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THE MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS

OF

FRANCIS LIEBER.

I.

REMINISCENCES, ADDRESSES, AND ESSAYS.

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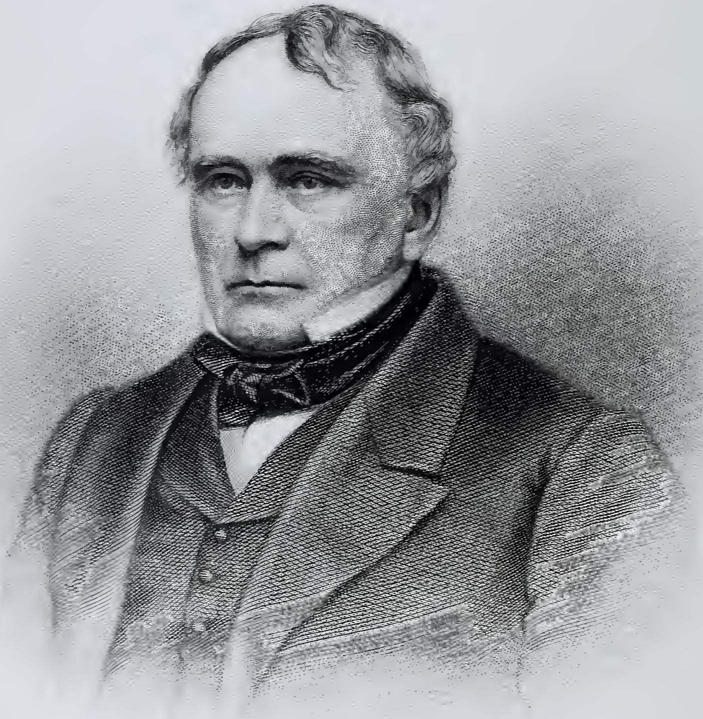

Francis Lieber

REMINISCENCES,

ADDRESSES, AND ESSAYS

BY

FRANCIS LIEBER, LL.D.,

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE, AUTHOR OF
"POLITICAL ETHICS," "CIVIL LIBERTY," "PRINCIPLES OF
LEGAL AND POLITICAL INTERPRETATION," ETC.

BEING

VOLUME I. OF HIS MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.

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INTRODUCTION.

BY THE EDITOR.

At the request of the widow of Dr. Francis Lieber, I have undertaken to examine and arrange for publication some of his less extended, I can hardly call them his less important, writings. The task, though a pleasant one, was not easy, for the papers submitted to me were voluminous, related to a great variety of subjects, and were originally printed in divers forms during a period of literary activity which extended through almost fifty years.

Moreover, while much that he wrote was upon transient topics, not much was trivial. He brought to the discussion of local and temporary questions rich stores of learning and habits of philosophical thought. Even in those essays and paragraphs which are humorous there is a grave and substantial foundation. He was thoroughly earnest in that which was least and in that which was most. He was zealous in his desire to promote the highest good of modern society by a study of the past, by a comparison of existing institutions and of the most recent acts of legislation in different countries, and by applying the fundamental principles of justice —of rights and of duties—to the passing events in America and Europe.

There is consequently very little which he printed in pamphlets, magazines, or newspapers which would not be valued by a student of political science, interested in the lessons to be derived from the history of the United States. He was never a popular writer, for he went too far below the surface to attract the attention of hasty and superficial readers; but the letters and memoranda which lay scattered through his printed papers, as they came into my hands almost from his own, afford abundant evidence that throughout his long career he was influenced by, and in his turn was influencing, some of the most able men who have made their mark upon the institutions of this country during the last half-century. Among the strongest he was strong. The names of James Kent, Edward Livingston, John Pickering, Simon Greenleaf, William C. Preston, Horace Binney, Jared Sparks, George Ticknor, Alexander D. Bache, John Lothrop Motley, Charles Sumner, Henry W. Halleck, Edward Bates, William H. Seward, and Edwin L. Stanton (not to mention any who are living and not to go beyond the list of our own countrymen) occur in that part of his correspondence which I have come upon in this editorial service; but if his memoirs should ever be published in full, it will be seen that many others of the influential men of his time acknowledged their obligations to this vigorous thinker.

Toward the close of his life, Dr. Lieber intended to prepare for publication his miscellaneous writings. A few of his essays were thoroughly revised for the press, or left in such a form as to show that he thought no revision necessary. In many cases he added on the margins notes and memoranda, intended doubtless to serve for subsequent consideration. Still more frequent are slight typographical and verbal corrections. Occasionally, different revisions of the same paper are extant. It is obvious that he cherished his writings as his children, and that as they grew older he meant they should grow better. He was their constant critic, for their own good, and because he hoped they would live after him and be useful.

Under these circumstances it has seemed to me that the principle which should govern the editorial hand was plain, though its application might sometimes be difficult. The volumes should contain the writings of Dr. Lieber and not of anybody else, except in introductions; and accordingly the only notes I have added are those which preface the articles, and are marked with the letter G. All others are Lieber's own. Clippings from newspapers and other illustrative citations, and the letters addressed to him by friends, all of which were abundantly interspersed with the printed copies of his own writings, have been omitted. It has not always been easy to decide what course to follow with regard to the memoranda, which were doubtless regarded as important jottings for the author's use, but are not so suggestive to other readers. I lean towards the preservation of such notes, but some of them are vague and fragmentary, and some are disproportionate, so that their introduction would be cumbersome or unsatisfactory, and such are usually omitted. All changes (except perhaps some trifling corrections of inaccuracies) in the text, which distinguish the writings in their present form from that in which they originally appeared, are believed to be the work of the author's own pen.

In collecting these papers I have been relieved of all labor. A large trunk was placed in my hands by the family, containing those writings which the author had himself laid aside and those which the loving hands of his wife and sons had carefully preserved. It is quite possible that some important paper has been forgotten; for he was accustomed to send his manuscripts to widely-scattered journals, and, so far as I know, he kept no list of those which were printed. His contributions to the newspapers are almost as numerous as if he had been the editor of a political journal. Commonly these articles are in the form of letters, and are signed either with his name, or initials, or with a signature (Americus, Columbiensis, etc.), known to his personal acquaintance, and these are, of course, quite easily identified; but there are doubtless anonymous articles, though probably of secondary importance, which have not been recognized in domestic and foreign publications.

In selecting from these copious stores the papers now published, I have been governed by two limitations—the first was a desire of Dr. Lieber's family to include within two octavo volumes what may be called his major minor-writings; and the second was their purpose to publish his correspondence and memoirs in a separate work. Under this twofold influence, I have laid aside for the biographer's use the short articles, mostly, as I have said, in an epistolary form, which were sent to the newspapers. Among these are some very important notes.

I will only add that the examination of these innumerable, off-hand, and timely comments and criticisms upon passing events shows how versatile, how incessantly active, and how well trained in political philosophy was the mind which spoke with such promptitude, raciness, and vigor.

The variety of material has embarrassed its arrangement. There were objections to a chronological sequence; and it was not desirable or possible to make a philosophical treatise from the fragments here gathered up. Yet there is a sort of natural grouping into which the papers have fallen.

Dr. Lieber's personal reminiscences of Niebuhr, and of the battle of Waterloo, begin the first volume. Then follow several academic discourses, his inaugural addresses at South Carolina College, in Columbia, and at Columbia College, in New York, with some other educational addresses, on the Character of the Gentleman, on Self-Education, and on the Uses of Athenæums. His Humboldt addresses are also reprinted. Then are given three essays, on Napoleon and Washington, on Laura Bridgman, and on the Study of Foreign Languages. Taken collectively, this volume indicates, though it does not fully show, what Lieber was as a college professor, how his youth was trained, how his early manhood encountered difficulties, and how, in his mature life, first in the South and then in the North, he devoted his powers to the instruction of young men.

The second volume is less personal, more abstract. If it is not so interesting to the reader, it is more valuable to the scholar. It includes his incomplete study of the Rise of the Constitution of the United States, his elaborate lectures upon its character, and his suggestions for its amendment, and also for the amendment of the Constitution of New York. This is followed by an important "Fragment" entitled "Nationalism and Internationalism." "General Order No. 100," in which he set forth, at the request of the government, the rights and usages of war for the guidance of armies in the field, and two other related papers, upon Guerrilla Warfare, and on the Status of Prisoners of War, with three contributions to the *Revue de Droit International*, are next printed.

Some of his essays upon International Law and upon topics in Political Science, with two educational papers, complete the volume.

In reviewing the writings of Dr. Lieber, it is interesting to trace throughout his life the influence of impressions received in his youth. All his later work seems to be the development of germs which originated in his early days. His liberal education in Berlin fitted him to be the liberal teacher of American youth. His career at Waterloo suggested a military allusion in many of his writings. Was it not the forerunner of "General Order No. 100"—the law of the battle-field? He was early imprisoned for political offences. Throughout his days he was the discriminating friend of the convict and the advocate of reforms in penal institutions. "I believe," he says, "that I am the only advocate of solitary confinement who speaks from personal experience within a prison wall." He went to Greece to aid in the establishment of its independence; and he never through life failed to be in sympathy with those who were struggling for liberty. He studied Rome with Niebuhr as his guide; and he afterwards drew political lessons, whenever they were appropriate, from the experience of antiquity. The old world from which he came he interpreted to the new in which he dwelt; to his native land he explained his adopted country. He went to the South well acquainted with the North; he came back to the North understanding the South.

His life was long and his impulses were innumerable, but from beginning to end, in little things and in great, may be traced the character of a philosopher, who studied that which *was* and that which *is* to help on that which should be. Believing that "above all nations is humanity," he labored in the spirit of an enlightened Christian for "Peace on earth, goodwill to men." *Patria cara, carior libertas, veritas carissima,* the motto which he inscribed upon the portal of his house in New York, may fitly be inscribed on the portal of these works.

As a sketch of his life, introductory to the writings of Lieber, nothing better can be given than the address of Judge Thayer before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, which is here, with his permission, reproduced. The pages in which he has delineated the qualities of his friend are like a portrait. They awaken in those who knew Dr. Lieber a vivid image of his appearance and character, and they give to strangers the picture of a good and great man.

For the second volume, Dr. Bluntschli, the learned professor in Heidelberg, has contributed a most valuable essay on Lieber's contributions to international law.

In the editorial preparation of these volumes I have often been indebted for valuable aid and suggestions to Dr. Herbert B. Adams, Associate Professor of History in the Johns Hopkins University, and also to others of my colleagues.

DANIEL C. GILMAN.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY,
BALTIMORE, 1879.

THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND WRITINGS

OF

FRANCIS LIEBER.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BEFORE THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF PENNSYLVANIA, JANUARY 13, 1873.

BY HON. M. RUSSELL THAYER,

PRESIDENT JUDGE OF THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS NO. 4, PHILADELPHIA.

DISCOURSE.

In a letter from Rome, dated June 7, 1822, Barthold George Niebuhr, the historian of Rome, wrote thus to his sister-in-law, Madame Hensler:

"A young man, Lieber, of Berlin, has arrived here who went as a volunteer to Greece, and at length returned, partly not to die of hunger, partly because the rascality of the Moreans and their cowardice became insufferable to him. His veracity is beyond suspicion and his tales fill the hearer with horror. He is sad and melancholy, because his soul is very noble. He interests and touches us much, and we try to cheer him by kindness. He belongs to the youth of the beautiful time of 1813, when he fought and was severely wounded. He is now here without a cent. I shall help him at any rate."[1] The young man, whose arrival in Rome was thus noticed, was twenty-two years of age. Of a gentle, but brave and self-reliant nature, of studious habits, a philosophical turn of mind, and very fond of books, he had already experienced much of the roughest discipline of life. His few years had been divided between the gymnasium, the university, the camp, and foreign lands. He was yet to become one of the profoundest and clearest writers upon political science of the present century, one of the chief ornaments of the world of letters, the expounder of the principles of civil liberty, and one of the truly great men of his adopted country. In his later years he used to say that his life consisted of many geological layers.

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[1] Biographic Information (Lebensnachrichten) concerning Barthold George Niebuhr, from Letters by himself and Recollections of some of his intimate friends. Vol. ii. p. 496, Hamburg, 1838, 3 vols.

Francis Lieber, a son of Frederick William Lieber, was born on the 18th March, 1800, in a house situated in the Breite Strasse of Berlin—the same street in which, on his birthday in 1848, the chief fight took place between the King's troops and the people. His father, a man of business, had lost much of his property during the war, and having a large family, great economy was necessary. Young Lieber was brought up in the most simple habits and accustomed to a hardy life. His childhood fell in the momentous times of Napoleon's gigantic wars. He once related to me that he well remembered, when a child of six years, sitting in the window of his father's house and crying bitterly as he beheld the French army marching into Berlin after the disastrous day of Jena. From his earliest school years he was an ardent student, and a favorite with his teachers, always receiving excellent testimonials. Some of these he preserved; among them, that of the clergyman who had prepared him for confirmation, who spoke of his great desire for instruction, and of his earnest devotion. At school he was distinguished for his love of truth and justice. He was fond of athletic exercises, and was a great "Turner" under Jahn. He was an excellent swimmer, an accomplishment of which he afterwards made use when he first came to Boston, where he established a swimming school. He informed me that upon one occasion he swam four hours without resting. At the age of fifteen his studies were interrupted by the loud blast of that trumpet of war which again called the youth of Germany to the defence of the homes which all supposed had been rendered secure by the victory of Leipsic two years before.

In his Letters to a Gentleman in Germany, republished in England under the title of the Stranger in America, Lieber relates how, in 1815, his father one day came into the room where he was studying Loder's Anatomical Tables, and said to him and his brother, "Boys, clean your rifles,—Napoleon is loose again; he has returned from Elba." What followed will be best told in his own words. It is a chapter not without interest in the life of a scholar.[1]

At the close of the Waterloo campaign, as soon as he was recovered from his wounds, Lieber returned to his studies, and joined the Berlin Gymnasium. These gymnasia had been established by Dr. Jahn during the French dominion, in order to impart physical vigor and with it moral energy to the German youth, after the pedantic period of wigs and queues, so as to make them fit at a later period to bear arms. The gymnasia became therefore in a manner patriotic schools. After the downfall of Napoleon they naturally became schools of liberal sentiments—of civil freedom. Jahn and many others were arrested as suspected persons, and because young Lieber was considered his favorite pupil he too was arrested. He now became an author, but *malgré lui*, for the government published several songs of liberty which were found among his papers, to prove how dangerous a person this lad was. He was detained in prison several months, beguiling the tediousness of his confinement by diligent study and reading. Upon his discharge from prison without a trial he was told that although the charges against him had not been proved, he was nevertheless prohibited from studying at the Prussian universities. He consequently went to Jena, where he took his degrees in 1820. To those who were acquainted with Lieber, and who knew the intense love of liberty which animated his soul, and the scorn in which he held all systems which deprive man of what he believed to be by nature the birthright of all, and the hatred which he felt for despotic power, whether proceeding from royal prerogative or democratic absolutism—a phrase which he himself invented—his imprisonment by the Prussian government of that day will not appear remarkable. At that very time he maintained, in opposition to his republican friends, that German unity was the first of needs for Germany, and that it would be obtained only by a revolutionary king or kaiser. Writing nearly fifty years afterwards [in 1868], he says: "I have this very moment read in the German papers, that Bismarck said in the chamber the very thing for which we were hunted down in 1820 and 1821." No man could be more deeply impressed than was Francis Lieber with the truth of that saying of Aristotle: "The fellest of things is armed injustice." In 1820 permission was granted him to study at Halle, but with the intimation that he never could expect public employment. Although he lived in a very retired manner, devoted to his books, and taking no part whatever in political movements, he remained under the surveillance of the police and subject to constant annoyance from them. His position became so irksome that he at length took refuge in Dresden. While living there, not unwatched, the Greek revolution broke out. He instantly resolved to abandon his country and to take part in the war of independence. It was impossible for him to obtain a passport for any length of time, and particularly for a journey to France, yet he had to make his way to Marseilles, where he intended to embark for Greece. He took, therefore, a passport for a journey to Nuremberg, and for the short period of a fortnight only. Once in possession of it, he emptied an inkstand over the words which declared it to be limited to so short a space of time. He then had it signed in every small place on his route to Nuremberg, so that, to use his own words, "it finally looked formidable enough." Arrived in Nuremberg, he accounted for the defacing ink-blot by the awkwardness of a police officer, and had the paper signed for Munich. There he chose a time when the chief officer of the legation had gone to dinner, and had it further signed for Switzerland, pretending to be in a great hurry. He travelled on foot through Switzerland, and thence to Marseilles. In this manner and by such shifts did this great historical scholar, this profound writer upon the laws of nations, this great philosopher who explained and illustrated the nature of civil government and the origin and meaning of laws, whose works have been of incalculable benefit to liberty and have added so many new ideas to political science, escape from his native land!

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[1] See beyond, pp. 149–175.

The enthusiasm which led him to volunteer in the cause of Grecian independence met with a severe disappointment. The history of that brief and unfortunate struggle is well known. His own experience is vividly portrayed in his Journal in Greece, written in Rome, and published at Leipsic in 1823, and republished at Amsterdam in the same year under the title of The German Anacharsis. After suffering great hardships he embarked at Missolonghi in 1822 in a small vessel bound for Ancona. One scudo and a half was all that remained in his purse after paying the price of his passage. From Ancona his desire to see Rome induced him to make his way to that city, which he had much difficulty in reaching and entering, owing to the great gap in his passport. He has himself related how he entered by stealth the Porta del Popolo, as if the porches of the churches near it and the obelisk were nothing new to him, and how his heart beat as he approached the tame-looking sentinel of the Papal troops, more than it ever had beaten at the approach of any grenadier of the enemy, and the indescribable delight he felt when he had safely passed him, and felt and saw that he was in Rome. In Rome he found a friend who shared his room with him; but he could not reside in Rome for any length of time without having permission to do so from the police, and that he could not obtain without a certificate from the minister of his country that his passport was in order. The very contrary was the case. In fact he was ashamed to show his passport at the Prussian legation. He resolved, therefore, to disclose frankly his situation to Mr. Niebuhr, the Prussian ambassador to the Papal See, "hoping," as he said, "that a scholar who had written the history of Rome could not be so cruel as to drive him from Rome without allowing him time to see and study it." The Prussian ambassador resided at the Palazzo Orsini, or, as it is frequently called, Teatro di Marcello, for the palace is on and within the remains of the theatre which Augustus built and dedicated to his nephew Marcellus. "My heart," says Lieber, "grew heavier the nearer I approached this venerable pile to which a whole history is attached, from the times of antiquity, through the middle ages when it served as a castle for its proud inmates, and down to the most recent times. The idea that I might be disbelieved prevented me for a moment from proceeding any farther toward that building under an engraving of which in my possession I find that I afterwards wrote these words, '*In questa rovina retrovai la vita.*'"

Of his reception by Niebuhr he has left a most interesting account.[1]

Very soon afterwards Niebuhr invited young Lieber to live with him, assisting him, if agreeable to him, in the education of his son Marcus. The invitation was accepted, and Lieber passed a year of unalloyed happiness in Rome, living in the family of the historian, sharing his confidence and affection, the daily companion of his walks and of his conversation, pursuing all the while his studies and storing his mind with the treasures of Roman antiquity and art.

In the spring of 1823, when Niebuhr quitted the embassy at Rome, he took Lieber with him to Naples, whence they returned to Rome. Thence they went by the way of Florence, Pisa, and Bologna to the Tyrol, and in Innspruck Lieber took leave of that family in the bosom of which he had passed so many days of happiness. Niebuhr died in January, 1831. Long afterwards, in his new home across the ocean, on the banks of the Congaree, the great publicist embalmed his love and gratitude to Niebuhr in that beautiful and imperishable record which contains his reminiscences of the friend of his youth. In his dedication of the volume to his friend, Mrs. Austin, of London, he says: "I could not have graced with your name any pages dearer to me, though painfully dear I own—leaves written in the greatest of cities, and under the roof of my best friend, now perused in distant

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[1] See pp. 62, 63 of this volume.

America, he dead and I in exile. I felt as if I walked through an Italian garden, charming indeed with perfuming flowers and lovely alleys and fountains, with the luxuriant trees of the south in blossom, the fragrant orange and the glowing pomegranate; and with vistas far and wide to the distant deep blue mountains. But I felt, too, as if I walked alone in it. With all these joyous colors of bright spring around me and the cloudless azure vault above me, I felt the grief of loneliness, and every spot reminded me of him and what I owe him." The Reminiscences of Niebuhr was republished in England by Bentley, and translated into German by the son of Hugo, the civilian.

When Lieber was in Rome with Niebuhr, the King of Prussia, visiting that city after the congress of Verona, saw him there, and promised Niebuhr that if Lieber desired to return to Prussia he should not be molested. From Innspruck he therefore returned to Prussia, but he had hardly arrived in Berlin before he was again arrested upon the old charges of enmity to the government, entertaining republican sentiments, and belonging to a secret association, and he was cast into the State prison of Koepnick. On the 22d March, 1823, Niebuhr writes: "It has been said that Lieber was to be released on his father's birthday, but nothing has come of it. Such carelessness in leaving a good man to languish in fetters makes me indignant, though no cruelty is intended." And again: "April 6, I visited poor Lieber yesterday in the Bastile of Koepnick. Oh my God!" He was at length, after some months, liberated through Niebuhr's pressing solicitations, a kindness which was the greater as Niebuhr's own political sentiments were regarded with some suspicion by the men in power. While at Koepnick, he wrote a little volume of poems, Wein und Wonne Lieder, which was published at Berlin under the name of Arnold Franz. Fearing renewed persecution, he took refuge in England. He arrived in London in 1825, where he resided for a year, writing for German periodicals and giving lessons in the languages for his support. He always said it was the hardest time of his life, "doing uncongenial work, and physically laboring like an American army mule."

In 1827 he came to the United States with warm recommendations from Niebuhr, whose letters show his great estimation and affection for his young friend, and from other eminent men. In a letter, Sept. 13, 1827, Niebuhr wrote to him: "I approve of your resolution to go to America so entirely that, had you been able to ask my advice beforehand, I should have unqualifiedly urged you to go. Only beware that you do not fall into an idolatry of the country and that state of things which is so dazzling because it shows the material world in so favorable a light. Remain a German, and without counting hour and day, yet say to yourself that the hour and day will come when you will be able to return." He also advised him, perceiving, no doubt, the bent of his mind, to write no political dissertations, and closed his letter with these words: "The paper is filled to the margin, and therefore I can only add, God bless you. My wife and children send their love. Marcus thinks and speaks of you as if we had left Rome but a few weeks ago." But notwithstanding his reverence and affection for his friend, Lieber did not obey his injunctions in the two particulars in regard to which he had been most emphatic in his advice. He became an American citizen at the earliest possible moment when the law would permit him to do so, and his great and enduring fame rests upon his political writings; not, I need hardly say, upon fugitive dissertations upon the politics of the day—that most ephemeral of all literature, but upon those masterly and laborious works upon political science, which are a vast and rich mine of thought upon the subjects of which they treat, while the learning, originality, and power which distinguish them have made them an authority in all lands and before all tribunals.

He arrived at New York June 20, 1827, and proceeded to Boston, where he took up his residence. There he commenced his laborious work, The Encyclopedia Americana, in thirteen volumes, in which he was employed five years. During this time he also prepared, with the assistance of his wife, and published the translation of a French work on the Revolution of 1830, and of a German work on Casper Hauser, by Feuerbach. He always looked back with pleasure to his residence in Boston, where he numbered among his most highly esteemed and intimate friends Story, Pickering, Channing, Sullivan, Ticknor, Prescott, and many other distinguished men. In 1832 he removed to New York, where he published a translation of De Beaumont and De Tocqueville's work on the Penitentiary System, with an introduction and many notes, which were in turn translated in Germany. While in New York he received from the trustees of Girard College, at the head of whom was Nicholas Biddle, the honorable commission of preparing a plan of education and instruction for that institution. This brought him to Philadelphia in 1833, where he remained about two years, and where was published, besides his plan of education, Letters to a Gentleman in Germany. He employed himself also at this time in writing a supplement to his Encyclopedia, but, owing to the deranged condition of the monetary affairs of the country resulting from General Jackson's war upon the United States Bank, the supplement was not continued. In Philadelphia he made many valued friends who remember with delight the charms of his society and the singular fascination of his conversation, so replete with instruction, so full of experience of the world and of knowledge of events and of men, and so much brightened by the playfulness of a cheerful mind and the gayety of a sparkling wit.

In 1835 he was appointed to the professorship of History and Political Economy in South Carolina College. He remained in that position, residing at Columbia, for a period of more than twenty years,—always highly honored by the distinguished men of the South,—and discharging the duties of his chair with great success and a constantly increasing reputation. Here he wrote and published the great works upon which his fame will chiefly rest,—the three principal of which are his Manual of Political Ethics, 2 vols., published in 1838; Legal and Political Hermeneutics, or the Principles of Interpretation and Construction in Law and Politics, 1 vol., published in 1839; and his "Civil Liberty and Self-Government, 2 vols., published in 1853. It is difficult, within the limits of such a discourse as this, to convey any adequate idea of the weight and value of these great works. They were positive additions of the greatest importance to the knowledge previously possessed upon these subjects. They embodied in a profound, original, and comprehensive system the principles upon which human society and government repose. They traced to their true sources all the social and governmental relations and expounded their reasons, their history, their distinctions, and their philosophic significance and results, with a clearness of exhibition, a force of argument, a wealth of learning, a power of illustration, and a high moral purpose never before seen in the same field. In his Political Ethics he shows how the principles of ethics are applicable to political affairs, by what moral laws we ought to be governed in political cases, what conscience and experience prescribe for a citizen in his relations to government, the law, and society. He treats of the state, its nature, origin, objects, and just relations, of primordial and inalienable rights, of society and its sovereignty, of true allegiance, of law and its provinces and administration, of government and its powers and abuses, of constitutions written and unwritten, of crimes and their punishment, of industry and its relations to the state, of the reciprocal relation of rights and duties, of political virtue, of wealth and poverty in its influence on society and states, of education, of woman and her relations to society, of the press, of elections and voting, of legislatures and judges, of parties in the government, of majorities and the rights of minorities, of executive officers and their duties, of jurors, advocates, and witnesses, of war and the duties of the soldier, of religion, justice, and patriotism, which he called the three pillars of society and the state. Everywhere among learned and scientific men this great work created a profound impression. Chancellor Kent in his Commentaries commended it in the strongest terms for the excellence of its doctrines and its various and profound erudition, and observed that "when he read Lieber's works, he always felt that he had a sure pilot on board, however dangerous the navigation." In a letter to Lieber, Judge Story said of it: "It contains by far the fullest and most correct development of the true theory of what constitutes the state that I have ever seen. It abounds with profound views of government, which are illustrated with various learning. To me many of the thoughts are new, and striking as they are new. I do not hesitate to say that it constitutes one of the best theoretical treatises on the true nature and objects of government which has been produced in modern times, containing much for instruction, much for admonition, and much for deep meditation, addressing itself to the wise and virtuous of all countries. It solves the question what government is best by the answer, illustrated in a thousand ways, that it is that which best promotes the substantial interests of the whole people of the nation upon which it acts. Such a work is peculiarly important in these times when so many false theories are afloat and so many disturbing doctrines are promulgated." "It bears testimony," wrote Henry Hallam, "to your exertions in the great field of philosophical jurisprudence." "It is remarkable," wrote William H. Prescott, "that you should have brought together such a variety of pertinent illustrations from all sources, familiar as well as recondite, by which you have given life and a popular interest to your philosophy. It is a book so full of suggestion that the reader has done only half his work when he has read a chapter, for it puts him on a train of thinking for himself which he must carry on after he has closed the volume." In his Ferdinand and Isabella, Mr. Prescott declares of Lieber's works, that they could not have been produced before the nineteenth century. "What strikes me particularly," wrote William Kent, "is the vast range of illustration your writings have drawn from current literature, contemporaneous history, and a thousand sources which, after all my conversations with you, still amaze me. It is this faculty of yours to range over all things, great and small, past and present, and extract a moral, or a rule, or a philosophic deduction, 'hived like the honey bag o' the bee,' which strikes me the most in your books. You would have made a great common-law lawyer. The whole turn of your mind is that way, your taste for English history and preference for English liberty, all show your predominating inclination." "In my opinion," wrote Chancellor Kent to Chancellor De Saussure, of South Carolina, "Lieber's eminence as a scholar in history, political economy, ethics, principles of government, geography, and belles-lettres, would elevate the reputation of any university in our country. His talents, his learning, and great moral worth are conceded by all his extensive acquaintance, among whom are some of the first scholars and jurists in the United States." By English critics the Political Ethics was compared favorably with the great work of Montesquieu, and regarded as pre-eminent among works on political science.

The Legal and Political Hermeneutics, which followed the Political Ethics, is a most lucid treatise on the principles and science of interpretation and construction in law and politics. It is spoken of in terms of the highest admiration by Professor Greenleaf, a very competent judge, who adds, in respect to Lieber's writings generally: "he always leaps into the deepest water, and always comes up like a good swimmer." Rufus Choate wrote, June 25, 1854: "I consider very few of my cases prepared without dipping into you, and what the Ethics don't furnish the Hermeneutics do." Lieber's distinction between interpretation and construction has been generally adopted by legal writers. There was something more in these commendations of great and learned men (it is well observed by a writer in The Nation) than mere compliment, for "many of the topics discussed were at the time new, doubtful, and difficult, and Lieber lived to find conclusions which he had arrived at and was the first to express thirty years ago, referred to by writers of the present day as familiar political truths, without, perhaps, any conception on the part of the writers of the source whence they were derived."

But the best known of his productions is his work on Civil

Liberty and Self-Government,—a work which has received the highest commendation not only in this country, but in Europe also. Professor Creasy, of London, in his Rise and Progress of the British Constitution, very frequently quotes from it, adding the highest praise, while on the continent such publicists as Von Mohl and Mittermaier confirm the correctness of his judgment. To them may be added Garelli, the eminent Italian jurist, and many other distinguished writers upon international and public law. "Dr. Lieber," says Professor Creasy, "is the first who has pointed out the all-important principle of English and American liberty, that every officer remains individually responsible for whatever he does, no matter whether he acts under the order of his superiors or not—a principle wholly unknown in other countries." His Civil Liberty and Self-Government was intended as a sequel to that portion of his Political Ethics which treats of liberty as a political right which depends upon civil institutions. He called it "institutional liberty," a very happy and original formulation of the truth that political liberty is dependent upon certain fundamental institutions which are necessary for its existence. In this great work he handled the most difficult subjects in the most masterly manner, reasoning always with a bold and independent spirit, animated with a constant love of truth and liberty, striking always heavy blows at every form of oppression, and embellishing his argument with a copiousness of illustration from history which makes the whole work attractive in the highest degree. He treats of ancient and modern liberty, of ancient, mediæval, and modern states, of national independence and personal liberty, of the rights of personal locomotion, communion, emigration, and petition, of liberty of conscience, of property, of the supremacy of law, of high treason, of bail and trial, of publicity in political affairs, of taxation, of division of power, of responsible ministers and representative government, of the independence of the judiciary, of parliamentary law, of the bi-cameral system, of institutional self-government, of the wealth and longevity of states, and a hundred other topics of like importance; and there is not one which he touches upon which he does not cast a new light, and which he does not exhibit in a form more clear and attractive than that in which such subjects have been hitherto placed. Mr. Bancroft has justly said of this great work of Lieber, that "it entitles him to the honors of a defender of liberty."

His truthful and independent mind always pursued an even course, avoiding all pernicious extremes, pandering to no man's prejudices, and fearing no man's judgment. He hated a demagogue if possible more than he hated a tyrant, and he hated the latter as an enemy of his race. "The doctrine Vox populi vox Dei," said he, "is essentially unrepublican, as the doctrine that the people may do what they list under the constitution, above the constitution, and against the constitution, is an open avowal of disbelief in self-government. The true and stanch republican wants liberty, but no deification of himself or others; he wants a firmly built self-government and noble institutions, but no absolutism of any sort—none to practise on others, and none to be practised on himself. He is too proud for the Vox populi vox Dei. He wants no divine right of the people, for he knows very well that it means nothing but the despotic power of insinuating leaders. He wants the real rule of the people, that is, the institutionally organized country, which distinguishes it from a mere mob. For a mob is an unorganic multitude, with a general impulse of action. Woe to the country in which political hypocrisy first calls the people almighty, then teaches that the voice of the people is divine, then pretends to take a mere clamor for the true voice of the people, and lastly gets up the desired clamor."

The influence of these great works of Lieber upon the public mind of the world has been very great, particularly in this country and in England, while the civilians and scholars of all lands have borne testimony to the originality, the genius, and the power which they display. He had a large and comprehensive mind, which grasped a subject firmly, turned it over and over, examined it as a whole and in all its details, and never let it go until under the strong rays of reason, and in the light of the highest morality and truth, its true proportions and just relations stood clearly revealed.

In one of his works he has said that memory is "the most useful and indispensable of all instruments in all pursuits." He himself had a most wonderful memory. His mind was a great store-house where seemed to be preserved, ready for use, all his extensive and varied learning—all that he had read, or heard, or witnessed, in the wide range of a great and multifarious experience. Yet he was never pedantic. He never quoted for mere ostentation or ornament of speech. He never fell into the error of betraying the pleasure which a quoting author derives from having overcome the difficulty of a foreign language. He was perfectly familiar with Greek and Latin, thoroughly accomplished in all classical learning, ancient and modern, and spoke and wrote most of the languages of Europe. His English is written with as much ease and purity as if it had been his native tongue. It is, indeed, most remarkable that, having come to this country at the age of twenty-seven, he should so thoroughly have mastered the language that his works are written in a style which, for strength, vigor, perspicuity, exactness of expression, simplicity and idiomatic accuracy, might serve as a model for such compositions. In the treatment of his subjects he was eminently practical. He wasted little labor upon mere ornament, but every sentence was solid and compact with thought.

He was honest and conscientious, intrepid in his defence of truth and liberty, unsparing in his exposure and denunciation of falsehood and tyranny. He loved to tear away the mask which concealed pernicious errors, and to reveal truth in all the majesty and stately beauty which belong to her. If I were asked to describe the leading characteristics of his mind, I would say that they were an intense love of knowledge, an intense love of truth, and an intense patriotism. If I were asked what were his most useful faculties, I would answer, his strong, retentive memory, and his broad, clear, sagacious common sense and solid judgment. If I were asked what were his most attractive personal qualities, I would say the charming simplicity and candor of his character, his delightful and instructive conversation, and the quiet, playful humor which lighted up and animated his social intercourse.

Besides the three great works which have been particularly mentioned, Lieber wrote many other things of great value, among the principal of which may be mentioned The Origin and Development of the First Constituents of Civilization; Great Events described by Great Historians; Essays upon Property and Labor; The Laws of Property; Penal Laws and the Penitentiary System; On Prison Discipline; The Relation between Education and Crime; The Pardoning Power; International Copyright; The Character of the Gentleman; The Study of Latin and Greek as Elements of Education; on Laura Bridgman's Vocal Sounds; on Anglican and Gallican Liberty (translated into German with many notes and additions by Privy Counsellor Mittermaier; on the Post-Office and Postal Reforms; on the Independence of the Judiciary; on Two Houses of Legislature, and a very large number of minor tracts and publications.[1]

Of Property and Labor, Professor Greenleaf wrote, in October, 1842: "The feature of your book which strikes me most strongly is the strong common sense and sound reason manifested in regard to the origin of property; brushing away at a stroke the cobweb theories of previous tenancy in common and of social compact. To me all the theories I had previously met with upon the original title to individual property appeared visionary and unsound. But you have spoken directly to my understanding and borne me along with you, my mind joyously assenting to each successive step in the induction."

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[1] He wrote many able articles on public questions, which appeared in the New York Evening Post, over the signature "Americus." The last one he ever wrote appeared in that journal, Sept. 24, 1872, and was entitled "Religion and Law." He also contributed many valuable papers to the Revue de Droit International. M. Rolin-Jaequemyns, the learned editor of that review, has, in a recent number, paid a very eloquent and affectionate tribute to the memory of Lieber.

In 1844 Lieber visited his native city of Berlin. He had an interview with the king, Frederick William IV., who received him very cordially, and insisted that he must now remain in Prussia. "We must do something," said the king, "to keep you here; you must not be lost to us." He was accordingly offered a new professorship of Penology in the University of Berlin, with the inspectorship of all the prisons in the kingdom. But neither the request of the king nor the friendship of Humboldt could overcome his preference for the land of his adoption. His memory, however, recalled in singular contrast with the honors then bestowed upon him, the political persecution which compelled him who had in his youth borne arms for his country and bled in her cause, to steal away by stealth from his native land.

In December, 1856, Dr. Lieber resigned his professorship in South Carolina College. The resolutions adopted by the alumni of that institution and conveyed to him by their committee, Wm. C. Preston, Gov. Manning, Jas. L. Petigru, Richard Yeadon, J. H. Hudson, and Jos. B. Allston, attest their profound regret and their sense of the loss which that institution suffered by his departure. In 1857 he was elected to a similar professorship in Columbia College, New York, and subsequently to the chair of Political Science in the Law School of the same institution. He continued in the discharge of the duties of that position to the time of his death, which occurred at his house in New York, on the afternoon of the 2d October, 1872. His habits of industry continued until the close of his life. He was engaged, at the time of his death, in writing a work upon the Rise of the Constitution, and had so far progressed in it as to insure, it is hoped, its publication; for it cannot but prove a most valuable addition to that department of the law. I may state here, in passing, that he wrote the article "Constitution" in Bouvier's Law Dictionary. During the period of his connection with the Law School of Columbia College his writings upon various subjects were too numerous to receive a detailed notice here. They were upon a great variety of subjects, and all of them displayed the strength of argument and wonderful power of illustration which characterize all his works. The general character of his political writings is happily drawn in the Princeton Review of October, 1858: "Lieber is a man who stands on the altitudes of history, and not on a mere political platform. His work is, therefore, based upon the grand memories of the past, and not upon the shifting politics of a day. Most political writers have looked at political life from one point of view—that of their own times. But Lieber has looked at it from every period presented in each successive cycle of human progress, and has not only appreciated the results of the working of the various institutions, but has noted the growth and the mutations from age to age of the institutions. In the true scientific spirit Lieber brings to his expositions of principles all the resources of abstract reasoning; well knowing, and, indeed, so declaring, that all progress is founded in historical development and abstract reasoning. While, therefore, Lieber lights the torch of science at no lights but those of experience, he adds to it that prescience of reason which is to direct the statesman's forecast into the future." One of the most important considerations relating to his works is the fact that he was a republican, and believed in liberty as organized and guaranteed by the institutions of this country. He, therefore, viewed political principles and institutions from a point different from that occupied by the great European writers upon the same subjects.

During the late civil war Lieber rendered very valuable service to the government and the country. He was one of the first to point out, by his pen, the madness of secession, and to impress upon the country the value of the institutions which were endangered. As early as 1851, in an address delivered in South Carolina, he had warned the South of the ruin with which the doctrine of secession threatened it and the whole country. During the whole war his pen was constantly at work supporting the government and upholding the

Union.[1] He was frequently summoned to Washington by telegraph by the Secretary of War for consultation and advice upon the most important subjects. His correspondence with the Secretary, and with General Halleck while General-in-Chief, is very voluminous. The Code of War, prepared by him upon the requisition of the President of the United States, and promulgated in general orders of the War Department, No. 100 (1863), as Instructions for the Government of the Armies of the United States in the Field, is one of the greatest works of his later years. He thereby conferred not only a benefit upon his own country, but added a new chapter, replete with noble and humane sentiments, to the law of war. M. Laboulaye has justly described these instructions as a masterpiece, and they suggested to Bluntschli the plan of codifying the law of nations, as may be seen in his letter to Lieber, which serves as a preface to his work Droit International Codifié. Bluntschli published as an appendix to his Code the whole of Lieber's Instructions for the Army. Dr. Lieber used to call this work his " old hundred."

