines are formed, or, with the formation, a juice exudes, and a hard enamel varnishes every part."

We can but proceed in this way, and give a slight hint of the manner in which this industrious artist builds up his many-storied house on the frame-work of a familiar fact. It was not possible he should omit to notice the English reputation for truth. Their practical power, he says, rests on their reputation for truth. "English veracity seems to result on a sounder animal structure, as if they could afford it." Even Lord Chesterfield, with his French breeding, when he came to define a gentleman, declared that truth made his distinction. The Duke of Wellington told the French General, Kellermann, that he might rely on the parole of an English officer. Their love of truth, and the knowledge that this love is shared by those around them, makes them confide in each other. Madame de Staël says that the English irritated Napoleon mainly because they have found out how to unite success with honesty. They have a horror of adventurers in or out of Parliament. The ruling terror of Englishmen in these days is a terror of humbug. They like a man committed to his objects. They hate the French as frivolous, they hate the Irish as aimless, they hate the Germans as professors. Mr. Emerson notices as a lamentable falling-off in their plain-spoken love of truth and courage in saying the truth to the whole world, that last year such great honours were paid to the Emperor Louis Napoleon. He is sure that no Englishman whom he had the happiness to know consented, when the aristocracy of London cringed like a Neapolitan rabble before a successful thief. We think that something might be said in their own defence, even by those who were not preserved by an introduction to Mr. Emerson from a proneness to flatter. We have nothing to say in behalf of the silly pratings about the

blessings of despotism which disgraced a portion of the English press a few months ago. This was one of the eccentricities to be found among a free people, who do not care which side they take in a question which for them is a purely speculative one. But the French alliance was a real, and a noble, and honourable wish on the part of England. Louis Napoleon came to reap the benefit of this feeling. It is impossible to cheer an abstract proposition; but, when they saw the Emperor, Englishmen cheered, because they were desirous to show their hearty assent to the doctrine that the Western nations ought to unite to defend the liberty of Europe.

Mr. Emerson has some good remarks and some good anecdotes respecting the traits of taciturnity, stolidity, self-sufficiency, and imperturbable assertion of superiority so often noticed in the English character. Perhaps the best of these is a story of an English lady on the Rhine, who, hearing a German speaking of her party as foreigners, exclaimed, "No, we are not foreigners—we are English; it is you that are foreigners." Nor is it unamusing what he says is told of a good Sir John, that he heard a case stated by counsel, and made up his mind; then the counsel for the other side taking their turn to speak, he found himself so unsettled and perplexed, that he exclaimed, "So help me God, I will never listen to evidence again." We regret to say that this portion of the book, excellent as it is, bears very evident traces of the over-digging which is more or less visible throughout. We read, for instance,—“They tell you daily in London the story of the Frenchman and Englishman who quarrelled, and at last were persuaded to fight in the dark; when the Englishman, not wishing really to hit his adversary, fired up the chimney, and brought down the Frenchman.” They tell this daily in London! What a curious piece of statistics, and what a patient and persevering city we must live in. Never did a Yankee Triptolemus drive his plough so fiercely. Let us turn from this exaggeration to give a quotation, which, although it has got a prize-potato or two in it, shall show Mr. Emerson in a fairer light:—

“Of that constitutional force, which yields the supplies of the day, they have the more than enough, the excess which creates courage on fortitude, genius in poetry, invention in mechanics, enterprise in trade, magnificence in wealth, splendour in ceremonies, petulance and projects in youth. The young men have a rude health which runs into peccant humours. They drink brandy like water, cannot expend their quantities of waste strength on riding, hunting, swimming, and fencing, and run into absurd frolics with the gravity of the Eumenides. They stoutly carry into every nook and corner of the earth their turbulent sense; leaving no lie uncontradicted; no pretension unexamined. They chew hasheesh; cut themselves with poisoned creases; swing

their hammock in the boughs of the Bohon Upas; taste every poison; buy every secret; at Naples they put St. Januarius's blood in an alembic; they saw a horse into the head of the "winking Virgin," to know why she winks; measure with an English foot-rule every cell of the Inquisition, every Turkish caaba, every Holy of holies; translate and send to Bentley the arcanum bribed and bullied away from shuddering Brahmins; and measure their own strength by the terror they cause. These travellers are of every class, the best and the worst; and it may easily happen that those of rudest behaviour are taken notice of and remembered. The Saxon melancholy in the vulgar rich and poor appears as gushes of ill-humour, which every check exasperates into sarcasm and vituperation. There are multitudes of rude young English who have the self-sufficiency and bluntness of their nation, and who, with their disdain of the rest of mankind, and with this indigestion and choler, have made the English traveller a proverb for uncomfortable and offensive manners. It was no bad description of the Briton generically, which was said two hundred years ago of one particular Oxford scholar: 'He was a very bold man, uttered anything that came into his mind, not only among his companions, but in public coffee-houses, and would often speak his mind of particular persons then accidentally present, without examining the company he was in, for which he was often reprimanded, and several times threatened to be kicked and beaten.'

Hitherto we have had to follow Mr. Emerson through observations on what is personal to individuals; we now come to the portion of his book which treats of our social system, and of the present state of English thought; and here, the notice he takes of what he thinks to be the defects and evils under which we labour, is the most interesting part of his discussion of the several facts. We care more to know what an intelligent foreigner thinks to be the drawbacks of England's immense wealth, the changes operating on the condition of the aristocracy, or the shortcomings of English religion and philosophy, than to read descriptions, however well written, of how rich, and noble, and good we are. There are things a foreigner can say, which are not thought to come well from a native; and when he says them, even if we do not agree with him, we are inclined to ponder over them and remember them.

So we will pass lightly over the lively picture which Mr. Emerson paints of English wealth, and of our love for our idol. "There is no country," he tells us, "in which so absolute a homage is paid to wealth. In America, there is a touch of shame when a man exhibits the evidences of large property, as if, after all, it needed an apology." We are glad to hear this, though we confess we had thought otherwise. But we know too well what mammon worship is here, not to rejoice that another nation is more free from it. Looked at on its good side, the love of wealth

is, he says, seen as the determination to be solvent. "Solvency is in the ideas and mechanism of an Englishman." Words can hardly express what the wealth of England is. "The creation of wealth in England in the last ninety years, is a main fact in modern history." The wealth of London determines prices all over the globe; and the proudest result of this creation has been the great and refined forces it has put at the disposal of the private citizen. "In the social world, an Englishman to-day has the best lot. He is a king in a plain coat."

But we do not, as indeed we know pretty well, get the advantages of wealth quite without alloy. First of all, Mr. Emerson points out, that the machine unmans the user. "The robust rural Saxon degenerates in the mills to the Leicester stockinger, and to the imbecile Manchester spinner." And then, in a change of industry, "whole towns are sacrificed like anthills, and society is admonished of the mischief of the division of labour." To which sad facts, for we cannot refuse to see much truth in this statement, we can only answer, that the inventive ingenuity of man makes some poor compensation, even to its victims, for the evils it works; and that the mere facility of locomotion, if nothing else, is a weapon of defence in the hands of the artisan suffering under the introduction of new machinery. For the mental enervation which continual contact with machinery is so apt to cause, we see no remedy, except that it is every day more recognised as good economy not to grind men down too hard, and that whenever a change in our social habits shall give the artisan an interest in the profits and a share in the management, the springs of hope will lend elasticity even to a mind that lives among the spindles.

"Then, again," continues Mr. Emerson, "come in new calamities. England is aghast at the disclosure of frauds in the manufacture of every fabric, and every article of consumption. This, too, is the reaction of machinery, but of the larger machinery of commerce. 'Tis not, I suppose, want of probity so much as the tyranny of trade, which necessitates a perpetual competition of underselling; and that, again, a perpetual deterioration of the fabric." In this we think Mr. Emerson looks too exclusively to the seller: part of the fault lies on the buyer. Rich people,—persons educated enough to know that a cheap bargain is a dear bargain,—do not suffer much from this deterioration. But as in England each class likes to copy and rival that above it, the poorer purchasers are pleased with having in name what the richer have. They must have white bread; so they buy alum and potatoes. The kitchen-maid sees her mistress in a new silk dress; so, to be even with her, she also buys a flimsy, dead-looking material, also called silk, which comes to pieces in the

first shower. Time, experience, cessation of the novelty, good instruction, will, perhaps, some day teach the poor to be a little wiser.

"England," Mr. Emerson continues, "does not rule her wealth. She is simply a good England; but no divinity, or wise instructed soul." She must be held responsible for the despotism of expense. Her success strengthens the hands of base wealth. "Who," exclaims Mr. Emerson, "can propose to youth poverty and wisdom, where mean gain has arrived at the conquest of letters and arts?" We scarcely know what to say to this; it is so very true. "Not the aims of a manly life, but the means of meeting a certain ponderous expense, is that which is to be considered by a youth in England emerging from his minority." Every Englishman knows to his sorrow, that Mr. Emerson is right. Other men's wealth hangs like a millstone round our neck. Whether time will see the burthen removed so long as our national prosperity endures, is more than we can presume to say.

To the merits and services of the English aristocracy, Mr. Emerson renders a justice much to the honour of an American and a democrat. The following passage will show the spirit in which he writes:—

"The English nobles are high-spirited, active, educated men, born to wealth and power, who have run through every country, and kept in every country the best company. have seen every secret of art and nature, and, when men of any ability or ambition, have been consulted in the conduct of every important action. You cannot wield great agencies without lending yourself to them, and when it happens that the spirit of the earl meets his rank and duties, we have the best examples of behaviour. Power of any kind readily appears in the manners; and beneficent power, *le talent de bien faire*, gives a majesty which cannot be concealed or resisted.

"These people seem to gain as much as they lose by their position. They survey society, as from the top of St. Paul's, and, if they never hear plain truth from men, they see the best of everything, in every kind, and they see things so grouped and amassed as to infer easily the sum and genius, instead of tedious particularities. Their good behaviour deserves all its fame, and they have that simplicity, and that air of repose, which are the finest ornament of greatness.

"The upper classes have only birth, say the people here, and not thoughts. Yes, but they have manners, and it is wonderful how much talent runs into manners;—nowhere and never so much as in England. They have the sense of superiority, the absence of all the ambitious effort which disgusts in the aspiring classes, a pure tone of thought and feeling, and the power to command, among their other luxuries, the presence of the most accomplished men in their festive meetings.

"Loyalty is in the English a sub-religion. They wear the laws as ornaments, and walk by their faith in their painted May-Fair, as if

among the forms of gods. The economist of 1855 who asks, Of what use are the Lords? may learn of Franklin to ask, of what use is a baby? They have been a social church proper to inspire sentiments mutually honouring the lover and the loved. Politeness is the ritual of society, as prayers are of the Church; a school of manners, and a gentle blessing to the age in which it grew. It is a romance adorning English life with a larger horizon; a midway heaven, fulfilling to their sense their fairy tales and poetry. This, just as far as the breeding of the nobleman, really made him brave, handsome, accomplished, and great-hearted."

"Of course, there is," says Mr. Emerson, "another side to all the gorgeous show which the nobility make." Since their warrior days were over, they have "grown fat and wanton." Pepys, Selwyn, and Moore, have left behind them, at very different times of English history, materials to let us know what are the vices of an aristocracy. Scandal-mongers of the present day have, also, their store of anecdotes. Here, however, we think Mr. Emerson wrong in connecting, in any especial manner, with an aristocracy, faults to be found in every sort of men whom the possession of accumulated wealth places in idleness. Young Americans making the grand tour have even a worse character for debauchery than young lords. The charge of a certain hardness and exclusiveness, and absence of power to recognise any claims but those of birth and wealth, is, perhaps, more justly made. "When Julia Grisi and Mario sang at the house of the Duke of Wellington, and other grandees, a cord was stretched between the singer and the company. A man of art, who is also one of the celebrities of wealth and fashion, confessed to his friend, that he could not enter their houses without being made to feel that they were great lords and he a low plebeian." And, whatever the vices or the virtues of the aristocracy, Mr. Emerson thinks their days are numbered, and that the change has begun which must, in the end, sweep them away. We suppose it is so, but at any rate the change will operate very slowly; the loyalty of the English to their aristocracy is so great, the desire to have a counterpoise to the tyranny of mere wealth is so strong, the perception of the advantage of refinement in manners is so keen. Still, it is very possible that a wilful blindness and selfishness may hasten a catastrophe otherwise remote. The disasters of the last war, and the extreme difficulty thrown in the way of merit by an aristocratical system, have made men think differently from what they used to think; and still more, perhaps, the short-sighted jealousy which induced, during the last session, the Peers to propose to sacrifice the public and the suitors in the courts of law, in order to retain a fictitious and empty dignity for the Upper House, has given rise to a feeling, which, although it might soon yield to a

manifestation of a liberal and conscientious anxiety for the public welfare, may, if it finds fresh fuel, be easily fanned into a flame.

The chapter on "Religion" is, perhaps, the best in the book. It has some admirable passages both of observation and criticism. It does not, indeed, do justice to the Established Church, but the Established Church has so many mouths to sing its praises, that we have much more to gain from seeing the manner in which its great deficiencies strike a foreigner, than from hearing what its friends can say for it. Mr. Emerson begins by pointing out, that no national church can now, as it did once, embrace the whole life and thought of a nation; the Established Church has become an institution, with all the drawbacks as well as the advantages incident to a fixed type of thought:—

"No people, at the present day, can be explained by their national religion. They do not feel responsible for it; it lies far outside of them. Their loyalty to truth, and their labour and expenditure rest on real foundations, and not on a national church. And English life, it is evident, does not grow out of the Athanasian creed, or the Articles, or the Eucharist. It is with religion as with marriage. A youth marries in haste; afterwards, when his mind is opened to the reason of the conduct of life, he is asked what he thinks of the institution of marriage, and of the right relations of the sexes? 'I should have much to say,' he might reply, 'if the question were open, but I have a wife and children, and all question is closed for me.' In the barbarous days of a nation some *cultus* is formed or imported; altars are built, tithes are paid, priests ordained. The education and expenditure of the country take that direction, and when wealth, refinement, great men, and ties to the world, supervene, its prudent men say, why fight against Fate, or lift these absurdities which are now mountainous? Better find some niche or crevice in this mountain of stone which religious ages have quarried and carved, wherein to bestow yourself, than attempt anything ridiculously and dangerously above your strength, like removing it."

Standing in front of Dundee Church, Mr. Emerson tells us, that he reflected on the noble work which the Church has done in Great Britain. "There has been great power of sentiment at work in this island of which these buildings are the proofs." The English Church has, he perceives, many certificates to show of humble effective service in humanising the people, in cheering and refining man, feeding, healing, and educating. It has the seal of martyrs and confessors: the noblest books, a sublime architecture, a ritual marked by the same secular merits, nothing cheap or purchasable. He relates how, attending divine service at York Minster, he was struck by the manner in which the Church, since the Bible has been read in the vernacular tongue, has acted as the "tutor and university of the people." "It was strange to hear the pretty pastoral of the betrothal of Rebecca

and Isaac in the morning of the world, read with circumstantiality in York Minster to the decorous English audience, just fresh from the *Times* newspaper and their wine, and listening with all the devotion of national pride.”

Nor does Mr. Emerson fail to point out that the English Church is dear to Englishmen. “The national temperament deeply enjoys the unbroken order and tradition of its Church, the liturgy, ceremony, architecture; the sober grace, the good company, the connexion with the throne, and with history which adorn it!” But, then, he sees what so many Englishmen see with grief and regret, that what is so fair should be so limited in its efficiency,—that a Church pre-eminently framed to suit an aristocracy has to accept all the narrowness of range which this adaptation involves. We cannot but see he is holding up a true maxim when he says,—

“The religion of England is part of good breeding. When you see on the continent the well-dressed Englishman come into his ambassador’s chapel, and put his face for silent prayer into his smooth-brushed hat, one cannot help feeling how much national pride prays with him, and the religion of a gentleman. So far is he from attaching any meaning to the words, that he believes himself to have done almost the generous thing, and that it is very condescending in him to pray to God. A great duke said, on the occasion of a victory, in the House of Lords, that he thought the Almighty God had not been well used by them, and that it would become their magnanimity, after so great successes, to take order that a proper acknowledgment be made. It is the church of the gentry; but it is not the church of the poor. The operatives do not own it, and gentlemen lately testified in the House of Commons that in their lives they never saw a poor man in a ragged coat inside a church.”

And the belief in the Church as an institution, and the determination to support it as a political safeguard of the upper classes, so thoroughly colour the thoughts and language of educated laymen in this country, as to justify Mr. Emerson in saying, shortly afterwards,—

“The English, in common perhaps with Christendom in the nineteenth century, do not respect power, but only performance; value ideas only for an economic result. Wellington esteems a saint only as far as he can be an army chaplain:—‘Mr. Briscoll, by his admirable conduct and good sense, got the better of Methodism, which had appeared among the soldiers, and once among the officers.’ They value a philosopher as they value an apothecary who brings bark or a drench; and inspiration is only some blowpipe, or a finer mechanical aid.

“I suspect that there is in an Englishman’s brain a valve that can be closed at pleasure, as an engineer shuts off steam. The most sensible and well-informed men possess the power of thinking just so far as the bishop in religious matters, and as the chancellor of the exchequer

in politics. They talk with courage and logic, and show you magnificent results, but the same men who have brought free trade or geology to their present standing, look grave and lofty, and shut down their valve, as soon as the conversation approaches the English church. After that, you talk with a box-turtle."

And we may do well to consider how much truth there is in the following denunciation:—

"But you must pay for conformity. All goes well as long as you run with conformists. But you, who are honest man in other particulars, know, that there is alive somewhere a man whose honesty reaches to this point also, that he shall not kneel to false gods, and on the day when you meet him, you sink into the class of counterfeiters. Besides, this succumbing has great penalties. If you take in a lie, you must take in all that belongs to it. England accepts this ornamented national church, and it glazes the eyes, bloats the flesh, gives the voice a stertorous clang, and clouds the understanding of the receivers."

And although his habitual exaggeration is beginning to carry him away, we must allow that Mr. Emerson is telling us a stern truth when he says,—

"Nature, to be sure, had her remedy. Religious persons are driven out of the Established Church into sects, which instantly rise to credit, and hold the Establishment in check. Nature has sharper remedies also. The English, abhorring change in all things, abhorring it most in matters of religion, cling to the last rag of form, and are dreadfully given to cant. . . The English (and I wish it were confined to them, but 'tis a taint in the Anglo-Saxon blood in both hemispheres), the English and the Americans cant beyond all other nations. The French relinquish all that industry to them. What is so odious as the polite bows to God in our books and newspapers? The popular press is flagitious in the exact measure of its sanctimony, and the religion of the day is a theatrical Sinai, where the thunders are supplied by the property-man. The fanaticism and hypocrisy create satire. *Punch* finds an inexhaustible material. Dickens writes novels on Exeter-Hall humanity. Thackeray exposes the heartless high life. Nature revenges herself more summarily by the heathenism of the lower classes. Lord Shaftesbury calls the poor thieves together, and reads sermons to them, and they call it 'gas.' George Borrow summons the Gipsies to hear his discourse on the Hebrews in Egypt, and reads to them the Apostles' Creed in Rommany. 'When I had concluded,' he says, 'I looked around me. The features of the assembly were twisted, and the eyes of all turned upon me with a frightful squint; not an individual present but squinted; the genteel Pepa, the good-humoured Chicharena, the Cosdani—all squinted; the Gipsy jockey squinted worst of all.'"

From all this Mr. Emerson draws the conclusion that the Church is much to be pitied. And, having come to this conclusion, he puts it, as his wont is, strongly and vehemently. "She has nothing left," he tells us, "but possession. If a bishop meets an intelligent gentleman, and reads fatal interrogations in

his eye, he has no resource but to take wine with him." In another part of the chapter he says,—“The English Church, undermined by German criticism, has nothing left but tradition, and was led logically back to Romanism. But that was an element which only hot heads could breathe; in view of the educated class, generally, it was not a fact to front the sun; and the alienation of such men from the Church became complete.” Now, if Mr. Emerson had stayed in England as many years as he stayed months, he would have seen that the English Church is a greater puzzle than he thought it. It offers a broad mark for ridicule, and the shaft can scarcely go by it, with its Articles contradicting its Liturgy, its sham Convocation, its grand spiritual language about homely terrestrial facts, as when the Chapter prays to be guided in its choice of a bishop; and then, as Mr. Emerson reverently expresses it, invariably finds, “that the dictates of the Holy Ghost agree with the recommendations of the Queen.” It seems wonderful that honest and learned men should bear to belong to such a Church, and yet the fact remains that they do. Mr. Emerson is quite wrong when he says that the alienation of educated men from the Church is complete. All Englishmen know to the contrary. There are to be found, not only among the laity but among the clergy, men who have received as high an education, as liberal, deep, and various a training, as any men whatever, — who are perfectly familiar with all that is valuable in German criticism, who know all that the most modern science has to teach them, who inspire all those who know them with a conviction that they would eat bread and drink water rather than speak or act a lie, and who yet adhere zealously to the Church of England. It is true that there are not many such men: the mass of the clergymen of the Church of England are as careless about truth for its own sake as any body of men in the world, but there are some such men, and they require to be accounted for. Every day, too, the Church is acquiring new strength; she builds new churches; she has set on foot at least one half of the new schools built in the last twenty years; she perfects the system of her clerical discipline. We cannot but recognise these facts as qualifying Emerson’s saying, — “The spirit that dwelt in this Church has glided away to animate other activities; and they, who come to the old shrines, find apes and players rustling the old garments.”

The lamentable indifference to truth which infects the higher English clergy, and their advocates among the laity, is a great penalty paid by them and by all of us for the aristocratical and institutional character of the Church. The tone of good society, and the fear of social consequences, eat into the heart of theology. But after all is said that can be said on this score, we must not speak as if the truth which the most zealous honesty could search

out were easy to anticipate. If by the simple process of learning a little German, clergymen were sure to ascertain Christianity to be a mere delusion, fit at once to be consigned to the old clothes bag, we should quite agree in all that Mr. Emerson says. But, however strange, it is no less true that many who have gone through all that speculation has to offer, come very frequently to a conclusion, that in Christianity they have a satisfaction for the deepest wants of the human mind. Of course, their Christianity is something very different to that into which the traditions of the gentlemanly Anglican have got stereotyped. We can easily imagine that the longing to be practical, not to be cut off from benefiting and living with their own generation, haunts their minds, and makes them say to themselves, "If we wish to enforce these perennial truths, which we believe will outlast the present form of Christianity,—if we wish to bring them home to the men of this present age, and to do some work before we die,—how can we do it better than by working through the English Church, which is so indeterminate in doctrine, and yet has so excellent a machinery for communicating between the teachers and the taught? Those who do not feel that desire for what is practical, who are content to let others work while they think, stand aloof from any such compliance, and say that it is only their business to proclaim what they hold to be true, and to let the world go its own way. We will not decide whether there is greater nobility and honesty in one course or the other. We see men whom, in other respects, we should think equally noble and honest, impelled in one or the other direction, rather by the presence or absence of a constitutional love of action than by anything else. But quietly to ignore the whole possibility of men of the sincerest thought being found in the English Church, is a piece of superficial assumption, excusable only in a foreigner who makes a hasty visit to this country.

Mr. Emerson next proceeds to speak of our literature, and complains that the modern English, unlike their ancestors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, shrink from generalization. He quotes the sentence of Bacon as applicable to them. "They do not look abroad with universality, or they draw only a bucketful at the fountain of the First Philosophy for their occasion, and do not go to the spring-head." "They are," Mr. Emerson continues, "with difficulty ideal; they are the most conditioned men, as if, having the best conditions, they could not bring themselves to forfeit them." We feel that there is much truth in this. "The Germans generalize: the English cannot interpret the German mind." We know that German philosophy is not welcomed in England, mainly because so very few Englishmen are formed by nature to understand it. Every now

and then we come across a man who seems to have a sense of the *prima philosophia*, which Bacon called the "dry light, scorching and offending most men's watery natures." But generally we acknowledge Englishmen to be, as compared with Germans, deficient in the widest philosophical power. Mr. Emerson looks for this as the only source of literary excellence, and finding it wanting in Englishmen, passes over their literature as a brilliant failure. He acknowledges it to have all the minor merits consistent with the absence of this highest excellence. "There is no end to the graces and amenities, wit, sensibility, and erudition of the learned class." But the artificial succour, he continues, which marks all English performance, appears in letters also; and he fears the same fault lies in their science. "English science puts humanity to the door; it wants the conviction which is the test of genius." "It stands in strong contrast with that of the Germans, those same Greeks who love analogy, and by means of their height of view preserve their enthusiasm and think for Europe."