His pamphlet on Guerrilla Parties, considered with Reference to the Laws and Usages of War, written at the request of Major-General Halleck, was another important contribution to the cause of his country and to the law of war. At the close of the war he was placed in charge of the Rebel Archives for the purpose of classifying and arranging them, a duty which occupied him for several months; and he was, at the time of his death, the umpire of the commission for the adjudication of Mexican claims.

Among the most perfect of all his minor writings at this period was the small fragment entitled Nationalism, which Garelli, the Italian publicist and author of La Pace, calls *l'aureo opuscolo*—the Golden Tract. It contains within a very small compass a greater amount of political philosophy and a more condensed statement of the general truths derived from historic experience than was perhaps ever before embraced within the same space. It closes with this grand thought: "The civilized nations have come to form a community of nations, under the restraint and protection of the Law of Nations, which rules *vigore divino.* They draw the chariot of civilization abreast, as the ancient steeds drew the car of victory."

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[1] He was president and one of the founders of the Loyal Publication Society, in 1863, and wrote some of its most popular publications. Among them Slavery, Plantations, and the Yeomanry; The Arguments of Secessionists; No Party Now, but All for our Country; Amendments to the Constitution submitted to the Consideration of the American People.

America owes a large debt to Lieber. Probably no man has instructed so many of our countrymen in the truths of history, the canons of ethics, and the principles of political science. Nearly forty years of his life were spent in that service, years crowded also with industry in other departments, and in which he produced those great works which will in the future take their place beside the most important which have appeared in the history of jurisprudence. His method of teaching was such as to make the subject attractive in the highest degree to his students, and they thoroughly understood everything they learned. He never read lectures, but expounded his subject, in terse, familiar language, and impressed them by copious and happy illustrations. At the end of every recitation he gave out what for the next time they ought to read collaterally, and what peculiar subjects or persons they ought to study, besides the lesson. He caused them to read poetry and fiction, in connection with history, to see how great writers had conceived great characters. He relied much upon the blackboard. To one he would give chronology, to another geography, to another names, to another battles. Four large blackboards were in constant use at the same time, and often a considerable part of the floor besides. All names were required to be written down, sometimes sixty or seventy by one student, with a word or two showing that the writer knew what they meant. All places were pointed out on large maps and globes. All definitions were written on the blackboard, in order that there might be no mistake. Foreign names were always written on the blackboard behind him. He always appointed a lesson, but the students when they came did not know whether they were to recite or to listen to a lecture, so that they always had to be prepared. Notes of his lectures were to be taken, and he required each student to have a blank book, wherein they must enter titles of books and subjects to be studied in later life—such as were necessary for an educated man; and he was particular in requiring this blank book to have a firm cover. He used to say that books were, like men, of little use without a stiff back. He frequently bound books himself. He was a man of generous mind, and was full of sensibility. He loved his students and was greatly beloved by them. On one occasion the competitors for the prize in his department of the Law School at Columbia College were writing their prize papers on the national elements in our Constitution, their genesis and history. For this purpose they were allowed two or three hours, during which they were obliged to complete their essays without assistance. At the end of the time, he was requested by his students to extend it for one of their number. "But why?" he asked. The answer was: "He was wounded at Fort Fisher in the right arm, and cannot write as fast as we can." The instructor could only nod his assent, and was obliged to turn quickly away to conceal the emotion which overcame him.

He was more than a mere teacher of a profound science. He embraced every opportunity to infuse the noblest sentiments into the minds of his pupils; so that he could truly say, as in his prefatory address to his former pupils prefixed to his Civil Liberty: "You can bear me witness that I have endeavored to convince you of man's inextinguishable individuality, and of the organic nature of society; that there is no right without a parallel duty, no liberty without the supremacy of the law, and no high destiny without perseverance—that there can be no greatness without self-denial."

He was thoroughly American in all his feelings—as much so as if he had been born here. Few persons were so well acquainted with our history, or understood so well the character of our institutions. Few were so well versed in the political changes of this country, or knew so many of its leading men. He took a lively interest in all public measures, and followed attentively the course of legislation. He watched with anxiety every political crisis, and wrote and worked for what he considered the right side of every question. His interests and affections were bound up in America. He admired her institutions, but was not blind to their weak points, and labored constantly to strengthen and improve them. He often took an active part in public affairs, but never sank to the low level of a partisan. He felt an interest in all which concerned the welfare of his country, and was proud of all that added to her glory and her greatness. Yet his heart was true to his native land, and when the great war broke out which ended in the establishment of her supremacy and unity, he chafed because he could not go to her assistance. On the 22d of July, 1870, he wrote: "I am writing at random, for my very soul is filled with that one word, one idea, one feeling—Germany. The stream of blood which will flow will probably not be very long, but very wide, wide like a lake, and very deep." And again on the 18th August, 1870: "My German letters confirm that all Germans are animated by the noblest feelings, and are ready to sacrifice money, life, everything, in defence of their country. The fathers of families, supporting them by their hands, refuse to be refused, until the king is obliged to telegraph 'accept them,' and judges and civil officers of high station volunteer and join the ranks. And I sit here and write like a dullard. It is very hard." He was then seventy years of age, but the patriotic fire burned as brightly in his bosom as in the young days when he challenged the justice of despotic government, or volunteered in the cause of Greece. In truth Francis Lieber belonged to the whole world. His thoughts and the course of his studies led him to regard nations only as different members of the same household. He illustrated in his life and writings the full force of the saying *ubi libertas ibi patria.* He hated oppression in every place and under every form. I once heard him say that his feelings were such towards Louis XIV. that he did not know how he could possibly speak to him if he met him in the next world. His catholic spirit overleaped in its sympathies all geographical lines, and compassed all men in its boundless affection and solicitude. He regarded all Christian and civilized states as members of the same family, whose intercourse based upon reciprocal justice and kindness is necessary for the happiness of each, for "we are," as he himself said when speaking of Europe and America, "of kindred blood, of one Christian faith, of similar pursuits and civilization; we have one science and the same arts, we have one common treasure of knowledge and power. Our alphabet and numeric signs are the same, and we are members of one family of advanced nations."

For England, next to his native land and his adopted country, he had the greatest admiration. He called her a "royal republic," as Thomas Arnold many years later called her a kingly commonwealth. He had studied profoundly her constitutional history and the development of her institutions. There is no more eloquent passage in all his works than that in the introduction to his Civil Liberty in which he describes her as leading the van of nations in the dissemination of liberal principles—a passage of so much beauty that I cannot forbear to quote it here.

"England was the earliest country to put an end to feudal isolation, while still retaining independent institutions, and to unite the estates into a powerful general parliament, able to protect the nation against the crown. In England we first see applied in practice, and on a grand scale, the idea which came originally from the Netherlands, that liberty must not be a boon of the government, but that government must derive its rights from the people. Here, too, the people always clung to the right to tax themselves; and here, from the earliest times, the administration of justice has been separated from the other functions of government, and devolved upon magistrates set apart for this end, a separation not yet found in all countries. In England, power of all kind, even of the crown, has ever bowed, at least theoretically, to the supremacy of the law; and that country may claim the imperishable glory of having formed a national representative system of two houses, governed by a parliamentary law of their own, with that important element, at once conservative and progressive, of a lawful, loyal opposition. It is that country which alone saved judicial and political publicity, when secrecy prevailed everywhere else; which retained a self-developing common law and established the trial by jury. In England, the principles of self-government were not swept away, and all the chief principles and guarantees of her great charter and the petition of right have passed over into our constitutions. We belong to the Anglican race, which carries Anglican principles and liberty over the globe, because wherever it moves, liberal institutions and a common law full of manly rights and instinct with the principle of an expansive life accompany it. We belong to that race whose obvious task it is, among other proud and sacred tasks, to rear and spread civil liberty over vast regions in every part of the earth, on continent and isle. We belong to that tribe which alone has the word self-government. We belong to that nation whose great lot it is to be placed, with the full inheritance of freedom, on the freshest soil in the noblest site between Europe and Asia, a nation young, whose kindred countries, powerful in wealth, armies, and intellect, are old. It is a period when a peaceful migration of nations, similar in the weight of numbers to the warlike migration of the early middle ages, pours its crowd into the lap of our more favored land, there to try, and at times to test to the utmost, our institutions—institutions which are our foundations and buttresses, as the law which they embody and organize is our sole and sovereign master."

Lieber was extremely fond of historical as well as political studies, and probably no man in this country had a more extensive or accurate knowledge of historical subjects. Not only was he acquainted with their minute details, but he explored their most hidden recesses. To use an expression which was familiar with him, he read history "between the lines." He knew its secret springs and was complete master of its philosophy. The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, of which he was so long a member, fitly unites the expression of its profound regret at the loss of this great scholar, jurist, and philosopher, with those which proceed from the whole world of science and of letters.

Of his personal habits, sentiments, and peculiarities I may add a few words. He was a firm believer in the Christian religion. His life was pure and conformed to its precepts. He was a Protestant and a zealous defender of religious as well as civil liberty. Nothing roused his indignation more than any attempt, proceeding from whatever quarter, to coerce men's consciences. Referring in one of his letters to the fact that, in the first quarter of this century, Ferdinand VII., through the influence of the Spanish priesthood, had abolished the chairs of Natural Philosophy in the University of Salamanca, because the study of those sciences led to infidelity, he exclaims, "A fine God that of those priests! Whether you approach him by reading the Bible or by reading nature you are alike led to atheism. O God of Truth, how long? how long?" There was nothing which he abhorred so much as tyranny, and none whom he hated so much as tyrants. Of Louis Napoleon he said, " His success has been owing to his being entirely untrammelled by conscience or honor, to his unlimited arrogance and his perfect freedom from shame."

In his views of the Constitution he was eminently national. He adopted the views of Hamilton and Madison. He hated the doctrine of State-rights (in the political sense in which it is commonly received), which he looked upon as the dry rot in the ship of state. He believed the United States to be a nation and not a league of states.[1] He was opposed to that nice and strict construction of the Constitution which would deprive the national government of its vigor and its unity. At the same time he defended the right of local self-government in all matters relating properly to the people of the several States. He was opposed to all efforts to confuse the boundaries which define the just limits of State and National authority. He was extremely hostile to a tariff, and a firm believer in free-trade, of which he was one of the most able champions, and to the defence of which he devoted many of his hours, writing many pamphlets and articles in support of his views.

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[1] See his powerful argument in the pamphlet entitled What is our Constitution —League, Pact, or Government? 1861.

He had very little time to devote to the natural sciences, for his studies lay in other directions, but he was well acquainted with their history and principal facts and theories, and with the lives of the great men eminent in those pursuits. He thoroughly despised the Darwinian theory of natural selection and development, and always spoke of it as Darwin's beast humanity. When great truths impressed themselves upon his mind he was in the habit of formulating them in a few weighty words. Thus in treating of the relationship of right and duty he showed the intercompleting relation of the two, and the fatal mistake of supposing that liberty consisted in rights alone, and expressed it in the aphorism *Nullum jus sine officio, nullum officium sine jure*,—no right without its duties, no duty without its rights; and this motto he had engraved at the top of his letters for many years before his death.

He was jealous of his fame and greatly gratified when his works were appreciated. He did not disguise the pleasure he felt upon one occasion at hearing that a set of his works had been ordered from Australia. In one of his letters he speaks of the pleasure with which he had just read one of his earlier productions, written thirty years before, and immediately apologizes for his self-admiration by telling the following story: "I once stood with the famous Mrs. Herz, the Platonic friend and student of Schleiermacher, when she was quite old, before her own portrait taken when she was young. She looked silently at the picture for some time, and then said 'she was very beautiful.' I was young then, but just returned from Greece and Rome and Niebuhr. The waves of my soul were short and boiling, and this saying touched me much."

He was a great lover of the fine arts. "What," he once wrote, "will become of the world when there will be no Raphael, no Apollo Belvedere, no Angelo?—and that time will come." He took great delight in nature. A flower, even a leaf, sometimes gave him the greatest pleasure. He was very fond of little children and their sayings. In recent letters which passed between himself and the poet Longfellow these two communicated to each other the sayings of some little children. Children loved him, and in the cars and other places he would constantly make acquaintance with them and relate their sayings when he came home. He disliked all slang expressions, and had an especial contempt for the common expression "a self-made man." A man once said to him, "Sir, I am a self-made man." "Indeed!" replied Lieber; "what a pity I was not present! I have long wished to be present when a man was making himself." He was very fond of fine and delicate perfumes, and used to say it was his only extravagance. He would often bring home little boxes filled with Lubin's violet, in which he particularly delighted. A little bottle stood in every room in which he habitually came.

It was his habit in reading or studying to use a great number of book-marks. These consisted of narrow strips of pasteboard, upon each one of which was usually written some important historical date, some pregnant maxim, or some weighty saying. He was exceedingly industrious, as may be easily seen in the great number and variety of his productions. His table and every chair in the room were always covered with books and papers. He was very seldom idle. At one period of his student life in Germany he allowed himself only four hours of sleep, and his food at that period often consisted of nothing but bread and apples. While in South Carolina it was his habit to write at his books until one o'clock and often later in the night, and afterwards to rise early enough to be in his class-room and deliver his lecture from seven to eight o'clock; always preferring that hour that he might have more time during the day for his own work.

Over the door of his house in New York he had placed "Die Studirende Eule"—the owl studying; and on the ceiling were painted these words:

Patria Cara
Carior Libertas
Veritas Carissima.

Over the door of his library hung the panel of a bench saved from the fire which destroyed the chapel of South Carolina College, on which he had painted the saying of Socrates, *ΧΑΛΕΠΑ ΤΑ ΚΑΛΑ*—all noble things are difficult. On the seal, which he adopted in his youth, were the words *Perfer et Sperne*. In his library hung what he called his *Stella duplex*—William of Orange and Washington, engravings of whom he had arranged and framed upon one card, with, on one side, the motto of William of Orange, *Sævis tranquillus in undis*, and on the other (Washington having no motto of his own) *Tenax et Integer*. Another *Stella duplex*, similarly arranged, contained the likenesses of Hampden and Pym: above them the words *Nulla vestigia retrorsum*, and underneath,

MDCXL.

Claris Civibus
Probis et audacibus
Heres gratus et compos
Libertatis expugnatæ
Et defensor.

In his bedroom he had busts of Plato, Schiller, and Alexander Hamilton, whom he greatly admired, and over the mantelpiece, his favorite—Hugo Grotius.

He was very fond of poetry, and when those who loved him came, after his death, to examine his papers they found scattered everywhere through his journals, on scraps of papers, and on packages of weightier matters, some little poem, some great thought, some beautiful sentiment. His correspondence was very extensive, embracing many of the most distinguished men of this country and abroad, Humboldt, Niebuhr, Bunsen, Mittermaier, Laboulaye, Bluntschli, Heffter, Von Holzendorff, De Tocqueville, Rolin-Jaequemyns, Pierantoni, and many others renowned in letters and science. He enjoyed the sprightly letters of bright and refined women, and they were always deeply interested in him. His own letters, like his conversation, charmed every one with the humor with which they abounded, and the instruction which they conveyed. His disposition was happy and cheerful, but at times, especially when during the war public calamities seemed to threaten his country, clouded by an indescribable sadness. From his earliest years he formed strong attachments. He had the most devoted friends. His love for his mother was most touching, and his domestic life was beautiful in its simplicity and devotion. As one who knew him best and loved him most has truly said, "few men combined so much greatness and power with so much loveliness."

His death was very sudden, and was caused by an affection of the heart. He had been unwell for a day or two and remained at home. His wife was reading to him. It was her constant habit to do so, and was one of the greatest enjoyments of his life. He interrupted the reading with an expression of pain, and almost immediately expired. He was in the seventy-third year of his age.

Dr. Lieber was married on the 21st of September, 1829, and left at his death a widow and two sons—Captain Hamilton Lieber and Major Norman Lieber, both of them officers in the Army of the United States.

Nature gave to Francis Lieber a robust frame. He was short in stature, compact, and muscular. In his younger days he was noted for his strength. His head was massive. His eyes were deep-set, beneath a brow broad and noble. His countenance indicated the thoughtful repose and conscious power of a great mind.

Thus have I endeavored with a feeble hand to delineate the character of a great man, conspicuous alike for his patriotism and attainments, whose writings impressed his thoughts indelibly upon the age, and, like those of Grotius and Montesquieu, constitute a distinct landmark in the history of public law and political science. A man whose learning and intellectual power have conferred honor upon our country, and whose usefulness as a citizen has merited its gratitude. If my ability had been equal to my love and reverence for his memory, the picture would have been more worthy of him and would have better portrayed his noble qualities. But his imperishable works are his best memorial, and his fame will be secure in the lap of history; for as he himself said, at the unveiling of the Statue of Humboldt, quoting the grand words of Pericles, "THE WHOLE EARTH IS THE MONUMENT OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN."

REMINISCENCES

OF

BARTHOLD GEORGE NIEBUHR,

THE HISTORIAN OF ROME.

NOTE.

On Dr. Lieber's return from Greece, in 1822, he spent some time in Rome, where he received much kindness from the historian, Niebuhr, who was then the Prussian minister. He afterwards travelled with Niebuhr, was the teacher of his son, and was honored with his correspondence.

After the death of Niebuhr, which occurred in 1831, Lieber published his recollections of their conversations, based upon the notes which he had made in his Journal. The volume, a duodecimo of 231 pages, was completed for the press in May, 1835, was published by Richard Bentley, of London, and was dedicated to Mrs. Austin.—(G.)

REMINISCENCES
OF
BARTHOLD GEORGE NIEBUHR.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Barthold George Niebuhr, the celebrated historian of Rome, was the son of Carsten Niebuhr. He was born in Copenhagen, August 27, 1776; but, before he had reached his second year, his father (a German) received an appointment in Germany, in South Ditmarsh, whither he took his son. The following account of his early education is derived from his biography of his father:

"He taught me English and French—better, at any rate, than they would have been taught by anybody else in such a place; and something of mathematics, in which he would have proceeded much farther, had not want of zeal and desire in me unfortunately destroyed all his pleasure in the occupation. One thing indeed was characteristic of his whole system of teaching:—as he had no idea how anybody could have knowledge of any kind placed before him and not seize it with the greatest delight and avidity, and hold to it with the steadiest perseverance, he became disinclined to teach whenever I appeared inattentive or reluctant to learn. As the first instructions I received in Latin—before I had the good fortune to become a scholar of the learned and excellent Jäger—were very defective, he helped me, and read with me Cæsar's Commentaries. Here, again, the peculiar bent of his mind showed itself—he always called my attention much more strongly to the geography than the history. The map of ancient Gaul, by D'Anville, for whom he had the greatest reverence, always lay before us. I was obliged to look out every place as it occurred, and to tell its exact situation. His instructions had no pretensions to be grammatical; his knowledge of the language, so far as it went, was gained entirely by reading and by looking at it as a whole. He was of opinion that a man did not deserve to learn what he had not principally worked out for himself; and that a teacher should be only a helper to assist the pupil out of otherwise inexplicable difficulties. From these causes his attempts to teach me Arabic, when he had already lost that facility in speaking it without which it is impossible to dispense with grammatical instruction, to his disappointment and my shame, did not succeed. When I afterwards taught it myself, and sent him translations from it, he was greatly delighted.

"I have the most lively recollection of many descriptions of the structure of the universe, and accounts of eastern countries, which he used to tell me, instead of fairy tales, when he took me on his knee before I went to bed. The history of Mohammed; of the first caliphs, particularly Omar and Ali, for whom he had the deepest veneration; of the conquests and spread of Islamism; of the virtues of the heroes of the new faith, and of the Turkish converts, were imprinted on my childish imagination in the liveliest colors. Historical works on these same subjects were nearly the first books that fell into my hands.

"I recollect, too, that on the Christmas-eve of my tenth year, by way of making the day one of peculiar solemnity and rejoicing to me, he went to a beautiful chest containing his manuscripts, which was regarded by us children, and indeed by the whole household, as a sort of ark of the covenant, took out the papers relating to Africa, and read to me from them. He had taught me to draw maps, and, with his encouragement and assistance, I soon produced maps of Habesh and Sudan.

"I could not make him a more welcome birthday present than a sketch of the geography of eastern countries, or translations from voyages and travels, executed as might be expected from a child. He had originally no stronger desire than that I might be his successor as a traveller in the East. But the influence of a very tender and anxious mother upon my physical training and constitution thwarted his plan almost as soon as it was formed. In consequence of her opposition, my father afterwards gave up all thoughts of it.

"The distinguished kindness he had experienced from the English, and the services which he had been able to render to the East India Company, by throwing light on the navigation of the higher part of the Red Sea, led him to entertain the idea of sending me, as soon as I was old enough, to India. With this scheme, which, plausible as it was, he was afterwards as glad to see frustrated as I was myself, many things in the education he gave me were intimately connected. He taught me, by preference, out of English books, and put English works of all sorts into my hands. At a very early age he gave me a regular supply of English newspapers—circumstances which I record here, not on account of the powerful influence they have had on *my* maturer life, but as indications of *his* character."

An intercourse with several distinguished scholars, particularly J. H. Voss, the celebrated translator of Homer, early inspired young Niebuhr with a peculiar love for the classics. His father was intimately acquainted with the famous Busch, which was the cause of Niebuhr's residence for some time in Hamburg, where he acquainted himself with commercial affairs. Here, also, he was in constant intercourse with Klopstock, who had a great friendship for the youth. From 1793 to 1794 he studied law in the University of Kiel; but his inclination for the classics continued. When nineteen years old he went to the University of Edinburgh, in order to study the natural sciences under the professors of that institution, then so famous. He remained one year and a half in Edinburgh, and then travelled over England for six months, and obtained an extensive knowledge of the institutions of that country, assisted as he was by a memory of whose power the present writer, in a long residence with Mr. Niebuhr, has seen most surprising proofs.

When he returned from England he was appointed private secretary to the Danish minister of finance, in which situation he had an opportunity to examine closely the administration of Count A. P. Bernstorff, which, as he himself says, in the biography of his father above mentioned, affected essentially the direction of his whole life. After a certain time he was appointed a director of the bank. In 1801 he witnessed the bombardment of Copenhagen.

The invasion of Germany (which he always loved as his true country) by the French affected him much; and his translation of the First Philippic of Demosthenes, dedicated to the Emperor Alexander, with a remarkable call upon him, proves his sentiments. In 1806 he was taken into the Prussian service; but soon after his arrival in Berlin the battle of Jena changed the whole condition of the kingdom.

In Königsberg, whither he had followed the court, he was appointed one of the counsellors who directed public affairs under Hardenberg, until the peace of Tilsit. He then took an active part in the organization of the Prussian States under the minister Stein. In 1808 he was sent to Holland on a special mission, where he remained fourteen months, during which he always contrived to save some time from his public occupations for study. On his return to Berlin he was made privy-counsellor of state, and a temporary officer in the department of finances. In 1810, when the University of Berlin was established, his friends persuaded him to deliver his first lectures on Roman history, which were received with such interest by the hearers, and so much commended by men like Buttmann, Heindorf, Spalding, and Savigny, that he published, in 1811 and 1812, the two volumes of his Roman history.

When the Prussians rose against the French he established a journal at Berlin, under the title of the Prussian Correspondent; and in 1814 was sent again to Holland to negotiate a loan with England. On his return in the same year to Berlin he lost his wife, and soon after his father; and, to divert his mind under his losses, he planned the biography of his father, and edited, together with Buttmann and Heindorf, the fragments of Fronto found in Verona by Angelo Maio.

In 1816 he married a second time, and was appointed Prussian minister at the Papal see; and on his passage through Verona to Rome he discovered, in the cathedral library of the former city, the Institutions of Gaius. The chief object of his mission was to arrange with the Pope the reorganization of the Catholic church in the Prussian dominions, which was finally settled by the Prussian concordate when Prince Hardenberg went to Rome in 1822. The result is the bull *De Salute Animarum.* Pius VII., himself a lover of science, had a great regard for Niebuhr. Even before he went to Italy his attention had been directed to the importance of the *Codices rescripti*, and the discovery of Gaius added to his interest in the subject, so that he spent much time in Rome in an accurate examination of the manuscripts of the Vatican library; but when Angelo Maio was appointed keeper of the library, a very ill-placed jealousy on his part towards Niebuhr prevented the latter from continuing freely his learned labors, the result of which he made known to the world in his collection of unedited fragments of Cicero and Livy (Rome, 1820); and, at a later period, when a good understanding existed again between Maio and Niebuhr, produced by the disinterested frankness of the latter, he took an active part in Maio's edition of the precious fragments of Cicero's *De Republica.*

His residence in Rome gave him an intimate knowledge of the localities of the city, and a clearer conception of its ancient character and history. The writer considers him more intimately acquainted than any antiquarian of the place with the relics of the ancient city; and to walk with him over the ancient Forum was like passing along with a guide from classic times, so clear was the whole scene before his eye. His knowledge in this branch appears in his essay On the Increase and Decline of Ancient, and the Restoration of Modern Rome, which is printed in the first volume of the

Description of Rome, by Bunsen and Platner: it is also published in his minor works. More of the same kind from his pen will appear in the succeeding volumes of the interesting work just mentioned. In this period he also wrote some Latin treatises in the *Atti dell'Academia di Archeologia*, on the Greek inscriptions brought by Gau from Nubia, and a German treatise on the age of Curtius and Petronius, in the Transactions of the Academy of Berlin.

In 1823 he left Rome, and before his return to Germany went to Naples, where he devoted some hours every day to the collation of the best manuscript of the grammarian Charisius in the library of that city. In Switzerland he remained six weeks in St. Gall, examining laboriously the manuscripts of the library; and if he expected more than he actually found, he at least discovered some remains of the latest Roman poetry—that is, poems of Merobaudes.

He settled in Bonn, where the Prussian government had established a university. He wrote here, in the winter of 1823–24, that portion which is finished of the third volume of his History of Rome. He was appointed a member of the council of state, whose sessions he attended at Berlin. The writer entertains a grateful remembrance of a visit which Mr. Niebuhr paid him at this time, when imprisoned in consequence of a political prosecution, and of his release from confinement, obtained through Mr. Niebuhr's intercession. The kindness was the greater, as Mr. Niebuhr's own political principles were looked on with some suspicion by the men in power.

After his return to Bonn he determined to remodel the two first volumes of his Roman History before publishing the third, as further researches had changed his views in many respects. He now also began to lecture again, and the fees paid for attendance he devoted to prizes for scientific questions, or to the support of poor students. The first volume (second edition) appeared in 1827, and was so well received that the third edition appeared in 1828. The second volume was, in its new state, finished only a few months before his death, and in the preface he says that the melancholy influence of recent political events upon his mind appears in the mode of the execution of the concluding part of the work. That part of the third volume which he had finished, and which carries the history of Rome from the Licinian law to the last quarter of the fifth century, will probably soon appear.

Niebuhr's activity was great. Every scholar will easily perceive in his History the extensive and unremitted labor which it required; and, towards the close of his life, he added to his other occupations the task of preparing a new edition of the Byzantine Historians. He himself made the beginning with a critical edition of Agathias, and obtained active collaborators, while he superintended the execution of his plan. At the same time he made a collection of his treatises in the Transactions of the Academy of Berlin, and in the Rhenish Museum, which he had edited, together with Prof. Brandes, since 1827. His reputation is spread over Europe, and in America he is equally honored. He died January 2, 1831, at a period of his life which afforded reason for expecting much from him. His wife died on the 11th of the same month.

INTRODUCTION.

Whatever contributes to show with clearer delineation the character, dispositions, and intellectual ability of a man like Mr. Niebuhr, the historian, whose labors have already exercised a powerful influence upon an important branch of human science, and will produce a growing effect on every future generation, will be welcomed, I trust, by all who love knowledge and truth. With this view I give the following pages to the public.

At various times, since the death of that great scholar, the idea has occurred to my mind that those who enjoyed the rare good fortune of living on terms of intimacy with him would do an essential service to science were they to publish all they know with regard to his studies, opinions, and the more important occurrences in his life. Having lately had occasion to search among my papers, I met with so many notes relating to my intercourse with him, that I resolved at once to collect from them all that appeared to be of general interest, and of which the publication would neither betray his confidence nor injure the private interest of any person.

From the succeeding pages it will be seen that Mr. Niebuhr received me into his house at an age and period of my life in which no candid reader will expect that judicious foresight which was requisite to note down carefully all the most important facts and views stated at various times by him, even if my natural disposition had been to make so systematic a collection of table-talk.

Disappointed in my most ardent desires, I had returned from Greece, mourning as an enthusiastic youth is apt to mourn when his fondest hopes are first nipped by cold reality.

It was at this period that Mr. Niebuhr, who had known neither my family nor anything of myself, received me as the kindest friend. He said to me, in language which has sunk deep into my heart, "Do not be discouraged: come to me, and recover yourself in my house." On another occasion, when he found that I had given up a plan of visiting the Vatican in company with several friends in order to finish something which he had wished me to do, he said, "I am displeased with you: you ought to have found ere this that I would have you live with me as with a brother." In constant intercourse with such a friend and benefactor, with such a guide in Rome, where all her art, and history, and beauty burst upon my soul as a new world, of whose character I had but faintly dreamt, but which to know I had always longed, it will be easily understood that my mind was often too much occupied, and the life I lived too intense, to find time and patience to survey it calmly, and record all I had seen or heard regularly. I kept a journal, indeed, but not unfrequently have I omitted to make notes of what now would be most interesting.

I disclaim, therefore, in the following pages anything like a complete record of every interesting or important sentiment that Mr. Niebuhr stated during my residence with him, or even of all the most important facts or opinions. Besides this deficiency in my journal, it is necessary for me to mention that my papers were subsequently seized by the police, and have undergone its penetrating criticism. Some have been lost by this process, others by my wandering life since that time. Still I hope that those which have remained will be judged of sufficient interest, and enable the reader to form a more accurate idea of the distinguished man to whom they relate, as they will also, in some instances, afford him an interesting insight into the various causes which led to his great work, or facilitated its perfection. In short, I feel assured they will be found of psychological interest both as to the man and the scholar.

I might have grouped the different aphorisms under some general heads; but even this arrangement seemed to me to indicate a promise of giving something complete; or, at any rate, it appeared to me to deprive the various sentiments of that desultory character which they ought to retain in order to remain perfectly natural: as they were gathered so I give them.

Whoever knows me will know also that I am not capable of altering or coloring when I promise to give the words of a man whom I cannot recollect but with the mingled feelings of sadness, veneration, and gratitude, which I owe to him as my best friend. To those of my readers who do not know me personally, I can only offer what they will find in the work itself, and in the character I may have gained with them by previous publications, as my guarantee for the truth of what I am now going to record. It is that alone which can give any value to these pages. Most of what the reader will find is literal translation; a few circumstances or sentiments I have stated from memory, when they were of a character indelibly to impress themselves upon my mind.

There are many other statements which I recollect with considerable certainty, but I abstain from giving them, lest I might deviate from rigid truth. Some of the most interesting sentiments I have left out, because they might affect persons whose interest it was surely not Mr. Niebuhr's wish to affect: nor have I given anything which I could imagine that he himself, in my situation, would have suppressed, those statements only excepted which show his own excellent character. I need not add that it would have been presumptuous in me to record only those opinions of Mr. Niebuhr which happen to coincide with my own. I am desirous of affording to the reader the opportunity to form a more vivid picture of him; my own views have no connection with this subject.

In order to understand the precise character of the subsequent sentiments, it will be necessary to know in what relation I stood to Mr. Niebuhr. This will be seen from the following account, which is the more gratifying to my heart, as I consider it a tribute to his goodness which it has long been my anxious desire to pay.

I went in the year 1821 to Greece, led by youthful ardor to assist the oppressed and struggling descendants of that people whom all civilized nations love and admire. After having suffered many hardships and bitter disappointments, and finding it impossible either to fight or to procure the means for a bare subsistence, however small, I resolved in 1822 to return, as so many other Philhellenes were obliged to do. The small sum which I had obtained by selling nearly every article I possessed was rapidly dwindling away: I should have died of hunger had I remained longer. Before, therefore, my money was entirely exhausted, I took passage at Missolonghi in a small vessel bound for Ancona. One scudo and a half was all that remained in my purse after I had paid the commander of the tartan—a price which was very high for the poor accommodation, or rather absence of all accommodation, but only natural considering my helpless state, and that the commander of the vessel was a Greek. We had a rough passage, during which we were obliged to seek shelter in the bay of Gorzola, on the coast of Dalmatia; and on Easter-eve we entered the port of Ancona. I remembered having heard from a fellow-student of mine in Germany that he intended to abandon the pandects and follow the fine arts: if he had done so, I concluded he would be by this time in Rome. In a letter, therefore, to one of the first artists in that city, whom I knew only by reputation, I enclosed another to my friend, hoping that the former might have happened to hear of him. In this letter I asked for money to enable me to defray the expenses of the quarantine: should I be unable to do this, the captain who had brought me would have been bound to pay my expenses, and I should have been obliged to pay him by serving on board his vessel. This regulation is fair enough. Caution prohibits anything being touched which comes from persons in quarantine; the establishment, therefore, must furnish articles of comfort and sustenance on credit, which would be often abused if the quarantine establishment had not the right to look to the captain, and the captain to the passenger.

There was then a fair chance that I should have to work for some time as a sailor on board a Greek vessel, until we should go to anchor in some large port, where I might find a consul of my own nation, to whom I could disclose my situation, and who would feel disposed to assist me until I could obtain from home the means of returning. But my friend happened to be at Rome and to have money, and, with the promptness of a German student, sent me all he possessed at the time.

Unfortunately an old woman who had come with us from Greece died shortly after we entered into quarantine, and we were sentenced to full forty days' *contumacia.* At length the day of liberty arrived. My intention was, of course, to go to Rome; and no sooner had we *pratica*—as the Italians so justly call this permission to go where you like, all confinement being but a life in theory—than I went to the police-office to ask for the necessary signature to my passport for Rome.

My passport happened to be in wretched disorder. When I resolved on going to Greece, I lived in Dresden, not unwatched, as I had but lately left the prison, where I had been confined for political reasons. It was impossible for me to obtain a passport for any length of time, and particularly for a journey to France; yet I had to make my way to Marseilles, where I intended to embark for Greece. I took, therefore, a passport for a journey to Nuremberg, and for the short period of a fortnight only. Once in possession of this paper, I emptied an inkstand over the words which declared it to be limited to so short a space of time. I then had it signed in every small place on my route to Nuremberg, so that it finally looked formidable enough. When I arrived there, I accounted for the defacing ink-blot by the awkwardness of the police-officer of some precious *bureau*, and got the paper signed for Munich. There I chose the time when the chief officers of my legation would probably be gone to dinner to have it farther signed for Switzerland, pretending to be in a great hurry. It was signed. I passed through Switzerland; and on the French frontier I received, according to rule, a pro-visionary passport, the other being taken from me to be sent to Paris; from thence it would be forwarded to any place I should indicate. It will be easily supposed that I never cared to receive back the original passport, and it was the provisional French paper with which I had to make my way through the police-office at Ancona.

There was thus an immense gap in my passport; in addition to which, the police-officer, a very polite man, declared that but a few days previously they had received an order from Rome not to sign the passport of any person coming from Greece except for a direct journey home. I was thunderstruck.

"Would you prevent me from seeing Rome?" said I, probably with an expression which showed the intenseness of my disappointment, for the officer replied in a kind tone, "You see, *carissimo mio*, I cannot do otherwise. You are a Prussian, and I must direct your passport home to Germany. I will direct it to Florence; your minister there may direct it back to Rome. Or I will direct it to any place in Tuscany which you may choose; for through Tuscany you must travel in order to reach Germany."

I think I never felt more wretched than on leaving the police-office. I had sailed for Greece from Marseilles, and had now returned to Ancona. Had I made my way round Rome without seeing the Eternal City—without seeing her perhaps ever in my life?

A Danish gentleman, who had gone to Greece for the same purpose as myself, who had sailed with me from Missolonghi, and with whom I now had taken lodgings, felt equally disappointed. We went home and threw ourselves on the only bed in our room in silent despair. Could we venture to go to Rome without passports? We should certainly be impeded on our way by gendarmes, particularly as our shabby dress was far from removing all suspicion from these watchful servants of public safety. We could think of no means of obtaining the object of our most ardent wishes, and yet we could not resolve to abandon it. Thus lying and meditating, I took up, mechanically, a map of Italy. We gazed at it, and our disappointment became but the keener while the classic ground with its thousand associations was thus strikingly represented before our eyes. Suddenly an idea struck us which showed one possible means of realizing our almost hopeless desires.

The map pointed out to us how near the south-western frontier line of Tuscany approaches to Rome. The road from Ancona to Orbitello, a Tuscan place, we thought was nearly the same as that to Rome. Once near the city, we did not doubt but that we might contrive to get into it; and once there, means would be found to remain there.

I started back immediately to the police-office, pretended to have received a letter which informed me of a friend of mine being at Orbitello, and requested the officer to direct my passport to that place. "Orbitello," I added, "is in Tuscany, you know." Italians generally, as is well known, are exceedingly poor geographers; and the gentleman upon whom at this moment the gratification of my fondest wishes depended inquired of another officer in an adjoining room whether Orbitello was in Tuscany or belonged to the Papal territory. I went into the next room, showed with a trembling hand that Orbitello was situated within the color which distinguished on the map Tuscany from the other states of Italy—it was green, I recollect well—and, to my infinite joy, this gentleman replied, "Yes, sir, it belongs to Tuscany." "Then direct the passport of the two gentlemen to that place," was the delightful answer; and I hurried away with it from the office, not to betray my emotion.

Whether my anxiety to get to Rome had won us the good graces of these gentlemen of the police, or whatever else may have been the cause, certain it is that they treated us with much kindness; though I should have blamed no one for keeping at a respectful distance from us, shabby as our whole exterior was. The officer whom I had had the good luck to teach geography extended his politeness even so far as to invite us to take a ride with him, which we, however, prudently declined.

A vetturino was hired, and we left Ancona as soon as possible. At Nepi we had to inform the coachman that we intended to go to Rome, and not to Orbitello, as the roads divide a few miles beyond Nepi, at the *Colonetta.* A trifle smoothed over his objections; and when we were near Rome we jumped out of the carriage, directed the vetturino to retain our knapsacks until we should call for them, and entered the Porta del Popolo as if the porticoes of the churches near it and the obelisk were nothing new to us. My heart beat as we approached the tame-looking sentinel of the Papal troops more than it ever had beaten at the approach of any grenadier of the enemy; and the delight I experienced when I had safely passed him, and felt and saw I was in Rome, is indescribable.

I found the friend whom I have already mentioned: he shared his room with me. After I had somewhat recovered from the first excitement caused by the pleasure of seeing him, and a rapid glance at the wonders of Rome, and the consciousness of treading her hallowed ground, I reflected on my situation. I could not reside at Rome for any length of time without having permission from the police. This, again, I could not obtain without a certificate from the minister of my country that my passport was in order. The very contrary was the case, as the reader knows; in fact, I was ashamed to show my passport at the Prussian legation. I resolved, therefore, on disclosing frankly my situation to the minister, Mr. Niebuhr, hoping that a scholar who had written the history of Rome could not be so cruel as to drive me from Rome without allowing me time to see and study it. Yet I did not go to the Prussian legation without some fear; for should I be unsuccessful, it was clear that I should be deprived of the residence even of a few weeks at this most interesting of all spots on the face of the globe, which I might have enjoyed before the police regulations would have been applied to me. I knew nothing personally of Mr. Niebuhr, nor whether he would consider himself authorized to grant my wishes, however easy it might be for him to understand all their ardor. He knew nothing of me; and then, how should I appear before him? Certainly not in a very prepossessing condition.

The Prussian minister resided at the Palazzo Orsini, or, as it is equally often called, Teatro di Marcello; for the palace is on and within the remains of the theatre which Augustus built and dedicated to his nephew Marcellus. My heart grew heavier the nearer I approached this venerable pile, to which a whole history is attached, from the times of antiquity, through the middle ages, when it served as a castle to its proud inmates, and down to the most recent times. The idea that I might be disbelieved prevented me for a moment from proceeding any farther to that building, under an engraving of which in my possession I now find that I afterwards wrote the words, "*In questa rovina retrovai la vita.*"

I did not see the minister: he was busily engaged; but the secretary of the legation received me with a humanity which made my heart thrill, heightened as was its effect by the contrast with all I had lately experienced. I told my story plainly; he went to the minister, and returned with a paper written in his own hand, on showing which the Papal police were to give me the necessary permission to reside in Rome: "for," said he, "it is clear that without means you cannot proceed, and as you are probably in want of funds necessary for the moment, the minister has directed me to hand you this as a loan. You can take it without any unpleasant feeling, as it is part of a sum which Prince Henry (brother to the reigning king, then residing in Rome) has placed at the disposal of Mr. Niebuhr for the assistance of gentlemen who might return from Greece. Prince Henry of course does not wish to know the names of those who have been assisted by his means; so you need feel no scruples."

I had to make yet another request. I was anxious to read Mr. Niebuhr's History of Rome in Rome, and had been unsuccessful in obtaining a copy; I therefore asked whether I might borrow one from Mr. Niebuhr's library. Here my frankness embarrassed the secretary, and he very justly observed that the minister, after all, knew as yet nothing of me. I felt the propriety of his remark, and answered that I was so desirous of reperusing the work just at this moment, that I had considered it due to myself to make so bold a request, though I was aware I had nothing upon which I could found any hope of success except the honesty of my purpose. He advised me to ask the minister myself, which I might do the following day at a certain hour when he had expressed a wish to see me.

When I went the next morning at the appointed time, as I thought, Mr. Niebuhr met me on the stairs, being on the point of going out. He received me with kindness and affability, returned with me to his room, made me relate my whole story, and appeared much pleased that I could give him some information respecting Greece, which seemed to be not void of interest to him. Our conversation lasted several hours, when he broke off, asking me to return to dinner. I hesitated in accepting the invitation, which he seemed unable to understand. He probably thought that a person in my situation ought to be glad to receive an invitation of this kind; and, in fact, any one might feel gratified in being asked to dine with him, especially in Rome. When I saw that my motive for declining so flattering an invitation was not understood, I said, throwing a glance at my dress, "Really, sir, I am not in a state to dine with an excellency." He stamped with his foot, and said, with some animation, "Are diplomatists always believed to be so cold-hearted! I am the same that I was in Berlin when I delivered my lectures: your remark was wrong."[1] No argument could be urged against such reasons.

I recollect that dinner with delight. His conversation, abounding in rich and various knowledge and striking observations; his great kindness; the acquaintance I made with Mrs. Niebuhr; his lovely children, who were so beautiful that when, at a later period, I used to walk with them, the women would exclaim, "*Ma guardate, guardate, che angeli!*"—a good dinner (which I had not enjoyed for a long time) in a high vaulted room, the ceiling of which was painted in the style of Italian palaces; a picture by the mild Francia close by; the sound of the murmuring fountain in the garden, and the refreshing beverages in coolers, which I had seen, but the day before, represented in some of the most masterly pictures of the Italian schools;—in short, my consciousness of being at dinner with Niebuhr in his house in Rome—and all this in so bold relief to my late and not unfrequently disgusting sufferings, would have rendered the moment one of almost perfect enjoyment and happiness, had it not been for an annoyance which, I have no doubt, will appear here a mere trifle. However, reality often widely differs from its description on paper. Objects of great effect for the moment become light as air, and others, shadows and vapors in reality, swell into matters of weighty consideration when subjected to the recording pen—a truth, by the way, which applies to our daily life, as well as to transactions of powerful effect—and it is, therefore, the sifting tact which constitutes one of the most necessary, yet difficult, requisites for a sound historian.

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[1] *Das war kleinlich* were his words.

My dress consisted, as yet, of nothing better than a pair of unblacked shoes, such as are not unfrequently worn in the Levant; a pair of socks of coarse Greek wool; the brownish pantaloons frequently worn by sea-captains in the Mediterranean; and a blue frock-coat, through which two balls had passed—a fate to which the blue cloth cap had likewise been exposed. The socks were exceedingly short, hardly covering my ankles, and so indeed were the pantaloons; so that, when I was in a sitting position, they refused me the charity of meeting, with an obstinacy which reminded me of the irreconcilable temper of the two brothers in Schiller's Bride of Messina. There happened to dine with Mr. Niebuhr another lady besides Mrs. Niebuhr; and my embarrassment was not small when, towards the conclusion of the dinner, the children rose and played about on the ground, and I saw my poor extremities exposed to all the frank remarks of quick-sighted childhood; fearing as I did, at the same time, the still more trying moments after dinner, when I should be obliged to take coffee near the ladies, unprotected by the kindly shelter of the table. Mr. Niebuhr observed perhaps that something embarrassed me, and he redoubled, if possible, his kindness.

After dinner he proposed a walk, and asked the ladies to accompany us. I pitied them; but as a gentleman of their acquaintance had dropped in by this time, who gladly accepted the offer to walk with us, they were spared the mortification of taking my arm. Mr. Niebuhr, probably remembering what I had said of my own appearance in the morning, put his arm under mine, and thus walked with me for a long time. After our return, when I intended to take leave, he asked me whether I wished for anything. I said I should like to borrow his History. He had but one copy, to which he had added notes, and which he did not wish, therefore, to lend out of his house; but he said he would get a copy for me. As to his other books, he gave me the key of his library to take whatever I liked. He laughed when I returned laden with books, and dismissed me in the kindest manner.

A short time after, I had the pleasure of accompanying him and Mr. Bunsen, then his secretary, now minister in his place, to Tivoli, where we remained a few days, residing in a house which belonged to Cardinal Consalvi; and, but a few days after, he invited me to live with him, assisting, if agreeable to me, in the education of his son Marcus. I thus became the constant companion of this rarely-gifted man at meals and on his daily walks after dinner, which were the most instructive hours of my life. He also gave to the Danish gentleman whom I have mentioned the means of returning to his own country.

Mr. Niebuhr proposed to me to write an account of my journey in Greece; which I at first hesitated to do, as I could give only a lamentable picture; but he showed me how necessary it would be to present a true sketch of the actual state of affairs in that unhappy country, both for the Greeks and those young men who might feel disposed to pursue the same course that I had myself done. I objected besides to the task, as I had little else to relate than the result of sad experience, and should thus tear open wounds which had hardly begun to heal. However, he assured me that I should feel much better satisfied after I had once performed the labor. I went to work, therefore, and what I had written in the afternoon or evening I read after breakfast to him and Mrs. Niebuhr in the garden. His advice throughout the progress of the work was of the greatest value to me.[1]

During the summer I accompanied Mr. Niebuhr and his family to Albano, where we resided for some time; and in March, 1823, when he quitted the embassy at Rome, he took me with him to Naples; whence we returned in the month of May to Rome, which we left in about a week. By way of Florence, Pisa, and Bologna, we went to the Tyrol; and in Innspruck I took leave of that family with whom alone I then considered my existence tolerable. Mr. Niebuhr went by way of Switzerland, where he passed six weeks at St. Gall to examine the manuscripts of its library, on his way to Bonn.

Mr. Niebuhr honored me with his correspondence; and when, after my return to Berlin, I was again imprisoned, he, being called to the capital to assist in the council of state then held, paid me a visit at Koepnick,[2] the place of my confinement. I have to acknowledge this act of kindness with the greater gratitude, as he himself was at that time perhaps not looked upon without some degree of political distrust. I have reason to believe that I owe my second liberation greatly to his exertions.

A great effort was made during this session of the council of state to establish a national bank; and Mr. Niebuhr, abhorring the stock-jobbing spirit then so universally spread over Europe, and believing that a national bank would greatly increase this evil, and be but a tempting and ready means for ruinous money transactions of government, strained every nerve to prevent a bank. He succeeded; and when the memorable commercial revolution of 1825 took place, he congratulated himself on having prevented still greater mischief in Prussia by his exertions against a bank. In a letter to Count Bernstorff, then minister of foreign affairs, dated February 22, 1826, which he sent me open, as a letter of recommendation to be delivered if I should pursue a certain plan I had communicated to him,[1] he said, after having expressed his acknowledgment for a favor bestowed upon him by government: "I make bold to believe myself entitled to some small favor, even if for no other reason than that I have prevented the establishment of the bank. What would the state and public not have suffered had that project been executed! How many more families would have been ruined!" The favor of which he speaks was nothing else than a more convenient arrangement of the payment of his salary, as he had suffered considerable loss by the failure of a house in which he had placed most of his funds.

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[1] The work was published under the title Journal of my Residence in Greece, Leipzig, 1823; and a Dutch translation of it, under the transformed and catching title The German Anacharsis, Amsterdam, 1823.

[2] A small town, about eight miles from Berlin.

When I resided in London, the university of that city was in course of organization, and I intended to apply for the chair of the German and Northern languages. Before I had made, however, any proper application, I was induced to go to America. In the mean time, I had written to Germany for testimonials by which I might prove my fitness for the desired professorship. Mr. Niebuhr promptly sent me the desired paper, expressing his opinion in terms which gave me the greatest pleasure, though I never had occasion to use it. The letter in which he sent it, and which is dated March 23, 1827, contains the following passage, which may not be uninteresting with regard to a more accurate knowledge of himself, as well as in a general view:

"The enclosed contains the recommendation, which I send you with great pleasure, as it agrees with my conscience as much as my wishes for your success agree with my heart; may it be useful to you in some way or other! Competition will be great; and gentlemen will not be wanting who have the support of present and influential friends. In general, I trust to your good star, which has so far never abandoned you; though in this special case you may be unsuccessful.

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[1] The letter was not delivered.

"As I understand, two very different elements are active in the erection of the London University—the Whigs and Radicals. Both belong to a time that has passed. The first do not know precisely what they want, except power and independence upon government, in the sense of the old barons, only reduced and applied to our own time:[1] their property is their idol.

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They have as miserable a contempt towards foreigners, especially towards us Germans, as the Tories. This I say in general; yet there are many exceptions, and most of my friends in England are Whigs. By this time you will know the Radicals: free of many prejudices of the two other parties, less insolent towards foreign countries, yet they show less justice towards us, in particular, than to other foreign nations. Their political economy is no deep wisdom;[2] yet they feel at least some interest in the welfare of the million, though they restrict this interest to their physical welfare. This, however, is much in these times of egotism—the cancer of which England is dying. Mr. ——, who will be an influential person in the university matters, belongs, to speak honestly, to this party; so does Mr. —— (whom you will find in the counting-house of his company, No. —, —— street). Go to both with my most pressing recommendations; both are violent political economists, so take a little care what you say. My name may also, perhaps, be of use with Mr. Brougham: try to become acquainted with him; I know you will make him soon feel interested in you. Endeavor to become acquainted with Mr. Grote, who is engaged on a Greek History; he, too, will receive you well if you take him my regards.[1] If you become better acquainted with him, it is worth your while to obtain the proof-sheets of his work, in order to translate it: I expect a great deal from this production, and will get you here a publisher. If the Marquis of Lansdowne has it in his power to be useful to you, go by all means to him: my name, I feel sure, will be of use with him. You ought to look around for other works besides that of Mr. Grote; for instance, the Journey to Cyrenaica will probably find no other translator. Journeys of this kind, which contain inscriptions, etc., would meet with publishers in Germany, especially if a philologer—for instance myself—would add some notes and a preface: but for this it would be necessary to have the original. If you will send the inscriptions of the Journey in Cyrenaica, but copied in the most careful possible way, with what the author says, written on the thinnest letter-paper, and husbanding the room, directed to Mr. Weber, in Bonn, and inside to the Privy-counsellor Niebuhr, for the Rhenish Museum, I can offer you two fredericks-d'or for each sheet which the inscriptions and translations with my notes may occupy. But they must be most carefully copied! You would no doubt find some one with whose aid you might compare them. Give always the titles with great accuracy. I wish to know how the undertaking of Messrs. Hare and Thirlwood proceeds. Room is wanting to write more: indeed, my time, too, is limited. For five quarters of a year I have worked at my History with an effort which has nearly exhausted my strength: I find it difficult now to continue;" etc.

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[1] The reader will remember when Mr. Niebuhr wrote the letter; at present, the name Whig signifies something different. Besides, it must not be forgotten, that Mr. Niebuhr, though an attentive observer of his own time as it passed on, had received many impressions when the Whigs stood in a still different position from what they occupied in 1827. In general, I can only say, that many readers, though far from subscribing to the *modern* political inconsistencies (each period has its own), will think that Mr. Niebuhr, in some cases, looked back upon past times with too much fondness, thus undervaluing the present time, as is not unfrequently the case with historians.

[2] *Ist eine schale weisheit* are the words of the original.

Before I embarked for America I communicated to Mr.

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[1] I had already become acquainted with that gentleman through the kindness of Mrs. Austin.

Niebuhr my wish to enter into a connection with the best German paper; and in Boston I received a long letter from him, dated September 13, 1827, of which the following are extracts:

"I have received your farewell letter from London, my dear friend, and, *via* Hamburg, the letter which you wrote at sea. This shows me that you have safely arrived in the New World, though you have not added anything on this point. From New York you will have gone on good roads and in coaches, probably very different from those which are described by former travellers, to Boston, where I and all my family not only wish from all our hearts, but confidently hope, that you will be happy, as far as this is possible in a foreign and not inspiring country. I approve of your resolution to go to America so entirely, that had you been able to ask my advice beforehand, I should have unqualifiedly urged you to go; for there is little happiness in England for him who does not stand in the centre of the briskest activity—who, as a foreigner must do, has but the looking on. The New England states in which you live are indeed worthy of the name, which, south of the Potomac, would not be befitting. It is England without any aristocracy and tradition, active and busy only in the material world; hence without beautiful illusions, but also without English political hypocrisy. Only beware that you do not fall into an idolatry of the country and that state of things which is so dazzling because it shows the material world in a favorable light. You are able to do this if you will be watchful over yourself: you have judgment and philosophical tact enough to protect yourself. Remain a German, and without counting hour and day, yet say to yourself that the hour and day will come when you will be able to return.

"Agreeably to your desire to retain some literary connection with Germany, I wrote to Baron Cotta, of whom you also have thought. As the Allgemeine Zeitung has no correspondent in America, I counted upon a favorable reception; and I have not been disappointed. Baron Cotta offers you to correspond for, 1, the Allgemeine Zeitung; 2, the Morgenblatt; 3, the Kunstblatt; 4, the Literary Gazette; 5, the Polytechnic Journal; 6, the Political Annals; and, 7, the Ausland, a journal solely destined for news of foreign countries. . . .

"In regard to your correspondence for the Allgemeine Zeitung, I will undertake to give you some directions, as nearly all correspondents of this paper (if not all without exception) mistake their proper point of view. I almost feel tempted to write a dissertation on that point, had I the time for it; but I am pressed indeed. Therefore abstract for yourself, and may it suffice *in concreto*, that the correspondence from the United States must be twofold: *A*, on Home affairs, *B*, on Foreign affairs.——*Ad. A.* It has to represent, *a*, the state of things, *b*, events. As respects *a*, I think that extensive statistical and ethnographic accounts belong more properly to larger collections—for instance, the Political Annals. But moral and personal relations, briefly stated, belong to the paper: for instance, information respecting the persons who compose the government; on the relations between the different states; whether there are any, and if so, whether increasing, collisions between them; powers and interests which prepare great events and changes; the relations to foreign countries, etc.—*b*, the events to be described are the general ones of the Union, and those of the single states. Under this head do not only belong political events, properly speaking, but also legislative acts; and not only general federal legislation, but also that of single states (for instance, when a state changes its constitution or its civil or criminal laws); respecting the federal government, changes, new regulations in the army or navy, besides single statistical notices, particularly comparative ones, which show the material increase; censuses, etc. Single anecdotes belong more properly to the Morgenblatt.——*B.* This correspondence must comprise the neighboring British provinces, as well as Mexico and South America. Pay especial attention to the former, whence we receive so few descriptions by tourists. You must glean from papers and pamphlets, which reach Europe rarely, except when they are sent to some dozen people in England. Here, too, statistics are of the greatest importance to show improvement or the contrary; farther, accounts on the relation between the mother-country and the colonies. Respecting the independent states, you must write in the same way as has been stated with regard to the United States. The task is not easy. I require of a correspondent of a newspaper the same that I endeavored to do in my reports to the king when I was minister, and what I, as secretary of state for foreign affairs, should expect from every diplomatic agent. It is all-important to be conscientious and true to the letter. The correspondent of a newspaper is the ambassador, not of its proprietor, but of the public. Before you begin your correspondence, look calmly around, and find your true point of view. Respecting the feud between the northern and southern states, I am decidedly Yankee and Anti-Virginian. But being fifty-one years old, should I get there, I neither would trust the former unconditionally, nor disapprove of the others unconditionally. . . .

"One thing I cannot sufficiently recommend to you—you must not take it amiss, my best friend; it is indeed not intended as reflecting upon you, but it must be a vast, extensive shoal, because all newspaper correspondents wreck upon it: *no political dissertations and generalities, but facts simply and concisely related.* If you meet with notices of discoveries, whether from the South Sea, the interior of America, the Columbia river, or from the back settlements on the Missouri, Arkansas, etc., think of your friend, that you give him great pleasure with these things, and send them for insertion in the extra sheets of the Allgemeine Zeitung; for this paper is the only one of the whole circle which I, so horridly pressed for time, look at.

"In writing to you to Boston, I feel heavily an old debt of correspondence to Mr. ——, of Boston, with regard to himself individually, on account of his honorable article on my History, and as secretary of the Academy, in whose name he has honored me with a letter. How old is this debt! But if Mr. ——, and every other person who considers himself neglected by me, knew in what degree I am overburdened with labor since I have resumed the continuation of my History, they would all pardon me. Besides the History, I have now also The Museum (a periodical), and the direction of the new edition of the Byzantine Historians. I may say that the latter *alone* would be quite sufficient to bend down many a one, especially one who delivers lectures at the same time. It causes an indispensable correspondence, which cannot be delayed. In addition to this, I must mention the abominable loss of time by travellers. This one thing I beg of you, my dear friend—don't give *easily* letters of introduction: these people murder my time.[1] Therefore give my very best regards to Mr. ——, and tell him that, notwithstanding my silence, I am very grateful to him. I believe I do not err in being desirous that you should select him especially as your friend in the other hemisphere, and that you should confer with him respecting the correspondence. Perhaps you will communicate to him from this letter. The paper is filled to the very margin, and therefore I can only add, God bless you! My wife and children send their love. Marcus thinks and speaks of you as if we had left Rome but a few weeks ago. I wish to hear from you; if I do not write, do not stop on that account. To-day I have done you a real act of friendship. My wife's health is but middling; that of the children excellent; my own declining. Yours," etc., etc.

Mr. Niebuhr's lamented death took place in January, 1831.

It has been my purpose to show in what relation I stood to that excellent man; but I have not pretended to exhibit all that he was to me, nor what I owe him, strongly impressed as my mind has been by such an association; I therefore here close my relation.

The judicious reader will easily distinguish among the following aphorisms those which express Mr. Niebuhr's settled opinion, from others which show an occasional view he may have taken; though all, it appears to me, are serviceable in drawing a more accurate picture of him.

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[1] It is known of Ernesti that when a person extended a visit over ten minutes, he would rise, point at a large clock, and say, "You have been here ten minutes."

To many it will not be uninteresting to know something of the habits and personal peculiarities of so distinguished a man.

Mr. Niebuhr was small in stature and thin; his voice, of a very high pitch. He could not see well at a distance, and made sometimes strange mistakes. Spectacles were indispensable to him; and I had once to make a day's journey in order to fetch his Dollond's, which had been forgotten. He lived very frugally; wine and water was his usual beverage: he valued good wine, but did not drink it often. He frequently shaved while walking up and down the room; and when I was present, he would even talk during this dangerous operation. He disliked smoking very much, but took snuff to such an excess that he had finally to give it up. He did not write, as the ancient scholar, a whole book with one pen; but he used a pen a very long time before he mended it, turning it all round so as to use always its sharp point. Yet he wrote a neat and legible hand.

His rare memory enabled him to study frequently without a pen; and I found him sometimes in a lying posture on a sofa, holding the work of an ancient writer over his head. These were not works which he read by way of relaxation; but, not unfrequently, those he studied with the keenest attention. His memory, indeed, was almost inconceivable to others. He remembered almost everything he had read at any period of his life. He was about twenty years old when he studied at Edinburgh, and I was present when he conversed at Rome with an English gentleman upon some statistical statement which he had read in the English papers at the time of his residence in that country. The statement was important to the stranger, a member of parliament, if I remember right; and Mr. Niebuhr desired me to take pen and paper, and forthwith he dictated to me a considerable column of numbers, to the great surprise of the English visitor. What an immense power such a man would have in a deliberative assembly, merely on account of his unrelaxing memory! He did not undervalue the great importance of this faculty, which, though it be but an instrument, is the most useful and indispensable of all instruments in all pursuits, disregarded by those only who have none. Nor is a retentive memory without its moral value both for individuals and nations; and there was truth in the remark of Goethe's friend in Strasburg, that a man with a bad memory was necessarily exposed to the vice of ingratitude.

Mr. Niebuhr and myself had conversed one day on the great power which a man with a tenacious memory often has over another not equally gifted, merely by an array of facts and dates, though the strength of the argument may be decidedly on the other side; and how necessary it therefore becomes to cultivate the memory. He said, "Without a strong memory I never should have been able to write my History, for extracts and notes would not have been sufficient; they would again have formed an inaccessible mass, had I not possessed the index in my mind."

Gibbon, though he does not say how much he owes of his whole fame to his excellent memory, gives us at least an anecdote, in his Memoirs of my Life and Writings,[1] which proves in how great a degree he enjoyed this blessing, and justly valued it. It is very evident that the soundest judgment and clearest mind could not have penetrated into the moving causes of the ages he describes, had not his memory always held in readiness all the innumerable facts, from which it is the historian's duty to make his abstracts.

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[1] Gibbon says: "The ode which he (Voltaire) had composed on his first arrival on the banks of the Leman Lake, '*O maison d'Aristippe! O jardin d'Epicure,*' etc., had been imparted as a secret to the gentleman by whom I was introduced. He allowed me to read it twice; I knew it by heart; and as my discretion was not equal to my memory, the author was soon displeased by the circulation of the copy. In writing this trivial anecdote, I wished to observe whether my memory was impaired, and I have the comfort of finding that every line of the poem is still engraved in fresh and indelible characters."

Mackintosh, no mean authority for the true way of studying history, says: "The genius of history is nourished by the study of original narrators, and by critical examination of the minute circumstances of facts. Ingenious speculations and ostentatious ornaments are miserable substitutes for these historical virtues; and their place is still worse supplied by the vivacity or pleasantry which, where it is most successful, will most completely extinguish that serious and deep interest in the affairs of men which the historian aims to inspire." Generally, there will be found to exist some connection between a disposition to deal in generalities, and a want of patient study of historical details, or of that good memory which enables the student to feel at home in past ages almost as much as in his own, by keeping all the minor facts in a vivid picture before his mind—present without a conscious mental exertion, as if it were reality itself. This is not only true of historians, but of philosophers, and any other persons occupying themselves with reasoning upon important points. Rousseau would, probably, not have drawn so largely upon sentimental emotions and views suggested by feelings, had not his weak memory, of which he complains so much, made it impossible for him to judge more distinctly from facts, and experience derived from them.

When we travelled home from Rome, Mr. Niebuhr had hired two vetturini for his two carriages, who took us as far as Innspruck. One of them knew neither how to read nor to write; the other was pretty well able to keep his accounts: both had to account to their masters for all their expenses and receipts on their return to Rome. The one who had learned to write seemed to us to be continually troubled with making his expenses square with the sums he had received from Mr. Niebuhr, while his companion appeared to be in no such trouble. On our inquiry, we found that the latter actually relied solely on his memory, and that he was able to name every trifling expense for himself and his horses, and where and when he had made it. It was an astonishing feat of memory, and Mr. Niebuhr said, "After all, Plato was not so wrong in what he says of the invention of letters."

A peculiarity not less striking was that Mr. Niebuhr was able to study and write when there was great noise around him. Neither the playing of his children in the same room nor the loud conversation of others would disturb him when he had once taken the pen; reminding us of Lambert, whose power of abstraction is said to have enabled him to write some of his most luminous papers on mathematics and optics in the corner of a frequented room of a public coffee-house.

Though the whole range of the classics was ever present to his mind, which appeared most forcibly when he met with a new inscription, or ruin, the remains of a manuscript, or the like, yet he hardly ever quoted for ornament; nor did he interlard his letters or other communications with passages from the ancient writers. I do not remember that he ever expressed himself on the subject, but I believe it would not have suited his mind. That he was too familiar with them to be vain of quotations is a matter of course; but I believe, besides, that quotations of the kind would not have been congenial to his cast of mind, which looked too much at the real state of things in antiquity to indulge in these ornamental illustrations, except when some truly witty application could be made. Instead of believing that great weight was attached to a sentiment merely because it had been stated by a very remote authority, he frequently illustrated antiquity by instances taken from modern times, as his History shows. It may be remembered here that the preface to his History of Rome contains but three quotations: one of them, from an ancient writer, is given by him in German; another is from Goethe; and the only one in a foreign language is in Spanish; and all are so simple that they almost lose the character of quotations.

In general it may be observed that quotations from the classics, or, in fact, from any authors, for ostentation or as mere ornament of speech, seem to be considered by the Germans as pedantic, or, perhaps, as betraying the pleasure which the quoting author or orator derives from having overcome the difficulty of learning a foreign language. There was, indeed, a time when the "rector" of a German gymnasium would have believed that he might lend additional strength to the different lines of the multiplication-table, could he show that Cicero had happened to mention one of them; but at present quoting is not fashionable among the learned Germans. All of them read too much to be proud of it; nor have they, generally speaking, so much regard for authorities, in whatever branch of the sciences or arts, as to consider insertions from early writers valuable additions to the strength of their composition. It is quite different with regard to the respect they pay to the history of every subject: there, pedantry is often on the side of the Germans.

The German taste with regard to this point is another instance of the different view the German and English nations take of the period which, with the Germans, is sometimes called the age of wigs—somewhat synonymous with the age of stiffness or pedantry. This meaning would by no means be attached to a similar expression in England, neither with regard to politics nor literature. On a former occasion I have spoken more fully on this striking difference.[1] Mr. Niebuhr liked the simplest style of writing, though his earlier German may sometimes betray his intimate familiarity with Latin.

He cannot be said to have been of a decidedly gay disposition; yet he loved hilarity and relished a joke. He greatly enjoyed the broad comedy of S. Carlino in Naples, and we repaired often to that temple of hearty merriment during our stay in this city. I could always amuse him by telling him of some ludicrous occurrence. He was a good man, and therefore open to mirth. "Come," said he one day at Naples, "let us see the macaroni-eaters again;" their skilful swallowing of the endless and pliant pipes of this "charming vegetable," as Scaramouch said, having greatly diverted him. Yet he was far from relishing anything which savored in the least of coarseness. His feelings were altogether refined, and those of a finely-organized mind.

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[1] In The Stranger in America, vol. i. pages 116 et seq. in the London edition; pages 75 and 76 in the Philadelphia edition.

I have found him repeatedly rolling on the ground with his children: nor did he ask the beholders whether they had any children, as that personage did who affords a royal precedent to all fathers that love to play on the ground with their offspring.

His simplicity was very great: he could forgive where others would have long remembered. Frankness was a peculiarly striking feature in his admirable character. I found him one day pale, and asked him whether he did not feel well. "I feel sad," said he, "and have not slept well. I have punished my Marcus last night, for I felt convinced that he had not told me the truth; proofs appeared to be convincing: and yet, I found afterwards that he was innocent." He asked the child's pardon several times. His love to his children was exceedingly great; and he held his first wife (not the mother of these children) in sacred memory. I have seen him and his second wife, a relative to his first, standing before her portrait in silent contemplation. She had been an uncommon woman, to whom he read everything before publication. He said once to me he thought that, except medical and law books, few others ought to be written so that they might not be read by women; and it was he who advised me to give in a Latin note to my Journey in Greece what he considered too interesting to be omitted, and yet unfitted to be read by females.[1] "If," he added, "a lady knows Latin, why then it is enough for the author to have shown that the part in Latin is not intended for her."

Having spoken of that note to my Journal, so painfully interesting to the student of the causes of general morality or depravity, I will add here, that the *testis idoneus*, mentioned there as having communicated to me the information of that conspiracy of peasants in a part of northern Germany, which is as peculiar as it is odious and strikingly interesting to the political economist, is Mr. Niebuhr himself.[1]

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[1] He added himself to the note the following words, as if written by me: "Denique hoc moneo, me, Anglorum exemplo, qui in itinerum narratione perscribenda fœdas quasdam res necessariò attigerunt, Latino sermone usum esse in his rebus disputandis, ne scilicet matronarum pudorem offenderem, quas à libello meo perlegendo minime absterritas, neque illum legisse iis rubori esse vellem."

His physical courage was not great, though his conviction and feeling of duty would have prompted him to expose himself to any danger. He was easily thrown into alarm with regard to himself as well as to his family. A fish-bone which stuck in his throat during our dinner at Mola di Gaeta threw him into complete terror.

His mind was formed to observe man in his various relations, such as commerce, agriculture, and politics. He took delight in applying the knowledge thus gathered to times long gone by, but familiar to him by persevering study, extensive knowledge of languages, and a vivid memory. He was a politician in history, and a historical philologist. His power of combination was remarkable, as the reader may know from his works. This formed the strength of his mind. Though he loved the fine arts, and was delighted by masterworks, still, I believe, he had no acute eye for them; nor was his love of the fine arts a matter of the inmost soul. They did not form a sphere in which his mind moved with independence.

With regard to politics, Mr. Niebuhr must be classed with those who look back rather than forward. His heart was with the people, but he disliked modern political principles.

No scholar was ever more impartial than he was; he loved science wherever it appeared. To assist in the furtherance of a clever botanical work was as important to him as any historical inquiry; and he told me once that he had proposed at the time of the humiliation of Prussia, that the members of the Royal Academy, of which he was himself one, should give up the small salary they enjoyed as academicians, in order to call one of the first mathematicians for the joint sum to Berlin.

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[1] See page 77 of my Journal in Greece, quoted before.

He was quick, and at times impatient, as most men of active mind are. One day he was very angry with a servant whom he had called repeatedly and who made him wait a long while, when the time of an important appointment with Cardinal Consalvi had already passed. "Ah, Eccellenza," said the servant, "*i viaggi in questo palazzo sono lunghi.*" I could not help laughing at this hyperbolical speech; and he soon joined me, though his situation was indeed a trying one. Another servant said on a similar occasion, and with similar effect: "*Che vuol che dica? Se avessi per ogni cosa una testa sola.*"

All the sentiments of the succeeding pages, which are given without farther remark of my own, are to be taken as the literal expressions of Mr. Niebuhr himself.

PHILADELPHIA, *April*, 1835.

REMINISCENCES.

LIBERTY DEPENDS NOT ONLY UPON THE LEGISLATIVE BRANCH. —In most of the late attempts at establishing free institutions, nations have committed the great mistake of seeking liberty in the legislative branch only, or mainly; but liberty depends at least as much upon the administrative branch[1] as upon any other. The English are the only modern European nation who have acted differently; and the freedom of North America rests upon this great gift from Old England even more than on the representative form of her government, or anything else. We are swallowed up by *bureaucracy;* all public spirit[2] is smothered. And then, of what use is a representative and debating council, as in France, if all the rest is founded on the principle of this concentrated *bureaucracy*—if the minister has to carry out the general law into all its details? With such a power, a chamber can generally be bought; and then the ministerial influence is but the more absolute, while all odium falls upon the nominal law-makers. But here (in Rome), in Spain, and in Portugal, there are neither the British principle, nor bureaucratic order, and system, and precision. In these countries there is an independent action of the different members, but not of the minor circles. Our Stein[3] has done much to re-introduce this healthy action.

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[1] *Verwaltung* was the German word.

[2] *Gemeinsinn* was the word he used.

[3] Charles, Baron vom Stein, for some time Prussian minister of state—*un certain Stein*, as the Moniteur called him, when an intercepted letter had shown that he was secretly preparing for the deliverance of Germany from the French, and Napoleon had outlawed him. The tendency of the Prussian government, as in fact that of almost every government on the continent of Europe, had

ENGLAND.—My early residence in England gave me one important key to Roman history. It is necessary to know civil life by personal observation in order to understand such states as those of antiquity. I never could have understood a number of things in the history of Rome without having observed England. Not that the idea of writing the history of Rome was then clear within me; but when, at a later period, this idea became more and more distinct in my mind, all the observation and experience I had gained in England came to my aid, and the resolution was taken.

NIEBUHR'S WORK ON GREAT BRITAIN.—He published the work on Great Britain[1] (after that unfortunate time when a foreign people ruled over us Germans with a cruel sword and a heartless bureaucracy), in order to show what liberty is. Those who oppressed us called themselves all the time the harbingers of liberty, at the very moment they sucked the very heart-blood of our people; and we wanted to show what liberty in reality is.

HISTORIOGRAPHERS OF ROME.—The great misfortune has been that, with one or two exceptions, those who have written on Roman history either had not the stuff[2] for it, or they were no statesmen. Yet no one can write a history of this great people without being a statesman, and a practical one too.

No wonder that so little has been done in Roman history;

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been, for a long time, to concentrate as much as possible all power, and to rule by a uniform bureaucracy. Mr. vom Stein, equally far from approving the modern principles of liberal representative government as from considering bureaucratic concentration beneficial to the people, induced the King of Prussia to issue the well-known *Städteordnung;* an ordinance by which the privilege of self-government was, in a degree, restored to the cities of the kingdom. Mr. Niebuhr, who entertained a very high opinion of Baron vom Stein, also believed that this *Städteordnung* might have become the groundwork of an enlarged and highly beneficial system of legislation had Stein remained in office. He expresses this view in the preface to the work mentioned in the next note.

[1] Representation of the Internal Government of Great Britain, by Baron von Vincke, edited by B. G. Niebuhr. Berlin, 1815.

[2] *Zeug* was his expression.

for a Roman historian ought to be a sound and well-read philologer and a practical statesman.

[I asked whether some periods of Roman history did not require also military knowledge. Mr. Niebuhr answered:]

Roman history can be understood by a statesman who is not a general, but not by a general who is no statesman; for it is the growth of the law which constitutes the essential part of Roman history. Military knowledge, in a considerable degree, is always necessary, I admit; but then this may be obtained without one's being necessarily a soldier.

Niebuhr and Gibbon.—If God will only grant me a life so long that I may end where Gibbon begins, it is all I pray for.

[After a pause he added:] Yes; if I should be spared longer, I would do yet something more. There is still much to be done. Your generation has a great deal to do, my friend.

Carnot.—For Carnot I feel great respect. In some points he is the greatest man of this century. His virtue is of an exalted kind. When he invents a new system of tactics to oppose the old armies of Europe, hastens to the army, teaches how to be victorious with them, and returns to Paris, he appears great indeed. However I differ from his political views, there is a republican greatness in him which commands respect. My love for him may be an anomaly; yet so it is.

Had I nothing in the wide world but a piece of bread left, I would be proud of sharing it with Carnot.

Holland and Belgium—The King and Queen of the Netherlands.—I used to know the King of the Netherlands well, when he lived in great retirement in Berlin, after having been driven from Holland by the French. He took great interest in my History, and read and studied a good deal. He is a character of sterling worth: so is the queen; she is a woman of the purest character, mild and charitable. They are a couple wishing as anxiously the good of their people as any that ever sat upon a throne. I believe there are very few women, in whatever rank of life, to be compared in excellence to the Queen of the Netherlands. The king asked my views respecting the union of Holland and Belgium,[1] and the constitution. You know he was averse to taking Belgium. I declared most positively that this would never do: if Belgium must be under the same sceptre with Holland, they ought at least to remain separated like Norway and Sweden. There is, in fact, much more reason for separation with the Dutch and Belgians. They have nothing in common: language, religion, interests—everything is directly opposed. The Belgians are poor copies of the French. I cannot believe that the present arrangement will end well: I have very serious fears and misgivings. May God grant that my fears are unfounded, and my speculations will be put to nought!

MR. NIEBUHR'S KNOWLEDGE OF LATIN.—I am now able to write Latin: it is but within a few years that I could say so. I always could write it, as it is called; and did so with the pleasure we feel in writing pretty fluently in a foreign language, especially an ancient one; but now I feel the language is mine. I see that I do not only write it correctly, but I feel I write it as my own language: I even prefer to express myself on some subjects in that idiom. I am pleased to see that the Italians allow this to me; for, though they have remained greatly behind the Germans in philology and knowledge of antiquities, they have always retained some good writers of Latin. It is still *their* language. Look at my Marcus; how easily he reads the Latin translation of Homer!

[Marcus, Mr. Niebuhr's son, then about four years old, had learned Italian as his first language. His parents originally intended to talk German to him, while his nurse, an Italian woman, taught him the idiom of her country. But the consequence was, what by no means is generally the case under similar circumstances, that the child would not speak at all. The parents then wisely resolved to give up the German for a year or two. He now learned Italian rapidly; and when I entered the house of Mr. Niebuhr, Marcus had begun to read a Latin translation of Homer, in which he made such rapid progress that he soon understood the Latin with very little assistance except that of his own Italian.]

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[1] I think I am correct in this statement; quite sure I am that he said he had communicated his views, such as stated above, to the king, which he hardly would have done had he not been asked so to do. But I think he said distinctly that the sketch of the constitution had been shown him. I believe, moreover, that he said the king was of his opinion as to separate governments for Holland and Belgium, but that he was outvoted by his counsellors.—The above remark was made in the year 1822.

HOMER.—What wisdom there is in Homer! With a few omissions, it is the very book for children. I know of no story, except Robinson Crusoe, which fascinates a child so much as Homer. It is all natural, simple, and capable of being understood by a child. And then, how well does he not prepare for all the knowledge of antiquity, without which we cannot now get along! How many thousand things and sayings does the child not understand at once by knowing that great poem! The whole Odyssey is the finest story for a child.

Have you ever read Pope's Odyssey? [I answered in the negative.]

Well, he replied, you must read some parts of it at least; it is a ridiculous thing, as bad as the French heroes of Greece in periwigs. There is not a breath of antiquity in Pope's translation. He might have changed as much as he liked, and called it a reproduction; but to strip it of its spirit of antiquity was giving us a corpse instead of a living being. It is a small thing. How totally different is the manner in which the German Voss has handled the subject. He shows at once that he knows and feels the poem is antique, and he means to leave it so. Voss's translation might certainly be improved in various parts, but he has made Homer a German work, now read by every one; he has done a great thing. You do not imagine it, yet it is a fact, that Voss's translation of Homer has had a great influence upon your own education. I say it, well considering what I say, that the influence of the labors of Voss on the whole German nation will be so great, that other nations will feel and acknowledge it.

[The reader will be reminded by this remark of what Mr.