Far be it from any Englishman of the present day to deny that the English literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had a native boldness and force, a width of grasp and a depth of feeling which is only rarely rivalled in our own times. We should also be the first to acknowledge how far more truthful the tone of German thought is, how much more it attempts to embrace than what we are accustomed to in England. But then, if we acknowledge this, let us say something on the other side. Bacon and the men of his day lived in an age which cannot come twice to a nation—the age between the times of darkness (if we please to speak of darkness only by the standard of the intellect), of faith and love, and the times which now are, when reverence has died away, and facts are all in all. In that twilight great things were done in statesmanship, in literature, in science, and in art. But the greatness that was then visible was a greatness that contained the seeds of its own decay. The English mind did not, as Mr. Emerson seems to think, degenerate when it embraced the system of Locke; it merely followed the inevitable road on which it had entered. We cannot in these days think grandly, because we wish, above all things, to think clearly. Certainly the love of clearness and of intelligible results has in a curious manner made us suspicious of truth which we cannot instantly formularize, and we own that we are in a great measure preserved from an overwhelming poverty and narrowness of thought by the deep draughts we can drink from the abundant wells of German literature. But our anxiety to have practical demonstrable truths at least keeps us from a hundred delusions which, wearing the mask of sublimity, are infinitely more corrupting in their hollow-

ness and imbecility, than a lifelong study of Paley and Bentham. We can, at any rate, say that the English do not cast away their time on vague spiritual analogies, schemes of grandiloquent transcendentalism, and the inanities of spirit-rapping. We wish we could be more sure what is the point of view from which Mr. Emerson criticises us. To estimate the value of fault-finding, we must know the standard of excellence by which performance is judged. Mr. Emerson does not tell us exactly what his standard is, but we can make some guess at it when we see on what persons he bestows his praise. Most English readers will be surprised to hear that the only exception Mr. Emerson can find to the want of greatness in modern English writers, is to be discovered in the works of an author whose very name ninety-nine in a hundred will hear for the first time. Those who are acquainted with it will know it as the name of the translator of several works of Swedenborg, and the author of a book bearing the mysterious title, "The Human Body, and its Connexion with Man." The following is the description of the one only writer who has been found faithful by Mr. Emerson in the fallen hierarchy of English literature:—

"Wilkinson, the editor of Swedenborg, the annotator of Fourier, and the champion of Hahnemann, has brought to metaphysics and to physiology a native vigour, with a catholic perception of relations, equal to the highest attempts, and a rhetoric like the armoury of the invincible knights of old. There is in the action of his mind a long Atlantic roll not known except in deepest waters, and only lacking what ought to accompany such powers, a manifest centrality. . . If his mind does not rest in immovable biases, perhaps the orbit is larger, and the return is not yet: but a master should inspire a confidence that he will adhere to his convictions, and give his present studies always the same high place."

We need not linger any further over a book of which we have already noticed the leading features. With all its faults of exaggeration and indefinite aim, it is a book we most heartily welcome, glad to read ourselves in a picture drawn by a skilful artist, and still more glad to have so much friendliness and generosity displayed towards us by an American. It is a book which will, we feel sure, do good on both sides of the Atlantic, and tend to promote that cordial understanding between all sections of the Anglo-Saxon race on which, in these days of despotism and confusion, the welfare of mankind so largely depends.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

WE can very much recommend a work of Dr. Schwarz¹ of Halle to those who wish, in a reasonable compass, to obtain a clear view of the theological movements in Germany for the last twenty years. Perfectly dispassionate, Dr. Schwarz lays before his readers, with admirable clearness and impartiality, the effects upon old-fashioned faiths, at the commencement of that period, of the publication of the "Leben Jesu," and the recent resuscitation of dry theologies, under the shelter of political and pietistic projects of Church Union. Some temporary success may attend the new Lutheranism and evangelical and Lutheran combinations; the course of controversy may have passed off from some of the questions to which the work of Strauss was immediately addressed; his mythical hypothesis may fail in meeting all the phenomena of the evangelical histories; and Hegelian rehabilitations of an ideal in the place of an actual Christ, with theories of a culminating manifestation of God in man, in the person of Jesus, may be unsatisfying, as no doubt they are, to the matter-of-fact English mind. But, however this may be, the critique of Strauss made an epoch, and gave an impulse to the minute examination of the early Christian records, canonical and uncanonical, which will leave permanent effects. A season of weariness and exhaustion has now partially overtaken the energies of the critical spirit; and the necessity, real or supposed, for a concrete belief, and for the forms of a cult, to satisfy the religious sentiment of the masses, may suspend for awhile the popularizing the inevitable conclusions of biblical investigations. But the biblical student will never again stand where he stood twenty years since.

It has indeed been repeated in this country, by those who have echoed from abroad the shouts of a controversial battle which they have not understood, that Strauss's failure is now acknowledged by the learned men of his own country. The extent to which this is really true, and the extent to which it is false; would be made very plain by the perusal of the work of Dr. Schwarz.

Although the appearance of Strauss's "Life of Jesus" may be considered as making an epoch in biblical investigation, and may well be taken, as it is by Dr. Schwarz, for a starting-point in a review of the theology of the present generation, it was itself immediately occasioned by the failure of Paulus and the rationalistic school to account for the miraculous histories of the New Testament on natural grounds. Where we will observe in passing, for the consideration of those who

* 1 "Zur Geschichte der neuesten Theologie." Von Karl Schwarz, ausserordentlichem Professor der Theologie zu Halle. Leipzig. 1856.

maintain the literal truth in all points of those histories, that if Strauss has failed in his turn, in whole or in part, to account by his mythical Messianic theory, for the supernatural clothing with which the person of Christ is invested in the Gospels, the instinct which recoils from many of the particulars so recorded, is not satisfied by the acknowledgment of that failure. So likewise in another branch of the investigation. From very early times it has been endeavoured to reconcile the differences in the narratives of the evangelists by means of harmonies. "Harmonistic," to adopt the term from our German friends, is rationalism of a timid and feeble kind. Yet its successive failures in the attempt to solve the difficulties to which it has been applied, does not diminish the difficulties themselves; it leaves them precisely where they were. If the presence of the Messianic idea to the minds of the narrators would not account for all the wonders which are related in the Gospels, the solution was yet to seek—and others have sought for a solution, and have failed, as Strauss did, and for the same reason; because they have sought to account for too much upon one principle. In this case, the sum total and mass of literary product, to which criticism is to be applied, is too heterogeneous to be cleared by the application of one canon, to be analysed and distributed by one agent. Neither naturalism, nor myth, nor the tendency theory, will, separately, account for all the wonders and contradictions in the Gospels; but each will account for some; as yet, it may be acknowledged, there is no hypothesis, nor combination of hypotheses, sufficient to meet all the phenomena there presented to us.

Nevertheless, considerable continuing effects have remained from the Straussian criticism of the Gospels. First, a negative conclusion—that it is not possible to construct, by way of a harmony, an authentic narrative out of the Gospels, as we now have them—that is, so as to use up the whole, or the chief part of their material. Secondly, an effect of impulse given to critical inquiry in this subject-matter; for the investigations of the whole Tübingen school, and of many others who differ, more or less, both from Strauss, and also from Dr. Baur, may be said to have been occasioned by the movement which issued from the works of the former. And those in this country, to whom we have above alluded, as triumphing in the failure imputed to Strauss by the more advanced critics who have succeeded him, would be little inclined to accept the views proposed in their turn by many who have opposed his specific conclusions. A recent work of one of the ablest and earliest of his critics, we shall have occasion to notice below.

It is remarkable that the two men, Hegel and Schleiermacher, who have exercised the deepest influence on the philosophy and theology of their generation in Germany, and who stood contemporaneously in the first rank in the University of Berlin, should have been in all things so unlike—*"they never touched except to repel each other:"* and together with this remembrance, that Strauss, who in his turn has occasioned so great a movement, should have been the combined product of these so dissimilar minds. Still further,—that which he derived from each master, he shaped and employed in an opposite direction to the particular tendency of each; and though he was a disciple

of Hegel's, he imbibed from him no conservatism; though he had sat at the feet of Schleiermacher, he borrowed from him no warmth. In the year 1831, Strauss went from Tübingen to Berlin, principally to hear Schleiermacher's lectures on the "Life of Jesus," which were distinguished by a sufficiently destructive scepticism, and by a remarkable power of critical combination. These lectures suggested the form of one of his great works. But when that work appeared in 1835, the author was alike disowned both by the school of Hegel, and of Schleiermacher; although it evidently owed to the former the doctrine of Immanence, shown in its repudiation of miracles, and in its construction of an ideal Christ; to the latter, its acute and elaborate criticism of the Gospel histories. Hegel himself had not broken with orthodoxy, and had expressed himself obscurely respecting the historical person of Christ. Strauss saw, that the philosophical doctrine of a divine manifestation in all the phenomena of the universe was not reconcilable with the theological creed which held the union of two distinct natures in the one person of the Redeemer; for even the development of a "communicatio idiomatum," implied too sharp an original antithesis. In another respect, he showed himself a disciple of that Hegel, who observed contemptuously concerning Schleiermacher's theory, which resolved the religious sentiment into a feeling of dependence—"then must the dog be the most religious of animals." For when Strauss was charged with desecrating that which was holy by his unsparing criticism, he retorted coldly, "that philosophy in its inquiries knows nothing of the holy, only of the true." Strauss, no doubt, owed much to others, as well as to Hegel and Schleiermacher. For instance, many of the details of his criticisms are suggested by the Wolfenbüttel Fragments of Reimarus; but we must pass on to notice some of the controversial works directed against his views.

Tholuck may be taken as the representative of the orthodox opposition. Now in conducting his opposition, his concessions are very important. He was constrained to modify the current definition of miracle, and to describe it as an event "altogether at variance with the course of nature as observed by us, and which has a religious origin and purpose." The supernatural, therefore, in fact, disappears, being comprehended within the universal course of nature-objectively taken, from which it is, only an apparent deviation. Also in sifting the evidence for miracle, if the purpose of an alleged miracle is to be taken into account, who is to be judge of the sufficiency of the nodus? On the subject, likewise, of inspiration Tholuck concedes, that the Scripture contains both a "kernel" and a "shell," and teaches, that as to the shell—the historical, geographical, chronological framework, errors may co-exist with truth in essentials. Here again, who is to be the judge of what the essentials are, to say nothing of the interpretation of Scriptures ambiguous even upon essentials? Polemically, Tholuck had a greater advantage in combating the mythic theory, upon the grounds inconsiderately taken up by Strauss with respect to the Gospel of St. Luke. For Strauss acknowledged that Gospel for the genuine work of a disciple of the Apostles. As to which Tholuck urged with force, that, in that case, there was no room for the forma-

tion of myth; that we were at once brought within the region of history. The event has since been to carry the critical inquiry into the genuineness and historical credibility of the Gospel narratives much further than Strauss had carried it, and materially to shift the position which Tholuck thus assailed. Another able opponent, representative of the school of Schleiermacher, appeared in the person of Neander, whose *Life of Jesus* (1837) leaves the main questions at issue in the vagueness and compromise which are characteristic, with all his merits, of the writings of that distinguished person and of the "Gefühlstheologie" generally. He reduces considerably the *bulk* of the supernatural element in the Gospels, and refers the residue to the powers of a higher spiritual life initiated by the coming of Christ. Ullman is more close and logical, but he admits the presence of mythical *traits* in the Evangelical histories. He assaults, however, vigorously the substitution of the ideal Christ for the personal, and of the divinified collective humanity for the orthodox God-man. An individual personality must be supposed as the central force which has gathered together the Christian Church, a personality not as one atom among many, but as superior, original, and independent. It is to be noticed, that Ullman argues from the effect to the cause, from the existence of the Church to the personal history of the Founder, from the subjective belief of the disciples, especially of Paul, to the objective reality of that which they believed. The genuine Apostolical Epistles thus become the foundation documents of the history of Christ, instead of the four Gospels and the Acts.

Even these examples are sufficient to show, that many of the views of Strauss may be argued to be, and even shown to be untenable, without either re-establishing orthodoxy, or being driven to the rationalism of Paulus. But the impulse given to the critical examination of the primitive Christian literature has not yet run its course or produced all its results. Dr. Baur of Tübingen had already, in 1831, embarked in the investigation of early Christianity, but his principal works appeared in the period from 1845 to 1851—his "Apostle Paul;" the "Critical Inquiries concerning the Canonical Gospels;" "Of the Gospel of Mark, with an Appendix concerning the Gospel of Marcion;" and the "History of the Christian Church in the Three First Centuries." We can only mention the names of Baur's immediate disciples, Schwegler and Zeller, eminent critical historians of the Apostolical and post-Apostolical periods; of Kostlin and Hilgenfeld, of Nitsch and Volkmar, all engaged, with many more, in illustrating the Christian "Origines." Many points of divergence and difference distinguish these several able men from each other; but there has thus been produced an immense literature, which orthodoxy can as little digest as it can the works of Strauss; and Baur, Ewald, Weisse, whatever their mutual controversies, are as unpalatable to it as is the great heretic himself.

There is, however, another method more hopeful for the triumph of orthodoxy,—the method pursued by the "Confessional" parties. Some years since a remarkable contrast might be noticed between England and Germany in the following particulars. In England the most per-

fect liberty has long been enjoyed by the smallest sect, or the meanest individual, for holding and propagating his religious views, without detriment to his civil rights; but no theological chairs exist untrammelled by confessions, in which a free theology can pursue its inquiries. In Germany, on the other hand, full civil rights and the capacity for public employment are only accorded to certain privileged forms of religion, and to this day, in Prussia, the Baptist communion is one of the excluded sects. But the occupation of a professorial chair seemed, till recently, to bestow the fullest liberty of speech and print. A professor might propound any views, however heterodox, relatively to the Confessions. We cannot now stay to point out at large the evils in England and Scotland of the subordination of the Theological chairs in the national Universities to the local Churches. But our present object is to invite attention to the policy of the reactionary parties in Germany, which is, not to combat the critical spirit by open controversy, but to stifle its expression by subjugating the Theological faculty, as it is subjected in this country, to a particular Church order. Neither the State Church of Prussia, especially the party of Stahl, nor the new-Lutheranism, would concede any fresh liberty to the private individual, but would withdraw all liberty from the professor.

This new-Lutheranism of which we speak, and to which we must now confine what we have to say, is making its efforts principally in those States in which the union of the Confessions has not been received—that is, in Hanover, Mecklenburg, Saxony, and Bavaria. In the former State the pastors of the Conference (Stader Kirchenconferenz) demanded, in the autumn of 1853, the removal of the crying scandal (das schreiende Missverhältniss) occasioned by the relation of the theological professors of the national University to the Lutheran Confession, referring, without any sense of the anachronism, or any feeling of shame, to a precedent of the sixteenth century, when the crypto-Calvinist professors in Wittenberg were expelled with inflexible severity by the Lutherans. In Göttingen the professors of the theological faculty have hitherto made a successful resistance to the assaults of the Lutheran pastors headed by Dr. Petri. They have appealed to the statutes of the University under which their Professoriate is constituted; they have urged the services rendered to Protestantism in former generations by the freedom of their faculty; and have maintained, that its true design is not to be a mere organ for the delivery of a traditional instruction, but to become a fermenting power, adequate, in progress of time, to change the form of the teaching of the Church itself. It will readily be understood that the modern high Lutherans, of whom Dr. Vilmar, in Hesse, may be taken as a representative, correspond very closely with the extreme ecclesiastical party in this country; maintaining the divine constitution of the priesthood with an authoritative power of teaching, of mediation, of absolution; insisting on a mysterious communication of grace in the Sacraments, and coquetting, moreover, with the Church of Rome, which holds all the Christian verities, “und nur ein Plus hat, gegen welches wir protestiren.” Dr. Kalmis of Leipzig carries this sympathy very far, but Leo to such a point as to provoke the inquiry, what can retain him

from the Church for which he shows such deep predilection. Dr. Schwarz suggests, it may be owing to a misgiving, that when once within that pale, there would be no more free and stout utterance allowed; that that Church can reduce to stillness the bravest and most outspoken; that its chains are too stringent, even for its slave to make a noise in the world by rattling them. But what an issuing in opposite extremes of the theological agitations of the last twenty years, Ludwig Feuerbach and Heinrich Leo! And are there any hopes for the future theology of Germany, any reasonable hopes of a satisfying issue to the struggles of mighty intellects and the deep stirrings of warm hearts? Such a theology of the future our present author trusts shall be founded—first, upon a speculation of the universe which shall exclude the supposition of irregularity and interference; secondly, upon an historical basis which shall ignore none of the actual phenomena which Christianity has presented from its commencement—the canonical Scriptures falling into their place as evidence of a portion of this history; thirdly, upon a deepening of the moral sense, which shall become both a test of true doctrine and the source of a real spiritual life.

Dr. Ch. H. Weisse² had contemplated, even before the appearance of the work of Strauss, the undertaking a criticism of the Gospel Histories, in the direction of showing the impossibility of harmonizing them. In his work published in 1838, "The Gospel History, Critically and Philosophically Treated," he endeavoured also, in opposition to Strauss, to ascertain the genuine fact-basis of that history, which he thought to discover in the Gospel of St. Mark, as the original Evangelist. In the treatment, however, of this Evangelist, he by no means maintains the authenticity of his narrative according to the letter. For the miraculous portions of it are resolved by him into misunderstandings, literary decorations, parables, magnetism; and he admits in explanation of parts of the other gospels, if not myth, allegory. In his "Discourses on the Future of the Evangelical Church" (1845), he endeavours also to clear the heart-principle of Christianity from the dogmatism and tradition which overlay it; and by simplifying the Christian creed, to win back to the Christian fold many who are now repelled from it. He considers the kernel of the Christian doctrine to be contained in such a modified creed as the following:—

"I believe in the heavenly Father, the Almighty Creator of this world, whom the Son of Man has preached to me. I believe in the Son of Man, through whom the heavenly Father has appointed and called me and all my brethren to be his children. I believe in the Kingdom of Heaven, in which the heavenly Father will unite in everlasting life and happy fellowship all his children, who are redeemed from the corruption of sin by the suffering of the Son of Man and by mutual self-denying love, and, with the Son of Man, are risen again."—*Schwarz, p. 323.*

It will be observed that, even in such a formula as this, there are terms which, if not used in a traditional sense, require to be defined

²—"Die Evangelienfrage in ihren gegenwärtigen Stadium." Von Dr. Ch. H. Weisse. Leipzig, 1856.

afresh, in the doing of which the comprehension proposed to be effected by it will be imperilled. But upon this point we cannot now stay, nor notice a portion of a work recently put forth by Dr. Weisse, on "The Philosophy of Christianity." His last work in connexion with our immediate subject is on the present state of the "Gospel Question." It appeared substantially in the form of three articles in the "Protestantische Kirchen Zeitung," as a critique on Ewald's "History of Christ." We do not purpose to follow Dr. Weisse into the more directly controversial part of his essay, but to draw attention to his view concerning the origin of the fourth Gospel. The different footing on which the three synoptics and the fourth Gospel stand, was not, as we have intimated, sufficiently noticed by Strauss, who dealt rather with the traditional history of Christ in its concrete form, as made up by a harmonizing patchwork out of all four Gospels, than with the separate documents critically appreciated. The discrepancy between the three first and the fourth has since been brought out distinctly, and the tendency of recent criticism has been, on the whole, to throw the composition of the fourth as low down as the middle of the second century. On this point Dr. Hase, in his "Tübinger Schule," and Dr. Weisse, are at issue with Dr. Baur and his followers; and we beg again to impress upon the bibliolatrous party in this country, that the inquiries from which they shrink are not at an end, because the theories of Strauss have proved inadequate, or his criticisms incomplete. The opinion of Dr. Hase is, that the Gospel was the genuine production of the Apostle in an advanced age. Dr. Weisse, not differing much as to its approximative date, considers it to have been composed by a disciple of John's, who recorded, amplified, and embellished his discourses. The words of Christ himself thus pass first through the mind of the Apostle, and then through that of his disciple; which is just as if, not Plato, but a scholar of Plato's had communicated to us the conversations of Socrates. It is probably true, even of the three first Gospels, that they are, taken as wholes, of independent origin. For in some cases it is not conceivable, when no peculiar "tendency" can be supposed, that the compiler of one Gospel should have contradicted another, if he had it before him in its entirety; for instance, that with reference to the one or two demoniacs and one or two blind men, Mark should have intentionally diminished upon Matthew, or Matthew wilfully exaggerated upon Mark. But the independence of the fourth Gospel upon the other three is yet more apparent; and so great is this independence, as not to be adequately accounted for by "tendency" and purpose of the Gospels, though there be such; but it must be referred also, at least in part, to the isolation of the composer. Yet this isolation from a knowledge of the other Gospels could not have been the case very low down in the second century. Nor, thinks Dr. Weisse, could the Gospel of John have found reception, if it had been so long unknown to the rest of the Church. To this latter consideration he appears to us to give too much weight, for even at such a date, coming from the East to Rome, it would easily have become material in the fusion of doctrine out of Jewish, Greek, and Alexandrian elements which was there going on.

The key, however, of Dr. Weisse's conclusions respecting the fourth Gospel, is to be found in its relation to the first and undoubtedly genuine Epistle of the Apostle. The inquiry, when justly described, is not whether the Gospel be a genuine representation of John, but how much, what portion of it is probably so. Now the striking similarity of style, tone, and subject matter between the Gospel and the Epistle, is seen principally in the prologue and in the discourses which are put in the mouth of Christ. When the Master is the interlocutor in the Gospel, he speaks as the disciple does in the Epistle. That the Synoptics deliver frequently the very words, or nearly so, of Christ himself, has been forcibly urged, from their greater independent agreement in their relation of his discourses, than in their narrative of events. But it is not possible, that one should have spoken as he speaks in the Synoptics, and also as he speaks in the fourth Gospel, and that three compilers of memoirs should have handed down exclusively the one kind of discourses and one exclusively the other. But if the similarity between the Epistle of John and the didactic parts of the Gospel might even vindicate the authorship of those parts to the Apostle himself, the narrative portions do not present the same resemblance. And this is not only because, from the nature of the case, there is no narrative in the Epistle. But that distinctly holds true with respect to this undoubted Apostolical epistle which is true also of the undoubted Epistles of Paul, with slight apparent exceptions, that there is no reference therein to the miraculous or supernatural, though there is to the spiritual and super-sensible. The extra-natural portions, therefore, of the Gospel may reasonably be adjudged, Dr. Weisse maintains, to the scholar and not to the Apostle himself. There is too much to be urged both for and against this particular view of this learned person to be embraced here; but the whole of his argumentation on this subject is deserving of the careful consideration of Biblical critics, and so also is his chapter on the origin of the Synoptics, in which he undertakes to limit the excessive application by Dr. Barr of his canon of "tendency" (*Tendenzkritik*).

We should not have omitted to mention expressly, that the followers of Schleiermacher are combined with the representatives of a still more liberal and speculative theology, to resist the Confessionalism which has developed itself in the Prussian state-church order. And Dr. Sydow, in issuing another volume of the posthumous works of Schleiermacher, expresses a hope, that he who edified and enlightened a former and better generation, may yet again thus speak comfortingly to true Evangelical spirits in days of difficulty and trial. The present volume consists of three parts; the first, containing twelve sermons on the Acts of the Apostles; the second, nine sermons on texts from St. Matthew; the third, thirty discourses on the Epistle to the Philippians. They were delivered in the period from 1820 to 1823; and breathe a deep ethico-religious feeling, aiming to bring out especially the relative character of the true disciple of Christ.

The foregoing observations have no reference to a work by Dr. Beard,⁴ which had not come to hand when they were penned, but which also deals with some of the results of the Straussian criticism, of which we have been speaking. In some parts, indeed, of this work, the author is fairly open to the imputation of repudiating Strauss, and making a scapegoat of him, at the same time that he avails himself of conclusions to which he has led directly or indirectly. And he can scarcely be thought consistent in describing the "Leben Jesu" as "a *feu d'artifice*, scarcely anything more than a display of pantheistic pyrotechnics," "with plenty of powder and few balls," (vol. ii. p. 3;) and yet acknowledging that his "searching and destructive criticisms rendered no inferior service in demolishing the unscriptural, irrational, and unbelief-creating theory of plenary inspiration."—*Ib.* p. 6.

But if, here and there, we meet with a flippant expression like that, just now quoted, such is not the general tone of the book, which is quite worthy of its serious purpose. It is designed to meet prevalent difficulties, and "to conciliate minds alienated from the outer Church of Christ;" and some irregularity in the distribution of its parts is accounted for by the necessity under which the author felt himself, of following the course taken by the doubts of another mind. The central idea of the work is, that the ultimate religious appeal is to the witness of man's own spirit, and that not only dogma and ecclesiastical authority, but the records of Scripture itself, are to be brought to this test. And—

"If Revelation for its clearness and its amount depends on the capacity of man, then revelation is progressive, for human ability grows both in the individual and the species. Consequently, more and less can be predicated of revelation. The less will precede, the more will follow."—Vol. i. p. 209.

This progression is observable throughout the Bible itself, composed as it is by many authors of varied opportunities and insight; and not only so, but as the history of the world, which is God's work, is continually expanding, so also is the revelation of his nature. But when we come to apply the test of the inward witness in individual cases, we do not find that it leads to a perfectly satisfactory result; at least, its chief value is negative. That is, if we find anything taught or recorded of God at which our moral sense recoils, we may be sure that such is no true revelation of him; yet others in a different state of moral culture, or who do not, out of superstition, permit themselves to exercise their moral judgment, may not find anything incongruous with their conceptions of the Supreme Being in the same statements. Thus the representation of God as subject to wrath, and as requiring to be appeased—as being appeased by the suffering of the innocent instead of the guilty, is repelled by the moral sense of many as an unworthy description of him; while others do not even venture to unfold to themselves distinctly all which is involved in the terms of such a statement, and so, accept or receive, rather than assent to, or approve it.