Niebuhr wrote at a later period in the preface to his second edition of the History of Rome:

"We (the Germans) had now," he says, on page viii. of the English translation, "a literature worthy of our nation and language; we had Lessing and Goethe: and this literature comprised, what none had yet, a great part of the Greek and Roman, not copied, but, as it were, reproduced. For this Germany is indebted to Voss, whom our grandchildren's children and grandchildren must extol as their benefactor; with whom a new age for the knowledge of antiquity begins; inasmuch as he succeeded in eliciting out of the classical writers, what they presuppose, their notions of the earth, for instance, and of the gods, their ways of life and their household habits; and understood and interpreted Homer and Virgil as if they were our contemporaries, and only separated from us by an interval of space. His example wrought upon many: upon me, ever since my childhood, it has been enforced by personal encouragement from this old friend of my family."]

MR. NIEBUHR'S KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGES.—[I had found a Russian grammar and some Russian books in his library, and asked him whether he had ever studied that language. He said:]

Oh, yes; I would not leave the whole Slavonic[1] stock of languages untouched; and I wished to understand all the *European* languages at least. Every one may learn them: it is easy enough after we once know three. I now understand all the languages of Europe pretty well, not excepting my Low German, only these Slavonic idioms excepted. I have not read much in them, yet I know them. Have you ever studied Dutch?

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[1] I write *Slavonic*, though the learned and accomplished author of the Historical View of the Slavic Language in its Various Dialects (Andover, Massachusetts, 1834) uses the shorter form *Slavic*. She is certainly good authority on this point, and Slavic is more correct than Slavonic, which the English have formed of the French *Esclavon;* but *Slavic* has a sound so much resembling that of *slave*, that I thought Slavonic preferable on this account: a reason which would yield perhaps to the weightier one of correctness, if ever I should treat of the subject at length. Here, where the word is mentioned only by the way, it will be of no consequence which formation has been used.

[Not yet, I answered.]

Well, he continued, do not omit it; it is well to understand it for its own sake, as well as on account of a better knowledge of German and English; and your study of this language will give you something to laugh at. A translation of Pindar into Dutch, I think, is one of the most entertaining things one can meet with. It sounds to a German ear exceedingly laughable.[1]

[Do you speak most of the languages you know? I asked.]

Yes, nearly all, he replied; except the Slavonic idioms, as I told you.

[And do you never find any inconvenience from a mixture of languages of the same kind?]

Not often. I dare say it would be some time before I should be able to write correctly in Spanish. I should probably introduce many Italicisms.[2] Generally speaking, well-educated, and especially literary people, do not mix: it is the illiterate who produce the lingos by a mixture of the different languages, as well as by lowering their character. Look at the servants who come with travellers here to Rome, or read the works of literary people and transactions of common life, written in periods when two different tribes, living together, have not yet fairly intermingled. I am told the Germans in Pennsylvania mix English and German in a barbarous way.

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[1] English and Americans are very apt to connect ideas with the word *Dutch*, and especially *Dutch language*, which strongly incline to the ridiculous, altogether forgetting that that part of the English tongue on which its strength and noble character chiefly depend, according to what all its profoundest students have declared, is the inheritance of a common stock with the Dutch—the ancient Low German. I had not found time to study Dutch, nor had my labors led me to Dutch literature; and being a native of a province in which High German is spoken, and not possessing therefore the natural key to the Dutch language—Low German—I was utterly unacquainted with Dutch. Books written in this language had now and then fallen into my hands, but I could not read them. Great, therefore, was my surprise when, one day, after I had learned English pretty thoroughly, I met with a Dutch book, and found I could read it with ease. I do not mean to intimate that an Englishman who does not know German would understand Dutch as a matter of course; but my case shows, in a striking manner, how much nearer English is related to Dutch than German.

[2] When the King of Prussia visited Rome after the Congress of Verona, he had ordered the Baron Alexander de Humboldt from Paris, to accompany him through Italy. It was during this journey that I heard him say, in Mr. Niebuhr's house, that he had found considerable difficulty in speaking Italian, though he was perfectly master of it; the Spanish, in which he had written so much, and which he had spoken for many years, always mixing itself with it. Yet, before M. de Humboldt had reached Rome, this difficulty must have greatly diminished. I remember when he entered the saloon of the Prussian legation, and I saw that

[Mr. Niebuhr having mentioned the German spoken by the descendants of German emigrants in Pennsylvania, I had the intention of offering here some remarks on this peculiar jargon, interesting in more than one respect. I found, however, that it was impossible for me to compress them into a smaller space than eight or ten pages, which seemed to me so entirely out of proportion that I felt constrained to retain my observations made among the German Pennsylvanians, and the various instances I have collected to illustrate the subject, for some future occasion. The study of this barbarous dialect is of the highest interest to the student of the corruption of languages—a subject of paramount importance to every philologist; for it is to the process of *corruption* that the study of the *formation* of most of our languages naturally leads us. By an inquiry into the German spoken in Pennsylvania, we surprise a language in that moment of transformation through which most modern European idioms have passed—a state of rude and slovenly mixture and repulsive degeneracy; for languages are like nations: rebellion and lawlessness cease to be such as soon as a new state of settled legitimacy grows out of the unsettled state of things. To the student of the English language, in particular, this degenerated daughter of the German idiom is interesting. He finds a repetition of

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great man for the first time, not knowing at the time who he was; for some reason or other he thought I was an Italian, and addressed me accordingly in good Italian; I, in turn, thought he was a French gentleman, and addressed *him* accordingly; and I was not a little surprised when at length Mr. Niebuhr entered and addressed him in German.

almost every single process by which his own language was originally formed; though these processes are, in the case of the Pennsylvania German, often in but an incipient stage, and will never go farther, since it is impossible that this dialect can ever elevate itself to independence. It will be swallowed up before it arrives at maturity, as several concoctions of languages were in the beginning of the middle ages.]

ABUSE OF POWER.—Whoever has power abuses it.

[On another occasion he said:]

Whoever has power abuses it; every page of history proves the fact. Individual, body, the people, it is all the same; power is abused: and yet some one or some body must have it. The great problem seems to be to vest it in such a manner that as little mischief can be done as possible. But to effect this something very different is necessary from merely clipping the wings of power. Injudicious restraint of power leads to as many evil consequences as unlimited power.

IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD HANDWRITING.—A bad handwriting ought never to be forgiven;[1] it is a shameful indolence. Indeed, sending a badly-written letter to a fellow-creature is as impudent an act as I know of. Can there be anything more unpleasant than to open a letter which at once shows that it will require long deciphering? Besides, the effect of the letter is gone if we must spell it. Strange, we carefully avoid troubling other people even with trifles, or to appear before them in dress which shows negligence or carelessness, and yet nothing is thought of giving the disagreeable trouble of reading a badly-written letter. In England, good breeding requires writing well and legibly; with us (the Germans) it seems as if the contrary principle was acknowledged.[2] Although many people may not have made a brilliant career by their fine handwriting, yet I know that not a few have spoiled theirs by a bad one. The most important petitions are frequently read with no favorable disposition, or entirely thrown aside, merely because they are written so badly.

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[1] Mr. Niebuhr wrote a peculiarly legible and fair hand; an accomplishment of which not many German *savans* can boast.

[2] Writing seems to me to be just like dressing; we ought to dress well and neat; but as we may dress too well, so may a pedantically fine hand show that the writer has thought more of the letters than the sense. It ought to be remembered, however, that it is far more difficult to write German characters well

IMPORTANCE OF WRITING AT ONCE CORRECTLY.—Endeavor never to strike out anything of what you have once written down. Punish yourself by allowing once or twice something to pass, though you see you might give it better; it will accustom you to be more careful in future; and you will not only save much time, but also think more correctly and distinctly. I hardly ever strike out or correct my writing, even in my despatches to the king. Persons who have never tried to write at once correctly, do not know how easy it is, after all, provided your thoughts are clear and well arranged; and they ought to be so before you put pen to paper.

[The reader will remember the striking coincidence between what Mr. Niebuhr says here and what we read of Gibbon, in his Memoirs of my Life and Writings, that he would often walk up and down in his room to round off a sentence before he attempted to write it down. Nor can I refrain from copying the following passage of the same work. Mr. Gibbon

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and legibly than Roman letters. Hence names in German manuscripts for printers are generally written with the latter. The English write best of all nations, using this alphabet; the Americans next. The French write in general badly, especially ladies; the Italians very poorly; and Spaniards hardly legibly, to the great confusion of their foreign commercial correspondents. It is curious to observe how the two last-named nations show by their handwriting that they have remained behind the general European civilization. They continue to use the contracted letters, abbreviations, and ornamental lines and flourishes which were common with all Europeans a century ago. The art of writing has much improved during the latter centuries; compare MS. letters of the present day with those we have of the time of the Reformation. Nor does the progress of this art show less the general tendency of the times than so many other branches of human activity, domestic comfort, etc. While the ancient expensive art of writing most beautifully and tastefully on parchment has fallen into disuse, the common handwriting of every man, for daily practical use, has vastly improved: the one, expensive and of an exclusive character, belonged to an aristocratic age; the other is characteristic of a time of popular tendency.

says: "I will add two facts, which have seldom occurred in the composition of six, or at least of five quartos. My first rough manuscript, without any intermediate copy, has been sent to the press. 2. Not a sheet has been seen by any human eyes excepting those of the author and the printer; the faults and merits are exclusively my own."]

NAPOLEON'S HANDWRITING.—The more Napoleon's power increased the worse his handwriting became, until at last it was sometimes impossible even for his ministers to decipher it. Many a time they were greatly embarrassed, one went to the other, and none could make out his scribbling, which of course was always on the most important subjects only, and generally great haste was required in executing his orders.

PARCHMENT.—[We had spoken of different kinds of paper:] If I were rich, I would write on nothing but parchment; I like it exceedingly.

MICHELANGELO—FIRST KING OF ITALY.—[We had conversed on Italy; her great destiny of being united under one government; the ardent wish of every great Italian, from the time when Dante wrote his *O Italia, di dolor ostello*, to the latest times; of Machiavelli and his proposed means of uniting Italy; of the great and various powers which would be requisite in a restorer of Italian nationality; and I had said that, strange as it might sound, I never could read the writings of Michelangelo, or behold his works, without thinking that he was of a mould requisite for a man to become the first king of Italy.]

I am truly glad, he replied, you say so; it is my opinion too. He was a great man and a sterling man. Yes, Michelangelo would have been the man under certain circumstances; but these, of course, it is not in the power of mortal man to create.

MACHIAVELLI.—Machiavelli, though he makes considerable mistakes in his views of early Roman history, was a great man, a wise man. His intellect was of the first class, and he knew what he was about; which, by the way, only powerful minds know, yet not all powerful minds.

Mr. Niebuhr's Parental Wish.—I wish my son to become what I could not; I will spare no exertion to give him all the advantages which I had not.

Mr. Spalding—Niebuhr's Roman History.—Perhaps I should never have written my Roman History had not men like Savigny and Spalding encouraged me in the most friendly way. Spalding was one of my dearest friends. He read my manuscript; and with what pleasure have I received it back, when he approved, encouraged, and suggested improvements. I count my acquaintance with him among the happiest events in my life.

[George Louis Spalding was professor in one of the gymnasia of Berlin. He was a distinguished philologer, and died in 1811. His father, John Joachim Spalding, was one of the most meritorious and celebrated German divines. The reader will find another remark on Mr. Spalding, the younger, farther below.]

The evil time of Prussia's humiliation has some share in the production of my History. We could do little more than ardently hope for better days, and prepare for them. What was to be done in the mean while? One must do something. I went back to a nation, great, but long passed by, to strengthen my mind and that of my hearers. We felt like Tacitus.

Advice to Young People.—[He had observed that my mind had not been cheerful for some time past, and he said:]

I believe I understand your pensiveness. My dear friend, pray to God: "I will keep thy commands, give me tranquillity in return." A kind Providence will not refuse so simple a prayer. It is not the destiny of men of your cast of mind to go quietly on the path of faith from childhood to old age. You must struggle, but be not afraid. Many before you have had to pass through the same struggle. Keep your mind active and your soul pure, and all will come right. Whatever aspect the world around you may have, keep steadily to the love of truth. You could not help becoming old before your age; but there are at present many, it seems to me, who wantonly lose their youth, and trouble their minds with cares and griefs of which they know nothing but the name. The vigor of manhood depends much upon a healthy and natural, not premature state of mind in youth.

Signs of the rapid Flight of Time.—[Mr. Niebuhr had asked me whether I had read a certain book, I forget what; and on my answer in the negative, said:]

Nothing, indeed, shows me so strikingly that I belong to a generation which is fast to be supplanted by a succeeding one, as the fact that books which were the rage when I was young are not known by men of your age. By the opinion in which some works, published when I was young, are held by your generation, I am already enabled to compare my criticism of the literature of my younger days with the opinion of posterity.

[The faster books are published, the sooner this forerunner of the criticism takes place. In various respects it seemed to me necessary to "keep up" with the literature of the day; but books of the lighter kind have become so numerous that it is utterly impossible to read everything besides one's serious and official studies. I have therefore contrived the following means: I allow always half a year to pass after the publication of a work, if the name of its author is not a sufficient guarantee to make me at once read it. If the book is still spoken of after the lapse of this period, and if I am still asked, "Have you read such or such a book?" I read it: thus I make time criticise for me; and the reader has no idea how much trouble I am spared. I gain by not losing time; and I gain by not being obliged to glance at a large mass of books which come and go like moths and flies.]

Mr. Niebuhr's Memory.—[When I had just returned from Greece, and described certain spots to him, he would ask for by-ways, remains of wells, paths over high ridges, or other minute details, as if he had been there. As many of the objects for which he asked exist still, and I had seen them, I was amazed at his accurate knowledge.]

Oh, said he, I never forget anything I once have seen, read, or heard.[1]

France a Republic.—Only those who do not know anything of history, or have never observed and studied republics now in existence, can have for a moment the idea that France can become a republic. There is not one of the many necessary materials for building a republic in France. It is utterly impossible; yet there are some crazy brains who wish for a French republic in good faith; many of those who pretend to believe in it know much better.

Parties in France.—I think matters stand very badly in France; neither the one nor the other party allows of any cheerful prospect. The Royalists sometimes act as if they were mad; and in the Opposition are distinguished men who have spent their whole lives in contradiction to the principles they pretend to avow. Their boldness, at least, must be admired. Men who have driven the people at home and in foreign countries to despair pretend to be Liberals now! But so little are things remembered! I dare say few people recollect how infamously some, who now figure as the foremost in the Liberal ranks, behaved among us (Germans). You know very well that there was no greater leech, and more oppressive instrument of tyranny among the French, than ——, when *Intendant de la Mark de Brandenbourg*, and now he is a great and noisy Liberal. He has excused himself by the old adage, that it was not he, but his orders, that were oppressive. It is not true. Why have other servants of Napoleon, equally strict in executing the ruinous orders of their regardless master, acted differently? Surely they could bring no happy times to our poor people either; but they showed, at least, that they had a heart; and so essentially good-natured is the German, that this was always acknowledged with gratitude. He, however, used to say to those who made the most earnest representations, "In half a century the country will have recovered, and no trace of suffering be left." ——, in Holland, used to say, "*Que fait cela à l'Empereur!*" The people were galled to their heart's core. The French have shown a most decided trait during the time of their conquests, namely, avarice. I speak of all, from the highest to the lowest; their greediness for money was disgusting. You were too young at that time to know many details, but I know them. The many contrivances they would resort to in order to extort money would appear now almost incredible. Other nations have not shown this trait of meanness during their conquests. They have always levied contributions; and the English in India were certainly not over-delicate, but it was not done in so mean a way, and by every one in his sphere. How much we have often laughed, bitter as the times were, when some of the high-sounding proclamations and bulletins of Napoleon were issued, and all the French were made to appear in them the purest knights, full of honor and devotion to a great cause, and we compared these trumpet-sounds to reality. They were essentially mean, and of course without the slightest shame. There were, as you know, exceptions. How differently have our generals acted in France!

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[1] Instances of the extraordinary memory of Mr. Niebuhr have been given in the preface. It would be easy for me to add a number here.

OPINION OF PIUS VII. OF PRINCE HOHENLOHE.—The Pope (Pius VII.) one day, speaking to me of Prince Hohenlohe, said, *Questo far dei miracoli?* followed by a very significant shake of his head, expressive of strong doubt.[1]

THE POPE'S INTEREST IN THE LABORS OF MR. NIEBUHR—HIS BLESSING.—The Pope (Pius VII.) seems to take great pleasure in talking to me of my investigations in the Vatican, and never does it without remembering the time when he was professor of Greek. Perhaps he feels more at ease with me than with the Catholic ambassadors. Whenever he can, he stops me after an audience to talk to him a little. He seems to me an exceedingly good and pious man: I feel real reverence for him. I once presented my Marcus to him; and in giving him his blessing he said, with a most venerable smile, "The blessing of an old man won't do him any harm."[1]

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[1] Alexander Leopold, Prince Hohenlohe, now canon at Grosswardein, in Hungary, has acquired great reputation by his miracles. Those which he effected at a distance by appointing a precise time when the afflicted person and he pray at the minute, the necessary deduction on account of different degrees of longitude always being made, have attracted most attention. Prince Hohenlohe had been in Rome, where his demeanor seems to have betrayed to Pius VII. so little of true apostolic humbleness, that he was far from believing in the miracles when they were reported in Rome.

CITRON SENT BY THE POPE.—Look here, my young friend, Mr. Niebuhr said one day, the Pope has sent me a basketful of citrons produced in his garden. I shall have them boiled in sugar and send them to my Catholic friends in Berlin. How they will enjoy it! what a feast it will be for the little ones of ——!

MR. NIEBUHR'S FATHER — FRANKLIN.—[I had read Mr. Niebuhr's Life of his Father,[2] and said: "Your father seems to me somewhat like Franklin;" alluding merely to their simplicity and inexhaustible activity and desire for accurate knowledge.]

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[1] Bourrienne, in his Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, relates a similar anecdote of Pius VII. when he visited the imperial printing-press in Paris, a few days before the coronation of Napoleon. It is very possible that the benevolent Pius said these kindly words by way of quotation, since it is related that they were first used by a Pope who saw an Englishman exposed to the fury of the populace, as he would not kneel down when the pontiff passed. "Kneel down, my son," were the words with which the Pope is said to have addressed the Englishman, "an old man's blessing won't harm thee anyhow." The same anecdote is reported of Sir Horace Walpole and Pope Benedict XVI. (Lambertini). The former paid his visit to the head of the Catholic church when his father was premier of England: he hesitated to kneel down, as it might have given rise to rumors not agreeable to his father, the great Whig minister; and the Pope, observing his hesitation, is said to have found this admirable way of avoiding the difficulty, by offering the blessing as an old man only, and not in his ecclesiastic capacity. The custom may have been different from what it is now: at present, no Protestant is expected to kneel before the Pope. Mr. Niebuhr, the minister of a Protestant monarch, bent his knee but slightly when he paid his respects to the Pope in official audiences—a way of approaching monarchs which was formerly common, and is still in use in several countries. At present, when a number of persons, Catholics and Protestants, are presented to the Pope—for instance, the officers of an American man-of-war—the Catholics are requested to write down their names previous to the audience. They are received first, and admitted to the usual ceremony of kissing the cross on the Pope's slipper and receiving his blessing. Protestants approach as they would to any other sovereign.

[2] Since translated into English, and published in one of the numbers of the

Indeed? said he, quite astonished; there was no cunning in my father. On the contrary, my father was an extremely simple-hearted man. I cannot see the similarity. My father had no worldly shrewdness.

[I explained myself, and he seemed to agree with me.]

Henry IV. of France.—[I had asked him whether he did not believe that Henry IV. might have done wonders for France and all Europe, and saved his native country from revolution, had he supported the people in their desire of establishing Protestantism—a question arising from a want of sufficient knowledge of that period.]

Do you believe so? he said. I doubt it very much indeed; but I am not sufficiently master of the French history of that time.

[He said this with ineffable simplicity and modesty, without the least apparent intention of making me reflect upon the scantiness of my knowledge.]

Authority of Law among the Romans.—The meaning which the word *law* had among the Romans, and the obedience paid to this abstract authority, are historical traits of that great nation. They are quite peculiar to them in antiquity; and in modern times comparable only to the civil spirit of the English and their children in America.

Athens—Sparta.—The ancient philosophers praised the aristocratic constitutions of Sparta; but really I prefer ten times over all the Athenian licentiousness, bad as it really was, to the order of Lacedæmon. What have they done or produced, except some noble instances of self-devotion? They are noble, to be sure; but if a country produces nothing but this readiness in sacrificing one's self, it seems to be something very negative. It is easy in this life to sacrifice every-

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thing to a single object, as all the human faculties in all their variety and activity nearly, were sacrificed to the single object of making Sparta a warlike state: but the difficulty is to find out systems in which all the different parts have their proper sphere assigned them. And yet (he added after a pause), Sparta forms after all a beautiful part of the whole picture of favored Greece.

Hypocritical Critics.—[We had conversed on some silly remarks made in a public paper on his Roman History, charging him with scepticism, and made in a tone which betrayed but too openly that the writer wished to infuse into his criticism the accusation of infidelity, though he had not the boldness to do so.]

There was a time, Mr. Niebuhr said, when a man might well have feared for his liberty, and perhaps for his life too, had he dared to assert what I have stated. The philologists would have cried treason, and the theologians would have considered it an attack upon themselves. Public opinion would have stoned him. And even now there are a great many people who dare not express what they think upon this point, because they feel that they would render themselves ridiculous.

[I said that I actually had seen an article against Wolf's substituting several Homeric poets for one Homer, winding up with a declaration that, if this theory were allowed to pass, no safety would any longer exist for the Mosaic writings, and we should soon see a number of Mosaic writers substituted for the one deliverer of the Hebrews. It was an English article which had resorted to this kind of reasoning backwards, so common among the enemies of calm and manly search for truth. I added: "It is very true, I never shall forget my feelings when the results of Wolf's inquiries were first explained to us in school. It was the feeling of real grief. I had lost a beau-ideal: the blind, inspired, venerated rhapsodist was gone."]

Well, said Mr. Niebuhr, and you know that he was very furiously attacked by some philologists as a barbarian, destroying one of the finest images we had of antiquity. I understand what you felt perfectly well. I felt the same; but truth remains truth, and certainly you would not wish me to withhold results at which I believe I have properly arrived. It appeared to many much more delightful to imagine a separate deity guarding every tree, every flower to be sacred to another god, than to believe in one God ruling over all and every thing: should they have rejected him because this belief destroyed the dreams of their childhood? Nothing in this world is easier than to enlist a common and popular prejudice against a man. Be always extremely careful whenever you hear a universal cry against a man for having stated something in religious or scientific matters. As for the fear of criticism, it only shows weakness. I never yet have found a man who feels perfectly secure in his belief that shuns inquiry into the Bible. At any rate, such attacks as those against Wolf or myself come with very bad grace from Protestants.

[Truth, I replied, seems to be considered by many people like a thing—something without them—an apple they may eat or not; but not as the one great object of all life and existence—the absorbing duty of man—that in searching which we alone approach God!]

Very often, he rejoined, speaks egotism, which does not wish to be disturbed; or littleness of mind, which has not the courage to acknowledge a long-cherished error; or interest, when endeavors are made to make us believe that a holy zeal alone prompts the persecutor.

THE ROMANS ESSENTIALLY FARMERS.—It is a very great mistake to consider the Romans as exclusively a warlike people. They were essentially farmers; they loved farming, and their greatest men paid much attention to it. This circumstance must always be remembered in studying Roman history: it alone explains a variety of phenomena in their political development. My knowledge of country life and farming, as well as my acquaintance with the history of the Ditmarsians, have greatly assisted me in my historical inquiries. Those Ditmarsians were a very peculiar race—as gallant lovers of liberty as ever existed.

[When I travelled with him through the Campagna Felice and in Upper Italy, he often exclaimed:]

There, see what excellent farmers these Italians are; how they cultivate their fields with the care of gardeners! It was always so: Romans loved farming.

WASTE OF TIME.—People had formerly much more time than we have: only consider all the time eaten up by morning calls and evening parties. I speak of the scholars by profession. Otherwise they could not have written so many folios and quartos.

METAPHYSICS.—I take peculiar care that metaphysics do not infuse themselves into my study of history. It ought to be possible that two scholars, adhering to two totally different philosophical systems, should arrive at the same results as to the historical growth and unfolding of a nation.

I have given up reading metaphysical books.

JACOBI.—Jacobi was an uncommonly pure man. He always appeared to me like a being from a better sphere, tarrying only for a short time among us. It is well that such beings appear here from time to time; they encourage poor mortals.[1]

MR. NIEBUHR'S INTERCOURSE WITH OTHER SCHOLARS.—In that bitter time of oppression by the French we had a philologic circle in Berlin: Schleiermacher, Buttmann, Boeckh, were members. We improved much by each other; and how delightful were those evenings! We informed, encouraged, rectified, enlivened each other.

[As to Schleiermacher and Buttmann I am sure I am correct; and I think I made no mistake, at the time I wrote down this aphorism, when I placed the name of that distinguished philologer, Mr. Boeckh, with the two others. Whether Mr. Niebuhr mentioned also Spalding I do not recollect.—I may be permitted to copy the end of the preface of Mr. Niebuhr's history:

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[1] Frederick Henry Jacobi was a distinguished German philosopher. The Encyclopædia Americana says of him: "Jacobi's works are rich in whatever can attract elevated souls, yet the opinions respecting him are very different. He has been called the German Plato, on account of the religious glow in his metaphysical writings; but, whatever opinions may be entertained respecting his philosophy, all admit that he was a most exemplary man, truly revered by all who had the good fortune to be acquainted with him. His philosophy, among other traits, is characterized by an aversion to systems, all of which, he maintains, when consistently carried out, lead to fanaticism."

"Therefore do I bless the beloved memory of my departed Spalding; therefore, too, allow me openly to express my thanks to you, Savigny, Buttmann, and Heindorf, without whom, and without our deceased friend, I should certainly never have had the courage to undertake this work; without whose affectionate sympathy and enlivening presence it would hardly have been accomplished."

Schleiermacher writes, in the preface to the first edition of his masterly translation of Plato, dated April, 1804, "I am obliged for essential assistance in the translation to my friends G. L. Spalding and L. F. Heindorf, in respect to finding out that which is correct, as well as to preventing mistakes."]

The Vatican.—There are immense treasures in the Vatican, but it is impossible to make proper use of them. I am now favored by Maio, at least as much as any one; but it is not to be compared to other libraries. There is an ill-placed jealousy all the time fettering the student, and very unbecoming so noble an institution. Besides, the time allowed to work there is much too short.

Caliphs.—It was a grand idea, indeed, on which the ancient Arabian law was founded, that no caliph should have the right to spend more than he could earn by the labor of his hands. Besides this, the fifth part of the booty belonged to him; but in those times of Arabian greatness a caliph would have been considered very mean who did not again distribute his share. At present, they generally sell their handiwork at enormous prices: it often ruins a man to be singled out by a dey for the peculiar grace of being allowed to buy the work of the ruler.

Sclavonic.—I think the old Sclavonic language, as spoken in Servia, is the most perfect of the living European languages: it has quite the honesty and power of the German language, and a philosophical grammar. The Russians used to laugh at me when they found me studying the Sclavonic languages; so little are they yet a nation as not to love their vernacular tongue.

THE IDEA OF IMPURITY ATTACHED TO WOMAN.—[I had read in the church of Santa Praxede, in Rome, a prohibition against one of the chapels, in which there are preserved two saints, and a piece of the column to which Christ was tied when flagellated, to this effect: *E defeso a tutte le donne di entrare in questa santissima capella sotto pena di scomonanza;* and when I asked the sexton for the reason, he said, "Because it is a very holy chapel." I told this to Mr. Niebuhr, and he said, shrugging his shoulders:]

That has passed down from paganism with many similar notions. Women, you know, were prohibited from entering many temples in antiquity; and to this day, in Asia, is the idea of impurity attached, in a great degree, to woman. The placing of wax images of ears, eyes, and limbs on the altar of a saint, is quite an antique custom. Bishops have sometimes felt obliged to prohibit this peculiar kind of devotion when things were demanded from the patron saints or the Virgin, which ill accorded with religious purity.

PALLADIUMS.—I have to send a Palladium to Prussia; it costs at present two hundred scudi; in the middle ages it cost about fifteen hundred. It may be taken as an index of the value the people put upon papal authority; for money, as you well know, has greatly sunk in value.

BATTLE AT WEISSERBERG.—Had the battle at Weisserberg not been lost, Venice would have become Protestant: she was on the point of becoming so. The consequences which this fact would have produced are incalculable.

FRA PAOLO.—Fra Paolo is one of the finest and greatest characters that ever lived.

INFLUENCE OF RELIGION IN ANCIENT AND MODERN ROME.—[We walked together, and read the following words written on a church: "*Indulgentia plenaria quotidiana vivis defunctisque;*" and I observed *en passant*, "If Scipio had seen this!"]

Yes, replied Mr. Niebuhr; and yet the Romans were always a people paying great respect to religious authority. There is a more natural connection between what we have just read and the times to which you allude than you probably are aware of. The pontifex was always a most important person; and the very expression of *sanctioning* laws, that is, making them holy, or stamping them with sacred authority, shows the political importance of religion in ancient Rome.

[In fact, the very word *religion* indicates the powerful *binding* influence it had with the Romans.]

Loss of the Mexican Literature.—What an immense treasure for the history of civilization has been lost forever by the order of the first bishop in Mexico to burn the whole native literature. Perhaps a greater one than by Omar's conflagration. No greater loss has ever happened.

Punishment of Death for not being Victorious.—Admiral Byng was shot for having avoided the enemy, instead of having attacked them. He was executed for cowardice. However, he was perhaps sacrificed by the ministry. Venice punished the general who had not been victorious. The ancients, it is well known, were often not less exacting; the behavior of the Athenians is well known; and perhaps France would not have avoided an invasion in the time of the Republic had not the only question with the generals been—either victory or your head flies off.

Spiritual Exercises.—*Esercizj spirituali* are spiritual exercises dictated by the *Offizio* for minor offences, mostly performed in a convent, where people remain sometimes a week or a fortnight. At times they are very proper; at others not. All professors of the Propaganda and Sapienza, all priests, physicians, superintendents of archives, and people of the kind, who had taken the oath of allegiance to the French, were obliged to expiate their offence by such penances.

Some professors had to ascend the *Scala Santa*[1] (in the Lateran) on their knees.

CHRONICLE OF COLOGNE.—The chronicle of Cologne, which goes down to 1400, is perhaps the best German chronicle.

LAND-OWNERS NEAR ALBANO—JOSEPH IN EGYPT.—[When I lived with the minister and his family in Albano, passing the hottest time of the month of August in that lovely place, I once walked with him and his son to Lariccia. The relation of the actual cultivator of the soil to the owner was invariably a subject of deep interest to the great historian. He said :]

This charming country does not belong to the inhabitants of any of these houses you see around you; they have but a very small share of the produce for their labor. Lariccia[2] was once rich, but a devastating famine raged here in the middle ages, and the poor inhabitants, to save their lives, were obliged to sell the land they owned to the family of the Savelli. They received grain, and retained but a pitiful share of the produce. Only four families of Lariccia escaped and remained freeholders. The property of the Savelli passed into the hands of the powerful family of the Chigi, who soon after absorbed the property of the four remaining land-owners; and thus this whole charming Vallariccia belongs at present to the Chigi. The history of Joseph, as given in the forty-seventh chapter of Genesis, is a most dangerous precedent for an artful premier: "Give me thy land and liberty, and I give thee bread." I dare say it was resorted to when the bargain was made with the starving Lariccians.

GREEK REVOLUTION—GREAT REQUISITES OF A LIBERATOR.—[One day we spoke, as we frequently did, of Greece, of her doubtful fate, and how beautiful her destiny might be.]

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[1] La Scala Santa, close by the Lateran, is believed by the faithful to be the steps of the palace of Pilate, carried from Jerusalem to Rome. The blood of the Saviour fell on them, and they are held in so great veneration that none ascends them but on the knees. The concourse of the devout has been so great at all times that these marble steps have been worn out several times, and it has been found necessary to cover the original stairs with large flag-stones.

[2] Lariccia is the ancient famous Aricia.

I know, said Mr. Niebuhr, that the whole revolution broke out too soon, and against the wish of the best leaders of the whole affair. Nothing is so difficult in matters of this kind as to have the rare moral power of waiting, and also the penetration and character to say, "Now is the time." Besides, it is hardly ever possible to keep from the best-planned mines political clowns, who put the match to them, or make them otherwise explode, before the proper moment. Then is the time to show the man; and few of those who plan most judiciously are possessed of that combination of powers which invents at the instant new means for every new emergency. This requires not only political wisdom, but political genius.

ALI PACHA'S COURAGE.—Ali Pacha was the most courageous man of the age. In every movement of his life he was himself.

[Is it not difficult, I observed, to designate him as the most courageous man of his time? How could this be ascertained? However, let us compare him to some one; to Napoleon, for instance: Do you believe him firmer than Napoleon?]

I do, he replied. You may imagine that I do not believe the foolish stories of Napoleon's cowardice; but I do believe that Ali Pacha would not have turned pale, had he, instead of Napoleon, entered the Legislative Hall on the 18th of Brumaire.

COUNT DESERRE.—[Mr. Niebuhr felt the most lively esteem for Count Deserre, keeper of the seals of France during the administration of the Duke of Decazes: an intimate friendship existed between both. He said once to me:]

Count Deserre is the deepest reflecting Frenchman I know. He reminds me of that bygone French race of grave, thinking men, who seem to have become extinct with the night of St. Bartholomew. I feel a real love for that man.

VISIT TO POMPEII WITH COUNT DESERRE.—[Mr. Niebuhr saw Count Deserre frequently during our visit to Naples, where the latter was then French ambassador. Both the families visited Pompeii together. When we were walking through the ashes, up to our ankles, Mr. Niebuhr said:]

"It must be acknowledged that had Joseph remained here, we should be able to see more of the ancient city, and probably walk more comfortably."

"Undoubtedly," answered the Count; "but I should not have the rare pleasure of walking with you here."

KLOPSTOCK — COUNT DESERRE'S KNOWLEDGE OF HIM. — [Count Deserre, born in 1774, was very young when, in 1791, he emigrated. He was obliged to support himself by keeping school in a town in Suabia—Biberach, if my memory does not deceive me—where he made himself perfectly acquainted with German literature, which he continued to study in Hamburg, where Napoleon had appointed him president of the court of appeal, after that Hanse town had been declared a *bonne ville* of the *grand empire*. Conversing, on our excursion to Pompeii, of German authors, it was observed that few Germans ever read the whole Messiah, as the Paradise Lost is known by but few English.]

"There," said Mr. Niebuhr to Count Deserre, "put my young friend here to the blush, and recite a passage of Klopstock. I dare say he has not read it. I should be surprised if he had."

I answered, that "I must ask his pardon, though I would frankly admit that probably I should not have read the whole had I not been in prison, where I found time to read a number of authors until then neglected by me."

"But can you recite a passage?" replied Mr. Niebuhr; and he himself quoted a pretty long one.

Count Deserre then followed, and pronounced an equally long one; while I could do nothing but repeat the first six or eight hexameters, and feel ashamed.

THE FRENCH.—"I believe," said Mr. Niebuhr to Count Deserre, "that few things would have a more salutary effect upon the French nation than a return to a very careful and thorough study of philology and antiquity. It would contribute to steady them and make them honor history; and, therefore, to consider themselves more as but one link in the great chain of nations."

"Yes," said the Count, "it would somewhat lead off our minds from eternal schemes, and would induce people not to seek everything in futurity."

NAPOLEON AND THE TRIUMPHAL MARCH OF ALEXANDER, BY THORWALDSEN.—[Mr. Niebuhr told Count Deserre that Thorwaldsen had executed his beautiful Triumphal March of Alexander, in bass-relief, in an almost incredibly short time, for the reception of Napoleon on his visit to Rome, in one of the rooms of the Papal palace.]

"For so it was ordered," continued Mr. Niebuhr; "and it might be a question whether Thorwaldsen would have produced so noble a piece of work had he not been obliged to create forthwith and for *him*. His energy was concentrated."

"It was this concentration of energy in others," replied Count Deserre, "in which Napoleon was so great a master. No man ever understood so thoroughly the great secret of making every one work and produce. High or low, politician or artist, it was all the same; he made every one exert himself to the utmost of his ability. He made the whole world march, and march according to his plans."

SMALL HOUSES IN ANTIQUITY.—[Conversing in Pompeii on the limited space of the houses and temples, and the actually diminutive dimensions of apartments, Count Deserre had observed that the ancients could have had no great idea of domestic comfort. Mr. Niebuhr replied:]

Our ideas of time and space are quite relative. All their distances were smaller than ours, at least at those times when the style in which these houses were built originated.

[I asked whether there was not another reason perhaps to be found in this, that absolutism, or unbounded power, delights in vast dimensions, as Asia and the palaces of imperial Rome testify, while a civic spirit produces smaller buildings?]

Certainly, said Mr. Niebuhr: look at the small houses and rooms in England. This, however, does not apply to the huts of the actually oppressed.

[Were my object to give my views, I would extend, as well as modify, my remark; but it is to give what Mr. Niebuhr said.]

Domestication of the Lazzaroni.—It was a wise measure of the French administration in Naples to give work to the Lazzaroni, and to pay them partly in money, partly in household utensils, especially mattresses and things of that kind. Domesticate a man, and you civilize him. Some, probably, sold their mattresses and continued to sleep in their baskets, but some did not. A mattress induced them to buy a bed, to sleep in a room, to provide some more furniture—in fact, to become *domestic*[1] in the true sense of the word.

Joseph Bonaparte's Government in Naples.—Historical facts must be acknowledged; ——, who knows more about the whole government of Naples than perhaps any one else, says that Joseph Bonaparte's government would have given a great *élan* to the arts and sciences, trade and everything, and would have established honesty in the administration—*si cela est possible* in this country, he added, shrugging his shoulders.

Influence of the Crown.— A constitutional monarchy cannot get along without a considerable influence in the popular branch of the representatives.

Pisa.—Pisa gives the student of the middle ages in Italy those clear perceptions which Pompeii affords to the student of antiquity.

Clausura of Convents.—[Mr. Niebuhr, his son Marcus, and myself visited a convent, the monks of which appeared greatly alarmed from suspecting little Marcus to be a girl; owing, probably, to his long and bland ringlets. They hesitated giving us permission to enter; and when they would not even trust Mr. Niebuhr's positive assurance that the individual in question was a boy, he said, with a somewhat sarcastic smile:]

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[1] The English reader must here remember that the word *domestic* is derived from *domus*, house. The German word which Mr. Niebuhr used was *häuslich*, from *haus*, house, literally translated *housish*, if such a word might be formed.

Pray, how do your consciences get over the female fleas, which, I dare say, are in goodly abundance in your convent?

[The ever ready, *Ah! che vuol' che dica?* was here also the answer. However, the permission was granted. On our way home, Mr. Niebuhr said:]

You smiled at my remark about the fleas: well, do you know that many convents exclude female cats as within the clausura? However, something may be said in favor of excluding domestic animals of different sexes from a community the character of which is intended to be essentially contemplative.