⁴ "Letters on the Grounds and Objects of Religious Knowledge; addressed to a Young Man in a State of Indecision." By John R. Beard, D.D. London: Whitfield. Manchester: Johnson, 1856.

The improved moral sense is, however, the real and proper test of the truth and congruity of Scriptural and other representations of God as a Moral Being, even though in some persons it may not be so educated or refined as to be as yet a sufficient test; just as in matters of art and taste, the ultimate appeal is not to the rules and traditions of schools, but to the cultivated æsthetic sense, notwithstanding in certain individuals, and for a time, this sense may be so rude as to be incapable of appreciating the truly beautiful. And besides the appeal to the moral sense, respecting that which purports to be a revelation of the moral dealings of the Supreme Being, there must also be an appeal to the intellectual judgment concerning those declarations which profess to make known what he is and what he does, as facts. That is to say, nothing can be held to be true of God's Being or of his acts, which presents to the intellect an inconceivableness or a self-contradiction. This test is likewise a negative one, and a fluctuating one; we cannot be sure that all which passes muster with a given intellect must be true, but all which offends the enlightened intellect must be false. There are intellects which would not be sensitive to the contradiction, if God were declared to them, upon authority, to recal the past, or to make two and two equal to five, or to cause two bulks to occupy the same space at once. There are many more who do not take pains to clear up the terms of a miraculous account, so as to define precisely what is intended to be narrated; and they accept in vagueness that which, if enunciated with precision, they must reject.

Dr. Beard has some excellent observations on the subject of miracles, yet without, as it seems to us, applying the test of the intellectual judgment with sufficient sharpness; and his particular theory explanatory of the New Testament miracles will, we think, prove altogether inadequate. In this, as in other portions of his work, there is much vigour and freedom, not sufficient closeness; his chapter on miracles is certainly not satisfying, yet it shows an immense advance upon the Paley and "Evidences" treatment of the same subject. The young sceptic, for whose behoof Dr. Beard composes his work, finds the miracles of the New Testament his great difficulty. "He could almost avow Christianity, but for the miracles;" "a feeling shared by many religious men," "of deep and earnest thought;" "of devout and loving hearts;" whom Dr. Beard would not willingly see driven from the precincts of Christianity. He argues with great force against the current definition of a miracle, as involving an error no less strange than lamentable, that men should think to see God in a breach of his own laws. "Law shows us God. But in miracle we are bidden to see God in the breach of law." "If then we give up law, we lose God." "If we give up miracle, as an interruption of law, we retain God, and lose only a certain scholastic notion." "If the miracles of the New Testament are to be saved, they must be saved by bringing them under the description of law, not of interruption of law; and the definition of miracle must be correspondingly changed. Here Dr. Beard should be allowed to explain himself:—

"The miracles of Christ are signs and tokens of order, of law, of goodness.

acting remedially and restoringly on human beings; as such they are God's special signs and tokens to man, declaring and proclaiming his presence in the same manner and by similar symbols as that presence is declared and proclaimed by every newly risen star, by every new-born babe, by every conversion to his Son. The sole difference lies in the application of God's power. Ordinarily that power is exerted through certain known and recognised channels. Eyes are couched by the operator's hand; sanity is restored by medical skill. Not that the physician or the surgeon possesses any intrinsic power to heal—they only employ the resources of nature, which, properly speaking, are God's resources. *In miracle the application of these resources is made by God himself.*"—Vol. i. p. 284.

In the words which we have printed in italics, Dr. Beard falls back into the very inconsistency from which he had been endeavouring to extricate himself. For, as far as we can observe, as far as the undoubted facts and the inferences from analogy lead us, God always acts mediately. And it would be a breach of the law so ascertained, a breach, moreover, of the promise which He makes to us by this observed uniformity—by this constant intervention of second causes—should He at any time take us by surprise, and, without giving us notice, act immediately. Then again:

"To the Hebrew mind, miracle had nothing repulsive nor even anything strange. As God gave health, so by Him was health restored. The outer conditions of the restoration might vary. Ordinarily, the leprous man applied to the priest for aid: when Christ was on earth he received a cure without the priest, and had to go to the priest only to have the cure acknowledged, and to make the usual offering of gratitude to the infinite source of life, soundness, health, and vigour. It would thus, you see, appear, that the miracles of the Saviour are differenced from God's ordinary acts, by the supercession of the usual instruments, and by the substitution of another channel—a channel expressly given to bestow spiritual health and life upon the world. It is, consequently, *in its outer conditions*, that true miracle varies from God's ordinary providence."

According to this statement of Dr. Beard's, not only "in its outer conditions," but *in the very absence of the conditions* which have uniformly been found to be necessary to the result. We are thus landed precisely in the old doctrine of miracle, under a slightly varied and more vague phraseology. Thus with the miracle of Cana in Galilee; ordinarily, water is turned into wine mediately, through a vegetable elaboration and natural chemistry, together with a subsequent artificial process. If water was ever turned into wine, otherwise than through those means and under those conditions, it was a breach of law, and as such, according to Dr. Beard's principle, could not have taken place. So, likewise, ordinarily, grain is multiplied mediately, through a process of growth; and a single grain, subject to sufficient and uniformly necessary conditions, will be multiplied into an adequate material for a meal for 5000 persons. Now, any, the minutest variation in the conditions will tell upon the result. Perfectly like consequents cannot follow upon unlike antecedents, any more than perfectly like antecedents can fail of being followed with perfectly like consequents. Equal forces meeting with unequal resistances are followed by unequal motions. If equals be added to unequals, the sums are unequal. "Do

men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" If wine is there, it was once the juice of the grape, which was the produce of the vine. And we do not suppose the case of a trick or a sham.

But Dr. Beard appears to consider that, if the design of the miracle be taken into account, it will solve our difficulties; yet an account of the "Why," can be no answer to the "How?"

"Miracles have to do with disorders or abnormal conditions, which they rectify, and so appear as expressions of that law, and that order, and that goodness, which are the very essence of God himself. With this light supplied to us by Jesus, let us employ a few minutes in a somewhat particular study of the phenomena or facts of the case."—p. 285.

The miracles recorded by the Evangelists are then digested into the "abnormal states corrected by Jesus,—of which 22 are of the body, 3 of physical life, 2 of material objects, 3 of the mind, 2 of moral life, 2 of social life,"—making, inclusive of the persons who were miraculously fed with loaves, 9043 "restorations of natural conditions and vindications of natural laws." And, when Jesus fed the hungry, he only "furnished a proper supply to an inevitable demand," and "cured a disorder by checking its commencements." We cannot imagine anything more puerile and inconsequential. Surely, there was no miracle in that the hungry men ceased to be hungry when they were fed; the miracle was in the multiplication of the loaves. And can Dr. Beard be serious when he speaks of Jesus stilling a squall in the lake of Galilee, as bringing back the harmony of nature by "adjusting its natural elements?" (vol. i. p. 293.) Does he really think a storm to be a blot upon the face of nature, an *οὐράνιον ἄχος*? When he pursues this subject, we should recommend him, in forming a conception of any particular miracle, to endeavour to circumscribe it, that is, to define and describe its seat in the ordinary course of nature. Where did the abnormal state of the elements begin? where did the rectifying power of Jesus cease? With the wave as it rose to the force of the wind, or with the wind as it smote the waters? Was the reeking vapour abnormal when it ascended from earth, or the cold upper air where it was gathered and condensed, or the far-off sun whose rays heated like an oven the basin of that low lake, till it drew down the cold blasts rushing from the mountain side?

But if Dr. Beard is often unsatisfactory, because he attempts too much, and because he is wanting in closeness and precision, his present book is very suggestive, and there are many genial and high thoughts in it, much which is stirringly and nobly said, showing a Catholic spirit and a kindly heart, much that we would gladly have discussed with him, had time permitted, both of things in which we differ and in which we agree.

A rambling book, with many beauties in it, is "Life," by Mr. Grindon. We really cannot do justice to its Divinity, its Botany, its Zoology, its Poetry. Yet let us present our reader with a description

⁵ "Life: its Nature, Varieties, and Phenomena." Also, "Times and Seasons." By Leo H. Grindon, Lecturer on Botany at the Royal School of Medicine, Manchester, &c. London: Whittaker. Manchester: Fletcher. 1856.

of his own inner man, as drawn by Mr. Grindon, supported by high authority:—

“All human beings are at this very moment ghosts; but they do not so appear to you and me; nor do you and I, who are also ghosts, so appear to our neighbours and companions, because we are all similarly wrapped up in flesh and blood, and seen only as to our material coverings. Literally and truly, the ghost of a man is his soul or spiritual body; and in order that this may be seen, it must be looked at with adequate organs of sight;—namely, the eyes of a spiritual body like itself. We have such eyes, every one of us; but during our time of life they are buried deep in flesh and blood, and thus it is only when specially opened by the Almighty, for purposes of His providence, that it is possible for a ghost or spiritual body to be beheld.” p. 33.

Not without reason does Mr. Greenwood complain, in the preface to his “*Cathedra Petri*”⁶ of that “supine liberalism” which leaves out of its regards the political force of religious opinion. And especially is such supineness to be lamented in the case of the claims of the Church of Rome. Our own ancestors, previous to the era of the Reformation, while they did not dream of seeking salvation otherwise than in communion with that church of which in dogmaticals they were faithful subjects, were yet engaged in perpetual contests for the protection of their civil rights against its political encroachments. After the Reformation, the power of political encroachment was effectually repressed, but that repression was accompanied with persecution of individual religious opinion. Our own day has seen perfect freedom of religious profession accorded to members of the Romish Church; but whether from ignorance, heedlessness, or the necessity for conciliating Parliamentary votes by the Governments of the day, our statesmen affect to be unaware that the Rome of the present continues to wield a great political power. It is not to be wondered at that nominees of political clubs, representatives of great “interests,” and traders in hustings’ liberalism, should not think it worth while to “get up” the Roman question. For our more thoughtful statesmen it is already becoming a troublesome nut to crack. Our Parliament is properly unwilling to give one sect, as such, a triumph over another; and Rome profits by the antipathy which men of the world, and reasonable men, too, feel towards Exeter Hall. But what is required is the clear-headedness and the courage to distinguish between articles of faith and political claims. Roman questions should never be debated except on grounds of public policy. Now, though we allow the religious persuasion of the Quaker, we do not permit him to escape, under that plea, his share of civil burdens, because it would be contrary to public policy; nor the Mormonite elder, though we do not interfere with his acknowledgment of the divine mission of Joe Smith, to be followed round the country, as his brother in Utah may be, by a score of wives in a van, because it would offend the public morality; nor, indeed, the Jew, though he already observes his own day of rest, to carry on his traffic on Sundays, because it would

⁶ “*Cathedra Petri*,” a Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate. Books i. and ii., from the First to the close of the Fifth Century. By Thomas Greenwood, M.A., Camb. and Durh., F.R.S.L., Barrister-at-Law. London: Stewart. 1856.

produce a commercial confusion. So, if there are principles in the Romish scheme dangerous in their working out to civil and religious liberty, it is in the interest of liberty itself that so far the development of that scheme should be checked. Unfortunately, a great deal of the testimony against Rome comes through the representation of adverse theologians; and the duty of placing safeguards against its interference in political and social matters, is urged upon public men as an inference from Apocalyptic interpretations.

A candid and impartial work, therefore, like that of Mr. Greenwood, was very much wanted. His investigations are directed to ascertaining matters of fact, irrespective of theological right or wrong, and "especially to submit the *political* element in the Papal scheme to more particular consideration." He occupies neither a theological, ecclesiastical, nor even an artistical stand-point, but gives us a bird's-eye prospect, without any artificial lights and shadows. The way in which he carries his investigation evenly through debated questions, such as that concerning the episcopacy of the primitive Church, is admirable. He shows a just appreciation of the importance of events, relatively to the great drama, the course of which he undertakes to illustrate; and analyses character fairly and appreciatingly in the same view. He eschews, as unsuited to the gravity of the historian, wherein we perfectly agree with him, embellishments which belong rather to the novelist or the poet. Yet his style is elegant, clear, and well sustained; and we do not meet with those occasional shocks to the ear which sometimes jar upon us in histories of a more ambitious workmanship. Two or three words, *quæ jam cecidere*, such as "go by," "hubbub," are the only marks of literary *incuria* which we have noticed.

The design of the author is to trace the origin and growth of the Papal political power down to the end of the contest concerning investitures in the thirteenth century. This present volume reaches to the close of the fifth: we trust he will be sufficiently encouraged to continue, for this deserves to become a standard book, though it may not be a fashionable one. We hope to do the author more service in presenting an extract or two, than we could by attempting to accompany him through the progress of his history. The first which we shall select describes the conduct of Constantine relatively to the affairs of the Church, as suggested by political considerations rather than religious convictions.

"The principle and the method of the Emperor's conduct throughout his interferences in the affairs of the Church are very intelligible. When he saw how little prospect existed of reconciling the parties by rational arguments, mutual concessions, and forbearance, he threw his weight into that scale which seemed to him to preponderate, and which was, perhaps, upon the whole, most consistent with his true views and those of his actual advisers. And when a decision in conformity with that policy was obtained, he forthwith invested that decision with the authority of the civil law, requiring legal obedience, and guaranteed by legal penalties. The privileges of the Church were, therefore, to this extent, adopted into the State with the stamp of Imperial approbation upon them, and Constantine looked for the same obedience to his ecclesiastical decrees as that which was due to the civil laws of the empire. And, accordingly, both parties to these disputes alternately fell under his displeasure. At one time, Arian

bishops were deposed for nonconformity, and at another the orthodox prelates incurred his displeasure. Athanasius himself was removed to Trèves, in Germany, in a kind of honourable exile. Yet not a murmur was breathed that in these severe measures the Emperor was invading any ecclesiastical jurisdiction, or unduly interfering in spiritual matters; much less do we meet with any claim on the part of the Bishop of Rome to be the channel of communication between the Church and the State, or of his right to preside over the councils of the Church. If, therefore, it be conceded that the primacy of the metropolitan prelate was in some sense admitted, we have still to inquire what that sense was, and by what sections of the Church it was acknowledged. The Eastern churches, as far as we are informed, had hitherto taken no notice whatever of the chair of Peter; and the practice of the age shows definitively that no temporal prerogatives as against the State were as yet thought of, either by Rome or any other Christian body."—p. 184.

Upon the saving of Rome from Genseric and his Vandals by the intercession of Leo, we have the following just and spirited remarks:—

"The Emperor, the court, the wealthy, and the noble had fled at the approach of danger: the intrepid bishop, strong in faith, and hope, and love, alone remained at the post of honour and of peril; and when the satiated foe had retired, and left the city emptied of all its wealth and substance, and almost reduced to a wilderness of deserted habitations, there remained none to advise or to cheer the famishing remnant but the undaunted bishop and his gallant clergy. These had never quitted their posts—these had faced the foe and averted the extremity of ruin, and their example alone kept alive the spark of hope among the despairing multitude that still clung to their desolate homes. It is in this spontaneous chieftainship that we recognise one of the most effective elements of the subsequent political greatness of the Roman bishops. The decaying mass of civil institutions became as manure at the root of the Papacy. Papal Rome drew nourishment from dissolution; strength from desertion; courage from despair. In desperate emergencies like that we have just adverted to, no one will look into or scrutinise too closely the claims and title of the deliverer: in such times the duties of civil and spiritual government are thrust into the hands best able to execute them; both duties are impelled into the same channel, and flow on naturally and amicably together. To Leo it was due that Rome was not converted into a heap of smouldering ashes; and if natural justice were to decide the question between the Church and the State, without doubt the Pope was the rightful governor of Rome; for without him, there would have been no Rome to govern."—p. 426.

If the current dates were added in the margin, heading, or even to the summaries of the chapters, it would no doubt be acceptable to the general reader.

Mr. Anderson's "History of the Church of England in the Colonies,"⁷ will prove very attractive to those who are attached to that communion, by a vast number of interesting details respecting the foreign relations of their Church. These annals, for what reason we know not, reach only to the year 1776. They are written in a kindly and considerate spirit towards the members of other churches; and with no want of affection towards his own. We catch from him a

⁷ "The History of the Church of England in the Colonies and Dependencies of the British Empire." By the Rev. James S. M. Anderson, M.A.; Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen; Preacher of Lincoln's Inn, &c. &c. Three Vols. London Rivingtons. 1856.

tone of regret, that she has not held her sway more successfully than she has done over the immense area which has been submitted to her operations. Mr. Anderson does not lay the fault of failures always on one side, but he does not go very deep. The style of the work is even and agreeable. If he had before him a subject of greater unity and more concentrated interest, his manner would rise to it, for he shows no lack of power, where the events are sufficiently striking to call it out; as in the description of the pleading of Patrick Henry in the Court-house of Virginia, in the Great "Parson's Cause," and of the firmness of Bishop Inglis, staunch to his Church and King principles during the War of Independence.

"Gems of the Coral Islands"⁸ gives an account of the introduction of Christianity into several of the islands of the South Sea, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. We should be sorry to speak unkindly of men who will run the risk, even for indistinct objects, of such a death as that of the unfortunate missionary Williams. As to the Christianity introduced into these islands, we cordially approve that part of it which teaches that it is wrong to knock people down with clubs and eat them afterwards; as to the other things, if it consists, as it seems, in nothing more tangible than mysticisms about "loving the Lord Jesus," and phrases concerning "conversion" and "the work," we fear that in these missions there is much love and labour lost. We will not quote the tobacco-letter.

Four Discourses,⁹ by Felix Bungener, of Geneva, were delivered, by special invitation, at Nismes, and other places in the South of France, where the Protestants have always retained considerable strength. And they interested those to whom they were addressed, as being an evidence to them, in trying times for the Reformed Churches in France, that evangelical religion is not extinct in one of the most distinguished of its original seats. The sermons themselves are too vague to be truly eloquent; they have no very distinct theological basis, and direct the disciple to seek for the witness of his salvation in a mystical inward condition.

"In the first half of this century," says Dr. Schenach,¹⁰ in his recently published "Metaphysic," "the solution of the riddle of the Universe was sought in Pantheism—at the present day it is sought in Materialism." Freely conceding the services rendered by the materialising tendency to the cause of science, he disallows that Materialism can supply the interpretation of Universal Being; but as he holds fast himself to a belief in the personal God and in a creation, he is equally in controversy with the Pantheist. He defines his own system as a "concrete Monism," in which God and the world are not homogeneous, but in harmony and unity, inasmuch as God realizes his own idea in

⁸ "Gems From the Coral Islands, Western Polynesia." By the Rev. William Gill, Rarotonga. London: Ward. 1855.

⁹ "Christ et le Sincere." Quatre Discours. Par Felix Bungener. Paris: Cherbuliez. 1855.

¹⁰ "Metaphysik. Ein System des Concreten Monismus." Von Dr. Georg Schenach, Professor der Philosophie an der k. k. Universität zu Innsbruck. Innsbruck. 1856.

the actual universe. Dr. Schenach, we must say, exhibits two very great merits. He does not, like too many of his countrymen, overwhelm us with the whole mass of whatever has been said from the beginning of the world upon the subject which he undertakes to illustrate. He also shows that Germans, as well as others, can express themselves clearly, even on abstruse subjects, and may make them intelligible to the reader without giving him a headache. But much further than this praise, we fear we cannot go. The proof of God is given through the following *Sorites*:—There is a First: the First is absolute Being (*Wesen*); absolute Being is absolute Substance; absolute Substance is absolute Energy; absolute Energy is unlimited Self-sufficiency (*Fürsichsein*); unlimited Self-sufficiency is absolute Self-objectivity; absolute Self-objectivity is absolute Self-consciousness; absolute Self-consciousness is absolute Truth; absolute Truth is absolute Unification (*Einssetzung*) of Subject and Object; absolute Unification of Subject and Object is absolute Self-fruition; absolute Self-fruition is the absolute Good; the absolute Good is the Perfect through absolute Self-consciousness and absolute Self-fruition,—that is, God. In proving these successive steps, Dr. Schenach makes many leaps, and not an inconsiderable one at the outset. Consciousness is the subjective starting-point of philosophy, which may pass; it is the starting-point of apparent proof. Over against our consciousness lies the objective world, and we are thus immediately sure that "Something" is. For if one is disposed to deny the objectivity of the world, he is conscious of his doubt, and his doubt is "Something." This "Something," which may the while be a phenomenon, a doubt, a shadow of a shade, implies a "First." With the consciousness of "Something" the consciousness of a "First" is necessarily connected. We may, therefore, confidently affirm, There is a "First." Not as yet: the consciousness does not imply a "First" in any sense, only an "Other." And though there be "Others" relatively to the individual consciousness, there can be no "Other" relatively to All Being. The Universe of Being is One, of which no member can lie outside of the whole, nor, which amounts to the same thing, can one division of Being be formless while another is under conditions of existence. That is, Being is co-extensive with the conditions under which it exists, and conditions are co-extensive with Being, which exists under them. So much has to be discussed before the first step can be taken. Similar leaps are frequently made by Dr. Schenach, yet his book may be considered as an advanced one for the latitude of Innsbruck; and safe as all its conclusions are, he feels obliged to offer some apology for it, by reminding his readers of the scholastic axiom, *Vera philosophia est vera theologia, et vera theologia est vera philosophia.*

There is no doubt that a strong reaction has set in against the Idealism which, prepared even by Kant, culminated in Hegel; partly because it has not accomplished what it boasted to do; for it is nothing but an hypothesis: it explains nothing beyond that which is sufficiently known without it, and cannot be better known with it; partly, also, because the natural philosophers have shown that observation and experience enlarge the actual boundaries of human knowledge, while

theories of causes, under whatever name, are as unfruitful now as ever they were. The position of Schopenhauer relatively to this reaction is illustrated in a very pleasant Essay by Adolph Cornill.¹¹ Schopenhauer's crudeness may be accounted for by considering him to present the result of a fusion; for he derives his theory of Knowledge from Locke, Hume, and Berkeley, his theory of Being from Hegel. It is impossible to combine the two into one system; the knowledge derived from experience will never be adequate to supply a theory of causes; and no theory of causes can prophesy to us the actualities of experience. But Schopenhauer, while he holds fast to the realism of an external world, as made known by experience, borrows from the Hegelian Idea an Universal Principle, in what he calls the Will of the World. This Will is not to be confounded with a theological Will creative; it is an hypothetical force, anterior to, or at the ground of, not only all matter, but all conditions, cause, time, space. The Absolute thereby passes into the conditioned. In Ethics this Universal Will differs little from abstract necessity; in the material world its analogue is magnetism, all-pervading, of which all separate existences partake. As on the former side it would not be difficult to substitute for a blind Will a Universal Conscious Intelligence, so here the transition is prepared, as Herr Cornill indicates, to a material Realism.

The sons of Schelling—Carl, Frederick, August, and Hermann, have undertaken, according to the wishes of their father, to edit a collected edition of his works, as revised by himself, with posthumous additions. The first volume which has appeared, belonging to the second division of the entire collection, contains the "Introduction to the Philosophy of Mythology."¹² It consists of four-and-twenty lectures, of which the first ten were printed, but not generally circulated, as long as thirty years since. The other lectures, some of them delivered as late as 1847-1852, in Berlin, have appeared partially in literary periodicals. In the portion of the present work which corresponds fairly to its title, the views of Schelling concerning the antecedency of mythology to history and philosophy, admit of much limitation. The mythical, in fact, overlaps both the historical and the philosophical. The latter part of the volume is so comprehensive, and is, in fact, so prolix, that it would be impossible to give even a *résumé* of its contents among these notices. This edition of Schelling's entire works is to be completed in twelve volumes.

A disciple of M. Comte's dedicates to him, as a token of respect, some "Reflections,"¹³ from the point of view of Positivism. They are chiefly taken from the Social Positivism of the master, and are characterized by the shrewdness, the plagiarisms, and the unbounded confidence of the Positivist School.

¹¹ "Arthur Schopenhauer," als Uebergangsformation von einer idealistischen in eine realistische Weltanschauung. Dargestellt von Adolph Cornill. Heidelberg. 1859.

¹² "Friedrich Wilhelm Joseph von Schelling's sämtliche Werke." 2te Abtheilung. 2ter Band: Stuttgart und Augsburg. 1856.

¹³ "Réflexions Synthétiques au point de vue Positiviste sur la Philosophie, la Morale, et la Religion." Paris: Imprimé par Thunot. 1856.

"Agonistes,"¹⁴ by the Rev. A. Lyall, is a miscellaneous collection of essays, or rather of notices and short critiques, upon passages in the writings of distinguished modern authors. They are the productions of a person of independent thought and of considerable literary power. The volume scarcely admits of much criticism, by reason of the mixed and incomplete character of its contents. The papers of which it is made up, are not light enough nor graceful enough to be acceptable as reviews, and not sufficiently sustained or definite in their purpose to assume the character of independent essays. At the same time, they merit publication, and will well repay perusal.

"An Enquiry into Moral Evil,"¹⁵ shows considerable freedom, and is the production of a person desirous of ascertaining by observation what human nature really is, and unwilling to take the description of it from tradition. The "Layman" might have pushed his inquiries, or the inferences from them, a little further. He concludes by placing the origin of moral evil in the bodily appetites of man. Yet the appetites themselves are not evil, nor is evil, as such, even in the gratification of the appetites, the object of desire. The author observes, that Locke, in the first edition of his Essays, took it for granted that "*good, the greater good, determines the will:*" but that, upon stricter inquiry, he was forced to conclude, "that good, the greater good, though apprehended and acknowledged to be so, does not determine the will, until our desire, raised proportionably to it, makes us *uneasy* in the want of it; but that some, and for the most part, the most pressing *uneasiness* a man at the time is under, determines the will," &c. Now this revised statement of Locke's corresponds substantially with his original one; for the desire to be rid of an uneasiness is itself a desire of a good; and, at the moment, is so great an apparent good, as to outweigh as a motive other real goods. The practical value of this doctrine of uneasiness, as determining the will, whether in pursuit of an absent good, or in the avoidance of a present evil, which is equal to a good, is immensely great with respect to the consequences of the formation of ill habits. But the author of this essay appears from some reason to have shrink from affirming, that neither are the appetites in themselves evil, nor does man, even when under the influence of appetite he chooses that which is evil, choose it because it is evil, or for its own sake.

¹⁴ "Agonistes; or Philosophical Strictures. Suggested by Opinions, chiefly of Contemporary Writers." By the Author of "A Review of the Principles of Necessary and Contingent Truth." London: Rivingtons. 1856.

¹⁵ "An Enquiry Concerning the Principles in the Constitution of Human Nature, which are the Causes of Moral Evil." By a Layman. London: Rivingtons. 1856.

POLITICS AND EDUCATION.

MISS MARTINEAU has recently published, in a pamphlet written with all her usual clearness, ability, and good sense, a history of the American Compromises.¹ Recent events have made the most obscure of the half-formed States of the Union the theatre of the most important and interesting struggle that has taken place since the French Revolutionary War. In order to understand this struggle, we must understand the circumstances that led to it. Where are we to look for this portion of modern history? Miss Martineau offers us a sketch which, though slight, gives us all that we ought to know in order to take up the thread of passing events. The following extract cannot be too accurately remembered:—

“Each State, it must be remembered, sends two members to the Senate. The largest and the smallest have the same representation in the Senate; while the members of the other House nearly correspond in proportion with the population. As the Northern States abolished Slavery one after the other, the South became alarmed lest the Slave States should fall into a minority in the Senate, as it was too clear that they must sooner or later in the other House. As long as the Slave States can preserve a majority in the Senate, or a mere equality, together with a President whose veto on any troublesome law, or repeal of a law, can be depended on, the House of Representatives is powerless. For a quarter of a century there has not been a President who was not actually or virtually pledged to veto any law unacceptable to the South; and the key to the entire policy of the United States, domestic and foreign, for that course of years, is the effort of the South to maintain a majority in the Senate at Washington. This is the explanation of the MISSOURI COMPROMISE, and of its repeal; of the political failure of every eminent man in the United States since the close of the first series of Presidents; and of the origin of every American war of late years; and of the formation and breaking-up of every political party; and of the ill-success of the free-soil representatives, headed by Mr. Sumner; and, finally, of the KANSAS controversy, and its exasperation into civil war.”

The distribution, appropriation, and administration of the public lands was a serious prospective difficulty when the Constitution was framed. Washington advised that each State should fix its own boundaries, and then throw the residue into a common stock, to be explored, surveyed, and used as the nation expanded. Virginia, whose boundaries had been very indefinite, led the way, and it was agreed between the general government, and the residents on the land lying north-west of the Ohio, excluded from Virginia, that slavery should never be established on that territory, either before or after it came to be formed into states. This compact was made in 1787, and it may be considered as establishing the doctrine that the Federal Government had a right to make conditions with candidate States. In 1820 the Northern and Southern States had a balance in the

¹ “The History of the American Compromises.” Reprinted, with additions, from the *Daily News*. By Harriet Martineau. London: John Chapman. 1856.

Senate, but in that year three states, to be formed out of the territory of Louisiana, ceded by Napoleon, applied to be admitted. The South wished the question of slavery to be left to the States when created; the North insisted that on the precedent of 1787 the Federal Government had a right to impose on the new States the condition of excluding slavery; that slavery might be tolerated where it had been long established, but that to permit its introduction in the new States was opposed to the spirit of Republican Institutions. Missouri was the one of these three States which first applied for admission, and it was with regard to her claims that the battle was fought. The result was, the celebrated Missouri Compromise, by which it was enacted, that on condition of Missouri being then admitted, on Southern terms, slavery should be thenceforth prohibited for ever on all the territory recently acquired from France, lying north of 36° 30' north latitude, that is, of the southern boundary of Missouri.

In 1850, the next great compromise took place, new States having meanwhile grown up to create new difficulties. Mr. Clay arranged this, as he had arranged the Missouri Compromise, and his measure, intended to satisfy many conflicting claims, was nicknamed the "Omnibus Bill." By this measure, California was to be admitted into the Union with an anti-slavery constitution; and the slave-market in the district of Columbia (which, as being in the Federal State, had always excited the especial wrath of the Abolitionists) was to be removed. On the other hand, two other candidate States, New Mexico and Utah, were to be admitted without any prohibition of slavery, and a stringent Fugitive Slave Law was passed, by which, as our readers know, the Northern States were made slave-catchers for the South.

In 1854, the Nebraska Bill was passed, by which the Missouri Compromise was upset. The territory of Nebraska was beyond the limit of slavery fixed by the Compromise of 1820. But the Southern States contended, that by the Omnibus Bill of 1850, a new principle had been introduced—viz., that all candidate States should choose whether they would have slavery or not; and proposed and carried that this should extend to the candidate State of Nebraska, and to any future States afterwards to be formed out of the territory guaranteed from slavery by the Missouri Compromise. Kansas is a new candidate State, formed out of this territory, and hence the struggle to obtain possession of Kansas, and determine the vote of the local legislature, according to which slavery is to be admitted or forbidden. The Missouri Compromise, the Omnibus Bill, and the Nebraska Bill, are the three elementary facts to be impressed on the memory. Around them is grouped a multitude of minor facts, which we must leave our readers to seek in the pages of Miss Martineau.

Far the most important production of this quarter, bearing on present politics, is the letter of M. Farini to Mr. Gladstone. M. Farini begins by calling to the recollection of his readers how the

³ "La diplomazia e la quistione Italiana." Lettera de Luigi Carlo Farini al Signor Guglielmo Gladstone. Torino: 1866.

diplomatists of Western Europe spoke at the Congress of Paris. Their words raised, and could not but be intended to raise, the hopes of Italians. Four months have passed away, and all that Italians have received, as fruits of the promises held out to them, is the intelligence that Austria is to act in concert with France and England. But, says M. Farini, it is impossible that Austria should act in good faith. The first, the greatest, the sole misfortune for Italy is the preponderance of Austria. Since it has been known that Austria would be taken into confederation in the management of Italy by the Western Powers, the wrong-doers have laughed at the threat of punishment. Even if she was desirous of administering remonstrance and rebuke, her own acts would prevent her. She could not appeal to violated constitutions, for they have been violated at her instigation. She could not insist on the duty of a State to preserve the lives and properties of its subjects, for the robbers are more audacious, and crime more frequent in the dominions of Austria than elsewhere in Italy. Any remedy, says M. Farini, which is to be an effectual remedy, must be given in despite of, not under the sanction of the Court of Vienna. And it must be a bold and a large remedy. It is of no use, he tells us, to release a few political prisoners. This will benefit individuals, but Italy requires far more. The Government of Naples is far too corrupt to bear any patching. It is impossible to stop short of the abolition of the Bourbon monarchy. But, if a really national government were established in Naples, Italy would be saved. The preponderance of Austria would be impossible, were the kingdoms placed at the two extremes of the Peninsula, resolutely and firmly, to maintain the guardianship of their own country, together with the independence of the minor States, hitherto guaranteed in vain by treaties.

M. Farini proceeds to dwell on two consequences of the Congress of Vienna, which he regards as the source of all the misfortunes which have in recent years befallen Italy. It was, he says, determined to have an Italy composed of a number of small States counterbalancing each other. But this arrangement was virtually upset by the creation of the huge Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. Secondly, the great Powers, with the exception of England, came to an agreement that they would join in putting down all resistance to legitimate authority. Austria thus managed to have her intervention in the affairs of every minor State of Italy, not only permitted, but applauded by her equals in power. It was not till 1845 that her sway was disputed. The Court of Piedmont then ventured on a resistance, which, beginning in little things, has grown on to great things, and has made Piedmont independent, but the object of the bitterest hostility of Austria.

M. Farini tries to disabuse his readers of two notions, which he considers very prevalent and very mistaken. The one is, that Italy is full of secret societies: the other is, that a change in the state of Italy will lead to the establishment of one or more republics. M. Farini asserts that the number of the secret societies is daily diminished, and that their plots are now mere child's play. Italy, too, is, he says, the last place where a Red Republic has a chance. When the

struggle comes, it will not be for the establishment of democracy, but for the very existence of Italy. Complaints are made that Piedmont is always in an attitude of hostility towards Austria, and that Austria is forced constantly to be on her guard. Well may Piedmont be in an attitude of distrust and hostility, when Austria has wantonly confiscated the property of many subjects of Piedmont, and has made Piacenzá a fortress of the first class, as an express menace to her weaker neighbour.

If, then, the Western Powers wish to help Italy, they must do so without consulting the wishes of Austria. They must either make Austria act as they please, or else they must prevent her from interfering. If all intervention were forbidden, that is all that M. Farini would ask. He acknowledges that Italy would not deserve to be free unless she could win her own liberty. To be left entirely alone to settle accounts with her tyrants is all she asks.

M. Lallerstedt published, a few months ago, a work on Scandinavia, entitled "La Scandinavie: ses Craintes et ses Espérances." This has now been translated into English, and forms a valuable and interesting treatise on the prospects of Sweden and the North. M. Lallerstedt wrote before the war was over, and he wished to urge his countrymen, the Swedes, to decisive action, and to join the Allies in a Baltic campaign, on condition of receiving a promise of having Finland restored. France was, throughout the eighteenth century, the ally of Sweden, and Sweden has suffered terribly, as M. Lallerstedt thinks, by renouncing the alliance of France, and accepting in its stead that of Russia. Strangely enough, the separation from France grew up through the very anxiety of the people to make their alliance with France closer: so, at least, says M. Lallerstedt. Sweden, thinking to bind herself to France, placed Bernadotte on the throne, and displaced the house of Wasa. But Bernadotte, directly he was invested with independent power, feared lest Napoleon, sooner or later, should crush him. He thought the choice lay between abandoning Finland to Russia, and seeing Sweden become a province of France. Napoleon had begun to treat her as his vassal. He had ordered her to join the continental blockade, and it was with the utmost difficulty that she was permitted to import salt. French commissioners were appointed to superintend her ports. She was commanded to raise two thousand sailors for the French navy. Bernadotte feared, lest he and Sweden should be sacrificed alike to the rapacity of Napoleon. At Tilsit Napoleon had shown the utmost indifference to the interests of Sweden, and had wantonly sacrificed her, in order to purchase freedom of action in Spain. Could any reliance be placed on him for the future? Bernadotte thought not, and took the opportunity of the Russian campaign to declare against him, and contributed powerfully to his downfall. For this M. Lallerstedt blames him severely, on the ground that the first duty a Swedish sovereign owed to Sweden was to recover Finland, which might easily have been accomplished if Bernadotte had thrown in his lot with Napoleon. Then, the transient

* "Scandinavia, and its Hopes and Fears." By G. Lallerstedt. London: King. 1856.

empire of Napoleon would, he says, have passed away with its creator's strength and life, and Sweden would have retained a strong military frontier. We think such a view is rather tenable than unassailable: it is easy to say that Sweden would have retained Finland, and herself held her own position. But if Napoleon had returned successful from Russia, who can be sure that a tributary kingdom like Sweden would have been permitted to enjoy even the shadow of independence, and would not have suffered evils far worse than the loss of a military frontier?

In exchange for Finland, Sweden, by arrangement with Russia, obtained Norway, at the expense of Denmark. This, says M. Lallerstedt, is only a nominal gain. Norway is united to Sweden by a merely dynastic tie. Before any union took place, the Norwegians insisted on and obtained a constitution which is the most democratic of any in Europe. Bernadotte assented to it, but seven years afterwards attempted to upset it by a series of resolutions which he recommended to the Norwegian Parliament. These resolutions were, however, rejected with a most imposing unanimity, and no further effort to alter the constitution was made. But as the Norwegians, in their irritation at the attempt, began to speak openly of a separation from Sweden, commissioners from each nation were appointed in 1839 to arrange the terms of a closer union. Their labours never bore any practical fruit; but the present King has done all in his power, and, as M. Lallerstedt allows, with great success, to conciliate the Norwegians. But at the present moment Norway and Sweden are only united by having the same sovereign. What, asks M. Lallerstedt, is the benefit of such a nominal union, as compared with the inestimable advantage of having a strong frontier like that of Finland and an impregnable fortress like that of Sweaborg?

The author, however, himself thinks that the union, not only of Sweden and Norway, but of Denmark also, into one great Scandinavian kingdom, is one of the possibilities of the future, to which patriots are already consciously working, and which moves without their knowledge the nations which are hereafter to unite. It is difficult to say how much the approach of a Baltic campaign, which M. Lallerstedt treats as certain, may have biassed his judgment and led him to think great changes near at hand. Even, however, though the hope of so compact and strong a rival power to Russia is at best uncertain, we cannot but think that Sweden has gained something by the war, and that she is more secure against Russian encroachment, and more independent of Russian influence, than she was three years ago.

Mr. Baillie Cochrane, in a pamphlet entitled "The Map of Italy,"⁴ discusses the Italian question in a spirit of *dilettante* simplicity. He advises us not to "excite a too excitable people," but, as the Italians long for "Unity of Italy," to persuade them that all they can really desire would be attained if they had a Customs' Union and more

⁴ "The Map of Italy." By Alexander Baillie Cochrane. London: Ridgway, 1850.

railways. This is giving a nation not even a decent stone when it asks for bread, but only the most tiny pebble. The whole pamphlet is in every way a performance beneath the level of English thought. If we do not help the Italians, at least we need not insult them.

The "Obstructives and the Man"⁵ has faults of an opposite character, for it goes over the whole of European politics, and arranges, prophecies, laments, blames, and exhorts as if the affairs of the civilized world could be managed like those of a parish vestry. It is a harmless amusement, perhaps, to portion out the world from the quiet of an English study, but it would be nearly as practical to portion out the moon. There is much in the book with which, abstractedly, we should agree, but we do not know who would benefit by reading it. It is far away from the region of real life and real possibilities.

"The Euphrates Valley Route to India"⁶ deals with an interesting subject, and is full of information. The geographical direction of the line is marked out with nicety, and the geological formation of the beds through which it would have to be taken is carefully discussed. The general conclusion may be given in the author's words:—"There is not in the whole length of the valley of the Euphrates a physical obstruction to the construction of a railway." A number of letters are added to show that the Euphrates is always navigable, a point lately disputed.

We have three pamphlets⁷ relating to a discussion raised by Colonel Cotton, who asserts that British capital could be much more profitably invested in carrying out works of irrigation and navigation in India than in making railways. Persons are, he says, wasting their energies in spending 10,000*l.* a mile on high-speed railways, while the same money would produce ten or fifty times the results if spent in river or canal navigation and irrigation. Colonel Baker, Consulting Engineer of the Government of India, was ordered by Lord Dalhousie to report on Colonel Cotton's Papers, and he came to the conclusion that, although differing in many minor points, he must agree with Colonel Cotton in saying that plans for improvement of communication at small cost in some localities, by means of canals and rivers, and in others by an inferior class of railways, are eminently deserving of attention. Still he advocates high-speed railways between all the main points of communication, as throwing great military and administrative advantages into the hands of Government. Low-speed railways are, he thinks, only to be recommended as branch-lines, and he considers canals in localities suited to their construction as preferable to low-speed railways. Colonel Cotton replies, in a letter addressed to the Society of Arts, by saying that the only question between himself

⁵ "The Obstructives and the Man; or, the Forces and the Future of Europe." London: Stanford. 1856.

⁶ "The Euphrates Valley Route to India." By a Traveller. London: Stanford. 1856.

⁷ "Profits upon British Capital expended on Indian Public Works." By Colonel Arthur Cotton. London: Richardson. 1856.

"Official Report of Colonel Baker." London: Richardson. 1856.

"A Letter to the Society of Arts, on Indian Public Works." By Colonel Cotton. London: Richardson. 1856.

and Colonel Baker is, to which object capital shall first be applied, to navigation or railways. He thinks that the former is vastly more important, because the first thing is to develop the resources of India, and to give some sort of communication between the coast and the inland districts.

Mr. Macqueen has published a learned and useful pamphlet on the "House of Peers in its Judicial Character,"⁸ showing clearly that originally appeals were heard by the King's Council, called the Lesser or Privy Council, as opposed to the Great Council of Parliament. Up to the reign of Edward III., the members of the Lesser Council were *ex officio* members of the Great Council; but in that reign they began to be in the nature of assistants or advisers merely. The assistants heard the arguments and pronounced the judgments in the name of the sovereign and peers. The sovereign was not necessarily present, neither were the peers; but the proceeding was in the Court of Parliament, and had all its authority. In 1694, the Peers, after several struggles, finally usurped the power of settling appeals without the assistance of the judges. The gist of Mr. Macqueen's remarks is, therefore, that the present constitution of the Supreme Court is not only bad in itself, but is unconstitutional.

In June, 1855, Miss Burdett Coutts offered certain prizes for teaching common things, and she has now published the result of the experiment. A set of questions was asked relating to food, clothes, household arrangements generally, duties of servants, management of children, and management of the sick, and the book⁹ now published presents the best specimens of the general information contained in the essays and papers written by the candidates. Descriptions are given of the plans already adopted in various schools. A few selections have also been made from the answers of pupil teachers, showing their ideas as to expenditure, and in an Appendix (the most curious part of the whole book) have been added some real accounts of domestic expenses. The candidates were, of course, on their best behaviour, and there is a sort of model-virtue air about many of their answers; nor is there any great light thrown by what they have to tell us on the best manner of teaching common things. But it is a great step gained to have turned the attention of mistresses to the subject, and time and experience will gradually make an advance possible. We advise readers who like to know how their neighbours live to turn to the Appendix, where they will find the weekly expenditure of plasterers and carpenters, earning thirty shillings a week, about the amount, that is, of a curacy.

• Mrs. Jameson has published a lecture on the "Communion of Labour"¹⁰ on the right, that is, of women to participate in social

⁸ "A Letter to Lord Lyndhurst on the House of Peers in its Judicial Character." By John Frazer Macqueen. London: Maxwell. 1856.

⁹ "A Summary Account of Prizes for Common Things offered and awarded by Miss Burdett Coutts at the Whit-lands Training Institution." 1855-6. Hatchard. 1856.

¹⁰ "The Communion of Labour." A Second Lecture on the Social Employments of Women. By Mrs. Jameson. London: Longmans. 1856.

employments. She only handles a very small portion of this vast subject; for she confines herself to considering whether it would not be possible to introduce the co-operation of unpaid female assistants into the management of our large public institutions, such as workhouses, penitentiaries, reformatory schools and prisons. She begins by giving statistics of the management of different charitable institutions she has visited abroad, and especially draws attention to those of Piedmont, where different orders of religious women are at work with a very beneficial effect. She then shows that a similar system might be introduced into English hospitals. She adduces instances where visits from ladies have been welcomed by male prisoners; the female prisoners do not seem to regard the benevolence of their wealthier sisters with so much complacency. Proceeding next to speak of Reformatory Schools, she points out that there is no adequate provision under the present system for the moral supervision of the boys; and relying on the known respect of poor lads for superior women, she desires that an order of lady visitors should be introduced into the working of these institutions. She draws a lamentable, and, we fear, too often a true picture of the brutal despotism of workhouses, and asks whether it would be possible that paupers should be treated like brutes for the mere crime of poverty, if ladies lent their assistance and were frequently present at the workhouse. She is especially strenuous that no one, who should take part in the schemes she proposes, should receive any pecuniary reward, asserting that working for love is found far more effectual than working for hire. It will be observed that her object is simply to provide employment for the spinster portion of the upper classes, an object excellent, but limited as compared with what her title would indicate. We should be very sorry to say that the good intentions and wishes of maiden ladies cannot be utilized more than at present. But we do not think that English families generally will at all approve of anything like 'orders' under clerical control. Nobody likes a clergyman coming between him and his sister, or daughter, or even his aunt; and we think Mrs. Jameson in error when she advocates that the ladies should wear a peculiar dress. This sort of frippery of benevolence does not harmonize with the unostentatious quietness of the best English charity.

A lecture delivered by Mr. Gore at the United Service Institution, and now published, gives some acceptable information on the system of Education pursued in "French Military Schools."¹¹ We may briefly, on Mr. Gore's authority, state, that the rudiments and first principles of education are given at the preparatory school of *Le Prytanée Impérial Militaire*, at the *Lycée*, and at private schools. The pupils are here qualified to become candidates for admission to the *Ecole Impériale Polytechnique*, if they are desirous of entering the artillery, the engineering service, of the land or sea forces, of the *Corps d'Etat Major*. At the school they are instructed in the sciences

¹¹ "Lecture on the System" of Education pursued in the French Military Schools." Delivered by Montague Gore, Esq., at the United Service Institution. London: Ridgway. 1856.

necessary in common for all these services: and are subsequently taught their application to the particular service they are anxious to enter in an Ecole d'Application. Those who wish to serve in the infantry, cavalry, or *infanterie de marine*, become candidates for admission to the Ecole Impériale de St. Cyr, where they are taught whatever is requisite for those branches of the service. Mr. Gore gives an account of all these schools in detail. He has furnished, in a very succinct form, an amount of information which we should have some trouble in obtaining from any other source.

An important Parliamentary Report has been published on the subject of "Transportation." The question of secondary punishments is made more difficult to England than to any other country, by the fact that she alone possesses colonies to which criminals can be transported. The present set of officials, to whom the management of our convicts is entrusted, appear as a body to desire that the system of transportation should be restored, although on a different and improved method. They call attention to the evils that have followed the granting of tickets of leave. "During the five quarters, ending in March, 1856, there had been 4679 tickets of leave issued. Out of that number there had been 181 revocations, and 422 men were reported to have "fallen into a state of crime." But it is not so much the bearers of tickets of leave in particular, as discharged convicts generally, that press hard on the country, and are a nuisance to the great towns. Mr. James Smart, the Superintendent of Police at Glasgow, one of the witnesses, stated it as his opinion that it is "unsuitable and improper to allow so many parties to go at large, having nobody in many parts to look after them." All witnesses agree that it is next to impossible that the convicts should make an honest living; what wonder, then, that they are nuisances to themselves and others?

There is a great body of opinion in favour of transportation, as the best secondary punishment, if the mother country only is considered. Sir Archibald Alison, who always says strongly what he wishes to be true, considers that there is room enough in the colonies of Great Britain for fifty penal colonies to go through fifty centuries. Mr. Elliot differs from him. He goes through the possible places to which convicts can, as it is supposed, be sent. He disposes of all Australia by insisting on the proximity of the gold-fields, and on the declared opposition of the inhabitants of all the existing colonies, except West Australia, where the colonists are very glad to have convicts sent them, but where the expenses seem extraordinarily heavy.

The question to be solved is really this: can we improve our prison discipline so effectually, and influence convicts to such an extent that we can have a ticket-of-leave system quite different from that which now exists, and can also pave the way for the return of discharged convicts into decent society? Mr. Elliot gives a synopsis of a great body of evidence, procured a few years ago through the Foreign Office, as to the system adopted in most of the continental countries. England has much to learn from such information, as the experience of the

Continent must necessarily be much greater than ours. There seems but one result from all the statistics, that kindness, methods of working through the best convicts on the more hardened, and a system of well contrived rewards, humanize and reform, and that harshness and distrust invariably brutalize.

The Commissioners of the Irish Census have at length completed their labours. The sixth and concluding volume contains remarks on the condition of the Irish population. Voluminous tables are given, and a map of the country, distinguishing, by means of light and dark shading, the condition of the people in respect to the quality of their habitations. In the ten years intervening between 1841 and 1851, it is believed that over the entire area of Ireland there has been a decrease of 49 persons on every square mile, representing an aggregate of 1,622,739 persons. Dublin county, on the other hand, shows an increase of 91 persons to the square mile.