MEASURES WHICH WOULD PROMOTE THE CULTIVATION OF THE SOIL IN MANY PARTS OF ITALY.—[During our residence in Albano we visited the Rotunda. Mr. Niebuhr believed an antique wall to have been built by Domitian for an encampment of the Germans. We then saw the church of St. Paul—a convent of missionaries, where Mr. Niebuhr said:]

Two measures would very rapidly and essentially promote the welfare of Italy: if the largest land-owners—for instance here, the Princes Chigi—were obliged to rent out the greater part of their estates as fee-farms, so that the cultivator might become again, in part at least, the owner of the land; and if permission were granted to every inmate of a convent to leave it with an appropriate pension for life. Wherever all the members of a convent should agree to avail themselves of this permission, a capital might be created out of the property of the convent, part of which might be appropriated for the support of the monks; to whom, nevertheless, the hope ought to be held out that they would place themselves in a still better situation by some useful employment—for instance, as teachers, as assistants in hospitals, or printing-offices of government. The rest of the convent's property ought in such cases to be made at once productive. But no robbing on the side of government, no mere swallowing up of all this valuable property by the treasury—in short, no *confiscation!* On the contrary, its wise appropriation ought to form at once a part of this system of secularization, which in course of time must take place: for it cannot be supposed that Italy will be forever deprived of her prosperity by this immense waste. Convents have done much good, and were once quite according to the spirit and even the wants of the age; but times change. What is wise to-day may be the contrary a hundred years hence. Some convents need not be dissolved.

MR. NIEBUHR DOES NOT WANT A TITLE OF NOBILITY.—I have been asked whether I wish for a title of nobility. I never could bring myself to accept of such an offer. I should feel as if I were insulting the memory of my father, whom I am far from resembling.

THORWALDSEN.—Thorwaldsen has not that plastic certainty or firmness which distinguishes the ancients in so high a degree. You can see in Thorwaldsen that he works from without; you see but the surface. It is different with the works of the ancient masters; they look as if they had grown from within.[1]

[I answered: I am sorry my feeling is in this case so directly opposite to yours. But yesterday I saw again Thorwaldsen's incomparable Shepherd-Boy and his Graces; and in looking at them it became suddenly clear to me how the ancient artist fell in love with the work of his own hand, and prayed to the gods to breathe life into it. I felt a shudder after contemplating those heavenly images, when I thought that they were but of stone, subject to every mechanical law which physical nature has to obey. I cannot help declaring, at the risk of being thought a heretic, that some works of Thorwaldsen's, among which I count the Shepherd-Boy, seem to me equal to the most perfect sculptures of antiquity. At the same time, it is Thorwaldsen through whom I have become initiated in the ancient art. I have often gone with delight through the Vatican—a delight I had never experienced before, and how differently appeared to me all these witnesses of ancient perfection after I had understood Thorwaldsen! At least, I hope and feel I have understood him.

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[1] That I give this sentiment of Mr. Niebuhr merely with a view more accurately to characterize him, not Mr. Thorwaldsen, is clear. I have given already in the preface my opinion with regard to Mr. Niebuhr's sensibility in the sphere of the fine arts. It may be interesting to us to know the opinion of a Napoleon on Homer, in order to judge the hero; but his praise can hardly enhance our veneration for the poem.

All Mr. Niebuhr replied was:]

And would you say the same of Canova?

[Certainly not, I said.]

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON.—[I had returned from a visit to the Capitol, and remarked how much I had been struck with the resemblance of the mouth, chin, and cheek of the colossal head of Claudius to the corresponding parts of Napoleon; and that it had surprised me how all the Caracallas, Domitians, etc., had the large round chin of Napoleon.]

Nevertheless, Mr. Niebuhr said, Napoleon was not cruel. He would not indeed hesitate to sacrifice human life in order to obtain his political objects; but he had no pleasure in destroying it, still less in inflicting pain: nor would he inflict death for mere vengeance; though I believe it cost him but little to order any sacrifice if he thought it necessary. In his character there prevailed too much of an iron will to hesitate in such a case.

EMIGRÉS.—I recollect, when Napoleon permitted the emigrants to return, my friends whom I had among them would ask me how I thought it would agree with their duty were they to make use of the permission. I invariably told them that they ought to return: whoever ruled, usurper or not, France was their country, and to France they ought to return. The English have proper views respecting the new governments and dynasties.

NAPOLEON.—Napoleon knew how to break men like dogs. He would trample upon them, and again show them a piece of bread and pat them, so that they came frisking to him: and no monarch ever had so many absolute instruments of his absolute will as Napoleon. I do not speak only of his immediate servants; princes and sovereigns showed themselves equally well broken.

MARTYRS.—[We visited the Temple of Claudius, or the

Church of St. Stefano Rotondo, where Pomarancio and Antonio Tempesta have tried their skill and ingenuity in painting all varieties of martyrdom.]

The martyrs, Mr. Niebuhr observed, were tortured enough, but most of these representations are fictions. So much for history; and as to the fine arts, the disgusting is certainly not their sphere.

An Antique Knife of Stone.—[During our residence in Albano, he had heard that an ancient knife, made of stone, had been found near Cori, the ancient Cora, the town of Latium, on the confines of the Volsci, which the reader will remember having frequently found mentioned in Mr. Niebuhr's History. He asked me whether I would get it for him; and I sallied forth on horseback, with my gun across the saddle, as if I was making an excursion in Greece. The country was unsafe at that time, and my way lay through the mountains, off the main road. Desirous as Mr. Niebuhr was of obtaining the knife, he hesitated when I came to take leave, and I had to persuade him to let me go. I was obliged to pay a high price for the antique knife, as the peasant who had found it, near the Temple of Hercules on Corimonte, easily saw that I had come, for the purpose of buying his knife, from a considerable distance. I had to ask my landlord for this peasant, and my errand was soon known all over the little place. When I returned from my journey through a most interesting part of classical country, on which I fain would dwell longer, did not the length of this preamble already far exceed the space which the remark of Mr. Niebuhr will occupy, he was much pleased with the spoil, and said:]

This knife was used only for sacrifices after the conclusion of peace. It is very old. Never mind the price; with me these things have somewhat the value of relics; I am glad you have got it.

Monte Cavo.—[I ascended Monte Cavo with him; I enjoyed that vast and instructive view with Mr. Niebuhr. What I enjoyed, and saw, and learned from that spot is strongly engraven in my mind. My eyes—and I have the fortune of possessing peculiarly good ones—swept over that extensive plain, of which every part is of deep classical interest; for here it is where giant Rome, which ruled the universe, and still affects the life and thought of every one of us, was reared. The dark blue ocean, calm, placid, pure, and unaffected by all the ages that have passed over its waves, told, like a great witness, of the early bards inspired by its dangers and its beauties; of the Roman fleets sent to Carthage or to Spain; of the Saracens, who landed and plundered here; and of all deeds down to the latest times, when the British hero of the sea flew from isle to isle, and shore to shore, as if these waters with all their winds were his domain. When, too, I saw the distant islands, and even that of Giglio,[1] I could not help breaking forth in words which expressed how powerfully history, Nature, his presence, the lovely child, the convent where Jupiter had once his temple, the traces of early ingenuity—of ages long, long past, the road still in good order, though made thousands of years ago—how powerfully all this affected me. Here, said I, a historian must feel his vocation, or never; and here too, or nowhere, man must feel humble. The monk who pointed out to us the different distant objects said, that on peculiarly favorable days Corsica and Sardinia could be discerned in the light of the setting sun. Mr. Niebuhr's pleasure was exceedingly great, and only diminished by not being able to see as far as I could. I think the passage in his History where he speaks of Alba, and the sight from the top of this mountain, and the ancient works near it, bears the stamp of his feelings when on this spot; though he had to restrain them by that calmness of style which is necessary for a work describing the history of a nation, and not the feelings and experience of an individual.[2] We remained a long time at this sacred place, and I remember that he repeatedly said, Could I but borrow your eyes!]

Indeed, said he, this spot is noble; and I should be willing to give much to have enjoyed the view from Acrocorinth as you describe it.[1] Views of this kind are exceedingly instructive; and they correct the image always formed in our minds of countries and places of which we read or hear much. I wish, however, I had your eyes.

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[1] The ancient Igilium.

[2] See Niebuhr's History of Rome, English translation, vol. i. pages 168 and 169.

[I asked him whether he had met with the same difficulty that I had frequently found in Greece, of impressing the real topographic picture of a country on my mind without any admixture of that image which I had previously formed—contracted, I might almost say: for so vividly was I impressed with the representations of certain places and territories of antiquity, as well as of modern times, before I had seen them, merely from reading or hearing often of them, that I actually had found it difficult, in some cases, entirely to erase the previous image, and to substitute for it the correct one obtained by personal observation.]

I have experienced this difficulty in a degree, but by no means so much as you have, for your imagination is much livelier. It is one of the drawbacks you people with an active imagination have for the pleasures you derive from the same source.

[It would be difficult indeed, I observed, to decide on which side, in the end, the balance sinks—the scale of pleasure or pain.]

A lively imagination is a great gift, Mr. Niebuhr said, provided early education tutors it. If not, it is nothing but a soil equally luxuriant for all kinds of seeds.

[It is my habit to make on spots, such as that on which we then were, panoramic *croquis;* that is to say, I draw the prominent objects around me as they present themselves with regard to situation in this half perspective, half bird's-eye view. I have found them most valuable memoranda for my Journal; and when I made one on this spot, Mr. Niebuhr very much approved this way of *writing down* a vast view.]

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[1] In my Journal during my stay in Greece, mentioned in a note to the preface. A translation of the passage alluded to in the text appeared in The Stranger in America, quite at the end of the work.

THE FALL OF PRUSSIA.—[The same day, when we ascended the mountain in the morning on our asses, we saw oak-trees, which, by a series of associations, led him to tell me the following simple anecdote:]

When, after the battle of Jena, everything seemed to be lost for Prussia, I one day, on my journey to Königsberg, talked with the coachman, an old peasant, on the deplorable state of things. "Well," said the peasant, "I don't know how it is; that battle of Jena is but one battle, after all; and I have never yet felled a sound old oak with one blow. It cannot be all lost." Had but all thought like this peasant it might have ended differently.

[If all had thought like the peasant, the oak would have been sound; but that the tree fell by one stroke is the very proof that the oak was not sound.]

CANOVA.—[A *gentiluomo* of the Papal court, dressed in black, with a sword, informed the minister of the death of Canova. I happened to be present; Mr. Niebuhr said:]

There is one good man less! Canova was an excellent man, liberal in a rare degree, kind, without envy or jealousy, faithful, pious, and of a reflecting mind withal. He felt a true attachment to Pius VII., which was probably increased by the misfortunes of the Pope and his dignified demeanor in affliction. Canova would speak of him with a warmth which was truly edifying. I like his idea of making a picture for the church of the little village of his birth. Don't you believe that such a work will of itself give certain moral *êlan* to the whole little Possagno? It will raise the *morale* of the village; it establishes a visible connection between the people of that obscure place and a gifted and successful man, which is leaving a great legacy. So are public statues of great moral value; they excite, remind, teach: how very superficial are those who think they are but proofs of overwrought gratitude or flattery! To be sure, they have been abused—what has not? Canova was ever ready to assist and guide young artists; and his idea of establishing prizes for the most successful among them was excellent.

[This latter observation may stand in some connection with the fact that Mr. Niebuhr, after his return from Rome, appropriated his salary, as professor in the University of Bonn, to prizes to be awarded to the best treatises on subjects selected and offered by himself.]

Indulgences.—[I had visited the church *del Nome di Maria*, erected on the square of the column of Trajan in commemoration of the liberation of Vienna from the Turks in the year 1683, and had found there, on a marble slab, the following inscription:

PER CONCESSIONE DEI SOMMI PONTIFICI SISTO V. INNOCENZO XII. BENEDETTO XIV. E PIO VI. CONFERMATA DAL REGNANTE PIO VII. CHIUNQUE VISITA QUESTA CHIESA ADEMPIENDO LE ALTRE OPERE INGIUNTE, ACQUISTA TUTTE LE INDULGENZE ANNESSE ALLA VISITA DI QUALUNQUE ALTRA CHIESA DI ROMA.

(By concession of the pontiffs Sixtus V. Innocent XII. Benedict XIV. and Pius VI. confirmed by the reigning Pius VII., whoever visits this church, fulfilling at the same time the other works enjoined [in order to obtain indulgences] obtains all indulgences annexed to the visit of any other church of Rome.)

I told Mr. Niebuhr of this sweeping indulgence, comparing it to the treaties which grant terms "equal to the most favored nations." He said:]

You smile; yet this very expression has been used in granting religious favors to churches or societies.[1] It is sur-

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[1] An altar is called privileged when any peculiar indulgence is attached to it. When we visited the church of Santa Agnesia, the under-curate, who showed the church, told us, what in fact is well known to be matter of general belief, that as soon as a mass is read at the chief altar a soul leaves, and needs must leave, purgatory—"*Tanto è privileggiata la nostra chiesa!*" he continued. "*Per altro se trova indulgenza plenaria per l'anima per laquale la messa è detta a questo altare*" (pointing at an altar), "*al giorno della festa della nostra chiesa. E se l'anima pella quale se legge la messa non sta più nel purgatorio, allora esce una altra, perchè uscire debbe una a forza della messa.*"

(Thus privileged is our church! Moreover, plenary indulgence is to be found prising that the Roman church has obstinately clung to carrying out the idea of indulgences to so gross an extent; for, I believe, had Rome promptly discountenanced the shocking abuse of indulgences as practised in Germany before the Reformation, the latter might have been retarded for a long time. "Don't ask too much," is a maxim of the greatest importance, as well for a poor wagoner who lives by the labor of his horse as for a king or pope—for missionaries, successful parties, nations, indeed for every one.

[I observed that if a person would make a systematic tour through Rome, and obtain all the indulgences offered by paying at the fixed days at the proper altars, he might easily acquire the indulgence of a million of years.]

Undoubtedly, Mr. Niebuhr answered; but you know that these indulgences, often granted at once for several thousand years, extend to purgatory, and if you do not stand in need of the whole, you may pass the balance to the favor of whomsoever you see fit. It is these things which make so many Italians atheists. They cannot swallow this, and therefore throw away everything else with it. Matters stand very ill in many Catholic countries on account of these extravagances. In South America hardly any people but women go to mass. And yet a truly pious and devout heart finds its way through all the mazes to God. There are many persons who leave these matters undecided, as every man is obliged to do in numerous cases in life, when, without giving his positive and well-considered assent, he nevertheless does not feel called upon to reform. And not a few of these are among the highest clergy, the popes themselves. But this is not what I wanted to say: I mean, there are some persons who devoutly believe every jot even of these things, and whose hearts nevertheless are pure as snow.—There was an old Franciscan formerly here who used to visit us frequently; he is now

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for the soul for which mass is read at that altar there, on the day of the feast of our church. And if the soul for which the mass is intended has already left purgatory, another leaves that place, for one needs must leave by the power of the mass.)

bishop of Corfu.[1] I believe him as good and truly religious a man as I have ever known—abounding with the milk of human kindness; and yet he believed in every doctrine and observance of the Roman church, in all her intolerant mandates against us, and, I have not the slightest doubt, in all the miracles and whatever else his order believes of St. Francis. His natural religious constitution was too strong: I can imagine a saint under his serene image. Marcus was quite little at the time I knew this old man: and the child would often take the cord of the venerable Franciscan, and pull it, as if to play horse with him. I was sometimes afraid it might embarrass him, as being in his eyes somewhat a profanation; but he always smiled with the greatest kindness upon the child.[2] He, I am sure, would not have wished all heretics lost forever: nor does he probably believe they will be, or feel so; yet he may try to force it upon his mind as an article of his faith. Religion is so ethereal a thing, that as soon as you bring it down to articles of faith, aiming at the consistency which we expect in all other matters, we are led to consequences, some of which one or other cannot make part of his positive and living belief. There are hard things in the articles of the English church, in Calvinism, in the symbolic books (of the Lutherans); but God is wiser than all, and his power reaches hearts everywhere.

[I added that I had observed a rapid increase in the number of years of offered indulgences at the various altars the nearer I came to Rome, until I found this abundance of indulgences in almost every chapel in Rome itself; while a poor man in Bohemia has to ascend a high hill on his knees, and obtains after all but nine years' indulgence. If it is natural, according to the whole system, that Rome abounds in indulgences, since the absolving power to which many pious pilgrims travel to have their souls unburdened resides here, a distinction ought to be made between natives and strangers;

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[1] I believe I am right, though it may be another of the Ionian Islands.

[2] What a subject for a picture! equally excellent in point of art on account of the noble contrasts it offers, as for its meaning.

otherwise the former have it indeed too easy: and though it may be considered expedient to attach great political privileges to the birthright of an individual, it would seem as ill-according with the whole idea of a Christian church to attach privileges of such magnitude for the state of the soul to the mere domicile in Rome.]

Nothing can be more curious, he answered, than the details and application of some of these doctrines. It has often surprised me when I have to obtain dispensations for Prussian subjects; yet it is all but systematic consistency.

VISIT TO THE COLLEGIO ROMANO.—[Of the golden and finely-executed collar found in the sepulchre of the Emperor Otho II. and now preserved in the Collegio Romano, Mr. Niebuhr thought that it had been brought from Constantinople with the empress. Nothing seemed to please him so much in the Collegio as the work representing the Boy catching the Cricket.]

MR. CAPUCCINI, THE SECRETARY OF CARDINAL CONSALVI.—Capuccini (then secretary of Cardinal Consalvi, secretary of state to Pope Pius VII.) is a man of rare merit and character: he works exceedingly hard, and yet his salary is very small. The cardinal one day in conversation with me praised him much; in this I most heartily joined; and I took occasion to allude to Capuccini's inadequate remuneration, and how he probably would be entirely forgotten on a change of the sovereign, which might so easily happen. The cardinal said he knew it, but he never would forget the important services which his secretary had rendered him.

[Why, then, I afterwards asked, has he not yet promoted him?]

Because, replied Mr. Niebuhr, he needs him. Perhaps he does not want him to feel independent. It is one of the severest trials of men in power to reward adequately their confidential assistants, and really working secretaries, if men of merit and talent. Few persons stand this test; and Capuccini would not be the first of his class who interfered with his own career by his own usefulness. Were he not so indispensable to Cardinal Consalvi, he would be in the enjoyment of some fine living ere this. Ministers or monarchs have often been called ungrateful for not advancing their secretaries; yet this arises frequently not from ingratitude, but from the knowledge of their great value, and also from indolence, to which we are all subject. It is an uncomfortable thing to lose one's index, writer, thinker—everything, and have all the trouble over again of making the new secretary understand you. No officer, in fact, is so difficult to be found as a secretary who suits precisely. Sometimes they are purposely kept low, that they may not aspire at independence.

VIEWS OF ANTIQUITY.—[I had told Mr. Niebuhr that I owed to him a much more correct view of antiquity, or, I might say, feeling toward it. Until I had become acquainted with him, antiquity had been to me something totally separated from us, as if hardly the same springs of action were applicable to man in modern and in ancient times. I hardly ever had used my own feelings, joys, or griefs, as keys to understand the sentiments which inspired the ancient poets or writers. My visit to Greece had prepared me for a different conception of those times, so remote in years, and yet so near to us by the civilization we have derived from them, and by our education: but my intercourse with him had placed me, I hoped, in a more proper relation.]

There were times, Mr. Niebuhr said, when people would have considered it almost like a degradation of the ancients, had a philologer attempted to explain their history or language by corresponding relations or phenomena of our own. The classical literature was superior to anything modern nations had at the time of the revival of the sciences; they therefore received everything coming from the ancients with a reverence which would not allow a doubt of anything, and required no reconcilement of any contradictory statements in them. But you will observe that wherever a practical man, a statesman, for instance, occupied himself with the classics, how differently he treated them from the schoolmaster. The latter treated the classics as if they were something entirely beyond the sphere of reality; and this, indeed, is still the case with many. On the other hand, there is such a thing as flippant impertinent familiarity, and such has not been very rare with the modern French before the Revolution. Its only object is to divert, from the contrast produced by a sudden comparison between the most remote objects and those of our daily and common life. This is merely to amuse, and can amuse the little-minded only. Sometimes, indeed, it may be witty; but that is a different thing.

INFLUENCE OF TEUTONIC TRIBES UPON THE ITALIAN LANGUAGE.—It is a constant saying with the Italians that the conquering nations, the Germans particularly, ruined the Latin language, and thus caused the Italian. They are much mistaken, for there is really very little Teutonic admixture in the Italian idiom. I speak of words; as to grammatical forms, they are modern. The ancient verb and substantive ceased to continue as soon as the ancient spirit had fled. Besides, numberless formations of the Italian existed among Romans, though only among the low people. To change the termination *us* and *um* into *o* is nothing but a negligent pronunciation; and there are inscriptions which show that this was not restricted to the very lowest circles only; in fact, it is a very natural change in speaking quick.[1] So, also, the use of *habere* as auxiliary is ancient: there are some passages in Greek and Roman writers which show this.

[I replied that the use of the modern Greek ἔχω showed the same.]

Certainly, he answered; and as to the article, the many compound conjunctions, and the prepositions, you can trace all very easily. They originated during the low ages, when people had forgotten to speak with precision and manliness, and to perceive all the different relations with grammatical acuteness. Observe how many words children and low people require to tell a simple story, if they are not excited by passion. Passion, to be sure, is eloquent and brief. It is for the cultivated, and yet vigorous, manly mind, to speak and write concisely.

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[1] The reader who is acquainted with Mr. Niebuhr's History of Rome will recollect the 634th note of vol. i. on page 218 *et seq.* in the English translation, where he gives two inscriptions, and then adds: "I have softened the rude spelling, and have even abstained from marking that the final *s* in *prognatus*, *quoius*, and the final *m* in *Taurasiam*, *Cesaunam*, *Aleriam*, *optumum*, and *omnem*, were not pronounced," etc.

PRONUNCIATION OF THE LATIN.—[On my question, which of the different ways of pronouncing Latin he thought best, he said that he had adopted the Italian pronunciation. On my farther question, why? he said:]

I have a number of reasons; but in fact the counter-question, Why should we not adopt the Italian pronunciation? would be a perfectly good answer. As to the pronunciation of the *c*, it is clear that the Romans did not pronounce it in the German way, *Tsitsero;* this is altogether an uncouth northern sound. To pronounce it like *Sisero* (with hard *s*) is equally wrong: no inscription or other trace induces us to believe that the Romans used *c* as equivalent to *s*. Besides, if we see that each nation pronounces Latin according to the pronunciation of the vernacular tongue, it is preposterous to maintain that one or the other is the correct pronunciation, except the pronunciation of the Italian itself. That the *g* was not pronounced hard as the German, seems clear from the fact that most nations pronounce it soft. On the whole, Latin reads much better in the Italian way; and I think many passages of the poets require this pronunciation to receive their full value. People ought to agree to adopt this pronunciation; for it is too ridiculous to find the same language pronounced differently in every country, and subjected to all the caprices of the various idioms. The Spaniards sometimes claim to be, by way of tradition, in possession of the true Roman pronunciation. It is equally preposterous that they whose language is so much more mixed, and whose country was never more than a province, should have retained a better pronunciation than the people of the mother-country! Italian is still, in a degree, a Latin dialect.

ORTHOGRAPHY.—[I asked him how he wrote a certain word; he answered the question, and then said:]

In general, I always found those who occupy themselves chiefly with orthography small minds. Orthography is sometimes not unimportant; but small people only make a business of it, and propose the different changes.[1]

THE LATIN WORD "OBSCENUS."—[I observed to Mr. Niebuhr how ugly the Neapolitan women seemed to me. He said:]

It is very possible, indeed, that *obscenus*, ugly, is derived from *Opscus*, *Oscus*, "like the Oscans," always an ugly race. The Romans may originally have used the word Oscan, signifying the early and uncouth inhabitants, somewhat as *villain* is used in English, meaning originally nothing but a *villager;* or as the German *Welshe* (originally *strangers*) was used for Italians, and thence for the faithless, full of tricks.[2]

FERDINAND IV. OF NAPLES.—[When we read the inscription on the pedestal of the statue of King Ferdinand IV. in the Studii at Naples, which is about as follows: "Ferdinando IV. augusto, etc., religionis et securitatis publicæ Protectori invicto," etc., he shrugged his shoulders, and said:]

Well indeed! *invictus!* He was driven three times out of his capital!

ST. FRANCIS.—[We were on our way home from the cathedral of Assisi, the chief church of the Franciscans—for in Assisi their saint was born, and on the spot where now stands that beautiful minster he experienced his first impulse to devotion—when Mr. Niebuhr said:]

St. Francis was a great man. St. Benedict had just labored for the moral elevation of the higher classes. It was a necessary consequence of his system. The intention of St. Francis was to labor for the poorest and meanest. Much that now appears extravagant may not have been so in his time; much may have been exaggerated afterwards, and some points in his character may have been actually extravagant. Where is the great man that has not his monomania? Some of his miracles are invented, many may be true. I think they can be accounted for by implicit faith, which he commanded and required. That he could find, when but a young man, so many and such ardent followers, and draw up the rules of his order, so judicious for his age and his particular object, sufficiently shows that he was an extraordinary man. The *Evangelium sine glossa* is remarkable indeed, and, more than that, is great, far in advance of his age. When dialectics surrounded him everywhere, and the interpretations of the Bible were held far superior to the book itself, he penetrated all these mazes, and required the plain gospel. He wanted no property but such as the brethren could cultivate. This, however, changed immediately after his death. At the same time rose the order of the Dominicans—an order which received even from its very founder the stamp of persecution, and has gone on with blood and murder through the succeeding centuries. It has frequently happened, indeed, that the Franciscans protected where the Dominicans persecuted.

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[1] I need hardly observe that Mr. Niebuhr meant to express his little regard for those only who think they are engaged in most important occupations when they propose new ways of writing, etc.; for a man like him would have considered ignorance in the orthography of a language as unfavorably as any other kind of ignorance.

[2] Verrius apud Fest. in *Oscum* derives the word *obscenus* from *Opscus* indeed, but because the *Osci* or *Opsci turpi consuetudine olim laborasse dicuntur;* but not as equivalent to *ugly*, *uncouth*, and hence *inauspicious*, etc.

[I was glad to hear this opinion from his lips, and told him how much I admired the Morning Hymn of St. Francis. I was only sorry that the followers of these great men should immediately exceed the bounds of their veneration, and warp it by superstition, sometimes of repulsive grossness; for, said I, a monk, with whom I walked over the convent of St. Francis, on the Capitoline Hill, spoke of his patron saint as if he were at least equal to Christ, telling me some of the most absurd miracles. And this, I continued, reminds me of the nurse in the family of Mr. —— (then chaplain of the Prussian legation), who one day said: "It is a great pity the Virgin Mary is not God; it would be much better for us, poor sinners, than it is now, when God is God."]

St. Francis, said Mr. Niebuhr, was, about a hundred years after his death, actually believed by many to have been the Paracletus, or Comforter. No saint was ever more universally honored.

MR. PERTZ.—I write legibly, and not slowly, and I do not work slowly; but I know of no person who can at all be compared, with regard to rapidity of working, to Mr. Pertz.[1] He reads manuscripts with discriminating judgment, and makes extracts more quickly than others could merely copy. This kind of rapidity is very important to those engaged at all in studies like ours; and yet it is a thing quite unconnected with the other requisites of a thorough *savant.*

MR. NIEBUHR'S KNOWLEDGE OF FRENCH.—I have read a great deal of French, not only the first-rate writers, but all the second- and third-rate too. I believe I write French correctly.

MISTAKES OF THE CORTES.—The Cortes committed several fatal blunders. They sold the commons. Many of the poor mountaineers, however, had nothing in the whole world but their share in the common; they have thus become poor to starvation, and therefore violent Royalists. In the same manner they deprived the guards of their privileges. Such a body may be disbanded; but to let it exist, and yet injure it—deprive it of old privileges—is making so many armed enemies of them.

LITERARY POWER OF PARIS.—The literary dictatorship of Paris over France has had some good, but also many fatal consequences. The best book published in Marseilles or Bordeaux is hardly mentioned. *C'est publié dans la province,* is enough to consign the book at once to oblivion. It has produced uniformity, and therefore guarded in a degree against a certain literary licentiousness; but it has also produced tyranny in a sphere where tyranny is least supportable.

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[1] George Henry Pertz, royal librarian and keeper of the archives at Hanover, made himself known in 1819 by his History of the Merovingian Major Domus. The Society for Promoting the Knowledge of Early German History (*Societas pro aperiendis fontibus rerum Germanicarum medii ævi*) sent him to Italy, where he collected most valuable materials for German history, from the year 1821 to 1823. The society published his learned spoils in the fifth volume of its Archives. In the years 1826 and 1829 he published two volumes folio, *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica.*

MACHIAVELLI—SEGRETARIO FIORENTINO.—[We spoke of Machiavelli, and I observed how curious it was that he is so often styled *Il Segretario;* which seemed to me to agree little with the Italian custom generally followed.][1]

Don't you know the reason? Mr. Niebuhr replied. The censorship prohibited the Prince and some other works of Machiavelli; hence it was prohibited to quote him, or, in fact, to print his name by way of citation; but the substitution of *Il Segretario Fiorentino* for his name was not objected to. Thus, probably, this appellation became so common.

ITALIAN VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.—Diodati's Italian Bible[2] is an excellent translation: some parts are most beautiful; but it is by a heretic. The approved translation occupies, with all the explanations and interpretations, such a large number of volumes, that few Italians have it: hence the reading of the Bible in the Italian tongue is virtually prohibited.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.—Perfect liberty of the press might be given as the highest reward to the best citizens. The state has so little to reward with. What is an order! What sensible man would give anything for such a thing!—except that the not receiving it may be a positive neglect or injury. To take absolute liberty of the press from men who are nevertheless appointed to teach youth in universities is very inconsistent.

[I observed that if the state should always have to decide who is worthy of enjoying the liberty of the press, it would be no great liberty after all.]

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[1] Though the Italians are most profuse in bestowing titles like *eccellenza*, which, in fact, any person with a whole coat may claim, they do not make much use of such titles as the above. In addressing persons, customs still exist in Italy which other nations have long passed by. The baptismal name, with the preceding signor, is continually used instead of the family name; and the charm with which so many remember Italy is probably owing, in part, to the peculiar feeling we have when we are all at once called by the name of our childhood, after having nearly forgotten that such is our name.

[2] La Sacra Bibbia, tradotta in lingua Italiana da Giovanni Diodati, di nation Lucchese, 1640. Stampata a Geneva.

Perhaps so, he answered; but it might be somewhat like a scientific peerage, never, or not easily, to be taken away.

[The idea, undigested and impracticable as it was, not to view it from a higher point—that of right—was certainly very German; inasmuch as the writing of books is drawn here within the sphere of political privileges, and therefore supposed to be very common throughout the nation; which, in fact, it is.]

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.—Alexander Hamilton was one of the most powerful minds of modern times. He had resources within him such as none of his contemporaries had.

DIVISIBILITY OF LAND.—It is the duty of governments to prevent real estates from being divided into such small portions that they become utterly useless to the cultivator. Such a law existed in the Ditmarsian republic, and the constitution of Sweden contained a provision to the same effect.

[I said that the country around Jena proved the truth of his observation perhaps more than any other country. Since then I have received a small publication—Report to the Minister of the Interior on the Parcelling of Farms and Cutting-up of Estates in the Province of Westphalia, 1824, by Mr. von Vincke, high-president of that province. The author of this official paper is the same Mr. von Vincke who is mentioned in a note at the beginning as the author of a work on the Domestic Administration of England, edited by Mr. Niebuhr. The pamphlet I have just mentioned states the fact that lawsuits have been brought into the courts on the Rhine for half a square foot of land. Its object is to answer the three questions proposed by the minister of the interior, to whom the report is directed:

1. What is to be adopted as the minimum of a farm?[1]

2. What laws are requisite with reference to inheritance, forced sales, etc.?

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[1] The German is *spannfähige Bauernhof*, which means farms capable of keeping a team, and doing consequently the services enjoined upon these farms.

3. Is a limitation of mortgaging estates and indebting them advisable, or how may it be prevented by general measures?

The work, though but a pamphlet of fifty-two pages, is of great interest, in a variety of respects, to the political economist; and it has been mentioned here so fully with a view to direct attention to it, as it might otherwise be easily overlooked.]

LAST WILLS MADE IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.—A Prussian has to make his last will in Rome according to Roman laws. The Prussian minister has not the power of an attorney[1] for these cases. He ought to have it; for this want of proper power may expose the heirs of a Prussian subject to very great inconvenience.

TRULY GREAT THINGS.—Everything truly great, where mind acts upon mind, proceeds from the individual; tyranny or grossness acts by masses.

CARNOT.—Carnot invented new tactics, and showed how to fight and conquer with them. While he was engaged in making the giant-plans for the five armies, he wrote a mathematical work of the highest character, and composed at the same time some very agreeable little poems. He was a mighty genius indeed!

VALEZ.—Valez is perhaps one of the best men that appeared in the Spanish revolution.

GENERAL VAUDONCOURT.—Guillaume de Vaudoncourt[2] is one of the best-informed officers that ever have written. I esteem his work on Hannibal's campaigns very highly. His inquiries into the precise route which Hannibal took are masterly.

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[1] *Justiz commissarius* (commissary of justice), an officer peculiar to the Prussian hierarchy of justice, though, on the whole, corresponding to our counsellors and attorneys-at-law.

[2] General de Vaudoncourt was born in Vienna, Austria, of French parents, in 1772; educated in Berlin; and went in 1786 to France. He entered the French army in 1791, and gradually rose to the grade of general. He served with great distinction in various campaigns of Napoleon, who made use of his talents also in political affairs. His missions were various. Wherever he was sent by the emperor he behaved so honorably (and abstained so entirely from obtaining riches), that he was well received in Germany when he had to leave France after the restoration of the Bourbons. He has written numerous works, some of which appeared first in London. The one alluded to by Mr. Niebuhr is Histoire des Campagnes d'Annibal en Italie, 3 vols. 4to, with an atlas, Milan, 1812.

KLOPSTOCK.—[Our conversation had turned upon Klopstock, whom Mr. Niebuhr had seen very frequently when in Hamburg: in fact, he spent a great part of the day, at least three times a week for three months, with that poet. I collected the following by my various questions:]

Klopstock used to like me; he called me *thou*.[1] When a young man of twenty-six he visited Switzerland, after having published the first cantos of his Messiah. His journey was a real triumphal march. Old and young, men, women, and children met him. Klopstock did not like to speak of his Messiah; he was not satisfied with the poem. His religious views had also undergone some change. He was usually content with a general impression of a subject; he did not care much for entering into details. His knowledge of Latin was not deep; I assisted him in his grammatical inquiries with respect to this language. He was indolent, in spite of his love of skating, and slovenly. You know, of course, the fact that some people censured his skating as unbecoming the bard of the Messiah. He was always in good health.

HORACE.—However, Mr. Niebuhr said to me, when I had once asked his opinion of Horace, and frankly expressed my not relishing him so much as most people seemed or pretended to do—however, Horace was a great man[2] after all. In his

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[1] The pronoun *thou* is used in Germany still more frequently than in France, as a mark of intimacy or affection.

[2] Mr. Niebuhr spoke German, in which the expression *great man* is used to signify much more than in English. In the United States particularly, this high epithet signifies very frequently nothing more than *highly gifted*, *a man of rare talents*. I have no doubt, therefore, that Mr. Niebuhr used this expression by way of conversational extravagance; for he cannot be called great who, in a time like his, only sees the misery. A man may have a great mind, a great soul; but a *great man* must act, and in a way that influences posterity, creating something new. In this sense was Dante not only a great poet, but a great man. This brief disquisition reminds me of a saying of Schiller, which I may not have another equally convenient opportunity to relate, and which the reader will hear with pleasure. The late Professor Pfaff, in Halle, told me that Schiller, conversing with him on Herder and Goethe, said, "Herder is a siren; Goethe is a great man."

sermones you will find the deep and intense grief he felt for the state of the times, though externally he contrived to smile at it; yet it is a bitter smile. Except his odes, Horace ought never to be read in schools, for it requires extensive experience in real life to understand him.

IGNATIUS POTOCKI.—Ignatius Potocki[1] is one of the finest characters, perhaps the finest of all, in the unhappy history of Poland: one can dwell with real pleasure on him.

THE REMAINS OF SCIPIO.—When, in 1780, under Pius VI.—an age which has been called the modern Augustan age—the sepulchres of the Scipios were discovered, learned Vandalism dragged forth the sarcophagi—for it was the custom of the Scipios to inter their dead—took out the remains, and would have thrown them on the field, when, in charity, they were bought and taken to Padua, where they are buried.

SHAKSPEARE EARLY TRANSPLANTED TO GERMANY.—Those who lately revived German literature—I mean Klopstock and the contributors to the Bremen Wochenblatt—were at first unacquainted with Shakspeare; I mean, they had not properly studied the great poet, and were not then influenced by him. But a strolling company in the north of Germany performed some of his pieces, for instance, Hamlet, soon after the Thirty Years' War. How much these pieces were mutilated and tortured is another question; perhaps they were not much more changed than they are at present on the English stage.[2]

ANTICIPATING PARDONS.—When the Ionian Islands were under the power of Venice, pardons could be obtained from

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That Schiller meant here a Platonic siren, making the music of the spheres, and not the decoying Homeric sirens, seems clear.

[1] Count Ignatius Potocki, cousin to Count Anthony Potocki, was the very counterpart to the latter, who betrayed his country to Russia. Ignatius was one of those Poles who drew up the ever memorable constitution of May 3, 1791. He was born in 1751.

[2] A gentleman who has filled the highest station in the United States, and resided in the early part of this century in an official capacity in Berlin, said once to the writer that the only place where he had seen the genuine Shakspeare had been at Berlin; alluding to the uncurtailed and unchanged state in which the dramas of that poet were performed in the Prussian capital.

the governor for crimes not yet committed. Of course, a high price was asked. The same, I think, was done sometimes in the Grisons. It was in theory not worse than the anticipating indulgences, which were sold in Germany, to the scandal of every man who had the slightest feeling of morality.

SERVITUDE NEVER EXISTED IN ASIA.—Serfs, or bondsmen attached to the soil,[1] were unknown in Asia even in the early periods; but the Hellenic tribes had this institution. The modern Greeks were never bondsmen, properly speaking; nay, the Turks have perhaps abolished the institution in Moldavia and Wallachia.

PROTESTANTS IN TURKEY.—Innumerable Protestants fled from Austria, previous to the reign of Joseph II., into Turkey, and founded large villages.

TOLERANCE OF THE MUFTI.—The last mufti but one was ordered to sign the permission of all Mussulmans to slaughter the Greeks. He proved from the Koran that he could not do it, and was banished to Rhodes.

TURKISH FAITHFULNESS.—When Frederick II. sought at all costs to induce the Turks to make war against the Russians, he was answered, "Canst thou make twenty-five years of twenty?" An armistice existed between Russia and Turkey, which had still five years to run.

HERODOTUS.—It is impossible to find a more truth-loving man than Herodotus, and yet he has reported several things which are not true.

THE EMPERORS MAXIMILIAN AND FERDINAND—GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS—LUTHERANS AND CALVINISTS.—You cannot call Maximilian neutral; he was more than neutral. He wished the chalice to be given to the laymen, and tried to induce the Pope to allow priests to marry: the greater part of his counsellors were Protestants. This is, indeed, more than merely neutral. But Ferdinand was dark, bigoted, cruel, and zealous. At his court in Graetz nothing but Spanish was spoken. In this respect, too, Germany would have gained much had Gustavus lived to ascend the imperial throne. Gustavus had an essentially German education. He spoke and wrote German freely; Ferdinand did not. Gustavus, from a Teutonic tribe, with his education, his feelings and dispositions, was more a German than Ferdinand, who was a Spaniard in feeling. Had Gustavus ascended the German throne, he would soon have been considered a German by the whole country, disposed as it was for the Reformation. But he fell; the Lutherans and Calvinists abandoned each other; and after Luther there was no great man among the Protestants. As it always has been in Germany, no plan-maker was to be found, or, which amounts to the same thing, every one was a plan-maker.