The present population, estimated at six and a-half millions, contains a million and a-half employed in agricultural, and nearly as many in the various departments of production and trade. Nearly 5 per cent. of the population can speak Irish only, and 18 per cent. can speak Irish and English. The decrease of the lowest kind of habitations, mud cabins, having only one room, is as much as $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Emigration seems to be on the wane, there having been 91,914 in 1855 as against 190,322 in 1852. Between 30th of June, 1841, and 31st December, 1855, the total number of persons in Ireland who have emigrated is given as 2,087,856. Of these 76.7 per cent. were bound for the United States.

The House of Commons has published a report on "Masters and Operatives," or rather on the possibility of avoiding strikes and settling disputes by the establishment of tribunals of arbitration analogous to the French *Conseils des Prudhommes*. It is a report that does little credit to its framers, and affords another instance to be added to the long list of schemes good in purpose, but so deficient in anything like due preparation, that we gain nothing by their being proposed. The Committee have had the sense to reject any notion of making the decision of such courts compulsory in cases of future contracts. For strikes cannot be put down by a court ordering a master to give a particular amount of wages, or a workman to do his work heartily. But they say that Courts of Conciliation might be instituted, comprised partly of masters and partly of men, which would determine disputes about past contracts, and thus avoid the necessity of going to courts of law. We think that the evidence shows very clearly that the masters, at any rate, would rather go to a court of law; and, if the County Courts are not calculated to settle such disputes quickly and cheaply, what is the use of them? The committee urge that in case of a strike, these courts, already existing for another purpose, would be found useful for the discussion of differences. We do not understand this. If, when a dispute on a great scale arises, the masters and men cannot agree to meet through the medium of deputies selected from their respective bodies, why should they be better satisfied with these courts? It would be difficult to get the ablest and best men to sit on

a tribunal for the adjustment of petty differences, and yet such men might be willing to come forward in a time of real difficulty. These courts would, therefore, do harm in so far as they entrusted the representation to inferior men.

Lastly, we have to notice a Report of the House of Lords on Public Executions. The committee recommend that executions shall be henceforth in private, but do not condescend to give reasons for their opinion. We have read through the evidence without gaining much light on the subject. We all know that a mob does not learn to behave well simply because it has a death to look at; and that death itself in such a form is a less shocking spectacle than might be expected. It seems to be so painless and so speedy. But we cannot tell how far the bulk of the spectators are impressed with feelings of awe. Several witnesses showed that persons from the immediate neighbourhood where the crime was committed always came in great numbers; and it is hard to believe that they are not impressed, and have not the reality of justice brought home to them, by seeing the end of the tragedy that has been played amongst them. However, the great test is to look at the criminal. Is it not a mere terrible death to die publicly? and if so, and if we retain capital punishment as a means of instilling a fear of committing murder, the more terrible the punishment, the greater will be the fear.

SCIENCE.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER'S treatise on the Stereoscope¹ appears to have been written with three principal objects:—*First*, to show that in the *idea* of the stereoscope there is no novelty whatever, and that Professor Wheatstone's merit in the invention consists merely in his having been one of the first to carry that idea into practice, and this in a very clumsy manner; *second*, to prove, that as Sir D. Brewster devised a method of applying the same principle, which, by rendering the instrument cheaper and more convenient, has at the same time rendered it popular; *his* share of the merit is far greater than that of Professor Wheatstone; and, *third*, to demonstrate that he is the only philosopher who knows anything about the principles on which the effects of the stereoscope are produced. So that, in fact, both for that particular form of the instrument which is now in everybody's hands, and for all our scientific knowledge of its action, we are indebted to nobody else, than the author of this book. Although this is by no means the first time that Sir D. Brewster has shown a strong development of the organ of acquisitiveness respecting discoveries for which he claims credit, and although the same assertions have already been put forth in his behalf in anonymous articles distinguished by a style

¹ "The Stereoscope: its History, Theory, and Construction; with its Application to the Fine and Useful Arts, and to Education." By Sir David Brewster, K. H., D. C. L., F. R. S., M. R. I. A., &c. &c. With Fifty Wood-engravings. London, 1856. Post 8vo, pp. 236.

seemingly identical with his own, yet we are astonished that he should venture to put forth in his own name such a series of sophisms and misstatements, for the sake of raising his own reputation at the expense of another. Sir D. Brewster may pretty safely take it for granted, that the public generally is either too ignorant or too careless to form its own judgment in the case, and that it will receive anything which comes from a man of his name in optical science with unquestioning confidence; but that he should imagine that the scientific world ever will quietly stand by to see a piece of valuable property belonging to one of its most distinguished members carried off from him in open day, without raising a hue and cry after the depredator, is to impute to it an amount of *insouciance* to which we, at least, do not plead guilty.

With regard, in the first place, to the question of the novelty of the *idea* of the stereoscope; we affirm that this idea, so far from being familiar to every thinking mind, as Sir D. Brewster asserts, was entirely original on the part of Professor Wheatstone. That any near object makes two different perspective projections of itself upon the two retinae, is assuredly *not* a novel idea, and Professor Wheatstone does not claim it as such; he only says that he does not find it referred to by writers who might be expected to have noticed it. Sir D. Brewster, by a more careful search, has detected many references to it; one of which, that of the Jesuit Aguilonius (1613), is peculiarly remarkable, since he sets himself to inquire how it is that the two dissimilar projections are blended into a single unconfused image, and comes to the conclusion that it is not by reason of any optical conformity, but by a mental agency which he calls "common sense." That which we assert to be the exclusive property of Professor Wheatstone, not having been in the least degree hinted at by any preceding writers,* is the idea, and the practical demonstration of the correctness of that idea, that *it is on the mental combination of the two dissimilar projections made by a single solid object upon our two retinae respectively, that our visual perception of its solidity depends.* This idea having once presented itself, the verification of it, was easy to a man of Professor Wheatstone's marvellous fertility of invention. If, he reasoned, the mental combination of

* The following is a specimen of the mode in which Sir D. Brewster endeavours to prove that the fundamental idea of the stereoscope, as we have stated it above, was familiar to preceding writers on optics. He first quotes the following passages from Harris's *Treatise on Optics* (1775):—"We have other helps for distinguishing prominences of small parts, besides those by which we distinguish distances in general, as their degrees of light and shade, and the prospect we have round them." "And by the parallax, on account of the distance betwixt our eyes, we can distinguish besides the front part [of] the two sides of a near object not thicker than the said distance, and this gives a visible relieve to such objects, which helps greatly to raise or detach them from the plane in which they lie. Thus the nose on a face is the more remarkably raised by our seeing both sides of it at once:"—and then Sir D. B. adds the following *glôses* of his own; "that is, the relieve is produced by the combination of the two dissimilar pictures given by each eye." Now that no such idea was in Harris's mind, is evident from the very example which he cites; for the two sides of the nose on the face can be seen (in front view) by one eye alone; whilst the perception of solidity is just as complete when the two dissimilar projections give only one side of an object, as when they give both sides.

these two dissimilar projections be the source of our perception of the solidity of the object which makes them, then the same perception ought to be produced by throwing upon the two retinae, in place of the two images of a solid actually before the eyes, the images of two pictures of that solid, drawn in the perspectives under which it would have presented itself to the two eyes respectively. The instrument which he devised for effecting this was a very simple one, consisting merely of a pair of mirrors so placed as to bring the two pictures to the two eyes respectively, at the ordinary angle of convergence; and notwithstanding all that Sir D. Brewster says of its inferiority to the lenticular stereoscope invented by himself, we are quite satisfied, that for all the purposes of scientific investigation, as well as on account of its adaptation to pictures of any dimension,—in fact, for everything but ordinary popular use,—the original reflecting stereoscope is by far the more valuable instrument of the two.

Sir S. Brewster's own appreciation of this invention, at a time when, not having himself any participation in it, he was free to form a candid opinion, is, fortunately, preserved in the contemporary record of the proceedings of the British Association, to which Professor Wheatstone communicated it in 1839, shortly after having laid it before the Royal Society. The contrast between the Sir D. Brewster of 1839 and the Sir D. Brewster of 1856, affords an instructive lesson as to the degree in which the mind even of a professed philosopher may be warped by the greed of fame. We cite the following from the *Athenæum* of Sept. 8, 1838, p. 650:—

“Sir David Brewster was afraid that the members could scarcely judge, from the very brief and modest account given of this principle, and the instrument devised for illustrating it, by Professor Wheatstone, of its extreme beauty and generality. He considered it as one of the most valuable optical papers which had ever been presented to the Section. He observed that when taken in conjunction with the law of visible direction in monocular vision (or vision with one eye), it explains all those phenomena of vision by which philosophers had been so long perplexed; and that vision in three dimensions, which M. Lehot, a French author, had attempted to account for by a very unscientific theory, received the most complete explanation from Mr. Wheatstone's researches.”

And at a subsequent part of the same meeting (p. 675), he said that—

“He felt sure that Mr. Wheatstone's principle was fully adequate to explain every circumstance connected with seeing, as soon as the law of monocular vision [Sir D. B.'s own ‘law of visible direction’] was admitted.”

We thus find him most fully and explicitly recognising Professor Wheatstone's exclusive property in the principle in question, of which he now, for reasons best known to himself, attempts to deprive him. If any confirmation of his *then* opinion be needed, it is furnished by Sir John Herschel, whose acquaintance with the previous history of optical science, and the actual state of knowledge at that period, no one will call in question; for he followed up Sir D. Brewster's commendation by characterizing Mr. Wheatstone's discovery as “one of the most curious and beautiful for its simplicity, in the entire range of experimental optics.”

Not content with trying to deprive Professor Wheatstone of the merit of the principle of the stereoscope, Sir D. Brewster now does his best to show that he was anticipated in the idea of the instrument, if not in its actual construction, by another. Mr. Elliot, now teacher of mathematics in Edinburgh, is said to have resolved to construct an instrument for uniting two dissimilar pictures, previous to, or during the year 1834; he did not, however, actually construct it until the year 1839, *a year after Professor Wheatstone's invention had been made public*; and of that invention he remained in ignorance until 1852, when the republication of Professor Wheatstone's original paper drew his notice to the subject, which he had altogether ceased to attend to. Sir D. Brewster admits that Professor Wheatstone's method of uniting the two dissimilar pictures (by reflection) was much the better of the two; but he repeatedly claims for Mr. Elliot the priority of invention, because he had *thought of* the instrument first. How does Sir D. Brewster know this? Mr. Elliot took, on his own showing, five years for the gestation of his idea, which was conceived in 1834, and born in 1839. Professor Wheatstone does not tell us when first the idea occurred to *his* mind; but as it was given to the public in a far completer form than Mr. Elliot's, it is but reasonable to suppose that the gestation was longer. Even allowing him, however, but an equal period, as the birth of his stereoscope occurred in 1838, his conception of it may fairly date back to 1833. To attempt to show that A has a claim to be considered a prior discoverer, merely because he had *thought of* the matter before B had *completed and published his discovery*, is one of the most extraordinary procedures that the history of science can show; and would at once proclaim the *animus* under which this book is written, even if it were not obvious enough in almost every page, to those, at least, who have any adequate acquaintance with the real facts of the case.

Having thus proved to his own satisfaction, that in the conception of the stereoscope Professor Wheatstone had been anticipated by Mr. Elliot, and that Professor Wheatstone's merit as an inventor hence consists in nothing else than in having devised a better method for realizing that conception, Sir D. Brewster next endeavours to show that Professor Wheatstone's invention would have been altogether forgotten, if *he* had not taken up the subject, and brought the instrument before the public in a form adapted to general use. And he claims for himself, not merely the invention of the lenticular stereoscope, which nobody disputes, but the first application of photography to the production of binocular pictures for stereoscopic purposes. That Professor Wheatstone's invention, so far from being forgotten, was fully appreciated by that section of the scientific public whose interest it was peculiarly fitted to excite—such, namely, as make the physiology of vision their special study,—is sufficiently evident from the fact that it is specially noticed, and its importance fully appreciated, in every standard physiological treatise with which we are acquainted, whether English, French, or German, that has discussed the subject of binocular vision at all, from the year 1840 down to the present time. Further, Professor Wheatstone himself was continuing his researches in the

same direction; and in 1852 communicated to the Royal Society a second set of Researches on Binocular Vision, which, for their scientific merit, and for their important bearing on the most interesting questions of the psychology as well as the physiology of the visual sense, leave Sir D. Brewster and his purely optical investigations far behind. And we happen to be able to state positively, that the production of stereoscopic photographs had been accomplished, not only privately, by Mr. Fox Talbot on Professor Wheatstone's suggestion, but by those who practised photography as a matter of business, some time before there is any evidence that Sir D. Brewster turned his attention to this matter; reflecting stereoscopes with photographic pictures of statuary, &c., having been sold by London opticians at least ten years ago.

Fully conceding, therefore, to Sir D. Brewster all the credit which can fairly attach to the popularization of the instrument, we affirm that he has added nothing whatever of importance to our scientific knowledge of the principles of binocular vision; and that, in fact, almost everything which he has written on the subject has tended to confuse it further, instead of to clear up its difficulties, through his having sought for optical explanations of what cannot in the very nature of things be explained, save by that "common sense," or mental appreciation of visual impressions, to which alone Aguilonius rightly saw that the phenomena of binocular vision, even in the limited degree in which he was acquainted with them, were to be referred.

This part of the subject would, however, require a much ampler discussion than we could here enter upon; and we can only hope that what we have said in regard to the history of the invention of the stereoscope, will lead our readers to the unhesitating assignment of the honour of it to him to whom we are convinced that it is most justly due.

It is a great pity that the profession of a *speciality* of almost any kind should have so strong a tendency to induce an empirical habit in the mind of the professor. Mr. Hunt's² title would lead us to suppose that he intends to teach his readers how stammering may be cured, or at any rate to explain to them the principles of his method; but this would be an entire misapprehension; for the purpose of his book is simply to assure the public that his method is superior in principle to that of any one else, and is practically more successful. The nearest approach we can find to an elucidation of it, is contained in the following passage:—

"In many cases the change is like magic, although simply effected by the instructor having discovered the secret of detecting the cause or origin of the evil; and being also able to communicate to the person a simple means by which he can correct, and, by careful practice, entirely overcome it."

He assigns as a reason for not entering more fully into particulars, that every case requires its own special management; so that no general

² "A Treatise on the Cure of Stammering, with a Notice of the Life of the late Thomas Hunt, and a general account of the various systems for the cure of Impediments of Speech." By James Hunt, M.R.S.L., &c. Second Edition, considerably enlarged. London: 1856. 8vo, pp. 104.

directions can be effectual. But we feel assured that if *his* method be good for anything, it would be quite easy for him to explain its principles in such a form as to render them comprehensible by many who have intelligence enough to put them into practice in the particular modes required. Although Mr. Hunt would thus greatly improve his position with the medical profession, and with the best-judging part of the public, he seems to consider it to be for his pecuniary interests to keep his own secret; and his book must consequently be regarded as merely a trade advertisement. This we the more regret, because we have a strong belief, founded on what we have heard from trustworthy sources, as well as from hints which we meet with in these pages, that Mr. Hunt's method is based on a truer appreciation of the nature of the disorder, and is more simple as well as more effective in its operation, than that of other professors of the same art.

The publication of the concluding volume of the late Mr. W. Thompson's "Natural History of Ireland,"³ has been accomplished, under such disadvantages, as nothing but the affectionate diligence and scientific sagacity of his friend and townsman, Mr. Robert Patterson, could have in any degree overcome. The three preceding volumes devoted to the "Birds of Ireland," had been produced by their lamented writer with all the care which an author bestows on the work which is pre-eminently that of his own choice; but the materials which he had prepared for similarly illustrating the remainder of the Irish Fauna were comparatively scanty, especially as regards the Invertebrata. Even such as they were, however, they form a valuable contribution to the Natural History of the sister-kingdom; and they have evidently been set forth to the best advantage by Mr. Patterson and the coadjutors who have assisted him in his labour of love.

We have received from the United States an unpretending little book,⁴ the product (apparently) of an amateur in science, which is much more worthy of attention than such productions usually are. Its author is evidently a thinking as well as an observant man, who has set down a number of points relating to the physiology of the senses, which have from time to time suggested themselves to him; and although many of these are familiar to such as have studied the subject more systematically, yet others are either new in themselves, or derive a novel aspect from the guise under which they are presented. The book, moreover, has the charm of being eminently suggestive, and is distinguished by an agreeable raciness of style; so that the perusal of it will serve as a pleasant and not unprofitable recreation to the man of science, whilst it will convey much valuable information to the general reader,—its great charm being that it develops a significance in the things of familiar experience, which the million passes unnoticed, but is always pleased to recognise when pointed out.

³ "The Natural History of Ireland." Vol. IV., containing Mammalia, Reptiles, and Fishes; also Invertebrata. By the late William Thompson, Esq., President of the Nat. Hist. and Phil. Soc. of Belfast, &c. &c. London: 1856. 8vo, pp. 516.

⁴ "The Physiology of the Senses; or, How and What we See, Hear, Taste, Feel, and Smell." By A. B. Johnson; New York: 1856. 12mo, pp. 214.

In striking contrast with the preceding, is a pamphlet that has lately come before us, which, for pretentious absurdity, equals, if it does not surpass, anything we have ever met with.⁵ The author is one of those half-informed men, possessed of a certain degree of cleverness, who, being struck with a new idea, do not take the pains to inquire what foundation in reality it may possess; but forthwith rush into print, and mislead by their tone of confidence, and by the speciousness of their pretensions, many who are not qualified to unmask the hollowness of their assumptions. Having been, struck with the marvellous effects produced by the stereoscope, but not in the least comprehending their principle, he sets himself to inquire how the same effects may be produced in a single picture; and having concluded that the deficiency of projection in ordinary pictures is due to one eye and hand being exclusively used, he has conceived the singularly bright idea, that any artist has it in his power to produce stereoscopic effects, if he will make use not only of his two eyes in guiding his pencil, but of his two hands in holding it! The mischief of such productions is the misleading influence they exercise. We happened to meet a very promising young artist, not long since, who was so much fascinated by the promises of the new and marvellous effects which this method would produce, as to be about to put herself in training for the purpose; and if we had not solemnly staked our scientific character upon the fallacy of the entire notion, our young friend would have lost much valuable time, and incurred much disappointment, in a pursuit a great deal more sure to be fruitless than would be the search for the philosopher's stone.

Among the multifarious subjects included by Dr. Lardner in his "Museum,"⁶ that of the habits and instincts of animals has been one of those most recently discussed; and the numbers devoted to it collectively form a very compact little volume, the matter of which has been compiled from reliable sources, is agreeably put together, and is amply illustrated by woodcuts. There is no pretension to originality, nor does the author do much more than tell his readers either facts, or what pass as such; but no one who has not made a subject his special study can advantageously venture from the shallow bottom on which he can firmly tread, into the deep sea of speculation; and this is pre-eminently the case with the inquiry into the relations of instinct and reason, the philosophical pursuit of which needs a combined acquaintance with physiology and psychology, such as is possessed by few masters in either science, and is not likely to be attained by amateur students. Mr. Garratt,⁷ like Dr. Lardner, has brought together much interesting

⁵ "Painting with Both Hands; or, the Adoption of the Principle of the Stereoscope in Art, as a Means to Binocular Pictures. By John Lone. London: 1856. 8vo, pp. 32."

⁶ "The Bee and White Ants, their Manners and Habits, with Illustrations of Animal Instinct and Intelligence." By Dionysius Lardner, D.C.L., &c. From "The Museum of Science and Art." With 185 Illustrations. London: 1856. Small 8vo, pp. 176.

⁷ "Marvels and Mysteries of Instinct; or, Curiosities of Animal Life." By G. Garratt. London: 1856. Fcap 8vo, pp. 248.

matter, usually from trustworthy sources; but, not content with this, he has essayed to philosophize upon it, has ventured completely out of his depth, and has accordingly made an egregious failure.

We do not know when we have been more interested by any medical work, than by the perusal of Dr. Acland's admirable memoir^s on the severe visitation which was suffered by Oxford in the cholera epidemic two years since. The work is divided into three parts; the first giving the history of the epidemic as it actually occurred; the second detailing the sanitary arrangements made in Oxford during its presence; and the third consisting of suggestions for the future, or the lesson of the epidemic. Each of these departments is treated in a spirit far more comprehensive than that of the mere physician or sanitary reformer, who looks simply for the best modes of curing or preventing disease. While fully alive to all that has been and may be done in this direction, Dr. Acland has set himself "to seek out and strive to influence for good, those hidden circumstances which, more than we are aware of, affect both the physical and moral happiness of individuals and of society;" and it is his aim to make the university of which he is a distinguished member, instrumental in diffusing the same knowledge and the same spirit, among the educated youth of the aristocracy, who ought to be competent as well as ready to take the lead in every movement for the welfare of their less fortunate brethren. "What," he says, "may we not hope, when time has been given for our youths to obtain university honours for their knowledge of chemistry, physiology, hygiene, and so feel the cheering glow of physical truths, as applied to the bettering of man's estate. When the professors who teach these subjects have made their purpose felt through the hearts and the heads of the upper classes, how much good, and content, and gratitude may not spring up in the hearts of even the most hopeless members of the body politic." Our readers may judge from these passages, of the spirit in which the whole work has been planned and executed; we have only space to say of it, that we have never met with a treatise which gave fuller evidence of the professional skill, the scholarlike training, the enlarged philanthropy, and the thorough gentlemanliness (we use the word in its highest sense) of its author.

Of all modern systematic treatises on Physiological Chemistry, that of Professor Lehmann is universally admitted to be alike the most philosophical in its general doctrines, and the most complete in its details. It is, however, far too bulky for the ordinary student; and its author has exercised a wise discretion in compressing its most important portion into the narrower limits of a "handbùch." Although this smaller treatise has been translated into French, it has not been reproduced in this country; but our transatlantic cousins have shown themselves more alive to its value; and we have now before us a hand-

* 3 "Memoir on the Cholera at Oxford in the year 1854; with Considerations suggested by the Epidemic." By Henry Wentworth Acland, M.D., F.R.S., &c. London: 1856. 4to, pp. 171. With a Map and Tables.

some volume from the Philadelphia press,⁹ which includes not only a well-executed translation of Professor Lehmann's "handbuch," but a large quantity of additional matter, partly original and partly compiled, together with forty illustrations, generally well executed, chiefly derived from Funke's excellent "Atlas." The introductory essay, by Professor S. Jackson, contains views of the relation of the vital forces to the physical, which we believe to be sound in the main, though they might have been more clearly and philosophically expressed; and the author seems fairly entitled to the credit of having advanced these views, some years before they were put forward in this country or elsewhere. We cannot speak so favourably of the Appendix; contributed by Dr. Morris, which contains a meagre outline of the physiology of the circulation, of reproduction, of the voice, and of the senses—subjects having no obvious relation to that which constitutes the staple of the book, and much better discussed in the various manuals of physiology accessible to every student. We would recommend a more compact translation of Professor Lehmann's "handbuch," edited by a chemist who should be competent to incorporate any additions or corrections of importance that the recent progress of science may have rendered desirable, with a few notes by some physiologist of ability, as a work likely to be very useful to the British student, and pretty certain to be remunerative to its publisher.

Our readers would scarcely have supposed that the historian of France, the author of "Priests, Women, and Families," would make his next appearance as a writer on Ornithology.¹⁰ But circumstances having led him to seek enjoyment and recreation in the study of nature, he seems to have set himself to find out both the poetry and the philosophy of bird-life; and has produced a book which, being eminently marked both by the merits and demerits of his style, will attract some readers whilst it repels others. As we find it impossible to give any idea of the contents of so discursive a production, we can only recommend such of our readers as count themselves among the author's admirers, to try how his new dish suits their palates.

We must confine ourselves to the mere announcement of the publication of another Part of M. Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire's great work on General Natural History,¹¹ and to an indication of the nature of its contents. These consist of a general survey of the kingdoms of organic nature, with a comparison of the views of the ancients and moderns in regard to their separation and distribution; the essential nature of life; the characters of animals as distinguished from vegetables; and the

⁹ "Manual of Chemical Physiology; from the German of Professor C. G. Lehmann, M.D.; translated, with Notes and Additions, by J. Cheston Morris, M.D., with an "Introductory Essay on Vital Force, by Samuel Jackson, M.D., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania," &c. Illustrated with 40 wood-cuts. Philadelphia. 1856. 8vo. pp. 331.

¹⁰ "L'Oiseau." Par M. Michelet. Paris. 1856. 18mo. pp. 330

¹¹ "Histoire Naturelle Générale des Règnes Organiques, principalement étudiée chez l'Homme et les Animaux." Par M. Isidore Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, Membre de l'Institut, &c. &c. Tome deuxième, première Partie. Paris. 1856. 8vo. pp. 331.

features by which man is separated from all other animals, constituting (in the opinion of the author) a kingdom in himself.

The author of "The Philosophy of the Stomach,"¹² having found a diet consisting exclusively of meat and milk very suitable to his constitution, forthwith concludes that the same must be equally good for every one else, and that mankind would be greatly the gainers if they would adopt his system. We balance this extreme against its opposite, the vegetarian scheme, which can adduce a far more extensive experience in its favour; and arrive at the conclusion that the stomach of man has a marvellous adaptability to different kinds of diet, but that under the ordinary conditions of a temperate climate, and of a moderate amount of bodily and mental labour, the usual mixed diet is that which best suits the average constitution of mankind. How far the author's enthusiasm allows him to be a reliable authority, may be judged from his anticipation that if the whole British population were to live on milk and meat, these articles, instead of being rendered dearer, would be vastly reduced in price, so that meat would be brought down to a penny a pound!