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[1] The German word is Leibeigner (whose body is owned). Perhaps I ought to have translated it by *villain*, but this again has a distinct English meaning.

PEASANT WAR.—It cannot be denied that the peasants in the Peasant War (of Germany) had originally the right on their side, but it could lead to nothing.

WEALTH IN GERMANY BEFORE THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.—Nowhere in Germany has the wealth returned which existed before the Thirty Years' War. The change is almost incredible. But the situation of the peasant is now much better than at that period. Wherever the free imperial cities ruled, the peasant was shockingly tyrannized over.

PROPORTION OF THE DEAD IN WAR.—The proportion of the dead to the wounded was, in the Seven Years' War, as one to three; in the campaign of 1813 as one to five. There is more manœuvring now than formerly.

IRRIGATION AND CULTIVATION OF THE CAMPAGNA ROMANA.—If the Roman Campagna could be irrigated as in ancient times, the country would be found fertile, as all Italian land is which is watered. At present, it is uncultivated, and produces nothing but malaria. Near Tivoli, for example, there is water enough. The labor of the men who come from Ancona would be too dear; and there are none here, on account of the malaria and fever. The ditches and sluices might be made, and then the land be let on hereditary leases. The farmers might derive great advantage over and above the rent; and health, too, would be restored to the Campagna.

Introduction of the Musket into European Armies.—Lances, pikes, battle-clubs, etc., were yet quite in use in the beginning of the war of the Spanish succession, much more than the musket. But the early periods of the war were so murderous that the troops on both sides soon came to consist of young men. Perhaps they did not understand handling the lances and pikes, and this accelerated the adoption of gunpowder; for these weapons require more practice than the musket. How much were the Roman soldiers drilled compared to ours!

Parliamentary Regulations of the Spanish Cortes.—The *regulations* of the Spanish Cortes deserve the greatest credit, while those of the French Chamber are bad. These parliamentary regulations are of the greatest importance, and very difficult to be drawn up where a deliberative assembly all at once springs into existence, and has not grown up gradually as the British parliament. The speaker of the Cortes has to sum up the arguments on both sides. [Which seems to be the most inconsistent and useless provision imaginable, much as the want of the judge's summing up to the jury in the courts of the southern states in the Union is to be regretted.]

Spanish Character.—The Spanish have always shown this peculiarity, that, taken singly, there are many noble, nay, great men, among them, but they do not know how to act together. Generals Grolmann, Lützow, and Dohna, who served among them against the French, say they are very poor in open battle; one never trusts the other. They used to say, "We are willing enough to fight, but our neighboring regiment will not;" and thus they fled, but returned the next day. Yet none endure more or fight better in dispersed bands. Under English officers, to whom they granted perhaps that confidence which they did not feel in one another, they fought better. It was the same when they fought against the Romans; in bands alone did they fight well. Under Carthaginian officers they made good soldiers.

Their jurists are without system.

As to their manners and morals, especially in Madrid, many of my friends who know them well by personal observation have said, "Read Gil Blas; the Spaniards are the same still."

SCULPTURE IN ROME.—About the year 1300, there were but a few statues above the ground in Rome—the Neptune in the Capitol, Marcus Aurelius, the two Gladiators, and a few others. Everything else above the surface of the earth had been burnt for lime. It is very fortunate that Rome was so depopulated, or it would have shared the fate of Bologna. An old writer says of one of the walls of the Lateran, that it was built of statues. Imagine, then, what immense treasures of the fine arts the ancients must have brought together in Rome; for nearly all we see and admire has been dug out of the ground, and is but the gleaning. It surpasses all our conception. There existed in the middle ages a little guide-book for pilgrims who went to Rome, in which the few statues then to be seen are explained in the most *naïve* way. Many antiques represented saints, of course.

CÆSAR—MIRABEAU—BRUTUS—CATO.—Cæsar was a mighty but unbridled character,[1] like Mirabeau. It is impossible to imagine Cæsar great enough. The good abandoned him; with whom could he associate, or on whom could he rest his lever except on the bad? Such a mind could not possibly be at rest, nor could he remain alone.

I have no doubt but that it would have been possible to approach Cæsar with entire confidence after he had firmly established himself.

The act of Brutus was just: there cannot be a doubt about this; for a man who does in a republic what Cæsar did stands without the law of this republic. He had forfeited his life according to the laws of his state. It cannot be otherwise. Men who bring a new time must act against the laws belonging to the past. Times would not have been so bad under Cæsar as they grew after his death.

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[1] *Cæsar war eine unbändige Natur*, were Mr. Niebuhr's words.

Brutus was, undoubtedly, a pure, noble soul; but times had changed.

Cato died at the right moment; for, however things might have turned out, no sphere would have opened itself for him after the battle of Actium.

EXTRACTION OF POPE PIUS VII.—[A nobleman said, probably forgetting that Mr. Niebuhr himself was not descended of a noble family, "I understand the present pope is not even a man of family."[1]]

Oh, as for that, replied Mr. Niebuhr, with a smile, I have been told that Christ himself was not a man of family; and St. Peter, if I recollect well, was but of very vulgar origin. Here in Rome we don't mind these things.

PARTY SPIRIT.—A short time ago I read in a Spanish ministerial paper that, on a certain occasion, in Spanish America, the *infamous* cry of *Viva la Patria* had been heard. Such are the extremes to which party spirit leads. A man who was not a rake, under Charles II., had no hope to be considered loyal. There is not a virtue, or anything good in the whole world, that has not, at some period or other, brought suspicion, or even ruin, on a man.

HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—A satisfactory history of the middle ages can only be founded on a thorough history of villainage.[2]

THE TEUTONIC ORDER.—The conquest which does much honor to the Germans, perhaps the only one that does, is that of Prussia by the Teutonic Order. They injured nothing, founded cities, and the country flourished. The same cannot be said of the conquests made by the Knights of the Sword.

CROATIANS.—The Croatians were never serfs.

HERCULES.—I find that Marcus is very much attracted by the story of Hercules. There runs a good-naturedness through the whole character of that hero which has great charms for a child.

FLEMMING—OPITZ—LOGAU—SCULTETUS.—Flemming, and, next to him, Opitz and Logau—how great they are! At any other time they would have created master-works which would have lasted forever after. But their century was wanting in everything—I mean in Germany: they could do nothing. There is a poem still extant called The Easter Trumpet of Triumph, by Scultetus,[1] who died early. Surely this poem, though with all the quaintness of the age, indicates a truly great genius.

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[1] *Von Familie* were the words of the gentleman.

[2] *Leibeigenschaft.*

GALILEI.—[I said to Mr. Niebuhr that Galilei ought to have either recanted instantly, and thus shown his utter contempt for the intolerant supporters of ignorance, or, once having denied it, ought never to have yielded.]

Mr. Niebuhr said: He was actually tortured in Rome; and no man can be answerable for what he does driven by torture. Besides, acts of this kind are always to be viewed in different lights; and young men like you judge them very differently from what men of riper age do.

FRENCH ROYALISTS.—I have heard the French ambassador say things here in my house which forebode nothing good, if they express the sentiments of the majority of emigrants; and I fear that they do express them, for he was long the confidential friend of Louis XVIII. They hate everything that dates from a time after the Revolution. That they must have their peculiar feelings as to this event is natural; but they ought to forget all hatred, and, above all, give up all desire of vengeance, which many of them, I dare say, harbor in no slight degree.

PRIESTS AT THE TIME OF ARISTOPHANES.—At the time of Aristophanes the Greek priests had actually sunk as much as the Franciscans have, for instance, at present. They were contemned as lazy, slothful people; they begged, too, now and then.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE POPE AND HIS MAESTRO DI PALAZZO.—[I told Mr. Niebuhr that Signore ——, professor of mathematics in the Sapienza, had told me that Professor

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[1] This is, I believe, the name. I have no means at hand to verify it. The German title of the poem is *Oesterliche Triumphposaune.*

—— had written a compendium of astronomy, but the *Maestro di Palazzo*, a Dominican, refused the imprimatur. The author complained of it to the Pope, who ordered the imprimatur. The Dominican refused still. The Pope laid the book before the Inquisition, over which a Dominican always presides, and the Holy Office allowed the imprimatur. The *Maestro di Palazzo* refused still. The Pope then ordered another bishop to give the imprimatur, and the book at length was printed. This happened about two years before I told it to Mr. Niebuhr.]

He said: The Dominican could only dare to do so because the Pope had not given his order to grant the imprimatur *in carica*, and thus he was not infallible—at least, he had not first heard the mass of invocation of the Holy Ghost.

[Either in this or some other manual on astronomy for the use of the students in the Sapienza, the system of Copernicus was allowed to be given only in a note, where it was said that thus Copernicus had taught.]

CONTUBERNIUM.—[I asked Mr. Niebuhr whether he could give me any accurate information respecting the *contubernium*. He said he had never been able to ascertain anything entirely satisfactory to him.]

MARIUS AND SYLLA.—Marius and Sylla were not mere bloodhounds. The state of things, as so often is the case, brought them to what they did. Each of the two was in the right and in the wrong; it is always so where parties exist. It cannot be denied that they were both actuated by ideas.

THE BOURBONS.—The real object of the war proposed against Spain (in 1823) is to re-establish the great Bourbon league as it had been brought about towards the end of the seventeenth century. Everything else in this affair is but subservient to this great end of the Bourbons.

CANDIA.—Candia was, even when under the power of Venice, almost entirely independent. There existed the strangest relation between the inhabitants and the governor.

NAPOLEON AND ALEXANDER—GREECE.—Napoleon and Alexander were nearly agreed as to the plan of dividing Turkey:

Constantinople alone remained the difficult and unsettled question.

CONVENTS.—Convents partly originated, and partly derived their rapid increase, from the universal feeling of misery in the first centuries of Christianity. The truly afflicting times forced the poor people into monastic retirement.

SPANIARDS.—An old writer says: "The Spaniards are eagles on their horses, lions in their fastnesses, women in the open field." The accounts of those who served with them against the French agree with this. Miserable in open battle, they were lions indeed in Saragossa. This trait seems to be old; the Numantians showed it.

ORIGIN OF THE CARNIVAL.—It is by no means certain when the carnival originated—whether it grew out of the new order of things, or is a transformation of pagan feasts. I believe the comedies of Shrove-Tuesday[1] are of German origin.

HUMAN POWER.—It is ascertained that, towards the end of the seventeenth century, in Holland, four men had the same amount of power which five men had a century afterwards. The food had essentially changed.

INFLUENCE OF THE POPES.—The authority of the early popes was of great advantage to mankind. It was the concentrating and, not unfrequently, protecting power when everything relapsed into barbarism and destruction, and the dissolution of society was universal.

ANCIENT ROADS.—The ancient Roman roads, of which so many were laid out, had elevated foot-paths on each side for passengers. They did not think alone of the horses, like our modern engineers.

UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND.—If the United States did not form a confederation, but if their great powers were concentrated into one powerful government, a war with England would soon ensue for the supremacy of the sea. This might become the Peloponnesian war for the latter, on account of internal division, over-population, and exhaustion.

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[1] *Fastnachtsspiele.*

Leo the Great.—Leo the Great deserves his name. He was a truly great man, a mighty mind.

The French in Italy.—The day before the French left Rome they demanded the silver and gold cases of the seals in the archives. The silver which has been carried out of St. Peter's alone, without any regard even to the works of Benvenuto Cellini, is immense. But a good deal may have been carried off by Italians themselves.

Births.—Italian physicians have assured me that the crime of preventing births is incredibly general in Italy. When, under the French dominion, people found employment, population rapidly increased; but misery has brought back vice.

Ganganelli.—Pope Ganganelli was not poisoned: he died of his injudicious custom of lying in the sun, even after he had become very sickly. Remorse, too, at having abolished the Jesuits, which he did from mere compliance with the Bourbon courts, and against his conviction, did its part to undermine his health.

Attila.—Latin was spoken at the court of Attila, and it was used as the means of communication with the Italians and other nations. Attila himself understood Latin, and farces in that language were performed at his court. Procopius has interesting passages on this point.

Adulation of Napoleon.—"*Napoleon est notre Dieu*," said Ney to the professors of the university of Helmstaedt. You know the Archbishop of Paris called him, in a pastoral letter to his bishops, *l'homme de la droite de Dieu:* and Fabre de l'Aude, president of the tribunal, wrote to Napoleon's mother: "*La conception que vous avez eue, en portant dans votre sein le Grand Napoleon, n'a été surement qu'une inspiration divine!*" But even with us, my friend, the adulation was carried by some wretches to an equal extent of shameful madness. Even now, when I relate it, it has already become incredible; and yet it is a fact. How often has it not been said, "God created Napoleon, and rested!" What is man! This happened but yesterday: how utterly vile!

Lucien Bonaparte.—I have seen Lucien Bonaparte since my residence in Rome. I have a great regard for him, and he seems to like me. He has repeatedly invited me; but you know my station does not precisely allow of an intimate intercourse with him. His monomania is his verses. He has read to me French poems of his without rhyme, having imitated, as he thought he had, the ancient metre. Imagine a poem relying, as to form, on metre only, in a language which has no prosody, and hardly any rhythm! It is a *marotte*, if ever any existed! There is no earthly reason for ending the line, or verse, as he calls it, where he ends it; he might just as well have gone on. But, as I said, I have a great regard for him.

CELESTINE V.—It is far from being historically certain whether Celestine V. resigned the papal crown from conviction, or whether he was induced to do so by the family of Gaetano, whatever means they used and for whatever considerations. I do not mean to say he had elevated himself to the conviction that, although possessed of the power to bind and loose, no mortal being was in fact endued with it; yet he may have modestly acknowledged to himself that *he* was not capable of binding and loosening man, and thus willingly yielded to Boniface VIII.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.—Spain formerly paid annually eighty thousand dollars towards the repairs of the building of St. Peter's. The same country paid a large sum to the Lateran. Annual repairs of great expense are necessary, in order to prevent the cupola from breaking down. It has already many cracks; and as the money for repairs is wanting, they increase. An earthquake would soon change the gigantic work into ruins. There is now an iron hoop of several millions of pounds around the cupola. The real estate belonging to the *fabrica*, the revenues of which are applied to repairs only, is far from being sufficient.

ITALIAN LANGUAGE.—It is a mistake to suppose that all the barbarous words in Italian have been introduced by the Teutonic tribes. There are many of Greek, African, and other origin, from Asia Minor and various other parts of the world.

They were brought by the slaves, became common among the vulgar, and when the *lingua volgare* was elevated to the rank of a proper independent language, they, too, were retained.

[What Mr. Niebuhr here asserts may appear bold to some, who cannot imagine how a word brought by slaves should ever become so generally adopted. They must remember that some parts of the world furnished innumerable slaves, and that slaves of certain countries were preferred for certain trades. These, then, might easily transplant a native word of theirs to Rome, and fix it in their new country to an object familiar to their trade and occupation. However, even without this latter explanation, it is quite possible that foreign words became generally used, though imported only by slaves. The negro slaves of the southern parts of the United States and of the West Indies live without any communication among themselves comparable to that which existed among the slaves of antiquity, and yet there are some entirely foreign words in general use among them, notwithstanding their origin from so many different countries in Africa. Thus the word *Bukra*,[1] for white man, is common to all slaves held by owners of the English race. Suppose these slaves did not differ in color from ourselves; that they were the schoolmasters of our children, and filled many of the most important stations in our households and families; and that, by a similar process with that which changed the Latin language, the English idiom were supplanted by the *lingua volgare* of the slaves—the word *Bukra* would certainly settle down in the new language, as *zio*, for instance, has done in Italian. Treating of this subject, I may be permitted to add that the Creole language—that of the blunt, childish, helpless mind of the slave—shows numerous transformations of the original cultivated language into barbarisms, where poverty of thought and poverty of expression are equally characteristic; quite similar to the changes by which Latin was transformed into Italian. To this day, expressions may be heard among the lowest in Italy which, compared with Latin, sound perfectly creole to an ear that has ever heard the poor negro chat his childish and, on this very account, sometimes not quite disagreeable language.]

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[1] Thomas Bee, Esq., of Charleston, S. C., thinks that this curious word is not derived from an African word, but from the Spanish *Bucaro*, a kind of clay found in America. The *Diccionario de la Academia* speaks of three sorts of bucaro—white, red, and black; but Mr. Bee thinks the white or red clay of this kind is far more frequently and generally meant by the word bucaro. The negro word *Brautus*, for cheap, is derived by the same gentleman from the Spanish *barato*, cheap. The intercourse between nations often introduces words where we should not expect them. Their general use is frequently quite surprising. The word *hammock*, in French *hamac* or *branle*, in Dutch *hangmak* and *hangmat*, of which the German *hangematte* was formed (which was adapting it to German words, and the meaning which it now conveys coincides well with the thing it designates), in Spanish *hamaca*, in Italian *amaca* or *branda americana*, etc., is derived by my distinguished friend M. Du Ponceau, of Philadelphia, from the Caribbee word *hamac*, which means a *bed*, i.e., a hammock; for they used this kind of swinging beds only, and the buccaneers carried the word to the various nations. M. Du Ponceau found the Caribbee word *hamac* in the "Dict. Caraibe, par le Rév. Père Raymond, Breton, Religieux de l'ordre des Frères Prêcheurs et l'un des quatre premiers Missionaires Apostoliques en l'Isle de la Guadeloupe, etc.;" Auxerre, 1665. The same has published a Caribbee Grammar; Auxerre, 1667. Why is *gogo*, *manger à gogo*, eat as much as one likes, now used all over France, though it probably comes from the Basque word *gogoa*, will, *voluntas*, according to the same learned philologist?

MR. NIEBUHR'S HISTORY.—Though I. have had occasion to modify some of my opinions, and my residence in Rome has given me so much clearer a perception and image[1] of ancient Rome, yet I rejoice at having formed on the whole so correct a picture at so great a distance.

COURAGE.—[We conversed about some person whose personal courage we doubted. I observed that I had my doubts as to the distinction between moral and physical courage; and that, though I could imagine a man of physical courage quail when moral boldness is to be shown, I doubted whether a coward could ever show great moral courage.]

You are very much mistaken, Mr. Niebuhr replied: I have no physical courage, and yet I hope I should act like a man as to moral courage. There have been many instances which prove that you are wrong.

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[1] Mr. Niebuhr's topographic knowledge of all the different periods of Rome was in fact but as *he* could have it. The share he has in the Description of the City of Rome, by Bunsen and Platner, is known.

[We probably did not quite understand each other. What Mr. Niebuhr called moral courage in a naturally timid man may be the conviction of duty. Thus I have myself known an officer who openly confessed that he was naturally the greatest coward, but he did not allow this feeling to show itself, and fought so well that he received an order. That I did not draw my line of distinction well need not be mentioned; and it would be easy, I believe, to show it with much more precision were I to give my own, not Mr. Niebuhr's, opinions.]

A CAPUCHIN.—Something curious happened lately in Naples. The confessor of the King of Naples is a Capuchin: he wished for an order, with the revenue attached to it. The king granted it; but the archbishop refused the permission to wear the sign of the order on the Capuchin dress. The Pope was appealed to; he granted the dispensation to wear the common dress of ecclesiastics with the sign of the order. But a new difficulty arose on account of the beard.

VENETIANS.—The Venetians, in their deeply-considered politics, have never suffered feudalism among them. They had noblemen indeed, but no feudalism among these; their government, aristocratic to those who were ruled, was that of equality among the rulers.

IGNORANCE IN ROME.—[I had been unable to buy a decent map of Italy, or any part of it, in Rome. All I had found was a map of 1763, and another of 1790 or thereabouts; and I had been told in the *stamperie camerale* that I should be unable to obtain what I wished. I could not help asking the *fattore* whether they were not ashamed of not having even a proper map in their *alma città*. "*Che vuol che dica?*" with a shrug of the shoulders, had also been the answer in this case. I told this to Mr. Niebuhr:]

Ignorance and indolence in some cases go beyond all conception. Tradition rules Rome. Even with the antiquities and ruins before their eyes, there is very little inquiry and sound active investigation here. A statue has, for some reason or other, been said to be such or such a thing for several centuries, though those who first named it had not half the knowledge we have about it; and on it goes with this name forever. There have been excellent exceptions, but now the march is rather backward. Since the French government has been dissolved here, the anxiety of re-establishing the former state of things directs all attention to this one point, and inquiry is forgotten, or even considered as something modern, and almost objectionable.

TESTA—ROSTRO.—[I said, jocosely, that I should like to know whether the Latin word *testa*, a pot, rose in meaning, and came to signify in Italian the head; or whether heads sank in value and became like empty pots. *Capo*, for head, was yet common in the middle ages.]

Be that as it may, Mr. Niebuhr replied, there is a word which shows very clearly the process of transformation of modern languages out of the Latin. The Roman soldiers carried the word *rostrum*, vulgarly used by them for mouth, to Spain; as our soldiers would say, in a similar way, *snout* or *beak:* but now *rostro* means in Spanish face, and is pure Castilian.

ORACLES.—Those oracles of the ancients are a strange thing. It is easy to say it was all an artifice of the priests; but these priests themselves were a part of the people. Besides, such explanations did well enough for the time of the French philosophers, as they were called; but we want deeper inquiries at this day. Why is it they were so long respected by the people? How does it happen that we find them in some shape or other everywhere? Did man, in those early periods, stand nearer to nature?

EARLY CIVILIZATION.—It seems that civilization must have started by some immediate inspiration; for whence comes it that no tribe, though discovered centuries ago in a savage state, has advanced since then except by some impulse from foreign nations already civilized? The mythology, too, of almost every nation, whose civilization dates from remote periods, teaches that a god or goddess descended to instruct man in agriculture, the use of iron, and other elementary arts. I hardly can conceive how man could have invented by himself the complicated process of baking bread, at so early a period as that in which we find him already provided with this indispensable article.[1]

ESSAY ON THE ALLEGORY IN THE FIRST CANTO OF DANTE.—[The following is a translation of a short essay on the allegory in the first canto of Dante, written by Mr. Niebuhr during his perusal of that great poet, and intended, if I remember right, for one of the learned societies of Rome, or actually read there. Certain it is that I copied it (with his permission) from the original, in Italian, which I found in the copy of Dante he had lent me. It will be an acceptable gift to all those friends of the great scholar who are acquainted with Dante.]

It is generally believed by all the commentators of Dante, that in the allegory with which his divine poem begins, the wood (*la selva*) in which the poet wanders about during night, ought to be explained by the state of the human soul, enveloped in vices and passions; the hill (*il colle*) surrounded by the beams of the sun, as the allegory for virtue; and the wild beasts (*le fere*) which assail him in ascending the mountain, by the vices of carnal appetite, pride, and avarice. This interpretation seems to me absolutely erroneous, and incapable of being made to agree with the sense of many passages.

Let those who propose this interpretation as a matter quite certain explain to us how the poet could say, "the great dog of Scala" would kill Avarice; and how, after the poet has left the wood, which they believe to be the image of the realm of passions and vices, he was attacked at that spot by some of these vicious passions? How, finally, the gay apparition of one of these vicious inclinations was able to fortify his hope, giving it strength to arrive at virtue?

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[1] These last observations of my revered friend and guide give occasion to repeat what I said in the Introduction, that I have not been so presumptuous as to assume the right of stating or omitting what fell from him, according to my own assent or dissent; nor that I could add to the value of his views by stating my own opinions.

If there were a tradition preserved as to the interpretation of Dante, we should undoubtedly feel obliged to submit to its authority; but after the more modern commentators have proved that the ancients have strangely mistaken the sense of various passages, it may be permitted to attempt a new and more simple interpretation.

It seems to me that Dante must have spoken, not of what is common to human fate, as the state of sinfulness and the effort to elevate himself to virtue would be; nor that he would have strayed so far from the dogmas of his religion, as he would have done, in supposing that man enters and leaves the state of sinfulness during life; but, on the contrary, that everything must be explained by his life, and the peculiarities connected therewith.

It appears to me extremely simple to interpret the whole allegory in the following way: Dante confesses himself to have been, after his youth had passed away, in a state of misery, when *la diritta via era smarrita,* and he found himself enveloped in the darkness of night;—which signifies that, assailed by passions, he had lost that control over himself, and that power to guide himself, according to the dictates of true reason and the eternal laws, without which man is deprived of his perfect free-will—a condition into which the soul is thrown insensibly and by surprise, as he who is "full of sleep" (*pien di sonno*) is led into such an unknown place. Yet this state of the mind is not so constant as not to allow of wakeful moments, during which we behold before our eyes the light of truth and wisdom. That this truth is not only the mundane wisdom, but the wisdom enlightened by Revelation, seems to me expressed by the hill surrounded by the rays of the sun. It unveils itself to Dante, and shows the path towards the summit; but the wild beasts meet him as impediments on his way. I do not believe that Dante meant to indicate by these wild beasts anything but the obstacles which induced him to give up the farther ascent to the top of the hill. Perhaps they are individuals, and particular enemies of the poet; perhaps they are personifications, which I am unable sufficiently to explain: yet this does not show that my view is untenable. As to the wolf (*carca di brame*), it seems to be evident that it signifies the party of the Guelphs, or that of the Roman church—the wolf being besides the proper image of Rome, on account of its origin; that the many animals with which it unites itself (*molti son gli animali, a cui s'ammoglia*) signify the many diversified elements of which, at various times, the party of the Guelphs was composed; and that the priest should be conquered by the head of the Ghibellines, following in this the common way of poetic prophecies. *Non salirai tu alla cima*, says Virgil, *per questa strada:* that is to say, it is impossible to arrive at wisdom, travelling through the world as thou hast done so far; it is necessary that thou shouldst abandon it, and that, by the contemplation of human life, its faults and vices, for which the guidance of a sage illumined only by the natural light is sufficient, thou prepare thyself to be led to the knowledge of the supernatural things in the government of God, which cannot be obtained by the study of pagan authors.

In this way, it appears to me, the intricate knot of this allegory is untied without any violence.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

OF

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

NOTE.

THE following episode is taken from a volume of Letters written after a journey to Niagara, in 1833. It was suggested to the author while in New York, that he had arrived in that city seven years before "on the same day, and had put his foot on land in the same hour, that, in 1815, a ball had prostrated him." This coincidence made him reflective; he sought the country, and at Weehawken, overlooking the city of New York, he recalled the incidents of the battle of Waterloo which are narrated in the following pages.—(G.)

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

OF

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

"Boys, clean your rifles," said my old and venerable father, entering my room, where I was just studying Loder's Anatomical Tables. "He is loose again."—"Napoleon?"—"He has returned from Elba." My heart beat high; it was glorious news for a boy of sixteen, who had often heard with silent envy the account of the campaigns of 1813 and '14 from the lips of his two brothers, both of whom had marched in 1813, in common with most young men of good families, as volunteer riflemen, and returned as wounded officers.

The one, cured of his wounds, rejoined his regiment; another of my brothers and myself followed the call of government to enter the army as volunteers, though our age would have exempted us from all obligation. Which regiment should we choose? Of course, one which was garrisoned near the enemy's frontier, so that we were sure not to have a peaceable campaign in a distant reserve. There was a regiment among the troops near the frontiers of France which enjoyed a peculiarly high and just reputation; its name was *Colberg*, bestowed upon the brave band in honor of its valiant defence of the fortress of Colberg, in the year 1806—the only Prussian fortified place at that wretched time which did not surrender to the French. It was composed of brave and sturdy Pomeranians, a short, broad-shouldered, healthy race. In more than twenty "ranged" engagements during the campaign of '13 and '14, had they shown themselves worthy of their honorable name. My brother and myself selected this regiment. When the day appointed for the enlistment of the volunteers arrived, we went to my father, and said, "Well, then, we go; is it with your consent?" "Go to your mother," he replied. We went to her; our hearts were big; she had suffered so much during the first campaign. With a half-choked voice I said, "Mother, we go to be enrolled, shall we?" She fell into our arms, that noble woman, worthy of the best times of Rome, and sobbed aloud. "Go," was all her bleeding heart allowed her to utter; and had she been the mother of twenty sons, she would have sent them all.

A table was placed in the centre of a square in the city of Berlin, at which several officers were enlisting those who offered themselves. We had to wait from ten to one o'clock before we could get a chance to have our names taken down, the throng was so great.

In the beginning of the month of May we were marched from Berlin to our regiments. My mother, my sisters, and brothers were calm when we took leave; tears would burst out of their burning eyes, which had wept the live-long night; but they did all they could not to make the parting too painful to us. My father accompanied us to the place of rendezvous. When the bugle called us to the lines, we looked for him, to take the last leave; he had stolen himself away. A great many people accompanied us out of the city; the beautiful Brandenburg gate was soon behind us; we began to sing. I looked but forward, happy that it was yet my lot to carry arms in defence of my country.

On the 16th we passed the Rhine. With all the feelings of veneration with which a German of the north will ever regard that noble and classical river, when he sees it for the first time, was mixed in our breasts a glowing of patriotism such as you may expect to find only in one whose morning of life had fallen in that exciting time. On the 25th of May we passed in review before Prince Blücher, in Namur. On the 26th we marched to a village called Voistin, and were incorporated with our regiment. Its colonel received us with a calmness which almost bordered on coldness; he was always so. In the most trying moments, or when the cry of victory was raised after a long and doubtful struggle, his face betrayed no emotion. Our men called him Old Iron, yet they loved him for his justice and bravery, and his love of his men. Every man of the army or navy will understand me.

On the 2d of June we had our first parade with the regiment, and the colonel declared that we had the bearing of old soldiers; he was satisfied with us.[1] We longed to be tried. I saw on that day, for the first time, the woman who was sergeant in our regiment, and distinguished herself so much that she could boast of three orders on her gown, when, after the peace, she was married, in Berlin, to another sergeant. In a second regiment of our brigade was another girl serving as soldier; but she was very different from our sergeant; her sex was discovered by mere accident; she had marched instead of her brother, that he might support their aged parents. You probably recollect Pochasca, and the girl who followed her lover to the army, fought by his side, was known to nobody but him, was wounded and discovered herself, only just before she breathed her last in the Berlin Hospital, to the Princess William.

We marched to Longueville, seven leagues from Brussels. On the 9th we received lead to cast our balls, the rifles being of different calibre, as each volunteer had equipped himself. It is one of the most peculiar situations a man of reflecting mind can be in, when he casts his balls for battles near at hand.

In the evening I was lying with two comrades, one of whom was a Jew, in a hay-loft; the crazy roof allowed us to see the brilliant stars. We spoke of home. "My father," said the one, "told me he was sure he would not see me again, though he never attempted to keep me back," and, added he, "I feel as if I should fall." A ball entered his forehead in the first battle, and killed him on the spot. The second, the Jew, said, "Nobody has told me of my death, yet I believe I shall remain on the field." He fell at my side, in the battle of Ligny, before he had fired a shot—a ball cutting his throat. "And I," said I, "shall be brushed, but, I think, shall return home, though with a scratched skin." Thus strangely every prophecy of that night was fulfilled.

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[1] The infantry volunteers, who were all riflemen, formed separate companies, called detachments, one of which was added to each battalion or regiment, according to the number who had enrolled for a certain regiment.

On the morning of the 15th the general was beaten; hostilities had begun on the 14th. We marched the whole day and the whole night. In the morning we arrived not far from the battle-field of Ligny; we halted. Before us was a rising ground, on which we saw innumerable troops ascending the plain with flying colors, and music playing. It was a sight a soldier loves to look at. I cannot say, with Napoleon, that the earth seemed to be proud to carry so many brave men, but we were proud to belong to these brave and calm masses. Orders for charging were given; the pressure of the coming battle was felt more and more. Some soldiers who carried cards in their knapsacks threw them away, believing that they bring bad luck. I had never played at cards and carried none, but this poor instance of timid superstition disgusted me so that I purposely picked up a pack and put it in my knapsack. Our whole company consisted of very young men, nearly all lads, who were impatient for battle, and made a thousand questions in their excited state to the old, well-seasoned sergeant-major, who had been given to us from the regiment. His imperturbable calmness, which neither betrayed fear nor excited courage, but took the battle like a drilling, amused us much.

We now marched again, up the sloping plain, and by one o'clock, in the afternoon, arrived on the battle-ground. Our destiny was first a trying reserve; the enemy's brass played hard upon us; shell shots fell around us and took several men out of our column. We were commanded to lie down; I piqued myself on not making any motion when balls or shells were flying over us. Behind us stood some cavalry; one of their officers had been a near neighbor to us in Berlin.

He rode up to me and asked me to write home should he fall; he would do as much for me should I be shot down. He soon after fell. We longed most heartily to be led into the fire, when our officer, a well-tried soldier, for we had not yet exercised our right of electing our own officers, as none of us had sufficient experience, spoke these few words: "My friends, it is easier to fight than to stand inactive exposed to fire; you are tried at once by the severest test, show then that you can be calm as the oldest soldiers. My honor depends upon your conduct. Look at me, and I promise you, you shall not find yourselves mistaken." At length, at about two o'clock, an aide of the general of our brigade galloped up to our column, and said to the colonel: "Your column must throw the enemy out of the left wing of the village." Presently the colonel rode up to us and said, "Riflemen, you are young, I am afraid too ardent; calmness makes the soldier, hold yourselves in order;" then he turned round: "March!"—and the dull, half-suffocated drum, from within the deep column, was heard beating such delicious music. Now, at last, was all to be realized for which we had left our homes, had suffered so many fatigues, had so ardently longed for. The bugle gave the signal of halt; we were in front of the village of Ligny. The signal was given for the riflemen to march out to the right and left of the column, and to attack.

Our ardor now led us entirely beyond the proper limits; the section to which I belonged ran madly, without firing, towards the enemy, who retreated. My hindman[1] fell; I rushed on, hearing well but not heeding the urgent calls of our old sergeant. The village was intersected with thick hedges, from behind which the grenadiers fired upon us, but we drove them from one to the other. I, forgetting altogether to fire and what I ought to have done, tore the red plume from one of the grenadiers' bear-caps, and swung it over my head, calling triumphantly to my comrades. At length we arrived at a road crossing the village lengthwise, and the sergeant-major had now succeeded in his attempt to bring us somewhat back to our reason. There was a house around the corner of which he suspected that a number of French lay. "Be cautious," said he to me, "until the others are up," but I stepped round and a grenadier stood about fifteen paces from me; he aimed at me, I levelled my rifle at him. "Aim well, my boy," said the sergeant-major, who saw me. My antagonist's ball grazed my hair on the right side; I shot and he fell; I found I had shot through his face; he was dying. This was my first shot ever fired in battle.

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[1] Riflemen, who attack as *tirailleurs* and never shoot without aiming, are placed two by two together. These couples assist each other, one charges whilst the other aims, and *vice versa*. One of them is called the fore-man, the other hind-man.

Several times I approached old soldiers in the battle, to ask them whether this was really a good sound battle, and when they told me, as heavy a one as Dennewitz, one of the most sanguinary engagements in which our regiment or, in fact, any regiment had ever fought, I was delighted. All I had feared was, that I should not have the honor of assisting in a thorough battle. I observed a hog and a child both equally bewildered; they must have soon been killed, and as I never can omit observing contrasts, I noticed a bird anxiously flying about its young ones and striving to protect them in this tremendous uproar and carnage. A degree of vanity, I remember, made me, in the beginning of the battle, feel very important, when I thought that a man's life depended upon my trigger. After about an hour, I was calmed down, and got the proper *trempe*.[1] I felt a parching thirst, and discovering a well, I took a canteen from the knapsack of a dead soldier, contrived to fasten it by thongs obtained in a similar way to a pole, and drew up some water. A captain, seeing me, partook of it, and made some remarks about my calmness, which made me feel proud. It happened where the fire was briskest. But I cannot tell you all the details of the fight, and what a soldier personally does in a battle so bloody and so long as that of Ligny; how many of my friends I have seen falling dead or wounded around me, how desperately we fought on both sides for the possession of the village; and how the troops against us were three times renewed, while we received no succor. Suffice it to say, that the battle lasted in all its vigor until dark. The village was four times taken and retaken; the last time we had to march in a hollow way, which leads across the centre of the place, and where the struggle had been the hottest all the afternoon. Three or four layers of dead and living, men and horses, impeded the progress of the soldiers, who were obliged to wade in the blood of their comrades, or to trample upon wounded enemies, imploring them to give some assistance, but to whom they were obliged to turn a deaf ear, whatever might be their feelings. This last attempt to regain the village, when I was called upon to assist in getting a cannon over the mangled bodies of comrades or enemies, leaping in agony when the heavy wheel crossed over them, has impressed itself with indelible horror upon my mind. I might give you details such as you have seen in no picture of a carnage, by whatever master it was painted; but why?

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[1] Temper of steel.

All my ammunition was exhausted except one ball, which I was anxious to save, should any cavalrist attempt to sabre me. It was impossible for me to get new ammunition, and so I was obliged, for more than an hour, to be present at the fire as a mere spectator. I would not have gone back on any account, though the commander of our company once advised me to do so. In the course of the battle, one of my friends had, in the heat of the engagement, put his ball into the rifle before the powder. It is one of the most painful things that can happen to a young soldier. There is a kind of stigma or suspicion attached to this mishap; besides, who likes to leave the battle? Yet I advised him to go back and get the ball extracted. "I'd rather fight the whole day with a stick," he exclaimed. He then took the gun and ammunition from a dead Frenchman, and fired the enemy's own balls until he fell. I now tried to do the same, but though guns enough were strewed on the ground, I found no cartridge-box with ammunition.

Towards evening the cavalry began to press us more and more; to regain the village was impossible; our troops were thinned to the utmost; it became dark; the bugle blew to retreat, when horse grenadiers approached to charge us. The signal was given to form *heaps.*[1] It was now, when retreating, that our men began for the first time to show uneasiness. The colonel observed it by the irregular *beat* of the gun, when he commanded "Ready." But as if he were on the drilling place, he said, "Your beat is bad; have we drilled so long for nothing? down with your guns; now, 'Ready';" and every man was calm again. Treat good soldiers soldier-like, and good sailors sailor-like, and you may always depend upon them. The cavalry charged, but we received them according to the rule, "No firing until you see the white of their eyes;" and they were repelled. My brother had been wounded in the foot and was obliged to ride the night through on the pointed cover of an ammunition car. He assured me afterwards he had an uncomfortable ride of it, which I willingly believe.

Of our whole company, which, on entering the engagement, mustered about one hundred and fifty strong, not more than from twenty to thirty *combattants* remained. The old soldiers of our regiment treated us ever after this battle with signal regard, while, before it, they had looked upon us rather as beardless boys. We marched all night. On the 17th we attempted twice to go to bivouac, but were twice disturbed by the enemy. Suffering greatly from hunger, we made a meal of raw pork, having met with a hog.

Towards evening I was sent with some others to get whatever might be obtained in the shape of victuals, from the surrounding villages. It was a sad charge! In one house, stripped of everything, we found a young woman with an infant, by the side of her father, who had been beaten and wounded by some marauding enemies. She asked us for a piece of bread; we had none. We gave her some potatoes which we had just found, but she said she had nothing to cook them with. We received this day the order of the army, in which Blücher spoke in high terms of the conduct of the infantry during the battle; our regiment was singled out by name.

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[1] Infantry forms, at the approach of cavalry, regular squares; but, when troops are so thinned and dispersed as the regiment Colberg was towards the end of this battle, or when the attack of cavalry is too sudden and unexpected to admit of their regular formation, mere heaps are formed; that is, the infantry run together and imitate a square as well as they can.

We marched a great part of the night. Rain fell in torrents; it had rained the whole of the 17th; the roads were very bad. Early in the morning of the 18th we found part of our regiment from which we had been separated. It was a touching scene, to see the soldiers rushing to each other, to find comrades whom we had believed to be dead or missing. Our men were exhausted, but old Blücher allowed us no rest. We began early on the 18th our march. As we passed the marshal, wrapped up in a cloak and leaning against a hill, our soldiers began to hurrah, for it was always a delight to them to see the "Old one," as he was called. "Be quiet, my lads," said he; "hold your tongues; time enough after the victory is gained." He issued this morning his famous order, which ended by assuring our army that he would prove the possibility of beating two days after a retreat, and with inferior numbers; and which concluded with the words, "We *shall* conquer because we *must* conquer."

We entered the battle with Blücher in the afternoon: you know the history of this memorable day. It had been again our lot to stand, unengaged for some time, in sight of the battle; we saw some brilliant charges of our cavalry putting to rout French squares. Not far from us stood the huzzars, commanded by Colonel Colomb. An aide came with the order to charge a square. "Volunteers, advance!" called the colonel—intending to form the body for the attack of volunteers—when the whole regiment, as if by magic, advanced some steps. He was obliged to order a company in the common way. Numerous wounded passed by us while we stood there inactive. Marshal Blücher rode by, and when he observed our uniform, said, "Ah, my Colberger, wait, wait a moment, I'll give you presently something to do."

We suffered dreadfully from the cravings of hunger. I found a peasant in the cellar of a house near the road, and threatened to shoot him instantly unless he gave us bread. He assured us he had none. I told my comrade to hold him, while I would seem to prepare to shoot him; he brought us a small loaf. No one knows what the enjoyments of the palate are who has not really suffered from hunger or thirst. Let a shipwrecked man, who floated for many days with the scantiest supply of water, under the scorching rays of a vertical sun, tell you what he suffered, and describe to you what he felt, when, for the first time again, he could quaff the delicious crystal liquid, without the jealous eyes of his fellow-sufferers fixed upon him, counting with the envy of a maniac each draught he takes. It is in such moments we receive an enjoyment, which ever after gives us a different view of the senses through which we obtained it. They then appear to us in their true light, sanctified by all their importance and necessity in the great world of creation; we then see how their subtle organization forms a powerful means of connecting scattered elements, and our inmost soul perceives that they, too, are the gifts of a great God.

It was heart-rending to halt, as we did in the evening, on the field of battle after such bloodshed. Fires were lighted, that the wounded might creep to them. I found a hen-house, got in, and the door shut after me; I heard the signal for march, and my anxiety was great when I found I could not get out. It was perfectly dark; I groped about, but, to my utter discomfiture, I found no way of escape. At last I set up a tremendous shouting, and after a while succeeded in attracting the attention of some of our regiment, who delivered me from my unpleasant situation, and enjoyed a hearty laugh at my expense.

The great body of the Prussian and English armies marched toward Paris; but half of our army corps, to which I belonged, received orders to pursue Vandamme, who had thrown himself upon Namur. We marched the whole of the 19th; the heat was excessive, and our exhaustion and thirst so great, that two men of our regiment became deranged in consequence. We chewed clay, over which the artillery had marched, and thus had pressed out its moisture by the wheels of the cannons. In my despair I even made the attempt—but I could not.

No soldier is allowed by the regulations, when marching through a place, to step out of the ranks or to drink from wells on the road; but when we marched in the course of this day through Gemblours, where the people had placed large tubs before their doors, filled with water, officers and privates fell pell-mell upon them; some drank their last draught. Such was the impression then made upon me by the consuming thirst, that, for a long time after, I was unable to see liquid of any kind without feeling an intense desire to swallow it, though I might not at the time feel thirsty. At four o'clock in the afternoon we went to bivouac; we started early again, and now my strength forsook me. I could not keep up with the troops, and began to lag behind; it was a most painful feeling to me, but I could not do otherwise. I tried to get hold of a cannon: an artillerist, pitying my appearance, wished even to take me on the cannon, but his officer would not permit it. Suddenly, at about noon, I heard the first guns; the battle of Namur had begun. Heavens, and I not with my corps! My strength was suddenly restored; I ran across a field, in which the balls of the enemy were mowing down the high wheat, towards the commander of our brigade, whom I espied on an elevation. I asked him, "Where is my regiment?" He very angrily turned round: "Who disturbs me here during the engagement? go to the d——!" but as soon as he began to observe me more narrowly, my exhausted appearance, my youth, and particularly when I quickly said, "Sir, I ask because I want to fight," he bent down from his horse, stroked my face, and said, in a mild tone, "What do you want, my rifleman?" I repeated my question; he showed me where I had to go, gave me to drink, and called after me, "Come and see me after the battle; do you understand?" "I do," said I. Two minutes after he fell. He was a most kind officer, and the soldiers said he treated the riflemen too kindly.

When I arrived where my regiment stood, or, as I should rather say, the little band representing it, I dropped down, but fortunately one of my comrades had some eggs, one of which gave me great strength. Our colonel came up to us, saying, "Riflemen, you have twice fought like the oldest soldiers; I have to say nothing more; this wood is to be cleared; be calm—bugleman, the signal!" and off we went with a great hurrah, driving the French before us down a hill towards Namur, which lay on our front. My hindman, like his predecessor, was killed. When I saw our men rushing too fast down the hill, I was afraid that some enemies might be hid under the precipice to receive them. Holding myself with my left hand by a tree, I looked over the precipice, and saw about seven Frenchmen. "They will hit me," I thought, and turning round to call to our soldiers, I suddenly experienced a sensation as if my whole body were compressed in my head, and this, like a ball, were quivering in the air. I could feel the existence of nothing else; it was a most painful sensation. After some time I was able to open my eyes, or to see again with them; I found myself on the ground; over me stood a soldier firing at the enemy. I strained every nerve to ask, though in broken accents, whether, and if so, where, I was wounded. "You are shot through the neck." I begged him to shoot me; the idea of dying miserably, half of hunger, half of my wound, alone in the wood, overpowered me. He, of course, refused, spoke a word of comfort, that, perhaps, I might yet be saved, and soon after himself received a shot through both knees, in consequence of which he died in the hospital, while I am now writing an account of his sufferings here, in America.

My thirst was beyond description; it was a feverish burning.

I thought I should die, and prayed for forgiveness of my sins, as I forgave all; I recollect I prayed for Napoleon; and begged the Dispenser of blessings to shower his bounty upon my beloved ones; and, if it could be, to grant me a speedy end of my sufferings. All my relations passed before my mind. I received a second ball, which, entering my chest, gave me a more local pain than the first; I thought God had granted my fervent prayer. I perceived, as I supposed, that the ball had pierced my lungs, and tried to breathe hard to hasten my dissolution. At several periods I heard soldiers passing by and making their remarks upon me, but I had no power of giving any sign of life. A boy, the son of a colonel, was led by an old soldier past me; I could see them dimly, and heard the boy exclaim, "Oh, my father!" I heard afterwards that his father had been killed, and the second in command had sent the boy out of the fire.

I now fell into a deep swoon; the ideas of approaching death, the burning thirst, and the fever, created by my wounds, together with the desire which had occupied our minds so often during the last days, of seeing once more good quarters, produced a singular dream, which was as lively and as like reality as it was strange. I dreamt that I had died, and arrived before the gates of heaven, where I presented my billet. St. Peter looked at it, and I was admitted into a wide saloon, where an immense table was spread out, covered with the choicest fruits, and with crystal vessels filled with the most cooling beverages. I was transported with joy, yet I asked, "Do people here eat and drink?" St. Peter answered, that those who wished to enjoy these refreshments, as was probably my case, were at liberty to do so, but that those who were unwilling to partake of them felt no evil effects in consequence; life was possible there without food. I went to one of the crystal bowls and drank in deep draughts the refreshing liquid. I awoke, and found a soldier bending over me and giving me out of his canteen what I long believed to be wine, so deliciously and vivifyingly did it course through every vein. But at a later period I happened to meet the same soldier, and learned that this reviving liquid was simple water. It was extremely hot, and the wounded suffered very much; but this heat, so painful to us, saved perhaps my life, since, without any bandage over my wounds, I soon must have bled to death, had not the clogged blood served instead of a bandage, and stopped in a measure further bleeding.

I succeeded in expressing to the soldier my wish that he would return with some man to carry me away; he promised to return, but did not. I again became senseless, and when I awoke found myself digging in agony in the ground, as I had seen so many of the dying men do in the previous battles. I shuddered, and prayed once more for a speedy dissolution. I had, fortunately, in my agony and struggle, turned from the precipice; had I turned towards it, I must inevitably have perished. My situation, on a declivity, was such that I could see into the plain of Namur, and I was rejoiced when I saw by the fire that our troops had, by this time, hard pressed the enemy.

My strength was fast going, and when, towards evening, I was awakened by the peasants sent to collect the wounded, but who found it more profitable to plunder the dead or such of the wounded as could offer no resistance, and to throw both into the fosses, the common grave of friend and foe, I could not speak; I felt as if a rock was weighing upon every limb and muscle. They searched for my watch and money, and rudely stripped me of my clothes, which increased my pains and renewed the bleeding of my wounds. At last I was enabled to move my eyelids, and this motion, as well as, probably, the expression of my look, showed them that not only was I living, but that I was sufficiently sensible to be aware of all the horrors of my situation. One of them said, "*Ah, mon camarade, tu es dans un état qu'il faut que tu crèves!*" When they had nearly finished their work I heard a loud threatening voice, a shot, and a scream of one of the peasants, upon which they all absconded. Soon after, a soldier of the Westphalia militia, himself wounded, dragged himself towards me. He had seen the peasants at their nefarious work, and fired upon them. He saw my helpless situation, and when he espied a surgeon below in the valley he called to him to come and dress my wounds. "At this hour work is left off,"[1] he replied, and proceeded on his way. My protector intended to fire at him also, but his wounds prevented him from loading quickly enough. He promised me to return soon with assistance. I feared he would not return, and saw him, with a heavy heart, disappear behind the trees; but he did not deceive me.

At about nine o'clock he returned—painful as it was to him to walk—with some peasants, who dressed me with the clothes of the dead around me, and made a litter, by means of guns; upon which they carried me into the valley, to a farm where the surgeons were. All the lint had been used, and it was necessary to cut open the uniform I had on, and employ the wadding of it as a substitute. A sutler tried to make me eat small crumbs, but I could not move a single muscle without great pain.

A short time after, a false alarm spread that the French were coming up again: wounded soldiers are full of apprehension, and the rumor was believed. I implored my kind friend, for I had, by this time, somewhat recovered my speech, to take me away; I feared nothing so much as to be taken prisoner when wounded. He fetched a wheelbarrow, made to carry lime, got me into it as well as he could, and carried me to a farm at a distance from the main road. My pains, during this time, were excruciating; my bandages fell off. On the road to this farm we met a wounded sergeant of my company. I heard the militia-man ask him whether he knew me; he answered in the negative, and I could not tell who I was. My head had struck against the wheel, and my wound had bled anew. "Poor fellow," said the sergeant, "may God assist you!" then, addressing the militia-man, I heard him express his serious doubts as to the possibility of my recovery, but requesting him to take care of me as long as I should be alive.

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[1] *Es ist jezt Feierabend.*

The house to which I was taken was full of wounded; my kind companion tried to make some room for me on the ground; it rained hard, and we were exposed to the inclemency of the weather. In the morning, my friend left me after having recommended me to the care of an officer of our regiment, shot through the belly. Towards noon a coal-cart arrived, to take some of the wounded to Namur; the officer was carried into it; and I then heard him say, "Fetch that rifleman;" but those who were to execute his order took another in my place, and I could not speak loud enough to correct the mistake.

By the time that evening arrived, the number of the wounded had greatly diminished; all who could carry themselves to town had done so. Late in the evening, the proprietor of the house—an old man—came, slowly and shyly, into his own house. He made some porridge, and in a manner which betrayed much feeling tried to feed me, but I could eat but very little. The poor old man had himself a son in the army.

On the 22d every one was carried out of the house except myself and three others, with equally bad wounds. We had not strength to make ourselves sufficiently noticed when the carts arrived. We remained together the whole day in silent companionship; the old man had left the house soon after he had attempted to feed me. On the 23d, in the forenoon, I resolved to creep out of the door, should I perish in the attempt, in order to stand a chance of being seen by passengers. It must have been more than two hours before I succeeded in reaching the road, though but a few rods from the house; I fell from one swoon into another. Many persons, passing by, threw money to me, but what was I to do with money? At last two soldiers of my company, who had remained in Namur to have their rifles repaired, passed by. They could not recognize me by my features, because my face was incrusted with blood and earth, but they knew me by my boots, which the plundering peasants had not succeeded in pulling off. It was my custom, in order to protect the soles of my boots, to drive nails in, all over them, and every evening I used to put in a new nail, wherever I found the head of an old one gone. This had given them almost the appearance of a steel plate, and as they could be plainly seen by passers by, did me the essential service I have mentioned.

As soon as the soldiers recognized me, they managed to get a stable-door, begged a wounded soldier, who was passing by, to serve as my escort, and obliged four persons going by to carry me towards Namur. Whenever we came across any one on the road, one of my carriers was allowed to depart, and the new-comer obliged to take his place. When we arrived at the house where my wounds had been dressed on the evening of the 20th, we found a cart literally crowded with wounded French; but it was necessary to make room for me, and it was accordingly done. The dipping motion of the two-wheeled cart, the jolting on the paved roads, such as they are in that country, was excessively annoying to us, and made the French scream lustily, at which a soldier of our regiment, the only Prussian besides me in the cart, and himself very grievously wounded, swore in great anger.

When we entered the city of Namur, the inhabitants showed much kindness to us; so much, indeed, that it became annoying. One man, I think he was a hair-dresser, insisted upon washing my face, though I told him that every touch he gave caused me great pain. The French were carried to their hospital, but the Prussians were obliged to proceed. We were taken to the Meuse, where two vessels, chained together, received the wounded. Two girls endeavored here to dress my wound; and changed my shirt, stiff with blood, for a clean one. I thanked the kind souls; and they gave me, in addition, some currants. In the vessel I found many of my comrades. The sun was very hot. Towards evening, the vessel in which I was drew water; besides which it rained. We suffered much. At Huy, where we arrived at about midnight, we received some bread, but we wanted surgeons.

In the morning, at about eight o'clock, we arrived in Liege;

the inhabitants received us with all possible kindness. I was carried into a house, where I found four or five wounded, and two young ladies busy in dressing them; some of the wounds were already in a most disgusting state. After they had dressed me as well as they could, I said to one of my comrades, a school-mate of mine, that I needs must try to get to the hospital; my wounds required proper attendance. He, wounded as he was in the thigh, tried to support me in getting there; but soon after we had left the house, I fainted away. A lady, who found me in this state, ordered me to be placed on a litter, and when my consciousness returned, I found myself on my way to the hospital, which was established in an old convent. The large bell was rung, the doors opened, and I was carried into the yard; I felt very unhappy. The hospital was so full, that I was placed, with many others, on straw in the yard; besides, the uniform I now had on did not show my rank. Every morning a cart would enter into the yard, stop in the centre, and the driver would pass along the straw, to see who was dead. If he found one whose life was extinct, he pulled him out and carried him to the cart. The living were very quick to show by their motions that they were not yet ready for the cart.

At length I succeeded in getting a place in the same bed with another. Close to my bed lay a dragoon, whose left arm, shoulder, and part of the chest had been carried away by a shell shot, so that part of the interior could be seen; it was the most cruel wound I have ever beheld. Some time after, a few men, some with one arm, some with one leg, some otherwise wounded, would amuse themselves by marching up and down the long rooms, commanded by some gay wooden leg. So light-hearted is the soldier. It was found necessary to prohibit these mock drillings.

I was once present in the amputation-room, when a sergeant, after his leg had been taken off, exclaimed, drawing his pipe, "Why, the fire is gone out after all." Perhaps it was from affectation that he said it, but it was, at all events, soldier-like affectation.

I had had a letter of introduction and credit to a gentleman in Liege, whom it was now very important for me to see, in order to obtain the means of leaving the hospital; but my memory failed me entirely. The cutting off of several nerves descending from the brain, and the ball grazing the skull, must have been the causes; I only regained it afterwards by degrees. But even if I should be able to find him, would he recognize me? Others had not known me in my sad guise; why should he? Yet I was determined, at least, to make the trial. I took a large stick, and, slowly dragging myself along, left the hospital. I was obliged often to rest on the steps in the street, and people showed invariably great kindness towards me. A woman who sold fruit took a particular fancy to me, swore a king ought to be hung for allowing such lads as I was to take arms, and overwhelmed me with caresses, which I was incapable of parrying. People very often put money into my hand, and did not know what to make of it when I refused accepting it.

On three different days I made the attempt to find the gentleman I was in quest of, but did not succeed. At last, on the fourth trial, I found the house; I rang the bell with small hope of success. When the servant opened the gate the gentleman happened to stand on the piazza, and immediately called me by name. My sufferings were now, for the present, at an end. He gave me as much money as I wanted; I obtained quarters in town, and walked every day to a place where any soldier could get his wounds dressed. While I lay wounded in Liege, one of my brothers was in the hospital of Brussels, and another in Aix-la-Chapelle—just distributed in a triangle.

After I had been a considerable time in Liege, I met with one of our company, who told me that, while I was carried on the litter to the hospital, he followed on another, the bones of one of his arms having been shattered; that after I had passed a certain corner, his carriers were beckoned at by a lady; they carried him into the house; it belonged to one of the richest wine merchants of the city. He met with the utmost kindness in his house, especially from the young lady, about sixteen years old. He was glad to find me, because he could not with ease converse with her. I went: Julie—this was her name—had the look of an angel. Alert whenever she could do anything for my wounded comrade, and not shunning labors, even the most disgusting—she prayed for him when she could not be of any active service. Often, when painful operations were performing on him, and her assistance was not required, she would kneel before her crucifix in a neighboring room, and pray for the assistance of Him who can heal all pains. I have ever since been unable to imagine an angel without her features.

It was not long before I went daily to her house. I was delighted at finding this being after such rough handling; the contrast was immense. On the other hand, my great youth for a uniform—the down hardly budding on my chin—and with a wound of a peculiar kind, such as is seldom seen—shall I add that we fell in love with each other.

Though I remained for a long time under the physician's care in Liege, I returned as soon as possible—and too soon for my health—to my mother, as our soldiers used to call their company, appropriately expressing in this homely way the warm attachment which an honorable soldier feels towards his comrades, officers, and regiment; towards that body in which alone he "is worth his price," and out of which he is an insulated nullity. Our physicians were continually obliged to guard against deceptions, when making out the lists of convalescents.

The company is the soldier's home; there he knows everybody and is known by all: and what a feeling when, as a battery is to be taken, or some other hard work to be done, the colonel looks round for a few seconds, and says, "Take the third or fourth"—in short, the company to which you belong! A similar feeling extends of course over the whole regiment, and in like manner, as the uniform is of great importance, because it strengthens the feeling of uniformity and of honor, and produces a care not to "disgrace the coat," so is the name, given to a particular regiment in honor of some signal actions or other worthy deeds, of great effect. Mere numbers are too abstract; a regiment which has often stood well the hardest buffetings, will, indeed, confer a peculiar signification upon such a number. There were, for instance, in Napoleon's and Wellington's armies, regiments whose mere number needed only to be mentioned to awaken in every breast a soldier-like feeling; yet a name is more pithy, more significant—and affords an admirable means of rallying in times of danger. When, late in the afternoon of the 18th, our regiment passed Prince Blücher, he turned to his aide-de-camp, " Colberg?" " Yes, your grace," was the answer, and the old man took off his hat in token of respect for our regiment. There were some moist eyes, I can assure you. With what a thrilling joy does not a sailor hear the name of his vessel; and where is the man in the whole navy, where is the American in the whole Union, who would not grieve to see the name of a vessel which has become the nation's favorite —for instance, of a Constitution—changed for another not yet historical? Why are the *names*, at least, of famous ships, preserved in the various navies, when the vessel herself cannot be kept afloat any longer? Should we have war again, congress might find a fit means for acknowledging the services of the most distinguished regiments, or rewarding those who suffered most, in bestowing upon them peculiar names, taken from the places of their hottest actions, or given in memory of our greatest men. Regiment Washington would not sound badly.

Owing to my returning to the regiment before I was able to support its duties, I fell sick again. I underwent an attack of the worst kind of typhus fever, and was sent to the hospital at Aix-la-Chapelle. I was in a state of unconsciousness when I was brought into it, and remained so for several days. When I awoke, and for the first time returned to consciousness, I found myself in a long room, "the Fever Station," in which there were above sixty beds, ranged along both sides. Thus, again separated from my company, and from every human soul of my acquaintance—for my brother who took me to the hospital could not remain there—the knowledge of my being in the worst of all the rooms of an hospital, and the atmosphere which carried with it to the senses the quick conviction that I was once more surrounded by sick and dying, made a deep impression upon me. I saw an old man by the side of my bed, whom I immediately recognized for one of the nurses, and asked him where I was. He answered in French that he did not understand me. I repeated my question in French, and he told me, "In the hospital of Aix-la-Chapelle." "What day is it?" "Christmas morning." Suddenly all the many thousand associations, connected in the mind of a German with Christmas, burst upon me, and, weakened by disease, I cried bitterly. The old nurse—François was his name—kindly tried to comfort me, and you will imagine that the mere idea of being surrounded by soldiers, and being myself one, soon checked the sad current of my feelings. But I will not dismiss this subject without expressing my gratitude to good old François. He will never know it, and, were he to read this, what would this paper gratitude be to him? But it is to satisfy myself that I give vent to my feelings. How often hast thou tried to calm me, when, watching out of thy time at my bed, I asked what o'clock it was, and, irritated by fever and interrupted sleep, was angry with thee that it was not yet morning! Kind old François, how ready thou wert to do any service for me, though thy old age made walking a heavy task to thee! How often hast thou begged the physician to allow me a larger portion, when, in a convalescent state, my appetite went in its demands far beyond what a judicious treatment could allow me! The grave has probably closed by this time over thee. Be thy memory ever dear to me.

It was not long before my sickness took a favorable turn, and I literally suffered—as I have already hinted—from a craving appetite. I was on half ration, and could not obtain more, though every morning and evening I would ask for a whole ration when the physician made his round. Reduced in strength, and young as I was, I had not sufficient judgment and energy to resist the cravings of my appetite, and began to ask my fellow-patients for pieces of bread which they had left. With greater anxiety have I seen there a piece of bread travel from bed to bed through all the sick hands before it reached me, than I now wait for the most savory canvas-back duck. I did not deviate with impunity from the physician's prescriptions; I suffered a relapse, which brought me so near to the grave that I was given over. But—as I believe you know—I survived, and still remain among the living.

I might give you some good stories of high and low life in an hospital. The good table of the surgeons—where I often dined, after I was somewhat restored to health—the interest which grows up among those who have been long together in a room—the childish disobedience of the soldier who will lay out his wits to obtain by stealth a herring from without—the preaching of some to their brethren, the fantastic processions of others,—but this is not the place for it.

I was carried, before my restoration, to the hospital of Cologne, and found again there an apothecary, who had already in Aix-la-Chapelle evinced the warmest interest for me, and without whose kind care I think it probable I should not write these lines to you.

It was here in the hospital of Cologne that I, for the first time in my life, drew from my own experience a conclusion, which at every subsequent period has been confirmed; namely, that ignorance creates distrust, and, if you extend it, want of knowledge makes us incapable of acting. As in the physical world we must know, before everything else, time and place—the importance of which is impressed so deeply on our mind, that a traveller, awakened from sleep by the stopping of the stage-coach, starts up with the words, Where are we? What o'clock is it?—so is it impossible for us to make a safe step in any occupation or enterprise whatever, if we have not a just knowledge of our situation. Thus, many acts of genius are considered as demonstrations of great boldness or moral courage, while, in fact, it is to the sagacity of genius which enables its owner to see farther than others into the means of safety, as into all other things, that the attempt is due. But, to give the instance which taught me the above truth in an hospital.

Soon after I was so far restored as to be able to sit in my bed, soldiers would request me to write for them to their families, which I did with much pleasure, because, besides the service I thus rendered them and their friends, I became the father confessor of my older comrades, and the agreeable surprise which they generally manifested, when I read the letter to them, at my having so well expressed what they wished to say, but had not been able to communicate to me, was ample reward for my trouble. All went on well, until one day, after having read one of these letters to a most stupid fellow, who had not yet sent home the least information of his having escaped with a wound from all the murderous battles, I jocosely said, "You don't believe I wrote all this? I gave quite a different account of you." Enraged, he tore the letter, and I never succeeded in convincing him that what I said was meant as a joke; and that I could have no interest in giving a bad account of him, even should I dare to do it. Distrust was raised in him, and his powers were too limited to obtain a proper view of the case. The fool's wit is incredulity, as Raleigh says. The same happens every day between governments and nations to whom the former neglect to afford the means of gaining knowledge.

It was not until long after peace had been concluded that I was so far restored to health as to be able to travel home. My family had given me up; letters had miscarried; and the last news they had heard of me was of a kind to encourage them but little; so I truly gave them a surprise. Having arrived in Berlin, I went home on foot from the post-office; the streets, the houses, the shops, everything the same, and yet looking so differently to me. In one year I had grown older many years. I stepped into the house and looked around; it was all as before; the scenes of my childhood, the walls which enclosed the persons dearest to me; I went slowly up stairs;[1] I opened the door. "Ah! ——" cried my sister, and fell into my arms. Now, I had a dog with me, which a dragoon, who died in the bed next to mine, in Aix-la-Chapelle, had bequeathed to me with the broken accents of a man who is fast going. The animal had been at Waterloo, where it lost the end of its tail by a ball. I loved the beast, so did he me, and when he saw my sister hanging at my neck and sobbing, he thought it was high time to defend his master; so he flew at her, most mercilessly tearing her gown, until I saw it and, fortunately, before he did injury to herself. The exclamations of my dear sister, the howling of the dog, perhaps my own words, soon attracted all the other members of my family, and almost——but where am I? Am I writing my biography? Come, come, let's leap from Waterloo and Berlin to New York again.

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[1] Houses on the continent of Europe are often inhabited by several families, and generally open. The ringing of the bell, therefore, is not necessary to obtain admission, which, by the way, has some influence upon social intercourse, in our opinion. Intrigues could not possibly be so frequent in France and Italy, among many classes, had the visitor always to ring the bell, and thus to attract the attention of the servants, before he could enter.

ACADEMIC DISCOURSES

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS, 1836–1869.

ON HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY, AS NECESSARY BRANCHES OF SUPERIOR EDUCATION IN FREE STATES.

AN INAUGURAL ADDRESS DELIVERED IN SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE, DECEMBER 7, 1835.

GENTLEMEN,—When the city of Leyden, in common with all the Low Countries, had fought through the bloodiest, and, perhaps, the noblest struggle for liberty on record, the great and good William of Orange offered her immunity from taxes, that she might recover from her bitter sufferings, and be rewarded for the important services which she had rendered to the sacred cause. Leyden, however, declined the offer, and asked for nothing but the privilege of erecting a university within her walls, as the best reward for more than human endurance and perseverance.[1]

This simple fact is a precious gem to the student of history; for if the protection of the arts and sciences reflect great honor upon a monarch, though it be for vanity's sake, the fostering care with which communities or republics watch over the cultivation of knowledge and the other ennobling pursuits of man, sheds a still greater lustre upon themselves. Nowhere, in the whole range of history, does man appear in a more dignified character, than when a republic founds a new seminary of learning, or extends her liberal aid towards the support of a scientific institution, in whose prosperity she takes a just and fruitful pride. It is by the exertion of the people themselves, by the fruits of their own labor, by the free grant of their own means, that these schools for the cultivation of knowledge and the education of their sons are erected. Nothing but their fullest conviction of the happy, purifying, and invigorating effect which the diffusion of sciences and the training of the youthful mind exercise upon society, can induce them to establish or protect these nurseries of civilization. It is a voluntary tribute brought by a whole community to the superiority of letters and sciences, to the great, universal cause of learning.

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[1] "At the battle of Kinsale, in 1603, the English army, having destroyed the Spanish force, subscribed 1800*l.* to raise a monument, so as to leave a lasting memorial of their gallant achievement. They did not raise any sculptured marble or graven brass, but they sent the 1800*l.* to the celebrated Usher, to found the Dublin Library."—Major Layard.

This consideration, gentlemen, renders the present moment one of pleasure, indeed, but also of great solemnity to me. I address through you, fellow-citizens, our state, which has not only founded the institution to assist in the guidance of which you have called me, but it seems also that South Carolina, after an arduous and great struggle, directs her first attention to her college. Parties lately so strenuously opposed to each other unite in the noble undertaking of using that impulse which a contest for principle ever gives to a civil community, for the benefit of the institution where the state expects her youth to be instructed, trained, and educated in all the sciences and duties which shall make them able to fill the most important stations in society and the highest places our country has to offer to talent and virtue. Thus has been verified our charter, which declares that one of the main objects for establishing the college has been "to promote harmony within the whole community." You have reorganized this college, and it is natural that our whole state look with anxious expectation upon her highest school. These circumstances, together with my conviction that much good can be done, and, consequently, by omission, much evil, and the importance of the chair to which I have been called, make me contemplate, at times, my new situation with solicitude. Yet I take courage in the hope that Heaven will not withhold its blessing from my sincere desire to do the best I can, and my firm determination studiously to weigh and examine the suggestions which the wisdom of others or my own experience may make.

That you, gentlemen, be the better enabled to judge how far the course I intend to pursue may answer your expectations, I shall state a few of my views respecting those sciences which your board of trustees has called me to teach in the college—HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY. With regard to education in general, I may be permitted to refer to a work where I have had occasion to develop my ideas at large—I mean my Constitution and Plan of Education for Girard College.[1] I have not found any reason to change what I have given there, as the result of my experience and meditation, nor does the different character of our college and the projected one in Philadelphia affect the general and fundamental principles of education.

Of whatever kind the specific character of an institution for education may be, or in whatever branch a teacher may have to instruct, the great object of education must always remain the cultivation of the heart and the head, or, in other words, a moral and intellectual cultivation. The latter, or scientific education, ought again to consist of training and storing the mind—of storing it with sound knowledge and of training it in the habit of correct thought. It is at least as important that the student learn to study—to examine, inquire, and conclude, that he contract scientific habits, and that a genuine, warming, cheering, animating, love of knowledge be kindled within his soul, so that he may enter life as a being longing for truth and capable of independent thought, as it is that he should take with him from the college a store of useful learning, which is to become the nucleus for everything he may acquire in future by farther study or experience.

And as the youth intrusted to the college ought finally to exchange it for the busy scenes of life with a healthy, vigorous, and practical mind, well provided, in a scientific way, for the immense variety of knowledge which will burst upon him with all the dangers of error, so ought the college to send him into the mazes and moral confusion of the world, and into all the temptations which never fail to beset the pleasant or the weary ways of the wanderer through life, healthful and strong in religion—that religion which is truth, real life, and real strength.

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[1] Published in Philadelphia, 1834.

In this respect, too, the student ought not only to receive in our institution a store of religious knowledge, but his soul ought to have been trained in morals and religion, partly by the example of his teachers, partly by the friendly intercourse and incidental but constant advice and inciting instruction, which is possible by this intercourse only. There are few more precious gifts an institution like our college can bestow upon the youth reared within its walls than the grateful remembrance of a teacher's friendship. I ask you, with whom experience has already proved the truth, whether it be not a gift which remains a rich treasure to the latest hour of our life, though all the scenes around us may have changed, and which we bless with gratitude whenever we reflect upon our pilgrimage.

If friendship and the relations of kindness and confidence have rendered the heart susceptible, the moral advice, as well as the scientific instruction of the teacher, will sink into it as the grain sinks into carefully-tilled ground and germinates and brings fruit by itself. But they remain matter of memory only, cold, lifeless words, as if written on a tablet from which every accident may blot them, if kindness does not give them and affection does not receive them. Or they may be like words chiselled in marble—they may be deeply engraven, but the marble feels them not, and time erases them. Let the student leave the college with the examples of virtue as vivid images before his eye, that they may be ever ready to his mind in the sad days of trial; not like images, whose beauty, peradventure, he admires, though they have no effect upon his action, but like the familiar traits of beloved friends, whose memory he is ashamed to offend by unworthy acts. Let him before all perceive, and his soul be penetrated with the truth, that he stands such as he is, not as he appears to mortal eye, before his Maker, who knows his very essence, without cloak or coloring, who looks into what we are, and weighs not what we profess, and who can only be served by the fervor of a pure heart and an honest mind, not by appearance, words, or violence, not by hatred, or dissembling, or persecution, who will not ask to what class or set of men we have belonged, or under what name we have shielded ourselves, but before whom each shall have to answer for what each has done himself. "Single is each man born; single he dieth; single he receiveth the reward of his good, and single the punishment of his evil deeds." Thus said an Eastern sage[1] a thousand years before the common era.

This important end, the moral cultivation of the student, it is in the power of every science taught in the college to promote; mathematics, the natural sciences, philology by no means excepted; but to the province of none it belongs so peculiarly as to the science which you have assigned to me, constantly to direct the mind of the student to the best and surest principles upon which human society is founded, or for which nations have contended, to the conspicuous examples of virtue or vice, to the safe operation of wise laws, or the detrimental course which cunning or fell ambition, short-sighted cowardice, and careless or intentional disregard of right and duty, always take with individuals as well as with whole communities and nations.

History, in an ethical point of view, may be considered as practical morals, and in this respect it is of peculiar importance in the course of instruction pursued with the sons of republicans, who, at some future period, have themselves to guide the state, when no external force, no power above them, no consideration of interest foreign to the well-being of their own body politic, shall prescribe to them the course they have to steer; when the only compass they have to sail by shall be their zealous ardor, their correct knowledge of duty, and their conscientious love of justice and liberty—I might say *or* liberty, for justice and liberty are in many respects synonymous. Then, when their genuine love of country alone shall influence their conduct as the makers, executors, and defenders of the laws and institutions of their society—in short, when they enter into political or any other practical life, it is a matter of moment indeed, whether the examples of stern duty and "tenacious perseverance,"[1] of wise societies, that have made their laws on the principles of right and truth, and have considered it a noble privilege of freemen to yield steady obedience to good laws—whether or not all the experience treasured up in history is before their eyes and induces them to prefer lasting fame, or essential good bestowed upon their country even without acknowledgment, to the ever changeable impulse of the moment.

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[1] Menu, the Hindoo legislator. See the Ordinances of Menu in vol. iii. of the works of Sir William Jones, London, 1799, chap. iv.

The abstract is brought home to the human understanding by instances. We see this in the explanation of any general principle, in daily life, we see it with children, in sciences, in philosophy, in law, and even in mathematics; we see it in the debates on the floor of legislative halls—in short, we find everywhere that, though there is in man a constant tendency to abstract and generalize, which forms the greater part of all thinking, there is likewise a constant necessity to individualize, and to bring home again to others and ourselves by individual cases, that which we have gained by the process of generalizing ratiocination. This is also the case with regard to religion and morals, to the principles of liberty and political ethics; and it is no mean prerogative of the science of history that she is able to exhibit patriotism, wisdom, rectitude, and the most important principles which concern the well-being of man, or the opposite of these virtues and principles, embodied, made solid, cast in encouraging or warning examples, which the life of individuals or the fate of entire communities afford.

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[1] Vir propositi tenax.

Another and a great benefit to be derived from a profound study of history or the correct teaching of its results—I do not speak of the superficial perusal of partial representations—is that this science makes us liberal in judging of past periods and foreign countries, as it makes us modest with regard to our own times, and cautious towards those who appear before the public, vaunting their new systems or discoveries of new principles, as if mankind had been destined to live on in ignorance and barbarity, until they at length made their appearance with all the requisite means for the foundation of man's happiness, so that human felicity will have to date from their birth or the publication of some of their works. There is an expanding power in the study of history, as well as one which gives acuteness and penetration.

On the other hand it is history again which enables us justly to appreciate the conquests which our own age may have made in the cause of civilization, and to separate the essential from the accidental, so that we may with greater firmness protect and defend its growth and expansion.

The study of history has a similar though more powerful effect with that derived from extensive travelling. We travel back into former periods, and compare them to the present times. There we shall often find better things than we are possessed of; sometimes we shall see that things which looked so proud and noble at a distance are inferior to what we have, though it may be less glittering or attractive to the unexperienced. Judicious travelling and impartial study of history make us just towards others and ourselves. History teaches us that mankind are not of to-day, that it was the will of the Creator that mankind should form a society—that human society should form one contiguous whole; one member, one period, one age of which always necessarily influences the next. Man is essentially a social being, in a moral sense much more so still, than in a physical; and society, again, is essentially what it is by its intimate connection with all previous ages. Who art thou, son of to-day? And where wouldst thou be had not Columbus discovered, had not Portugal pressed on, had not Ptolemy erred, had not the Chaldeans observed the stars? What would be thy liberty had not the signers been of British descent and yet familiar with ideas matured by the European continent; had not thy fathers dethroned the Stuarts, had not the barons extorted the charter, had not the Germanic tribes revived decaying Europe? What would be thy science and civilization, had not the Middle Ages struggled and speculated; the Arabians not collected, preserved, and kindled; Rome not received, ripened, conquered, and civilized; Etruria not pioneered and prepared; had Greece not refined and discriminated, colonized and traded,[1] fought, sung, built, recorded, and meditated; had Egypt not organized, invented, and husbanded;[2] India not contemplated?

Without a mother there is no son, and without a previous generation there is no present one. And were man bent on destroying the vessel which carried civilization from the past period to the one he lives in, it would be in vain—in vain and mad as it was when the French Convention decreed that all the documents in the archives should be burnt and all the seals should be broken in order to annihilate the history of their country. Man cannot travel out of his time, as surely not as he cannot help being the child of his progenitor; he must build with the materials which his forefathers left him. He may and even must develop, add, improve, and change, but foolish temerity only could dare to say: "I will begin anew." God has not made a people which shall date its civilization from a given day, but he created a species, which was gradually to develop itself.

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[1] "No nation of the ancient world has sent out so many colonies as the Greeks; and these colonies have become so important in a variety of respects that it is impossible to obtain a just view of the early periods of Universal History without a proper knowledge of them. For with them is not only closely connected: *a*, the history of civilization of their mother-country; but also, *b*, the history of the early Universal Commerce; and, *c*, some of these colonies became so powerful, that they exercised the most decided influence upon Political History."—Text Book of the History of the States of Antiquity, with particular Reference to their Constitutions, Commerce, and Colonies, by A. H. L. Heeren, page 197. The expression Universal Commerce (*Welthandel*) is used by the Germans to designate that commerce which extends to all or most of the nations known at the time, which consists of the great exchange of goods among the different and distant members of the human family, and is, therefore, always of paramount importance to the historian. Thus they would say: England and America are at present almost entirely in possession of the *Welthandel.*

[2] "Refutation of the idea, as if the Egyptian priests had been in possession of great speculative knowledge; whilst their science had, chiefly, reference to practical life, and thus became, in their hands, the *instrumenta dominationis* over the great mass, by which they made themselves indispensable, and kept the people in dependance.—Explanations of the close relation between their deities, their astronomic and mathematical knowledge on the one hand and agriculture on the other."—*Ibid.*, page 75. Subsequent and extensive inquiries into the antiquities of Egypt by the Champollions, Belzoni, and others have proved how high a degree of perfection the mechanical arts and agriculture had obtained with that early nation, and how much we owe them.

Even principles of the most universal character receive, according to this decree, a different development with different nations and in different periods; and as the simple truths of the gospel were and are embodied in different churches and different systems of theology in Greece, Italy, Germany, England, France, and with ourselves, so has the inextinguishable desire for liberty existed wherever human breast has heaved; yet British liberty differs and must forever differ from ours, and both will differ from French liberty, whenever firmly established; as modern liberty differs, and cannot otherwise but differ, from the liberty of the Middle Ages and ancient freedom.