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

NOVALIS, in his story of the Blue Flower, has imagined an ordeal to test the merit of the written thoughts of men—a bath in which their compositions may be plunged by the hands of a presiding genius, and the worthless part of them purged away. The lies, the platitudes, the noisy artifices of rhetoric, all words which have no corresponding truths of thought or fact, vanish in the disenchanting process from the paper, and leave it innocently blank. The scattered sentences which nature and fact are able to acknowledge, remain like islands unsubmerged beneath the ocean which has swallowed the continents to which they belonged.

No elixir vitæ, no philosopher's stone, would equal in value such a compound, were it but discoverable for us. How many hands now worse than idle would let fall their eloquent pens; how would unmelodious poets cease from singing; how would historians' consciences wake suddenly, and ready tongues in pulpit and in Parliament leave to agitate themselves. The brains of honest men now addled with mere noise would find peace at last, and a revelation deeper than that of Moses would have brought the kingdom of truth among us at last.

Time, it is sometimes said, is a sufficient test in the long run. Lies and follies have their day, but the night falls upon them, and they die. But time is slow; and time, if it destroys old falsehoods, brings year by year its fresh crop of such; while again, mere destructiveness is poorly discriminating, and sweeps good and evil away together into ruin. Genius, indeed, of the high sort is not allowed to perish; and spirits which shine only with the unmixed light of truth, take their

¹² "The Philosophy of the Stomach; or, an exclusively Animal Diet (without any Vegetable or Condiment whatever) the most wholesome and fit for Man." By Bernard Moncrieff. London. 1856. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 92.

place as stars in the sky, and shine on undimmed and unfading. But in this countless swarm of books which, like the generations of men, stream across the stage, which are read for their day, or month, or year, and then are forgotten, many a jewel is hidden, many a grain of gold lies in the midst of mere loam and soil, and is hopelessly lost. This trade of reviewing of ours brings volumes before us, a hundred of which, if digested into one, might make a book which would survive to all time; yet they will die, all of them, and we cannot wish it otherwise. The truths that are in them are mainly but as crystals of salt, scattered up and down a mass of perishable substance to make it palatable for immediate consumption; and, our business, unfortunately, is not to indicate the appearance of new authoritative teachers, but to notice merely the flavours of this or that new dish which is to be purchased in to-day's book-market, and which must give place to-morrow to a fresh condiment.

With such skill as we possess, then, we proceed with our present bill of fare. We begin with the greatest names and the most solid articles. M. Guizot,¹ in two well-written volumes on Richard Cromwell, and the events which led to the recall of the Stuarts, completes the history of what was once called the Great Rebellion. The earlier portions of the work are well known in England, and have received emphatic approval. M. Guizot, by his training in the midst of revolutions, is supposed (as he evidently supposes himself) to be skilled in the interpretation of the phenomena of such times; and although English Puritans were something different from Paris Jacobins, although the objects at which they aimed respectively were as unlike as the causes which called them into being; yet no doubt familiarity with political convulsions of any kind creates a readiness in distinguishing a certain class of symptoms which all such movements have in common. M. Guizot, we may say, distinctly does not understand the great Cromwell. He has seen no one like him in France, and he measures him by a type to which he does not belong. But in the present volumes this Cromwell is gone. He is concerned with men of a baser calibre, and his treatment of his subject gains consequently both in truth and justice. In the picture of the desolation which followed on the death of Oliver, he has passed an unconscious eulogium upon the Protector's greatness; and the selfish hypocrite of the previous history is shown in his true dimensions.

"L'ascendant personnel," he says, "d'un grand homme ne se revèle jamais avec plus d'éclat que lorsqu'il a disparu. Et les innombrables prétentions qui surgissent dans le vide qu'il laisse donnent le mesure de la place que seul il pouvait remplir." The effect upon M. Guizot's own mind is visible in the chastened respect which dictated so eloquent a passage.

His business is to show, however, that the Republic was a failure, and he is evidently pleased to show it. He exposes in detail the folly and the selfishness which divided the great party of the Parliament. He

¹ "Histoire du Protectorat de Richard Cromwell." Par M. Guizot. Paris: Didier and Co. 1856.

so arranges his story as to make the restoration of the king a thing merely of time, inevitably necessary ; and while he traces the stealthy approaches of Monk towards his object through perjury and falsehood, he makes him doubly hateful, through the seeming needlessness of so much treachery to accomplish what was otherwise irresistibly certain.

The honest scorn which he feels for Monk is a pleasant trait in M. Guizot ; and so minutely he details his proceedings, his protestations, his gratuitous oaths taken with the settled intention of breaking them, his corruption of the army, his petty selfishness veiled under pretence of patriotism, that we could believe he was drawing his portrait from a modern original.

Excellent, too, he estimates the vulgarity of the enthusiasm with which the nation surrendered what it had won ; and though he sees that, as things were, no alternative was possible, he can despise the rapture with which Charles's return was welcomed :—

“ C'est l'un des pires effets des longues révolutions,” he says, “ qu'après avoir follement exalté l'ambition des hommes, elles l'abaissent honteusement ; étouffent dans les cœurs toute grande espérance ; et les réduisent à se contenter de la satisfaction des plus vulgaires désirs.”

And yet a constitution under Charles Stuart, leading by-and-by to a parliamentary revolution of a decent kind, was better, so he evidently thinks, than a Republic under Cromwell. And royalty emaciated into a splendid shadow, and a scheme of ingenious fictions for a political constitution, are to be regarded as offering a better security for liberty than an honest protectorate or presidency. Freedom of conscience and responsible government were the only *just* objects for which the revolutionists contended. These have been effectively secured, and the rest was a dream. It was a dream, we suppose, because it failed. Although in this world of shortcomings, there are failures which are nobler than success, which, even in defeat, are a promise of far other issues hereafter.

The Puritans, indifferent to ministerial responsibility, and very imperfectly appreciating liberty, aimed at establishing a government, not human but divine ; at a rule of the best and holiest of living men, a polity conducted absolutely and literally on the law of the Most High God. This was their desire, which, though they might not accomplish it for wise good reasons, was a very noble desire ; and their failure, if that had been all, would have furnished matter for unmixed regret.

But the Puritans, with this divine law, would have established, also, their platforms, their confessions, their schemes of salvation ; and they were not any more to bind the souls of men in those fetters. The essential thing was still buried in a doctrinal system ; and only when a nobler Puritanism rises in a larger and purer spirit, will it assert its right successfully to earthly sovereignty.

Such a sovereignty will not be gained, however, by constitutional methods ; Parliament will not vote it ; nor Governments further it, be they ever so responsible. To Parliament, to Government, to politicians like M. Guizot, that it should come at all must appear but the mischievous imagination of enthusiasts. Be it so. Time will judge who

are wise and who are the dreamers; meanwhile let the writer of this book have our full thanks for it. He has laboured honestly to tell the truth, so far as he has been able to see the truth; and the limitations of his genius are perhaps a necessary consequence of his training as a practical statesman.

The two pages with which he concludes will furnish a favourable specimen of his style. He has spoken of the passionate demonstration of royalism which followed on the king's landing:—

“Mais quand de grandes questions ont fortement agité l'âme et la société humaine, il n'est pas au pouvoir des hommes de rentrer, à leur gré, dans le repos, et l'orage gronde encore au fond des cœurs, quand le ciel est redevenu serein sur les têtes. Au milieu de cette élan de joie, de confiance et d'espérance, auquel se livrait l'Angleterre, deux camps se formaient déjà aidement ennemis et destinés à rengager, d'abord obscurément, puis avec éclat, la guerre qui semblait finir.”

The first of these parties he describes as that of the court—composed of Catholics and libertines:—

“Tous deux de mœurs dissolues, l'un avec cynisme élégant et sec, l'autre avec une inconséquence choquante; tous deux adonnés à ces habitudes d'esprit, et de vie, à ces goûts, à ces vices qui font de la cour une école de corruption arrogante et frivole.”

He then, in colours as just and striking, thus describes the other:—

“Loin de la cour, dans les villes au sein d'une bourgeoisie laborieuse, dans les campagnes, chez des familles, de propriétaires, de fermiers, de labourours, se renfermèrent le protestantisme ardent et rigide, les mœurs sévères, et ce rude esprit de liberté qui ne s'inquiète ni des obstacles, ni des conséquences, endureit les hommes pour eux-mêmes, comme envers leurs ennemis, et leur fait dédaigner les maux qu'ils subissent ou qu'ils infligent, pourvu qu'ils accomplissent leur devoir et satisfassent leur passion en maintenant leur droit. La restauration laissait à peine entrevoir ses tendances, et déjà les Puritains se roidissaient contre elle, méprisés en attendant qu'ils fussent proscrits, mais passionnément dévoués, n'importe à quelles risques et avec quelle issue, au service de leur foi et de leur cause; sectaires farouches et souvent factieux, mais défenseurs et martyrs indomptables de la religion protestante, de l'austérité morale, et des libertés de leur pays Le temps de guerre civile était passé; celui des luttes et des transactions parlementaires commençait. L'empire de la religion protestante et l'influence décisive du pays dans son gouvernement c'était là le but que l'Angleterre avait poursuivi. Tout en mandissant la révolution qu'elle appelait la rébellion, l'Angleterre royaliste s'apprêtait à le poursuivre encore, et à ne se reposer qu'après l'avoir atteint.”

Another volume of the *Life of Washington* has appeared,² containing the events of three additional years, 1777, 1778, and 1779. The story is lengthening itself out. Originally it was to have been completed in two volumes: a fourth will now barely bring us to the close of the war; and Washington, as the legislator, the patriot founder of the Republic, will still remain to be described. It is a pleasure to think of Washington Irving as being employed on so grand a subject in the mellow autumn of his age; we could wish, however, that he had

² “*Life of George Washington.*” By Washington Irving. Vol. 3. London: Henry John, 1856.

undertaken it something earlier,—in the elastic days of the “Sketch Book” and “Knickerbocker.” The incidents are gracefully arranged, and are full of interest. In the present instalment we have the campaign of Burgoyne, and Saratoga surrendered; the triumphs of Washington’s rival, General Gates; and the greater triumphs of Washington himself in enduring successions of defeats. Yet the story is too rapidly put together. It reads like a succession of events rather than of actions; and the functions of the historian, in separating the accidental from the essential, in bringing out the character, the living will, mind, and energy of the men engaged in the work, are imperfectly visible. We find rather material for a history of the war, than a biography of the greatest man who has appeared in this world since Oliver Cromwell. The heroic “life,” we regret to think, will have yet to be written.

We must not, however, be ungrateful to Mr. Irving, or complain, when he gives us, in his old age, such treasures as remain to him, that the golden veins of his youth are less productive than they were. The book is still excellent; and he disappoints only in comparison with himself. The most remarkable novelty in this volume is the intrigue of the anti-Washington party in Congress, to depose him from the command of the army, and supersede him in favour of Gates. It is the old story. There never was a great man yet who was not hated precisely in proportion to his nobleness:—

“The following anecdote,” says Mr. Irving, “is furnished us by the son of Governor Jay, one of our purest and most illustrious statesmen:—

“Shortly before the death of John Adams, I was sitting alone with my father, conversing about the American Revolution. Suddenly he remarked, ‘Ah! William: the history of that Revolution will never be known. Nobody now alive knows it, but John Adams and myself.’ Surprised at such a declaration, I asked him to what he referred? He briefly replied, ‘The proceedings of the old Congress.’ Again I inquired, ‘What proceedings?’ He answered, ‘Those against Washington.’ ‘From first to last, there was a most bitter party against him.’ As the old Congress always sat with closed doors, the public knew no more of what passed within than what it was deemed expedient to disclose.”

In the *Memoirs of Elkanah Watson* we have a book which bears upon the same period, and introduces us indirectly to many of the same persons whom we meet in Mr. Irving’s pages on the large stage history. Elkanah Watson was born in America, in 1758. Circumstances threw him early into public life. His passion was the pursuit of all manner of persons in any way distinguished; and being little-minded in a very intense degree, his habit was to observe and record all the little traits of such persons, all such peculiarities and oddities as escaped common observation. Such a man will always write an amusing book; and Watson’s opportunities enabled him to write one even more than usually amusing. At the outbreak of the Revolution, being then a mere boy, he was sent to France on a commercial speculation. By combined shrewdness and good luck he made a rapid fortune; and finding himself on the sunny side of things, he thought it necessary to

* * * “Men and Times of the Revolution; or, Memoirs of Elkanah Watson.” Edited by his son, Winslow C. Watson. London: Sampson and Low. 1856.

be what is called, technically, "a gentleman." French manners became delightful to him. We hear perpetually of "the habits of polished society," the fool's paradise with which he longed to become a denizen. And ashamed of his American awkwardnesses, which kept him outside the charmed circle, he consulted, in his perplexity, no less a person than John Adams, then at Paris with Franklin.

Adams replied with advice which Watson would not have needed, had he been rational enough to profit by it:—

"You tell me, sir," ran the answer, "that you wish to cultivate your manners: and since you have had so much confidence in me, as to write to me on this occasion, permit me to take the liberty of advising you to cultivate the manners of your own country, not those of Europe. Depend upon this,—the more decisively you adhere to a manly simplicity in your dress, equipage, and behaviour, the more you will devote yourself to business and study, and the less to dissipation and pleasure, the more you will recommend yourself to every man and woman in this country whose friendship and acquaintance is worth your gaining and wishing."

Watson kept the note, as a great man's autograph, put it in his portfolio, and went his way. He learnt his "manners" as he wished, painted himself like a butterfly, and flitted about in the sunshine. He drifted among other places across the Channel, describing, in his minute style, the England of the last century, as it seemed to a Parisianized American. He made acquaintance with Lord Shelburne, with Burke, with Fox, and many other notabilities. He was in the House of Lords, and close to the throne, when George the Third recognised the Independence of the United States; and, with his gossiping curiosity and petty observation, he has rendered better service to history than many a wiser man.

By-and-by he goes back to Paris. The fortune which has grown so lightly, flies as it came; and, a little after, the much-admired "polished society" follows too, swept away before a sirocco to the place prepared for it. Elkanah, however, remains to appearance much what he was. He moralizes on mutability in the usual style. With all his folly he has shrewdness, humour, and a tough American nature in him. He recrosses the Atlantic, begins life over again, and soon elbows himself into prominence. He becomes a patron of all manner of improvements, member of learned societies, president of associations for the improvement of agriculture,—the gossiping nature still predominant in him; yet, on the whole, a harmless, perhaps a useful, and certainly an amusing member of human society. Thus it is with him for fifty more years; and at length, an octogenarian, after having lived through the revolutions which have determined the fates of the modern world, and passed his life under the influence of changes which have been the opening of a new era among mankind, he dies, in 1842, a brisk, giddy, sprightly boy to the last.

His autobiography unfortunately terminates on his return from Europe; and the conclusion by his son is without the freshness of the earlier portions. So far as his own work goes, however, no novel which we have read of late years contains anything like the same amount of entertainment.

From among the crowd of anecdotes we select the following:—

“About the year 1780,” says he, “the notorious Tom Payne arrived at Nantes, as secretary to Colonel Lawrence. He was coarse and uncouth in his manners, loathsome in his appearance, and a disgusting egotist; rejoicing most in talking of himself, and reading the effusions of his own mind. Yet I could not repress the deepest emotions of gratitude towards him, as the instrument of Providence in accelerating the declaration of our Independence. The name of Payne was precious to every Whig heart, and had resounded throughout Europe.”

Payne, it seems, was offensively dirty. He had been fumigated with sulphur for some unmentioned disorder, and was not approachable. Watson’s “emotions,” therefore, were of a mixed kind; and he requited something of his obligations by making the champion of liberty more presentable:—

“I took the liberty,” Watson continues, “on his asking the loan of a clean shirt, of speaking to him frankly of his dirty appearance and brimstone odour; and I prevailed upon him to stay for an hour in a hot bath. He accompanied me to the bath, when I instructed the keeper, in French (which Payne did not understand), to gradually increase the heat of the water until *le monsieur était bien bouillé*. I gave him a file of English newspapers, and he became so much absorbed in his reading, that he was nearly parboiled before leaving the bath—much to his improvement and my satisfaction.”

Two other memoirs lie before us, of men who were Elkanah Watson’s contemporaries: one of them, with whom he was probably acquainted at Paris, whose biographer would have done better if he had left him to the oblivion which had nearly covered his memory; the other, though less known to the world, whose place is among the noblest natures of the past century.

If it be sufficient excuse for the publication of a book that it can be read without fatigue, in the idlest hour and the idlest mood, the “Life of Beaumarchais”⁴ may pass without censure. What end it is to answer, either of information, instruction, or real racy amusement, it is hard to say. Of all clever men, Beaumarchais was one of the most hopelessly trivial. Each age produces thousands neither worse nor better than he; neither more interesting or less. He was a profligate, witty, wholly selfish adventurer, whose memoirs illustrate the habits of such persons, and represent the character of the society in which they live.

In the hands of La Sage, his history might furnish materials for a novel like *Gil Blas*—for a sermon upon human worthlessness, wrapped up in satire. In the present volumes we have no satire, no irony, no sense apparently that there is occasion for irony. M. de Lomenie is a hero worshipper. He lays Beaumarchais before us as a model of all that is charming and brilliant—the Paris world in which he lived, as just what a world ought to be—and Baron de Beaumarchais the ideal man of pleasure who can make it yield its richest delights to him. Mr. Watson’s

• ⁴ “Beaumarchais and his Times. Sketches of French Society in the Eighteenth Century; from Unpublished Documents.” By Louis de Lomenie. Translated by Henry S. Edwards. In Four Volumes. Vols. 1 and 2. London: Adly and Co. 1856.

"polished society" is painted in all its reality: the French *noblesse* eating and drinking, duelling and fornicating, seducing their neighbours' wives, and winking their eyes as they are repaid in kind by the seduction of their own; and in the midst of it is the accomplished genius, with his bought patent of nobility, skipping to and fro in the congenial element, as if this, precisely this, was the conduct most becoming in a brilliant and highly-gifted man.

The French may, perhaps, take sufficient interest in the author of the "Marriage of Figaro," to tolerate these four volumes of epitaph; but for what class of English readers Mr. Edwards has taken the trouble to translate them, it is hard to say. It will be no fault of his, at all events, if the speculation fails; for the translating part of the business is executed admirably. For his sake, we will hope that we are narrow-minded critics; and that he will find the world more encouraging than "The Westminster Review."

It might be questioned in like manner, whether there was any occasion to translate the "Life of Frederick Perthes."⁵ And readers seeing two bulky volumes before them, and hearing, as most of them will hear, the name of Perthes for the first time, might answer with a decided negative. A foreigner with a merely local reputation, may be of interest to his friends. It is unreasonable, unless some special cause can be shown for doing so, to call on strangers to share their feelings with them. In the present instance, however, a few pages read at random anywhere will hold the translator excused for treating this book as an exception to the rule. And few persons can have read it to the end, without feeling that they have been brought in contact with a *man* in the emphatic sense of the word; and that their minds are the richer and the better for it.

Frederick Perthes was born in 1772. His family were moderately connected, but exceedingly poor; and at fourteen he was launched upon his own resources, as apprentice to a bookseller, to sink or swim as the case might be. In this situation he had to learn his trade; he had to learn to live; he had to educate himself, as we call it, in the usual forms of knowledge; and he succeeded so well, that by the time he was forty, with no help except from his own energy, he was at the head of one of the largest establishments in Hamburg; he was the intimate friend of all the great German thinkers of his day; and though in position but a tradesman, he was among the most influential leaders in Northern Germany during the rise against Napoleon.

His history from his manhood till his death is identified with the national movements, political and spiritual, round him. Niebuhr consulted him upon history; the chiefs of all the parties in theology, Jacobi, Schleiermacher, Neander, Stolberg, discoursed each their thoughts with Perthes. He seems to have been a universal referee, in whose wisdom the most opposite thinkers alike had confidence; whose heart and sympathy were always sure where any good was to be done.

⁵ "Memoirs of Frederick Perthes." From the German of Theodore Perthes, Professor of Law, in the University of Bonn. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1856.

Thus his biography is of world-wide interest; and his correspondence illustrates the entire religious life of his country during the present century. The characteristic of his mind is a calm good sense, which is never worked into excitement, never excited, except where there is some injustice or iniquity for him to hate. After the usual oscillations of his first youth, he became strictly and literally a Christian. His conviction of the truth of Christianity deepened with each year which he lived; but fanaticism of all kinds, orthodox or unorthodox, rationalistic, spiritualistic, pantheistic, was alike distasteful to him; and he is the only person we have heard of, who has combined a real belief in the ordinary creed, with a charity equally real towards those who have rejected that creed.

In what Christian writer of this or any other age, can we find a parallel either for piety or charity with the following passage? and let us remember, that Perthes was no eloquent talker for talking's sake. He said what he thought—that—and nothing else:—

“Were I to consider the champions of Rationalism apart from their antecedents, I should certainly view them with reprobation; but how few men have made themselves what they are! With few exceptions the inward man, like the outward position, is determined by circumstances; and I myself can remember the circumstances in which most of these men grew up. When I was a child, enlightenment was in the place of religion, and freemasonry in that of the Church. Men of culture knew the Bible only by hearsay, and looked with pity on the peasant and mechanic who still read it. During the first ten years of my establishment in Hamburg, I sold but a single Bible, except to a few bookbinders in neighbouring country towns; and I remember very well a good sort of man who came into my shop for a Bible, and took great pains to assure me that it was for a person about to be confirmed, fearing lest I should suppose it was for himself. There is something deeply affecting to me in Schiller's “*Gods of Greece*,” that mirror of the impression made on an earnest spirit by the rigid intellectuality and dismal unbelief of the age. You see there a man of lofty aspirations venting his fury upon routine and hireling preachers, and painfully working his way to that living God who communicates with man by love. He only can be unjust to Schiller who knows not the wrathful melancholy of the breast which heaves with longings for help, yet contains no nursery memories of the Christian faith. He only can condemn him who cannot understand a man who would fain hold intercourse with the living God, yet finds nothing in his age but the god of intellect enthroned in astronomical majesty, insipid and impassible. *How many noble men have I known upright and true, full of humility and love, who were not only strangers but even enemies to Christian doctrine. Who dare pronounce how they, as individuals and in their inmost life, were related to God, whether and how they were, after all, attracted by the grace of God.*”

We have marked other passages for extraction, of no less excellence. We can make space, however, only for a single sentence.

A friend residing at a distance wrote to Perthes, complaining that in his ripe age he was troubled and humiliated by temptations which he had never experienced before, and which he was too weak to resist. Perthes replied to him thus, and we recommend his words to the meditation of philosophers:—

• “He who is assailed by passion as you are, is not old, no matter how many years he can count. It is exceedingly humiliating to find oneself overcome by

the animal powers; but when they fail, it is not the man who has left sin, but sin which has left the man; and he will find it not easier, but more difficult to rise up to God. In this world war is life, peace is death—and we must battle on to the end to gain the crown."

A third biographical picture will interest students of the history of Frederick the Great: Chasot⁶ was a French officer, who, having been engaged in an unfortunate duel during the war of 1734 between France and Austria, took refuge in the Prussian camp. Being a witty and fascinating person, he attracted the attention of Frederick, then Crown Prince, and became his most attached and intimate companion. He served with eminent distinction in Frederick's first campaign, on one occasion saving his master's life by a special piece of gallantry. His temper, however, was haughty—he was spoiled by prosperity;—and after a quarrel, in which he was deeply if not wholly to blame, he left Prussia, and ultimately settled down into the post of Commandant of Lübeck. Here he found an opportunity of repaying Frederick's kindness. The friends were reconciled, and Chasot was admitted to the best privileges of an old servant, and was with the King at his death.

The book is very well written—quietly and gracefully—with no superlatives and no extravagances—a great subject is drawn with an unaffected pencil. Frederick's court and camp are brought vividly before us, Frederick himself appearing as a very noble figure; not as a saint, indeed, but with a rich, mellow, heathen humanity about him, which reminds us of Cæsar. We make our acknowledgments to the writer as having done limited but genuine service to history.

Passing from Biography to Voyages and Travels, we must offer our thanks also to Mr. C. J. Andersen,⁷ who, if he has done nothing else, has at least put an end to a lie which was beginning to gain credence among us. African missionaries, penetrating some little distance inwards from the south-eastern side of the continent, recently brought information, which they received second-hand from Arab travellers, of a vast fresh-water lake far in the interior, described as being of enormous dimensions—as nothing less than a great inland sea. Frequenters of the Geographical Society's meetings in Whitehall have observed in consequence, on the site which used to be marked in the maps as a sandy desert, a blue spot, about the size of the Caspian, in the shape of a hideous inflated leech. We trusted that a more accurate survey would correct the extreme frightfulness of the supposed form. Mr. Andersen, however, has spared us further excitement. The lake turns out to be a mirage—a mythus with the smallest conceivable nucleus of fact. On the very spot occupied by this great blue leech—longitude E. from Greenwich 23, latitude 20.21—he found a small speck of bitter water (not fresh), something more than twenty miles

⁶ "Chasot." Zur Geschichte Friedrich's des Grossen und seiner Zeit." Von Kurd von Schlotzer. Berlin: Verlag von Wilhelm Hertz. 1856.

⁷ "Andersen's Lake Ngami. Explorations and Discoveries during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of South Western Africa." By Charles John Andersen. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

across, or the size of Lough Corrib, in Galway. So perishes a phantom which has excited London geographers for a whole season.

In other respects Mr. Andersen's book is rather a sporting journal than an account of scientific discoveries. He is a dashing adventurer—more of an adept with his rifle than with sextant and barometer, and better skilled in tracking lions than in analysing soils and strata. He did his best, however, like an honest man, to make his expedition profitable. He provided himself with instruments at the Cape, and went through a training in the use of them. He could take a latitude and longitude as we see, and thereby extinguish a falsehood; while for ordinary matters, which require rather good sense than particular acquirements—for the general features of the country, the climate, the rivers, and the native tribes—his power of observation is equal to that of travellers generally, and he can tell what he has seen in plain, straightforward language.

The talent of Mr. Burton⁸ is vastly greater than that of Mr. Andersen; but he has failed, though with an equally new subject, to write an equally amusing book. He is rather a man to do great things than to write a great account of them; and we regret, for the sake of his reputation, that he should have made over his journals to the booksellers, as he seems to have done, all loose and undigested, as a trading speculation. His expedition to Mecca was an exploit without parallel for skill and daring; and in the story which he wrote of it he showed considerable careless ability as a writer. At every page, however, we were forced to feel how much better he might have made his work if he had taken pains with it; and his present volume is more gravely open to the same objections. It labours under the sin (unpardonable in the production of so extremely clever a man) of being dull. The subject is new, we are full of curiosity to learn about it, but we are hungry, and are not fed, we are thirsty, and find no drink. The substance of one page is diluted into ten—a hastily-kept, tame journal of an expedition full of sameness has been made over to the compositors as it stood, with neither anecdote to make it lively, nor thought to make it rich. While complaining of the book, we must express, at the same time, our admiration of the exploit which it relates. The writer only is to blame—the man is all which a man ought to be. It seems that Aden is an unhealthy station, and that on the opposite coast of Africa, to the south of the Straits of Babel Mandeb, there lies a district equally convenient for the purpose of a naval station, where the troops, instead of being cooped up in a fever-stricken peninsula, may have free command of an open, airy, and cheerful country. It is inhabited by half-barbarous tribes of bastard Bedouins, called Somals. They have given us trouble by murdering the crews of vessels which have been wrecked on their shores; and it has become at length desirable that we should by some means attempt to reclaim these tribes, perhaps gain a settlement among them, with other possible consequences in the distance. As a preliminary to after negotiations it was necessary to commence an

⁸ "First Footsteps in East Africa; or, Explorations of Haran." By Richard F. Burton, Bombay Army. London: Longman, Brown, and Co. 1856.

acquaintance with the ruler of the country, the Emir of Haran, a town a hundred and twenty miles from the coast. The Emir had a bad reputation. His den was like the lion's in the fable; the foot-prints of travellers in that direction pointed all one way—approach to Haran was easy—escape from it not so easy. The man, however, who had ventured into Mēcca would venture anywhere. Burton offered to carry letters in the disguise of an Arab: he would spy out the country and report upon it. In the winter of 1854-5 he set out on his adventure, and with careless audacity duly accomplished his task—accomplished it, also, we observe, in the character of an Englishman—for in the course of his journey he threw off his disguise, and travelled in his proper person as an officer from Aden.

Turning once more to another subject—observing persons will have noticed a change of late in the tone of English feeling upon foreign politics. Terrified in the year 1848 by the bugbear of socialism, we allowed our government to be false to our national colours, and threw the weight of the country upon the side of the despots. The Hungarians were misrepresented into rebels; the Germans were called dreamers; and the Italians fanatics and assassins. Louis Napoleon was permitted to crush the dawning liberties of Rome. Austria raised her triumphal gibbets in Milan and Prague, in Vienna and in Pesth; and England, not unanimous happily, but, with the voice of its government and of a parliamentary majority, said to these things—"well done."

Much has happened since then. The Russian war among other things, and a seven per cent. income-tax: traceable, very distinctly, to our mistakes on those occasions. The Austrian delusion has been tried, and exposed itself. Austria is no longer the protector of order, the champion of religion, the European necessity. Francis Joseph is replaced in our sympathies by Victor Emmanuel; and the editor of *The Times* is converted into a "friend of Italy."

In this improved temper the English public will welcome a little book⁹ recording the escape of an Italian patriot from the strongest dungeon in the Peninsula. The life of Felice Orsini, in the language even of the judge who sentenced him to death, is a romance. In his childhood he swore, like Hannibal, to spend his life in fighting against the enemies of his country. He has fought, conspired, intrigued; devoted himself, heart and soul, to the idea in which his whole being has been absorbed. Three times he has been imprisoned. At length, on his fourth capture, fate seemed to have overtaken him. He was lying in the fortress at Mantua daily expecting his execution, when he contrived to break his way out of a cage which might have baffled the skill of Jack Sheppard.

The cell in which he was confined was a hundred feet from the ground. The window by which it was lighted was seven feet above the floor, and was secured by three separate gratings, of iron—one within the other. Thirteen times a-day he was inspected by his keepers, and he admits that, although he threw them off their guard,

⁹ "The Austrian Dungeons in Italy." By Felice Orsini.

they were too faithful to be corrupted. The means by which he escaped (or as much of those means as he chooses to tell) form the subject of the present narrative. Saws were conveyed to him by some secret friend. He cut through the bars, committed himself to a rope knotted out of strips of his sheets, and with a twisted ankle, bruised and battered, but still able to crawl, he dropped into the ditch of the fortress. The worst was over—but not all: he crept to the gate of the city; but it was locked, and would not be opened till morning, when his escape would be discovered. His maimed leg disabled him, and he was unable to scale the wall: giving himself up for lost, he lay down under its side, and, strange to say, slept. It was dawn when he awoke. The clocks were striking a quarter to six; at six the keeper would enter his cell, and his flight would be discovered. The gates were unlocked, but he was unable to move. Presently some peasants passed. He whispered to them that he was an escaped political prisoner; and the freemasonry of a common patriotism sowed him friends. With a little help he dragged himself past the sentinels; and there the details of his story are prudently ended. He was spirited away, and the Austrians saw him no more. Armies of soldiers were on the prowl to secure him. Across the frontier he was dogged by assassins; and in Paris he was in peril from the lynx-eyed police of the good brother of Francis Joseph—but in vain. A mystic invisible influence interpenetrates the Continent, uniting all friends of freedom in a common brotherhood. The escape, under such circumstances, of this one prisoner, is as a hand-writing on the wall gone out against the “restorers of European order.” They are weighed in the balance, and found wanting.

We have much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the appearance of a new work in Italian, “A History of the Reign of Victor Amadeus II.”¹⁰ This reign, extending from 1680 to 1730, embraces by far the most important, most interesting; most characteristic period of the history of old Piedmont; and Victor Amadeus, the last of the dukes and the first of the kings, is the most striking type of a Savoy prince, a fine specimen of the activity, versatility, unwearied ambition, unscrupulous conscience, and chameleon-like policy, which distinguished the whole race.

Placed from early youth at the head of a small State, encompassed by difficulties and dangers to daunt the bravest spirit, he fought his way amidst the battles of Europe, regardless of his engagements to friends or allies, who on their part little scrupled to play false to him, but always true and staunch to the cause of his country, and of all Italy, no less than to that of his house and monarchy. He had certainly the cleverest and coolest head amongst the sovereigns his contemporaries, and his heart was at least no worse than that of many who have gone down to posterity with the titles of *Grand-Monarque*, or of father of his people. Marchionesses were the bane of his life. He was cajoled for many years by a cunning, heartless Frenchwoman,

¹⁰ “Storia del Regno di Vittorio Amedeo II.” Scritta da Domenico Carutti, (History of the Reign of Victor Amadeus II.) Turin. 1856.

whom he created Marchioness of Verona, who was in daily correspondence with the French court, and sold him and his State secrets to the French ambassador, to whom she was more partial than to the king. Another lady, his subject, by him raised to the rank of Marchioness of Spigno, inveigled him to a left-handed marriage when he was above sixty years old—tempted him to abdicate—then to claim back his crown—engaged him, in an unnatural spite against his own son and his ministers, and brought about those tragic scenes which ended with the arrest, hard imprisonment, madness, and frantic death of the old king.

Signor Carutti has worked many years at these interesting volumes, has brought to light many interesting documents out of the Turin archives, and his work must be regarded as a very important addition to our historical and diplomatic knowledge of that important period. The style is easy, flowing, stately, and graceful. We hear with great satisfaction that M. Carutti is now busy with a "Diplomatic History of the House of Savoy."

BELLES LETTRES.

EVERY reader of Lessing's "Laokoon" remembers his masterly distinction between the methods of presentation in poetry and the plastic arts—the acumen and the aptness of illustration with which he shows how the difference in the materials wherewith the poet and painter or sculptor respectively work, and the difference in their mode of appeal to the mind, properly involve a difference in their treatment of a given subject. Virgil adds to the effect of his description by making his Laocoon shriek with agony; the words, *clamores horrendos ad sidera tollit*, do not suggest a distorted mouth, but simply intensify in our imagination the conception of suffering. But the sculptor did not attempt to render this detail, because he could have given us nothing else than the distorted mouth, which would merely have been rigid ugliness, exciting in us no tragic emotion. And the same fine instinct which has here guided the sculptor to a different method of treatment from that of the epic poet, is needed in the dramatist. "It is one thing," says Lessing, "to be told that some one shrieked, and another to hear the shriek itself." The narrative is a suggestion, and addresses the imagination only; but the dramatic representation attacks the sense. On the other hand, the poet would be under an equal mistake if he adopted all the symbolism and detail of the painter and sculptor, since he has at his command the media of speech and action, and it is the absence of these which their symbolism is intended to supply.

This reference to the "Laokoon" has been prompted by Mr. Dobell's new volume of poems, "England in Time of War."¹ In cer-

¹ "England in Time of War." By Sydney Dobell, Author of "Balder," and "The Roman." London: Smith and Elder.

tain peculiarities of these poems we see something analogous to that mistake of confounding the methods proper to distinct arts, against which Lessing directs his trenchant arguments. Almost every critic has noticed, and noticed in order to condemn, the extravagance with which the author uses that device of iteration which, under proper restraint, forms the delicately-shaded boundary where lyric poetry melts into music proper. What ear has not delighted in that *refrain* of Tennyson's:—

“Blow, bugles, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying!”?

Here is the song of speech in its utmost legitimate affinity with the song of pure sound; just indicating that surplus of sensation and emotion which transcends the power of articulate language and awaits its full expression in music. But Mr. Dobell's iteration, instead of escaping him as an inevitable climax, is an elaborate appliance by which he undertakes to make words perform the functions of musical notes; and he sometimes even surpasses in monotony the “burthen” of the early English and Scottish ballads. For example, we have more than a page of stanzas varying no more from each other than the two following:—

“Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold!
Oh the winter stark,
Oh the level dark
On the wold, the wold, the wold!”

“Oh the wold, the wold,
Oh the wold, the wold!
Oh the mystery
Of the blasted tree
On the wold, the wold, the wold!”

Iteration is a necessity to the primitive mind, because there is no other resource for the expression of persistent emotion; thought or art is not yet complex enough to clothe the same feeling in a perpetually varied form. But under a condition of high culture, this primitive monotony becomes intolerable; and when a modern writer recurs to it, the only impression he is likely to produce on his readers is, that he is inadequate to the expression of his idea through his proper medium of thought-suggesting speech, and that, unable to attain an effect by genuine art, he resorts to a mere trick; as angry people who are unable to say cutting things, fall to making faces. But Mr. Dobell gives too many proofs of power for us to attribute this practice of iteration to the negative cause of incompetence, so we must conclude it to be one of those perversities or idiosyncrasies which have condemned the productions of many a man of genius to be the predilection of the few, instead of being the delight of the many. A kindred perversity is his frequent preference of the obscure and far-fetched to that large simplicity of expression and imagery which he occasionally shows us that he can command. These are the reasons why many uncritical readers, after trying several of the poems, lay down his book with baffled weariness; and why supercilious critics, after picking out a few extravagances, treat it

with unmeasured scorn. But reviewers who pronounce "England in Time of War" a worthless or contemptible book, and who rank Mr. Dobell among the poets who mistake incoherence for inspiration, remind us of the worthy magistrate in "Peveril of the Peak," who wields his "Protestant fall" with immense force only to bring it round with a tremendous thump on his own skull. We are not enthusiastic admirers either of Mr. Dobell or of the school of poetry to which he belongs, but we can at least see that he is a man of deep thought and sensibility, essentially a poet, and earnest though aberrant in the pursuit of his art;—in fact, a man who is not to be extinguished either by Mr. Giltinan's praise or Mr. Gigadibs' condemnation.

"England in Time of War" is a series of lyrics, representing the emotions of those who are left at home to bear the passive sorrows of war, and of those who go out to brave its active perils. It is the story of the war told, not in its outward events, but in the mental experience of the men and women who are actors and sufferers in it. We have English life in all its grades, from Lady Constance, who muses on—

"Her love, her lord,
Leaning so gaudily on his jewelled sword,"

to the milkmaid whose Harry is a likely lad to "go a sodgering" We have lyrical strains varying in loftiness from a Miltonic "Prayer of the Understanding," to the simple pathos of the old farmer's lament—

"Tis a poor world, this, boys,
And Tommy's dead."

In many of the poems which represent peasant life, Mr. Dobell has employed the Lowland Scotch as, in his opinion, the most typical and poetical Dialect; but probably the readers who will sympathise with his admiration for this dialect will be in the minority; and if we wanted proof that no dialect is necessary for suggesting to the imagination the peculiar turn and flavour of uncultured thought and feeling, we might adduce the poem just referred to, "Tommy's dead."

Much of the writing in this volume, we confess, makes us impatient; it is sometimes eccentric and puerile, sometimes enigmatic—capricious ingenuity which puzzles our intellect, not poetry which coerces our souls. But we have never turned over two or three pages in irritation without being arrested by some passage of simple pathos, or of exquisite rhythmic melody laden with fresh and felicitous thought. Here is a father mourning over his son:—

"Aye, where art thou? Men, tell me of a fame
Walking the wondering nations; and they say,
When thro' the shouting people thy great name
Goes, they stand upon a battle-day,
They shake the heavens with glory. Well-away!

"As some poor soul that thro' thronged street and square
Pursues his loved lost lord, and fond and fast
Seeks what he feels to be but feels not where,
Tracks the dear feet to some closed door at last,
And lies him down and lonest looks doth cast;—

“So I, thro’ all the long tumultuous days,
Tracing thy footstep on the human sands,
O’er the sign’d deserts and the vocal ways
Pursue thee, faithful, thro’ the echoing lands,
Wearing a wandering staff with trembling hands;

“Thro’ echoing lands that ring with victory,
And answer for the living with the dead,
And give me marble when I ask for bread,
And give me glory when I ask for thee—
It was not glory I nursed on my knee.”

A more sunny picture is “Afloat and Ashore,” where we have the wife coming to meet the husband. We can only quote the latter half:—

“I have come down to thee coming to me, love.

I stand, I stand

On the solid sand,

I see thee coming to me, love.

The sea runs up to me on the sand,

I start—’tis as if thou hadst stretched thine hand

And touched me thro’ the sea, love.

I feel as if I must lie,

For there’s something longs to fly,

Fly and fly, to thee, love.

As the blood of the flower ere she blows

Is beating up to the sun,

And her roots do hold her down,

And it blushes and breaks undone

In a rose,

So my blood is beating in me, love!

I see thee nigh and nigher,

And my soul leaps up like sudden fire,

My life’s in the air

To meet thee there,

To meet thee coming to me, love!

Over the sea,

Coming to me,

Coming, and coming to me, love!

“The boats are lowered: I leap in first,

Pull, boys, pull! or my heart will burst!

More! more!—lend me an oar!—

I’m thro’ the breakers! I’m on the shore!

I see thee waiting for me, love!

“A sudden storm

Of sighs and tears,

A clenching arm,

A look of years.

In my bosom a thousand cries,

A flash like light before my eye

And I am lost in thee, love!”

The poem called “Home, wounded!” has more of the author’s peculiar manner: the iteration is abundant, but less offensive than elsewhere; and we think the whole poem at once original and beautiful.

The trained hero, now in the shelter of his English home, is being wheeled out by his brothers to the sunshine, talking, meanwhile, of the favourite old spots where he should like to be taken, and giving vent to his sense of repose arising from the thought that his work is done—

"And all the toils tasked till of the difficult long endeavour
Solved and quit by no more hue
Than these limbs of man."

Here is a fragment of the poem—

"— oh, to sit here thus in the sun,
To sit here, feeling my work is done,
While the sands of life so golden run,
And I watch the children's posies,
And my idle heart is whispering
'Bring whatever the years may bring,
The flowers will blossom the birds will sing,
And there'll always be primroses'
* * * * *

"My soul lies out like a basking hound,
A hound that dreams and dozes;
Along my life my length I lay,
I fill to-morrow and yesterday,
I am warm with the suns that have long since set,
I am warm with the summers that are not yet,
And like one who dreams and dozes
Softly afloat on a sunny sea,
Two worlds are whispering over me,
And there blows a wind of roses
From the backward shore to the shore before,
From the shore before to the backward shore,
And like two clouds that meet and pour
Each thro' each, till core in core
A single self reposes,
The nevermore with the evermore
Above me mingles and closes;
As my soul lies out like the basking hound,
And wherever it lies dreams happy ground,
And when, awakened by some sweet sound,
A dreamy eye unelopes,
I see a blooming world around,
And I lie amid primroses—
Years of sweet primroses,
Springs of fresh primroses,
Springs to be, and springs for me
Of distant dim primroses."

We have three other volumes of recent verse before us. The best is "St. Bartholomew's Day, and other Poems,"²—unaffected, and not ungraceful. The Rev. Archer Gurney's "Songs of Early Summer"³ are robustly commonplace, like a bed of marigolds; and Mrs. Machell's

² "St. Bartholomew's Day, and other Poems." By Stewart Lockyer. London: Saunders and Otley.

³ "Songs of Early Summer." By the Rev. Archer Gurney. London: Longman and Co.

"Poems" are *passable vers de société*, such as, doubtless, "friend will flatter, prudent foes forbear." We confess that these modern verses have not tempted us to linger so long over them as the selection of "Early Ballads," edited by Mrs. Bell—a well-chosen selection, both for interest and variety. "The old chivalry of the Marches," says the editor, "is here amply reflected. The ancient love-ballad has its popular representative; the legends of the Round Table contribute a snatch of characteristic lore; Robin Hood and Little John are exhibited under their greenwood tree, and in some of their lawless exploits; the traditions of the feuds and raids of the North, and the local tales which re-people many an ancient fortress and crumbling ruin are abundantly scattered through our pages." Clearly, a very acceptable addition to the series of slim and easily legible volumes forming the "Annotated Edition of the English Poets."

At length we have Mrs. Stowe's new novel,⁶ and for the last three weeks there have been men, women, and children reading it with rapt attention—laughing and sobbing over it—lingering with delight over its exquisite landscapes, its scenes of humour, and tenderness, and rude heroism—and glowing with indignation at its terrible representation of chartered barbarities. Such a book is an uncontrollable power, and critics who follow it with their objections and reservations—who complain that Mrs. Stowe's plot is defective, that she has repeated herself, that her book is too long and too full of hymns and religious dialogue, and that it creates an unfair bias—are something like men pursuing a prairie fire with desultory watering-cans. In the meantime, "Dred" will be devoured by the million, who carry no critical talisman against the enchantments of genius. We confess ourselves to be among the million, and quite unfit to rank with the sage minority of Fadladeens. We have been too much moved by "Dred" to determine with precision how far it is inferior to "Uncle Tom;" too much impressed by what Mrs. Stowe has done to be quite sure that we can tell her what she ought to have done. Our admiration of the book is quite distinct from any opinions or hesitations we may have as to the terribly difficult problems of Slavery and Abolition—problems which belong to quite other than "polite literature." Even admitting Mrs. Stowe to be mistaken in her views, and partial or exaggerated in her representations, "Dred" remains not the less a novel inspired by a rare genius—rare both in intensity and in range of power.

Looking at the matter simply from an artistic point of view, we see no reason to regret that Mrs. Stowe should keep to her original ground of negro and planter life, any more than that Scott should have introduced Highland life into "Rob Roy" and "The Fair Maid

⁴ "Poems and Translations," By Mrs. Macbeth, late Mrs. Torre Holme. London: J. W. Parker and Son.

⁵ "Early Ballads, Illustrative of History, Traditions, and Customs." Edited by Robert Bell. London: J. W. Parker and Son.

⁶ "Dred; a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp." By Harriet Beecher Stowe. London: Sampson Low and Co.

of Perth," when he had already written "Waverley." Mrs. Stowe has *invented* the Negro novel, and it is a novel not only fresh in its scenery and its manners, but possessing that *conflict of races* which Augustin Thierry has pointed out as the great source of romantic interest—*without* "Ivanhoe." Inventions in literature are not as plentiful as inventions in the palette and waterproof department, and it is rather amusing that we reviewers, who have, for the most part, to read nothing but imitations of imitations, should put on airs of tolerance towards Mrs. Stowe because she has written a second Negro novel, and make excuses for her on the ground that she perhaps would not succeed in any other kind of fiction. Probably she would not; for her genius seems to be of a very special character: her "Sunny Memories" were as feeble as her novels are powerful. But whatever else she may write, or may not write, "Uncle Tom" and "Dred" will assure her a place in that highest rank of novelists who can give us a national life in all its phases—popular and aristocratic, humorous and tragic, political and religious.

But Mrs. Stowe's novels have not only that grand element—conflict of races; they have another element equally grand, which she also shares with Scott, and in which she has, in some respects, surpassed him. This is the exhibition of a people to whom what we may call Hebraic Christianity is still a reality, still an animating belief, and by whom the theocratic conceptions of the Old Testament are literally applied to their daily life. Where has Scott done anything finer than the character of Balfour of Burley, the battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Brigg, and the trial of Ephraim MacBriar? And the character of Dred, the death scenes in the Swamp, and the Camp Meeting of Presbyterians and Methodists, will bear comparison—if we except the fighting—with the best parts of "Old Mortality." The strength of Mrs. Stowe's own religious feeling is a great artistic advantage to her here; she never makes you feel that she is coldly calculating an effect, but you see that she is all a-glow for the moment with the wild enthusiasm, the unreasoning faith, and the steady martyr-spirit of Dred, of Tiff, or of Father Dickson. But with this, she has the keen sense of humour which preserves her from extravagance and monotony; and though she paints her religious negroes *en beau*, they are always specifically negroes—she never loses hold of her characters, and lets dramatic dialogue merge into vague oratory. Indeed, here is her strongest point: her dramatic instinct is always awake; and whether it is the grotesque Old Tiff or the aerial Nina, the bluff sophist Father Bonin or the gentlemanly sophist Frank Russell, her characters are always like themselves; a quality which is all the more remarkable in novels animated by a vehement polemical purpose.

The objection which is patent to every one who looks at Mrs. Stowe's novels in an *argumentative* light, is also, we think, one of their artistic defects; namely, the absence of any proportionate exhibition of the negro character in its less amiable phases. Judging from her pictures, one would conclude that the negro race was vastly superior to the mass of whites, even in other than slave countries—a state of the case which would singularly defeat Mrs. Stowe's *satire* on the count of

those who call Slavery a "Christianizing Institution." If the negroes are really so very good, slavery has answered as moral discipline. But apart from the argumentative suicide involved in this one-sidedness, Mrs. Stowe loses by it the most terribly tragic element in the relation of the two races—the Nemesis lurking in the vices of the oppressed. She alludes to demoralization among the slaves, but she does not depict it; and yet why should she shrink from this, since she does not shrink from giving us a full-length portrait of a Legree or a Tom Gordon?

It would be idle to tell anything about the story of a work which is, or soon will be, in all our readers' hands; we only render our tribute to it as a great novel, leaving to others the task of weighing it in the political balance.

Close upon "Dred" we have read Mr. Charles Reade's novel—"It is Never Too Late to Mend;"⁷ also a remarkable fiction, and one that sets vibrating very deep chords in our nature, yet presenting a singular contrast with "Dred," both in manner and in the essential qualities it indicates in the writer. Mr. Reade's novel opens with some of the true pathos to be found in English country life: the honest young farmer, George Fielding, unable to struggle against "bad times" and an exhausted farm; is driven to Australia to seek the fortune that will enable him to marry Susan Merton, the woman he loves. It then carries us, with a certain Robinson, a clever thief, who has been rusticated as George Fielding's lodger, to the gaol, and makes us shudder at the horrors of the separate and silent system, administered by an ignorant and brutal gaoler, while we follow with keen interest the struggle of the heroic chaplain against this stupid iniquity—thus bringing home the tragedy of Birmingham gaol to people whose sympathies are more easily roused by fiction than by bare fact. Then it takes us to Australia, and traces George Fielding's fortunes and misfortunes—first through the vicissitudes of the Australian "sheep-run," and then through the fierce drama of gold-digging—bringing him home at last with four thousand pounds in his pocket, in time to prevent his Susan from marrying his worst enemy.

In all the three "acts" of this novel, so to speak, there are fine situations, fine touches of feeling, and much forcible writing; especially while the scene is in the Gaol, the best companion who drops in you will probably regard as a bore, and will become earnest in inviting to remain only when you perceive he is determined to go. Again, honest George Fielding's struggles, renewed at the antipodes, and lightened by the friendship of Carlo the dog—of the reformed thief, Robinson—and of the delightful "Jacky," the Australian native—are a thread of interest which you pursue with eagerness to the dénouement. "Jacky" is a thoroughly fresh character, entirely unlike any other savage *frotté de civilisation*, and drawn with exquisite yet sober humour. In the English scenes every one who has seen anything of life amongst our farmers will recognise many truthful, well-observed touches: the little "tiff" between the brothers George

⁷ "It is Never Too Late to Mend." A Matter of Fact Romance. By Charles Reade. In Three Vols. Bentley.

and William Fielding, old Merton's way of thinking, and many traits of manner in the heroine, Susan Merton. In short, "It is Never Too Late to Mend" is one of the exceptional novels to be read not merely by the idle and the half-educated, but by the busy and the thoroughly informed.

Nevertheless, Mr. Reade's novel does not rise above the level of cleverness: we feel throughout the presence of remarkable talent, which makes effective use of materials, but nowhere of the genius which absorbs material, and reproduces it as a "living whole, in which you do not admire the ingenuity of the workman, but the vital energy of the producer. Doubtless there is a great deal of nonsense talked about genius and inspiration, as if genius did not and must not labour; but, after all, there remains the difference between the writer who thoroughly possesses you by his creation, and the writer who only awakens your curiosity and makes you recognise his ability; and this difference may as well be called "genius" as anything else. Perhaps a truer statement of the difference is, that the one writer is himself thoroughly possessed by his creation—he lives *in* his characters; while the other remains outside them, and dresses them up. Here lies the fundamental contrast between Mrs. Stowe's novel and Mr. Reade's. Mrs. Stowe seems for the moment to glow with all the passion, to quiver with all the fun, and to be inspired with all the trust that belong to her different characters; she attains her finest dramatic effects by means of her energetic sympathy, and not by conscious artifice. Mr. Reade, on the contrary, seems always self-conscious, always elaborating a character after a certain type, and carrying his elaboration a little too far—always working up to situations, and over-doing them. The habit of writing for the stage misleads him into seeking after those exaggerated contrasts and effects which are accepted as a sort of rapid symbolism by a theatrical audience, but are utterly out of place in a fiction, where the time and means for attaining a result are less limited, and an impression of character or purpose may be given more nearly as it is in real life—by a sum of less concentrated particulars. In Mr. Reade's dialogue we are constantly imagining that we see a theatrical gentleman, well "made-up," delivering a *répétée* in an emphatic voice, with his eye fixed on the pit. To mention one brief example:—Hawes, the gaoler, tells Fry, the turnkey, after Mr. Eden's morning sermon on *theft*, that he approves of preaching *at* people. The same day there is an afternoon sermon on *cruelty*; whereupon Hawes remarks again to Fry, "I'll teach him to preach at people from the pulpit." "Well," answers Fry, "that is what I say, Sir: but you said you liked him to preach at folk?" "So I do," replied Hawes, angrily, "but not at me, ye fool!" This would produce a roar on the stage, and would seem a real bit of human nature; but in a novel one has time to be sceptical as to this extreme *naïveté* which allows a man to make palpable epigrams on himself.

In everything, Mr. Reade seems to distrust the effect of moderation and simplicity. His picture of gaol life errs by excess, and he wearies our emotion by taxing it too repeatedly; the admirable inspiration

which led him to find his hero and heroine among Berkshire homesteads, is counteracted by such puerile and incongruous efforts at the romantic and diabolical, as the introduction of the Jew, Isaac Levi, who is a mosaic character in more senses than one, and the far-seeing Machiavelianism of the top-booted Mr. Meadows; and even when he is speaking in his own person, he lashes himself into fury at human wrongs, and calls on God and man to witness his indignation, apparently confounding the importance of the effect with the importance of the cause. But the most amazing foible in a writer of so much power as Mr. Reade, is his reliance on the magic of typography. We had imagined that the notion of establishing a relation between magnitude of ideas and magnitude of type was confined to the literature of placards, but we find Mr. Reade endeavouring to impress us with the Titanic character of modern events by suddenly bursting into capitals at the mention of "THIS GIGANTIC AGE!" It seems ungrateful in us to notice these minor blemishes in a work which has given us so much pleasure, and roused in us so much healthy feeling as "It is Never Too Late to Mend;" but it is our very admiration of Mr. Reade's talent which makes these blemishes vexatious to us, and which induces us to appeal against their introduction in the many other books we hope to have from his pen.

Another novel by a writer whose books are justly opened with agreeable expectations, is "Young Singleton."⁸ The conception of this novel—the idea of tracing the operation of morbid vanity in an impressionable nature of mixed English and Hindoo blood, from boyhood to maturity—is fresh and excellent. The unheroic hero is introduced to us in his small "skeleton" jacket and trousers, newly sent from India by his father the Nabob, under the care of a Hindoo servant, and we see him through his career at school and college, and as heir of his father's wealth, always the victim of the uneasy vanity that craves distinction just where Nature has denied it, hating all who consciously or unconsciously thwart this vanity, and inwardly flinging at them the anathema of his childhood, "You are nasty things, and I hate you;" till at last a moment of temptation reveals the terrible possibilities of crime that lie in the indulgence of trivial egoism, and, to avenge his galled vanity, he allows his best friend to drown when he might save him by stretching out his hand. Throughout the novel the situations are at once striking and natural, and the characters are all specific; yet, notwithstanding these merits, it does not impress us as a success. The outline is vigorous, but the filling up is often feeble; the story shows a power of construction without an adequate power of detail, and it reminds us of a play schemed by an able dramatist but written by an inefficient collaborator.

The appearance of a new novel by Miss Bremer,⁹ revives the impressions of ten years ago, when all the novel-reading world was dis-

⁸ "Young Singleton." By Talbot Gwynne. In Two Volumes. London: Smith and Elder.

⁹ "Hertha." By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

cussing the merits of "The Neighbours," "The President's Daughters," "The H—— Family," and the rest of the "Swedish novels," which about that time were creating a strong current in the literary and bookselling world. The discussion soon died out; and perhaps there is hardly another instance of fictions so eagerly read in England which have left so little trace in English literature as Miss Bremer's. No one quotes them, no one alludes to them: and grave people who have entered on their fourth decade, remember their enthusiasm for the Swedish novels among those intellectual "wild oats" to which their mature wisdom can afford to give a pitying smile. And yet, how is this? For Miss Bremer had not only the advantage of describing manners which were fresh to the English public; she also brought to the description unusual gifts—lively imagination, poetic feeling, wealth of language, a quick eye for details, and considerable humour, of that easy, domestic kind which throws a pleasant light on every-day things. The perusal of "Hertha" has confirmed in our minds the answer we should have previously given to our own question. One reason, we think, why Miss Bremer's novels have not kept a high position among us is, that her luxuriant faculties are all overrun by a rank growth of sentimentality, which, like some faint-smelling creeper on the boughs of an American forest, oppresses us with the sense that the air is unhealthy. Nothing can be more curious than the combination in her novels of the vapourishly affected and unreal with the most solid Dutch sort of realism. In one page we have copious sausage sandwiches and beer posset, and on another rhapsodies or wildly improbable incidents that seem rather to belong to sylphs and salamanders, than to a race of creatures who are nourished by the very excellent provisions just mentioned. Another reason why Miss Bremer's novels are not likely to take rank among the permanent creations of art, is the too confident tone of the religious philosophy which runs through them. When a novelist is quite sure that she has a theory which suffices to illustrate all the difficulties of our earthly existence, her novels are too likely to illustrate little else than her own theory.

These two characteristics of sentimentality and dogmatic confidence are very strongly marked in "Hertha," while it has less of the attention to detail, less of the humorous realism, which was the ballast of Miss Bremer's earlier novels. It has been written not simply from an artistic impulse, but with the object of advocating the liberation of woman from those legal and educational restrictions which limit her opportunities of a position and a sphere of usefulness to the chance of matrimony; and we think there are few well-judging persons who will not admire the generous energy with which Miss Bremer, having long ago won fame and independence for herself, devotes the activity of her latter years to the cause of women who are less capable of mastering circumstance. Many wise and noble things she says in "Hertha," but we cannot help regretting that she has not presented her views on a difficult and practical question in the "light of common day," rather than in the pink haze of visions and romance. The story is very ~~family~~ this—
Hertha, who has lost her mother in childhood, is, at the age of

seven-and-twenty, becoming more and more embittered by her inactive bondage to a narrow-minded, avaricious father, who demands obedience to the pettiest exactions. Her elder sister, Alma, is slowly dying in consequence of the same tyranny, which has prevented her from marrying the man she loves. We meet our heroine, with her gloomy and bitter expression of face, first of all, at the rehearsal of a fancy ball, which is to take place in a few days in the good town of Kungsköping; and after being introduced to the various *dramatis personæ*—among the rest, to a young man named Yngve Nordin, who interests Hertha by his agreement in her opinions about women, we accompany her to her cheerless home, where she is roughly chid by her father, the rigid old Director, for being later than the regulation-hour of eight; and where, by the bedside of her sister Alma, she pours out all the bitterness of her soul, all her hatred and smothered rebellion, towards her father for his injustice towards them. She and Alma have inherited a share in their mother's fortune, but according to the Swedish law they are still minors, and unable to claim their property. This very night, however, a fire breaks out, and lays waste a large district of the town. The Director's house is consumed, and he himself is only saved by the heroic exertions of Hertha, who rushes to his room, and carries his meagre, feeble body through the flames. This act of piety, and the death of Alma, who, in her last moments, extracts from her father a promise to give Hertha independence, win some ungracious concessions from the crabbed Director towards his daughter. He still withholds her property and a declaration of her majority; but she has power in the household, and greater freedom of action out of doors. A Ladies' Society has been organized for relieving the sufferers from the fire, and Hertha is one of those whose department is the care of the sick and wounded. The patient who falls to her share is no other than Yngve Nordin, who has been severely hurt in his benevolent efforts on the fatal night, and is now lodged in the house of the good pastor, who is at the head of the "Society." Here is an excellent opportunity for discovering that Yngve is just the friend she needs to soothe and invigorate her mind, by his sympathy and riper experience; and the feeling which is at first called friendship, is at last confessed to be love. After certain jealousies and suspicions, which are satisfactorily cleared up, Yngve asks the Director for Hertha's hand, but is only accepted prospectively, on condition of his attaining an assured position. Yngve goes abroad, and for seven years Hertha submits to the procrastination of her marriage, rather than rebel against her father in his last years. It is only when Yngve is hopelessly ill that she sacrifices her scruples and marries him. In the mean time she has made her seven years of separation rich in active usefulness, by founding and superintending two schools—one in which girls are instructed in the ordinary elements of education, forming a sort of nursery-garden for the other, in which voluntary pupils are to be led to a higher order of thought and purpose by Hertha's readings, conversation, and personal influence. Her schools are successful; but after Yngve's death she begins to sink under her long trial, and follows him rapidly to the grave.

This bare outline of the story can only suggest and not fully explain the grounds of our objection to "Hertha." Our objection is, that it surrounds questions, which can only be satisfactorily solved by the application of very definite ideas to specific facts, with a cloudy kind of eloquence and flighty romance. Take, for example, the question whether it will not be well for women to study and practise medicine. It can only tend to retard the admission that women may pursue such a career with success, for a distinguished authoress to imply that they may be suitably prepared for effective activity by lectures on such a very nebulous thesis as this—"The consciousness of thought ought to be a living observation and will," or to associate the attendance of women by the sick bed, not with the hard drudgery of real practice, but with the vicissitudes of a love-story. Women have not to prove that they can be emotional, and rhapsodic, and spiritualistic; every one believes that already. They have to prove that they are capable of accurate thought, severe study, and continuous self-command. But we say all this with reluctance, and should prefer noticing the many just and pathetic observations that Miss Bremer puts into the mouth of her heroine. We can only mention, and have not space to quote, a passage where Hertha complains of the ignorance in which women are left of Natural Science. "In my youth," she concludes, "I used to look at the rocks, the trees, the grass, and all objects of nature, with unspeakable longing, wishing to know something about their kinds, their life, and their purpose. But the want of knowledge, the want of opportunity to acquire it, has caused nature to be to me a sealed book, and still to this moment it is to me a tantalizing, enticing, and ever-retreating wave, rather than a life-giving fountain which I can enjoy, and enjoying, thank the Creator."

Side by side with the latest publication of a very mature authoress, we have what may possibly be the first publication of a young authoress. If so, "Erlesmere"¹⁰ is a book of remarkable promise. It bears the stamp of unusual insight and culture, and of a mind that possesses some important qualifications of the novelist. Setting aside certain awkward affectations—compound words which are innovations without being acquisitions, and which happily diminish as we advance in the book, the style is vigorous and often graceful, the dialogue easy and appropriate. The writer has a sense of character and an eye for characteristics; she knows what she means to paint, and her touches, though not always felicitous, are laid on with a firm hand. Still, "Erlesmere" is not likely to be popular, nor is it, on the whole, a good novel. The imagination of the ordinary novel-reader will not be strongly arrested at the outset; and, unhappily, it is here that he will find the affectations, or rather eccentricities of style that will probably repel him; he will be afraid that he is going to have rather too much of the pugnish Emersonian Mr. Harley, and will even suspect that the authoress herself has an excessive admiration for that moderately agreeable personage; so that there is great risk of his laying down

¹⁰ "Erlesmere; or, Contrasts of Character." By L. S. Lavenue. London: Smith and Elder.

the first volume in discouragement before he has reached the middle. On the other hand, the novel-reader *extraordinary*, who is keenly alive to every trait of originality, who detects at once the touch of the true artist, though the picture, as a whole, may be crude, will be disappointed that the writer has had recourse at last to melodramatic effects which are as hackneyed as other parts of the book are fresh and spontaneous. Nevertheless, the author of "Eriesmere" is one of that minority among novelists to whom such readers will say, "More, give me more." Her first attempt is not in itself satisfactory, but it creates a belief in her powers.

Before we quit fiction, let us mention the translation of Madame de Girardin's "Stories of an Old Maid, related to her Nephews and Nieces."¹¹ We cannot better indicate the charm of these stories than by quoting the writer's own words:—

"I do not say, as many do who have written for young folks,—'I have meditated long upon the character of children; my life has been a constant study of these interesting little creatures,'—I say nothing of the sort: I merely observe, I have been a child; and as nobody can deny me this advantage, I presume upon it to recal to my mind the emotions of *that happy age*, and speak to you as if I still were living in it."

The book is very elegantly got up, with abundant pictures, and is a present that we envy any aunt or uncle the pleasure of bestowing.

If any reader, tired of feverish and flaccid literature, is looking out for some cool, hard, practical sense, with the smallest possible alloy of sentiment, we can recommend to him the stout volume into which Bacon's "Essays" are swelled by Archbishop Whately's "Annotations."¹² If we were captiously inclined, we might complain that these annotations are so often made up of citations from the Archbishop's own writings; but a veteran writer has his privileges, as well as a veteran talker who recites his own *nots*, or a veteran general who is a little too fond of fighting his battles "o'er again." Quite a charming quality in these annotations is their abundance of appropriate and easy illustration: a grave or difficult subject is lighted up by some ingenious analogy from common experience, or by some case in point from such books as "Sandford and Merton," or Miss Austen's novels; and the most ordinary observations or anecdotes are made fresh by novelty of application. For example:—

"Whatever a man may be, intellectually, he labours under this disadvantage if he is of low moral principle, that he knows only the weak and bad parts of human nature, and not the better.

"It was remarked by an intelligent Roman Catholic that the Confessional trains the priest to a knowledge, not of human nature, but of mental *nosology*. 'It may therefore qualify them,' he said, 'for the treatment of a depraved, but not of a pure mind.'

"Now, what the Confessional is to the priest, *that*, a knave's own heart is

¹¹ "Stories of an Old Maid, related to her Nephews and Nieces." Translated from the French of Madame Emile de Girardin. By Alfred Elwes. London Addev and Co.

¹² Bacon's Essays; with Annotations. By R. Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London: J. W. Parker and Son.

to him. He can form no notion of a nobler nature than his own. He is like the goats in Robinson Crusoe's island, who saw clearly everything *below* them, but very imperfectly what was above them, so that Robinson Crusoe could never get at them from the valleys, but when he came upon them from the hill-top, took them quite by surprise."

And here is another instance of a similar kind, *à propos* of Bacon's observation that "the ripeness or unripeness of the occasion must ever be well weighed:"—

"It is a common phrase with the indiscriminating advocates of delay, that 'The World is not yet ripe for such and such a measure.' But they usually forget to inquire 'Is it ripening?' When, and how, is it likely to become ripe? or, Are men's minds to ripen like winter pears, merely by laying them by, and letting them alone?"

"Time," as Bishop Copleston has remarked, (*Remains*, p. 123,) 'is no agent.' When we speak of such and such changes being brought about *by* time, we mean *in* time,—by the gradual and imperceptible operation of some gentle agency. We should observe, therefore, whether there is any such agency at work, and in what direction;—whether to render a certain change more difficult or easier. If you are surrounded by the waters, and want to escape, you should observe whether the tide is flowing or ebbing. In the one case, you should at once attempt the ford, at all hazards; in the other, you have to wait patiently. And if the water be still, and neither rising nor falling, then you should consider that though there is no danger of drowning, you must remain insulated for ever, unless you can cross the ford; and that if this is to be done at all, it may be as well done at once."

The annotator often sustains admirably the note struck by the text, in the acuteness of his practical suggestions and the causticity with which he characterizes the ordinary motives and devices of men. Thus, in the annotations on the Essay "Of Negotiating," he says,—

"In proposing any scheme, the best way is, to guard, in the first instance, against cavils or *details*, and establish, first, that *some* thing of such and such a character is desirable; then proceeding to settle each of the particular points of detail, one by one. And this is the ordinary course of experienced men; who, as it were, cut a measure into mouthfuls, that it may be the more readily swallowed; dividing the whole measure into a series of resolutions; each of which will perhaps pass by a large majority, though the whole at once, if proposed at once as a whole, might have been rejected. For supposing it to consist of four clauses, A, B, C, and D; if out of an assembly of one hundred persons, twenty are opposed to clause A, and eighty in favour of it, and the like with B, and with C, and D, then, if the whole were put to the vote at once, there would be a majority of eighty to twenty against it; whereas, if divided, there would be that majority in favour of it.

"It is fairly to be required, however, that a man should really *have*—though he may not think it wise to *produce* it in the first instance—some definite plan for carrying into effect whatever he proposes. Else, he may be one of another class of persons as difficult to negotiate with, and as likely to baffle any measure, as the preceding. There are some, and not a few, who cast scorn on any sober practical scheme by drawing bright pictures of a Utopia which can never be realized, either from their having more of imagination than judgment, or from a deliberate design to put one out of conceit with everything that is practicable, in order that nothing may be done.

"E.g. What is wanted, is, not this and that improvement in the mode of electing Members of Parliament,—but a Parliament consisting of truly honest, enlightened, and patriotic men. It is vain to talk of any system of Church-

government, or of improved Church-discipline, or any alterations in our Services, or revision of the Bible-translation; what we want is a zealous and truly evangelical ministry, who shall assiduously inculcate on all the people pure Gospel doctrine. It is vain to cast cannon and to raise troops; what is wanted for the successful conduct of the war, is an army of well-equipped and well-disciplined men, under the command of generals who are thoroughly masters of the art of war, &c. And thus one may, in every department of life, go on indefinitely making fine speeches that can lead to no practical result, except to create a disgust for everything that is practical.

"When (in 1832) public attention was called to the enormous mischiefs arising from the system of Transportation, we were told in reply, in a style of florid and indignant declamation, that the real cause of all the enormities complained of, was, a want of sufficient *fear of God*; (!) and that the only remedy wanted was; an increased fear of God! As if, when the unhealthiness of some locality had been pointed out; and a suggestion had been thrown out for providing sewers, and draining marshes, it had been replied that the root of the evil was, a prevailing *want of health*;—that it was strange, this—the true cause—should have been overlooked;—and that the remedy of all would be to provide restored health!

"As for the penal colonics, all that is required to make them efficient, is, we must suppose, to bring in a Bill enacting that 'Whereas, &c., be it therefore enacted, that from and after the first of January next ensuing, all persons shall fear God!'"

But when Archbishop Whately attempts to transfer his causticity from the region of practice to that of speculation, he is often singularly infelicitous. In his Preface to this volume, he is severe on the English and American writers, whom he calls "children of the mist," and "who bring forward their speculations—often very silly, and not seldom very mischievous—under cover of the twilight;" and you naturally imagine that he is going to adduce some very vague and flighty passages of the "Pogram" school; but instead of this he quotes a passage, metaphysical indeed, but not more "misty" than the definitions of mathematics, since it is simply a varied statement and illustration of the position that every idea involves a positive and negative, and the middle term constituted by their relation. The meaning of the writer may be futile, but at any rate his meaning is clearly stated; and it seems to us singular that a theologian who believes in the Trinity, should venture on satirizing the position that "Three in one is the deepest-lying cipher of the universe," by the quotation,—

"Lo, down thy hill, romantic Ashbourne, glides
The Derby Dilly carrying three insides."

A very different volume of miscellaneous contents is that of Professor Wilson's "Essays, Critical and Imaginative."¹³ We found this volume delightful reading when we were in need of that best of all relaxations, an intellectual laugh; and to any one who is the least peevish or dull, we recommend a dose of Wilson's hearty, rollicking humour in the articles on "Meg Dods's Cookery," "Gymnastics," "Health and Longevity," and "Death in the Pot." His fun is hardly ever subtle or sly, twinkling in the eyes while the mouth is grave; yet

¹³ "Essays, Critical and Imaginative." By Professor Wilson; Vol. I. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons.

now and then we get a more subdued and indirect touch of humour, that reminds us of Charles Lamb. Thus, *à propos* of the maxim, "Up with the sun and down with the sun," he says, "Let the solar system, say we, mind its own business, and let us mind ours. There is room enough in the universe for us all. Because an immense globe of fire, or luminous matter, of one kind or another, ever so many millions of miles off, chances to set at a given hour, is that any reason why you must set too, who are close at hand, and not of luminous matter? We hold that it is as reasonable to sit up with the stars as to lie down with the sun. . . . *But nothing like a general system of rules for the guidance of human life can be deduced from the motions of the heavenly bodies.*" Among the more serious contents of this volume, is the excellent appreciation of Wordsworth, especially interesting because it was given in advance of the general voice.

Mr. Bohn contributes, as usual, to the stock of cheap and solid literature. Besides a volume of the "Orations of Demosthenes,"¹⁴ and the concluding half of "Quintilian's Institutes,"¹⁵ he gives us a charming edition of "Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler,"¹⁶ edited by Mr. Jesse, with numerous and very often excellent illustrations. Quaintly delightful pages! which one may enjoy without having any piscatorial enthusiasm—without having angled for anything more solid than a compliment. But the majority of readers, probably, care for the sport, and to such readers Mr. Bohn's "Notes on Fishing Waters" will be a welcome appendix.

To students of German we can recommend Dr. Ernst Meier's "History of the Poetical Literature of the Hebrews,"¹⁷ which is popular and compact, without being slight and superficial. Certain theoretic differences which the reader may have with Dr. Meier as to the primitive character of the Hebrew monotheism, will not prevent him from finding this volume a very serviceable companion in the study of the Old Testament. It is pleasant to get a serious German work of which we can see the end; for German writers too often oblige us to pay a heavy premium for the thoroughness with which they do their work, by making us wait an indefinite space of time between a first and second volume; and sometimes, indeed, the *erster theil* remains to the end in a state of melancholy bachelorhood.

¹⁴ "The Orations of Demosthenes against the Law of Leptines, Midias, Androtion, and Aristocrates." Translated, with Notes, &c., by Charles Rainer Kennedy. London: Bohn's Classical Library.

¹⁵ "Quintilian's Institutes of Oratory." Translated by the Rev. John Selby Watson. Vol. II. London: Bohn's Classical Library.

¹⁶ "Walton's Complete Angler." Edited by Edward Jesse, Esq. London: Bohn's Illustrated Library.

¹⁷ "Geschichte der Poetischen National Literatur der Hebräer. Von Dr Ernst Meier. London: Williams and Norgate.

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