I trust I am too well known to you, gentlemen, that I should be obliged to guard against a misunderstanding, as if I belonged either to the so-called "historical school," which considers everything, which has been handed down through generations, as lawful, good, wise, and not to be touched; perhaps not even to be judged and freely examined, merely because it has been handed down: or to that political sect which misapplies what I remarked above with regard to the necessary modifications of principles, and maintains that no entirely new institution, differing in character from the previous ones in a certain society, ought to be established, or any new principle to be adopted from others. I am equally far from either. All I wished to convey is, that even if we adopt new principles and found new institutions, they again will attach themselves to our previous ones according to the elements of which our society consists, that there is no absolute re-beginning in history possible, and that the knowledge of this fact will make us cautious, in the same degree as a thorough acquaintance with history will make us bold, where boldness is required in order to change or even to destroy. However, I will not anticipate a subject on which I shall have to offer a few more remarks.

One great lesson of practical importance, learned from history by the simplest induction, is, that as we now look upon by-gone parties, once arrayed against each other in fearful contest, and as we adjudge to each some wrong, or, as we judge of the one far milder than their contemporary adversaries did, so shall posterity look upon our strifes and conflicts. Let us then learn one of the greatest acts of wisdom, to anticipate the judgment of time, and divest ourselves of partial and party views, and assume a loftier station from which we may contemplate our friends as well as our opponents with greater justice. It is difficult and yet necessary for the true valuation of events and actions, passing before our own eyes, that we should extricate ourselves from all the personal effects which they may produce upon us, should reduce the apparent magnitude with which objects, close before us, appear compared to distant, though in reality much larger objects, and should see them in their natural connection with the many others which surround them, as if seen from a distant elevation. This we learn best by studying history; it is this historical bird's-eye view which constitutes one of the choicest acquisitions, to be obtained in no other way. Our mind becomes gradually accustomed to see the various subjects, striking, dazzling, or perplexing at their time, as if they were of greater importance than anything that ever had appeared before on the horizon of history, in their true light and bearing, and thus skilled—for skill it is—we find it easier to judge correctly of present things. He is a wise man who can reflect on present things as calmly as if they had been recorded long ago on the pages of history, and who can weigh matters of history with an earnestness and energy, and all the penetrating power of lively interest, as if they were events of his own times; he is a wise statesman who has learned to use his personal experience as a clew to decipher history, and who can use history as a clew to decipher the often mysterious pages of his own age.

I am no advocate of theories which cannot possibly be realized, or which, if put into practice, would injure the best side most. It was, therefore, not my intention to indicate by my remarks that it would be truly wise always to look upon two contending parties in our own times with indifference, persuaded that both are partly right and partly wrong. I know full well that in order to obtain great objects we are obliged to unite the power of many, and that, in order to obtain this, compromise with regard to minor objects is requisite; in short, that frequently the action by party cannot be dispensed with; and, also, that history has recorded contests in which no peace was possible before one of the conflicting parties was annihilated. There was in Italy no rest and quiet possible as long as there existed Guelphs and Ghibellines; and the time is drawing near when, in Europe, one or the other of the two great contending parties must be annihilated. For history teaches us that, however salutary the check of different parties upon each other may be, and however noble a feature of the British annals it is, that in them we find the first development of a regular and lawful opposition;[1] yet as soon as two parties, both provided with intellectual and physical means, cease to agree even on their first and original starting-point, as soon as they radically disagree, then the period of that misunderstanding begins which thwarts every good purpose, disjoints every link, in which distrust changes the very language, made to be the tie of man, into a means of confusion and ill will, and the chasm between the two is increased by every uttered word: until at length the contest of annihilation cannot be any longer avoided—the period of labor before the birth of a new era. What, however, shall enable us to make this momentous distinction? How are we to ascertain whether the contest be really on primary and fundamental points, or whether our own excitement only paints to us the struggle in so glaring colors? Nothing on earth but the experience, which the mind gathers in wandering through history.

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[1] I have given my views on this important subject of modern history more at length in my Stranger in America, pages 39 and seq., London edit.; pages 31 and seq., Philadelphia edition.

If the study of this science has enabled the student to judge more calmly of the contest he is himself engaged in, he will be the firmer, the more decided and persevering, the clearer he has perceived that the existing struggle is one which will be found important in the cause of mankind even before the tribunal of posterity.

This with regard to events; as to theories, how many apparently new ones, in science, religion, and politics, are stripped of all their charm of novelty and the exciting power they exercise upon the vanity of man as soon as they are known to have attracted and excited in the same degree, centuries ago! And to how many apparently insignificant facts is not at once the attention of him directed who is able to discern that their characteristics present entirely new features!

But are we able to rely on history? Does not our daily experience of the many obstacles in the way of arriving at truth even of facts which have happened within the narrowest circle around us, within our own family, shake all confidence in history? Ought we not rather to follow those who break through the difficulty by the pretence that they believe nothing, or, at least rely on nothing, except on what they have perceived by their own senses? May we not in particular feel disposed to distrust all history as a suspicious witness, when in our own times a great historian has thrown at least a very serious doubt over a whole portion of the annals of mankind, received without suspicion by the successive generations of many thousand years? Does not history lose on this account her claims to the title of a science? Is it not true, what one of the shrewdest observers that ever recorded the events of their own times, Cardinal Retz, says in his Memoirs, that "all we read in the lives of most men is false"?[1] Ought we not to disown history as Raleigh burnt his manuscript?

History, or that which we find recorded and the consequent opinion of posterity—may err.[2] No doubt can exist as to this point. I do believe that posterity may be deceived. Pretended facts may be so plausibly represented, and they may be of so peculiar a character, that contradiction becomes impossible, and posterity receive them as truth. Merit or guilt may be undeservedly assigned. We never gain by deceiving ourselves, and it is as little true that history always awards the true share to every agent in an important transaction, as it is in common morals true that every criminal will meet, at length, with his due, by the arm of human justice, the frequent repetition of this assertion, even in the form of proverbs, notwithstanding. But though it be a most noble task of history to constitute the supreme tribunal of which posterity forms the jury, and though it may succeed in many and important cases in ferreting out the precise truth, yet this is not her highest task. Her most elevated problem is to find out the moral causes of the great events which influence the fate of the human species, and to represent them according to their internal and necessary connection. Well may be applied to her in this respect the inscription over the anatomical theatre at Havana:

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[1] Cardinal Retz gives, in vol. i. of his Memoirs, an interesting account of a drive he took with Marshal Turenne, when both of them mistook a distant procession of friars for an apparition of ghosts. Both started to meet them; Turenne so calm and grave that Cardinal Retz said the next day he would have sworn that Turenne had been afraid, though the latter assured him that, not only had he not been afraid, but his first sensation had been that of joy, because he had always longed to see ghosts; and farther, that he would have sworn that Cardinal Retz had not had the slightest fear, on the contrary, that he had likewise been glad to meet with this apparition, while Retz candidly confessed that he had been really afraid, but put on the semblance of alacrity merely from shame. He then makes the above reflection, with several acute remarks.

[2] To be distinct, I will give my definition of history: History is a scientific account of the authenticated and remarkable facts which have influenced the social state of man or bear testimony of its state at a given period. The word *fact* is taken here in the widest sense which can be given to it according to its etymology, including single acts, events, and institutions. That the account be scientific, requires that the facts be presented in their proper order, according to their true and essential connection with each other, so that a historical relation is a picture, not an enumeration. The same definition applies to any special history, with the exception only that we have to place the special society, science, art, or institution under consideration, instead of "social state of man."

Plus quam vita loquax mors taciturna docet.[1]

As we are abler to judge of the features of an extensive plain, when we are at a distance and on an elevation, so we are more capable of determining the character of a whole period at a distance from it, if we have previously endeavored to ascertain by minute study the accurate state of many of its component parts. Individuals and single events must be known, yet the higher object of history is to study institutions, and the masses, of which the individuals, however distinguished and in whatever eminent a degree they may appear at the time as the leaders, form but a part. They think they lead, but they are led.[2] Without this, the inquiry into the institutions, and the causes which moved the masses, history is but partly history, little more than a chronicle of party events.

Whether Casca really gave the first blow to Cæsar on the fatal Ides of March[3] may never be ascertained with undisputable certainty; but it will forever be a matter of history beyond a doubt, that a great man of the name of Julius Cæsar lived towards the beginning of the vulgar era. Whether this great man was animated by noble designs, after having arrived at the fullest conviction that Rome could not possibly continue to exist with her ancient republican form of government, and that her whole polity required a thorough change, or whether he followed mainly the impulse of selfish ambition when he defied the established law of his country and crossed the Rubicon—in other words, the internal history of that extraordinary man may remain forever an unsettled question; but it will, nevertheless, remain a matter of historical certainty, that this individual was an instrument to fulfil the great destiny of Rome, to conquer uncivilized countries, and to engraft Roman institutions upon theirs, to carry, over Western Europe, the seeds of Roman civilization, after it had matured within the narrower limits of Italy. Or are we to believe, with Hardouin, that all the Greek and Roman historians are the spurious productions of inventive monks?

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[1] This inscription was at least to be placed there, according to the Diario de la Habana, Nov. 20, 1834. The whole is this:

Naturæ Ingenium Dissecta Cadavera Pandunt:
Plus Quam Vita Loquax Mors Taciturna Docet.

[2] *Der ganze Strudel strebt nach oben;*
Du glaubst zu schieben und du wirst geschoben.
(Mephist. in the Walpurgisn. in Faust.)

[The whole whirling mass strives upwards;
Thou believest thou pushest, but thou art pushed.]

These well-known words of Goethe find no readier application anywhere than in history, as so many other wise sayings put by that great poet in the mouth of the arch-fiend.

[3] Plutarch, Life of Julius Cæsar.

Whether Galilei was or was not tortured, or threatened with the rack, when he stood before the tribunal of the Inquisition, may be a question never to be decided on positive and satisfactory evidence;[1] but it is, nevertheless, a well-founded and proven fact in the history of human thought, that we behold in the case of Galilei another instance of the labors and struggles, unavoidable when mankind sever themselves from any system or institution, which has exerted an extensive and penetrating influence, and the gates of a new era are forced open; that mankind will, forever, be divided into two great parties, the one zealous to maintain that which is established, the other anxious to shake off the fetters of authority, and moving on, conscious of the independence of the human intellect; that Aristotle, the master of thought, after having strongly affected those distant and entirely foreign children of the East, even when their religious phrenzy swept everything before them, had ruled the mind of man for many centuries, though misconstrued, misjudged, and misapplied, and had thus firmly fastened on the human mind, that men of so powerful intellect and such greatness of soul as the sage of Pisa were requisite to wrestle the great charter of free inquiry from the clinching hands of dogma and dictation; and that those who have not been endowed with the capacity of enjoying the sublime pleasure of searching and finding truth, will ever be prompted by envy and fear for their authority or interest to stigmatize the faithful priests of truth, and to use that power, which the bulk of ignorance always places at their disposal, to overwhelm and crush the first and single fighting heroes of a great cause.

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[1] Some individuals have at least strong suspicions that Galilei was tortured; see, for instance, Mr. Niebuhr's opinion in my Reminiscences of Mr. Niebuhr; others disbelieve it.

I incline to the latter, not because I consider his persecutors incapable of such an act; for we know that the torture was at that time, on the European continent, considered a lawful means of eliciting truth, and we know too that the tribunals which judged of men's opinions made a most liberal use of this convenient instrument. My view of the case is founded upon the fact that Galilei had many powerful friends, and that he was, while at Rome, during his persecution, in a degree under the protection of Florence. Still, it is quite possible.

History is, like all other sciences, but a human science, and, therefore, subject to error; but is astronomy not any longer a science because Sir John Herschel informs us from the Cape of Good Hope, that the comet he has observed with his powerful instrument moves in a different orbit from the path calculated by the astronomers according to the theory of the immortal Gauss, and which had been found correct in all previous instances?

The task of the historian is always an arduous and solemn one, whether he act as the conscientious recorder of truth, as Herodotus seems to have felt the whole dignity of his vocation. After having stated the names of several individuals who had been mentioned at his time as having done the treacherous deed of guiding the Persians over the mountains, by which Leonidas and his brave band were surrounded and slain, he solemnly continues: "But Ephialtes was the man who guided them on the path over the mountains, and him I write down as the wicked one."[1] Or as Gibbon must have felt it when musing amidst the ruins of the Campo Vaccino, and the muse of history inspired him with the great idea of writing the downfall of the mightiest empire.

Or whether the historian pursue the path of truth, ready to sacrifice long cherished opinions or endeared delusions, and to receive the sneers of his contemporaries as the reward of his toilsome labor, neither bent upon an ingenious defence of a theory which flatters his vanity, nor fearful of encountering powerful opposition, as Niebuhr did, when he blotted out many chapters of history, remembered by all of us with fondness.

Or whether he serve the sacred science by teaching it to the youth; when he shows them how one society, institution, or system, how one age and century, how one race grew out of the preceding one and trod over its grave; how and why one state of things began, grew, and rose to eminence, and why it sunk, decayed, and fell.

I know of but few stations more dignified than that of a public teacher of history; scarcely of one more elevated than that of a teacher appointed by a republic to instruct her children in civil history. For if history is a science important to every one, it is peculiarly so to republicans—to members of a community which essentially depends upon institutions. If they have to defend them against open attacks or plausible heresies, they must know them, must be well acquainted with their essential character, as well as with the insinuating plausibility and the ruinous consequences with which those undermining heresies have been advanced with other nations and in distant ages. History is the memory of nations; oh! how many have been lost for want of this memory, and on account of careless, guilty ignorance!

If they have to develop and improve their institutions; if they have to adapt them to the gradual changes of time, which is as necessary as unbending resistance against encroachments made upon others, it is equally necessary for the citizen to know them; and an institution is not known by its name, or charter, but by its operation, its history. If they have to watch over the dearest interests of man, perhaps in a small minority against a broad current of popular delusion, they ought to have the examples of men before their eyes who preferred to fall in a righteous cause rather than to be borne along on the swelling tide of enticing popularity. If they are expected to be consistent, and if no citizen can be consistent through life, who has not buckled on the armor of fortitude, then their souls ought early to be prepared for that civil buoyancy which bears up against all painful disappointments, and commands ever new means and resources after each loss. And what can prepare us for this manly cheerfulness? Nothing but elevated views and devotion to principle. What, however, gives us this enlargement of the soul? Our knowledge of the gradual progress of man.

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[1] Herodotus, vii. (Polymnia) 214.

If ambition or the power of emulation is one of the primary and most active agents in the whole moral creation, which God has planted in the heart of man as one of his noblest attributes, and if no society can be so low, so abject, so foul as when this moral element is extinguished in the bosom of its members, then they ought to learn in their early youth, by striking examples, how necessary and how dangerous an agent it is, how it has stimulated great men to overcome the most disheartening obstacles, and how it has ruined men whom nature seemed to have formed as a boast of her powers; that ambition, as all other elementary agents in the moral or physical world, as fire and water, brings us thousandfold blessings, if watched and guided, but woe and misery if, a maddened element, it breaks down the dykes and mounds of law and reason and rushes over fertile fields and plains, cultivated by the care of generations, to leave behind it the blast of sterile sand which chokes the tenderest vegetation, and stints and cripples all vigor, joy, and life of nature.

If the power of building up or destroying rest in its plenitude with the people, then they ought to learn, when young, the principles which must direct their actions, and the modifications which these principles have to undergo if applied. If those who now are under the care and guidance of this institution founded by the state, have in turn to guide her helm, then they ought to know how to navigate the vessel of the state between the cliffs and dangers of politics; they ought to know where others, who sailed before them, have been wrecked, and they ought to learn in time to distinguish an approaching pirate by his suspicious movements, and not to be beguiled by friendly colors, until it is too late to resist the fiend. And let us not forget that the sea of politics is nowhere an open, easy main, on which only common skill in navigation is required; except perhaps in some cases, where the vast waters of absolute power roll their monotonous waves. The politics of liberty require watchful helmsmen, wise pilots, who have taken out their license in the school of experience, and history must lay down the chart by which they have to weather the dangerous points and breakers.

If they shall love liberty they ought to know how precious a good it is; how powerfully she has inspired men of all nations and all ages, even so powerfully that some of them have been willing to toil in repelling those attacks, which are not recorded because they were repelled. It is easy to die for our country, but it is difficult to live a laborious life for her when the victory becomes hardly known.

To prepare youths for these, the greatest exertions of a citizen, it is necessary to exalt their souls by the views which history alone can open to them, and to show them how sacred those interests are which require these exertions. If the purest patriotism shall be kindled in their bosoms, let them see that the principles which they maintain are eternal, and that the country for which they live is not an accidental mass of men, made up but to-day, but that they are integrant parts of a society for which others, long passed by, have lived as they are expected to live. If they are to be put on their guard against that enthusiasm which evaporates with the first bitter experience, it is equally necessary to imbue them with sound knowledge of their country, and of mankind in general, that they may be safe against the maddening enticements of brilliant phantoms.

Two things seem to me of equal importance to a good citizen; if the one or the other be wanting no safety can exist for a free state, and liberty is at most but a happy accident—I mean cheerful devotion and jealous distrust. Where the former is wanting, where the state is founded upon mere negative principles, where the "constitution is nothing but an act of distrust for the future security of a people,"[1] as it was lately proclaimed from the French tribune, society is essentially dissolved, and must hasten to a speedy end, or drag on the unproductive life of anarchy. Where the latter—distrust—is wanting, the people will soon be enslaved. Many nations have fallen under the hands of tyranny from gratitude! The words of one of the greatest defenders of liberty that ever spoke to that people, "with whom liberty had been a passion, an instinct,"[2] should forever be remembered by all citizens of a free country. Demosthenes said to his Greeks, when, indeed, conceited self-sufficiency and excess of liberty, or rather lawlessness,[3] had made them unworthy of that liberty, which was the breath of his life: "Many things have been invented to protect and defend cities, such as ramparts, walls, fosses, and other things of the kind; and all these things are made by the hands of men and require exertion; but the nature of wise men contains in itself a common protection, useful and salutary to all, but especially so to the people against tyranny. And what is this? Distrust. This preserve; in this confide. As long as you retain this no evil will befall you."[1] So far Demosthenes.

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[1] Thouvenel in the session of the French chamber in 1831.

[2] Westminster Review, No. xxxii.

[3] Plato de Rep., viii. 14, translated by Cicero de Rep., i. 43: Quum enim inexplebiles populi fauces exaruerunt libertatis siti, malisque usus ille ministris, non modice temperatam sed nimis meracem libertatem sitiens hauserit, etc.

And ibid., c. 15, Cicero, c. 44: Nam ut ex nimia potentia principum oritur interitus principum, sic hunc nimis liberum populum libertas ipsa servitute adficit. Sic omnia nimia—in contraria fere convertunt, maximeque in rebus publicis evenit; nimiaque illa libertas et populis et privatis in nimiam servitutem cadit.

It is these two elements of sound and true patriotism with which it shall be my endeavor to imbue the scholars, in leading them through the successive periods of history, and thus to assist in preparing them for the weighty and responsible duties which every one of them will have to fulfil at some future period as citizens of a free republic; it is according to these views, which I have had the honor briefly to exhibit to you, that I shall try to teach the science, and to teach how to study it; and according to which it is my anxious desire to establish the necessary relation between the scholars and myself. I wish to be considered by them as their friend. Sincere as I know these wishes to be, and if I am not quite an unworthy son of that nation to which the palm of patient and extensive investigation and comprehensive views in history has been awarded[2] (I use the words of an English writer), may I not

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[1] Second Philippic.

[2] In the Introduction to the British and Foreign Review, or European Quarterly Journal, lately established, it is said, on page 7:

"The muse of history has ever been considered as looking with a benignant eye upon her own province in British literature. Nor would it be difficult to mention names which have shed glory upon their country, by the fidelity as well as elegance of their recitals; and by a peculiar felicity of arrangement of topics, have succeeded in keeping curiosity awake during a protracted history of ages, by no means abounding in attractive incidents and characters. But still in the patient and indefatigable search of truth, in pursuing her faintest traces through the labyrinth of error in which the imposture or credulity of ancient annalists have frequently involved her; in the successful perseverance with which they disencumber the precious ore from the worthless mass in which it is concealed, and in reducing legends into genuine history, we must, at this day, yield the palm to Teutonic industry and zeal. Nor should we be justified in concluding that, because their search is minute, their views are short-sighted. They seem, indeed, to combine an extreme minuteness of observation with a telescopic range of vision; and to draw their conclusions with a soundness of judgment which shows that they see objects, at last, in their natural colors and true dimensions. If we may justly claim the distinction of having brought philosophy to the feet of history, to gather materials from which to construct her system, and to demolish those which had been reared on the basis of imagination, modern Germany has the credit of having reversed the process, by placing the instructress under the tuition of her pupil, and thus teaching history to test the hope that my labors may not remain without some good effect?

Civil history, the main subject of instruction in history in the college, will necessarily lead to inquiries into the various subjects of politics. It is not only my intention to treat of them while I am proceeding in history, but also to teach them, if time can be found, in separate lectures. On the other hand, I shall always endeavor to exhibit the whole state of civilization of a country or period under discussion, and try to give a rapid sketch of the literature, the state of sciences, the arts, its commerce and agriculture, which will lead to touch upon subjects more properly belonging to the other science for which you have appointed me. As I shall have frequent occasion to speak on the subject of politics, so will the introduction of history often lead me to topics of political economy, and in the same way shall I make them the subject of separate instruction.

Political Economy, treated as a scientific whole, is of comparatively late origin, though various subjects belonging to its province have at different times been treated even in remote periods. There are still many persons who "do not believe in political economy," and will of course not allow it the rank of a science, as a few years ago, when Werner broke a new path for mineralogy, many people, and most distinguished ones among them, smiled at the idea of calling mineralogy a science, or believing in the possibility of systematically and scientifically treating what they called "the stones."[2] Nay, there are still persons who deny that geology be a science. Whether political economy be a science or not, it is not here the place to discuss, though it is difficult to see why the difference of opinion and contradictory results at which some,

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probability and truth of her statements by the canons of philosophy. Already have they shown by the application of this new standard of credibility that many of the most familiar passages of ancient history are not merely improbable, but impossible; and instead of being the faithful records of facts, are the fictions or amplifications of oral and popular tradition."

[2] See among others some of the letters written by Herder to Goethe, who, it is well known, was an ardent mineralogist and geologist to the end of his life.

though few, political economists have arrived, should any more deprive their study of the character of a science than natural philosophy, metaphysics, medicine, or theology; nor is it required that any one should *believe* in political economy. The simple question is whether the subjects it considers as peculiarly belonging to its forum are susceptible of scientific inquiry, and whether they are of sufficient importance to require investigations of this kind and to be taught in our college.

I believe it is easy to show that the same relation which physiology of the human body bears to anthropology and philosophy in general, subsists between political economy and the higher branches of politics—or, political economy has precisely all the importance with regard to society which the material life bears throughout to the moral and intellectual world. Political economy might be defined by being the science which occupies itself essentially with the material life of society—with production, exchange, and consumption; and no one can possibly have thrown a single glance at these subjects and deny that they stand in the most intimate connection with the moral and intellectual interests of a nation.

If subjects of such universal influence, and so extensively affecting the existence of human beings, as labor, wages, capital, interests, commerce, loans, banks, etc., are not matter of sufficient interest for inquiry, then few things are; if they do not depend upon general causes cognizable by the reason of man, then everything around us is chance, and, what is very striking, most regular chance, for it would be strange indeed that in the United States, for instance, many millions of people agree, without exchange of opinions, to pay throughout an immense territory about seventy-five cents for a day's work of a common laborer, and that in another immense country, at the north of Europe, many millions of people receive for the same work a few kopecks only, with a uniformity which is perfectly perplexing if the same general cause does not produce respectively this uniform effect. No believer in chance has ever dreamt that the regularity in form, process of growth, and ripening of a species of plant are the results of mere chance. Though he might believe that the first cause was chance, he would always allow that by the original mixture of atoms or elements certain laws were produced according to which nature now effects all the processes which strike us by their regularity; but in our own case, when we speak of human society, we shall at once change the test, and not believe that general, uniform, and regular effects must depend upon fixed causes!

If these causes can be discovered, and what earthly reason is there that they should not? then it is the duty of man to discover them. Having found them, he will be able to subject them to the same processes of reasoning which he applies to every mass of homogeneous facts. Judicious combination and cautious induction will enable him to reason from them and conclude upon new results. If, however, these inquiries are of general interest and importance, they are certainly so to a citizen who takes an active and direct part in the making of the laws which govern his own society, for they touch upon matters which most frequently become the subject of legislation. It is necessary then that the youths be instructed in this science.

Political economy has not appeared under the most favorable train of circumstances. It is not its lot quietly to investigate a given subject, but it has to combat a series of systematized prejudices, which have extended their roots far and wide into all directions and deep into every class of society, for many centuries past—prejudices which are intimately connected with the interest of powerful classes.

Strange that man should have seriously to debate about free trade any more than about free breathing, free choice of color, of dress, free sleeping, free cookery, and should be obliged to listen to arguments which, if true, would also prove that the cutting, clipping, and shaving of trees, fashionable in the times of Louis XIV., produced most noble, healthful oaks. Still, so ancient is the prejudice, that even Strabo mentions the fact that the Cumæans did not levy any duties on merchandise, imported into their harbor, as a proof of their enormous stupidity. The transition is not easy from so deep-rooted a prejudice and whole systems of laws built upon it to the natural, simple, and uncorrupted state of things in which man is allowed to apply his means as best he thinks, without fettering and cramping care from above, which is like the caresses of the animal in the fable—stifling.

Two different directions of scientific inquiry seem to be characteristic of our age—minute, extensive, and bold inquiry into nature and her laws and life, and equally bold and shrewd examination of the elements and laws of human society, and all that is connected with its physical or moral welfare. Hence we see at once the human mind following two apparently opposite directions with equal ardor—history and political economy. No age has pursued with so much zeal the collection of every remnant and vestige which may contribute to disclose to us the real state of former generations; and in no age have the principles upon which the success of the human species depends been investigated with less reserve. Your board of trustees has appointed me for these two important sciences, and I feel gratified thus to be placed in a situation in which I am able to contribute largely to the diffusion of two sciences which are cultivated with such intense activity by the age in which my lot has been cast.

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE FIRST CONSTITUENTS OF CIVILIZATION.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, 1845.

The origin of important and extensive institutions, arts, or contrivances, which present themselves to the inquirer distinctly defined and in a certain state of completeness, has been generally ascribed to acts similarly distinct and definite—to conscious invention, deliberate agreement, united wisdom, sudden discovery, or direct inspiration. So widely has this error prevailed at almost all former periods that it is now but slowly yielding to the more substantial knowledge of calmer, more comprehensive, and resolute inquiry.[1]

The Greeks, in common with all early nations, referred the origin of agriculture to a deity. Either they raised, by magnifying tradition, the individual who brought to them the art of agriculture in a state of considerable perfection, from more advanced nations of the East, into a deity; or, when first they contemplated the many successive processes which constitute agriculture and its extensively beneficial influence, they clearly perceived that it could not be the result of invention, even of the highest human intellect. They saw, perhaps, too, that the supposition of an invention of this sort involves a contradiction. For, while husbandry was yet to be invented, its manifold uses, which might induce men to desire the invention, must be equally unknown; and while the blessings which agriculture procures for us were yet unrevealed, the long train of various processes could not be guessed at, which ultimately led to the remote result of garnering up the stores of wholesome food for far more numerous people than merely the producers of the grain, and of weaning men from the roving life of the hunter, uniting them into peaceable and settled communities, mutually protecting their property.

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[1] We cannot stop to inquire into the cause of this error so extensively diffused, but the student will be aided in finding it if he will reflect on another very common mistake, akin to the mentioned one. It consists in allowing ourselves to be deceived by a distinct word for an indistinct idea, as if the latter were as concise and definite in our minds as the sound of the first is distinct and definite in our ears. Languages in which it is grammatically easy to abstract, such as the Greek and German, are peculiarly apt to mislead the philosopher into this very serious error.

Yet at some time or other agriculture must have taken its rise. How, then, could they escape this dilemma? They ascribed the beginning of husbandry to inspiration, or direct instruction imparted by a deity. Ceres taught man to entrust the seed corn to the mother earth; Dionysus came from India to teach the Hellenic tribes the planting and fostering of the grape-vine and the preparation of a generous beverage from its luscious fruits. The Chinese, in a like manner, ascribe the first knowledge of planting tea and rearing silk to divine interposition. We, on the contrary, know that to this day agriculture is practised among the many tribes of the earth in all the stages of gradual perfection, from the Oregon Indians —of some of whom a late American missionary reported that all their tillage consists in loosening the soil with sticks before they sow their maize, and that their wonderment at the sight of the first spade was without bounds—to the scientific white man who derives benefit from the counsel of a Liebig or Boussingault, and invigorates the productive powers of his wearied soil with the manure which, thousands of years since, was deposited at the opposite end of the earth; while the vivid pictures of the Egyptian temples show us how far the ancient dwellers on the Nile had advanced in this art, and how far our improvements go beyond theirs.

Even the origin of so simple an article as bread has been ascribed to a deity—the god Pan. He who reflected on the many different processes necessary to produce at last the savory, nutritious, and never-cloying substance called bread, saw that no man still unacquainted with it could possibly make it the problem of invention, finding by meditative ingenuity—such as conducted a Watt to the invention of the most exquisite contrivances—the chain of all the preparatory acts without which bread cannot be produced. Our travellers, however, inform us that the art of making bread may yet be found in all its different stages of perfection, from the simple boiling of maize and partial evaporation of the liquid, even without the process of grinding, to the inviting, light, and snowy substance which constitutes the delicious accompaniment of a Parisian or Vienna repast. Even the commencement and very measured progress of the art of grinding the cereals is now well understood, since the searching antiquary has discovered in the graves of generations long passed by the rude stones, unaltered by art, but sufficiently shaped by nature to render them not unfit for the crushing of grain. These couples of convex and concave stones were with some tribes, with others the mortar and piston, the first substitutes for man's own grinding teeth.[1]

In a similar manner we find the origin of governments spoken of, as if it had ever consisted in a distinct act of establishing sovereign polities. Menu, the law-giver of Hindostan, is a god who, in one of his avatars, visits the regions of the Ganges and founds the government, providing it at once with a complete code. In Europe, philosophers of the most opposite tendencies—Hobbes, Locke, and Rousseau,—speak of original contracts by which governments were created, or almost voted, into existence. Our matured judgment and reason, ripened in the social state, which requires government to keep it in existence, are thus ascribed to those individuals who, nevertheless, are supposed to be destitute of this institution. Hugo Grotius speaks of "purposes and ends for which property was first established," and many scholars to this day tell us of "the invention of language," while others assign its origin to inspiration, not seeing that the inspiring of an uncivilized tribe with a rich vocabulary would amount to a gift which cannot be used and has no meaning, and that the inspiration of an abstract grammar is a nonentity as much as a system of botany would be which had no reference to specific plants. There would remain then but two possible cases: either that the first and rudest attempts to designate things by certain sounds were inspired from on high, though divine wisdom has rendered this unnecessary by the wonderful organization of man and its adaptation to the wants of his intellect as it gradually develops itself; or that, when men had arrived at a certain degree of civilization, a more perfect language was suddenly superinduced by inspiration, which we know from history not to have been the case, and which, besides, would be surprisingly anomalous to the whole household of the Creator, in which progress, calmness, and an unjarring development are among the fundamental principles. An inspiration of this sort, not consisting in the communication of a great truth, or in a divine coercion of the human intellect to find it, but in the sudden and lavish grant of a body of skill and art, would lower man, indeed, into a less complete being than the animal, which is guided at least by primary impulsive principles.

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[1] He who wishes to see all that was known of the science of agriculture and the history of bread-making down to the time of Goguet must consult his learned work on the Origin of Laws, the Arts, and Sciences.

Nor is it instinct to which we can ascribe the first beginning of those arts, institutions, and contrivances which are of an elementary and pervading importance to man, and which have this peculiar characteristic, that we never find man, even the lowest, destitute of them, though they may be but in their incipient stages, and that they rise in importance, develop themselves in variety of details, and acquire a more and more distinct character of their own as society advances towards the highest degrees of civilization, such as property, government, the family, language, exchange, the wants of taste, production and division of labor. These are of a pervading and permanent character, and unlike those deciduous institutions and arts which, though extensively important, are nevertheless transitory and preparatory, as despotism or hieroglyphic writing.

These first constituents of civilization must not be confounded with what may be called the practical characteristics of man, though both often coincide, and are always important with reference to one another. Division of labor, for instance, is found in no inconsiderable degree with the beaver or among foxes, which hunt, though separate from each other, for a common end and by a regular plan. The practical characteristics of man—that is, those acts and manifestations of his inward state without which we never find man, even the lowest, and with which we never find the animal, even the highest—are the following:

1. Language, that is, the conscious conveyance of ideas to others by articulate sounds, and not mere communion by impulsive utterances; 2. Individual Property and consequent mutual acknowledgment of rights;[1] 3. Exchange, which is the necessary effect of the former combined with man's judgment; 4. Sexual Shame; 5. The Family, Authority, Government, or Superiors and Inferiors, independent upon physical force or instinct; 6. Religion, that is, some fear at least of superior and invisible powers, and a desire of propitiating them; 7. Taste or the Love of the Beautiful, though it manifest itself only in the rudest tattooing, painting, or other attempts at ornament, and Rhythm in language, step, or tune, which is connected with man's universal love of symmetry; 8. Punishment, or the intentional infliction of some sufferance for some committed wrong, which proves the existence of conscience; that is, a consciousness that there are such things as right and wrong acts, and also of the universal intuitive conviction that it exists alike in all men. In other words,

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[1] It is a remarkable and very instructive fact that with all nations the vengeance of blood or punishment of murder remains a private affair long after judges have been appointed to protect property. It was so with the Greeks, with the early Teutonic tribes, etc.

man is always, and the animal never, an ethical, religious, jural, speaking, æsthetical, and exchanging being.

When I say that these are the practical characteristics of man, I must, of course, be understood to mean man in the enjoyment of his entire humanity; in possession of a sound mind and all his senses, placed in that society which he cannot resist forming naturally around him. I should be strangely misunderstood were I supposed to mean by these characteristics anything founded upon ready-made, innate ideas. I have elsewhere expressed myself at large on this subject.[1]

I am well aware that many may entertain a doubt upon the correctness of my enumerating sexual shame as one of the infallible characteristics of man. It is impossible in a lecture to enter into the details of this subject. I can only state my belief that all objections can be fully answered and that my statement appears to me strictly philosophical and correct.[2]

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[1] In my Political Ethics.

[2] When in the description of my journey through Greece I was desirous of mentioning an important, although indelicate, fact, my friend and guide, Mr. Niebuhr, advised me to state it in a Latin note. I may be permitted to resort here to the same expedient, obliged as I am to touch upon details of an offensive character in meeting objections against my position.

Fuerunt in Saxonica Angliae aetate, nec valde remoto tempore in Polynesiae insulis sodalitia mulierum ac virorum, qui ad appetitum venereum inter se explendum conveniebant. Constat inter omnes de eo quod Cato Censor detexit Bacchanalico sodalitio, et de nobilium virorum mulierumque, Carolo II. rege, positis vestibus saltantium coetibus, quorum apud Pepys mentio fit. Bajaderas templis adjunctas esse non ignoramus, et Herodotus in piis illis stupris enarrandis multus est, quae apud nonnullos veterum populorum in more fuerint neque a Strabone et S. Augustino (Civit. Dei 1, iv. c. 10) silentio praetereuntur. Jacobus Cook, nautarum celeberrimus, caeremonias describit, quas in regiae sponsae primo ac publico cum viro concubitu spectavit; nec alia ejusdem generis exempla nos deficiunt. Quae tamen exempla omni unquam mutuo pudore utriusque sexus personas vacasse non ostendunt; nam, sodalitiorum istorum quaelibet fuerit infamia, ut tenebras certe quaererent, conscientia agebantur ac si quando simili modo a recta ratione ut supra vidimus homines aberraverunt pia tunc superstitione et propitiandi numinis religione erant abducti. Praeter caetera autem incestus crimen, quod inter omnes omnium aetatum homines genitorum certe cum genitis conjugio infligitur, hoc loco commemorandum esse videtur; brutum enim quominus id, quod hominibus incestum est, impune perpetret, ne instinctu quidem naturae prohibetur. Est quidem, etiam, inter natos ac parentes, commis-

As to religion, I own that I am acquainted with a passage in Mr. Moffat's Missionary Labors and Scenes in the South of Africa,[1] in which he states that he found among the Bechuana people no belief in a deity, however crude, or in some sort of existence after death. They do not even adore a fetish. I know of no other instance in a whole tribe of a total absence of fear of some superior being, which seems indeed long to precede man's love of a deity, as in the case of the New Zealanders. Injury seems to present itself to the mind more concentratedly than blessing. The lightning which shivers the tree is perceived by every one as an individual striking phenomenon, but it requires the power of abstraction to gather the blessings of the vernal sun into one idea of divine benevolence.

This single fact, however, apparently constituting an exception, requires confirmation. If it really should be found as Mr. Moffat has stated it, and that there are no violent extraneous causes at work, we may be forced to admit that these degraded beings, who have not even attained to the idea of names for individuals among them, form a link between man and the brute, and would then be obliged somewhat to restrict this characteristic of religion.

On the other hand, it must be admitted as a striking fact that those blind deaf-mutes, or, as you will permit me at once to call them for convenience' sake, those blind-surds, who, of late, have attracted so much and just attention—Laura Bridgman and Oliver Caswell at Boston, Julia Brace in Connecticut, Anna Temmermans at Bruges, James Mitchell at Nairn, in Scotland, and many others[2]—that all these unfortunate beings who, from earliest infancy, were enveloped in lasting darkness

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sum incesti crimen, sed pariter est furtum, et multum abest ut suum cuique deberi furem ignorare judicaveris.

[1] London, 1842.

[2] Abbé Carton gives an account of many blind-surds in Europe in his work on Anna Temmermans, Ghent, 1843, and Dr. Howe, of Boston, mentions others in his last Report on the Perkins Institution for the Blind. This Report of Dr. Howe's is of the highest interest, as indeed all his previous ones were.

and stillness, shut out from all communion with the world, show the practical characteristics which I have enumerated, so far as their privation of the senses admits of them. Every blind-surd shows a decided consciousness of Mine and Thine, and a consequent perception of the value of exchange. They deeply blush if detected in filching. All show a decided sense of decorum; a consciousness of right and wrong, and resentment at injustice; all willingly acknowledge superiors, even among themselves, which latter is at least the case in the only instance in which, to my knowledge, two blind-surds have been brought in contact, namely, Laura Bridgman and Oliver Caswell. All have shown the internal necessity of language, which promptly manifested itself so soon as ingenuity and wisdom had contrived the means of breaking through the thick walls which kept their souls immured and of establishing a bridge of communion with the outer world. They seem to have no conception whatever of rhythm, because they are deprived of hearing. The same may be observed with deaf-mutes.[1] The blind-surds, especially the female, show a decided desire of adornment, and Laura, at least, elevated herself to the idea of a superior being by perceiving the rain, learning that it was a great benefit, and finding, upon inquiry, that no fellow-mortal of hers can produce it.

I shall revert to the blind-surds when treating of language, and now return to the subject more immediately in hand. We were speaking of instinct as being insufficient to account for the origin of the constituents of civilization.

Instinct is a primary and irresistible impulse towards the obtaining of a remote and important object unknown to the individual—an impulse uncontrolled by it, but controlling it. And the law of this impulse is, that its action is the intenser, more unfailing and direct, the more limited the sphere of action, circumscribed the life, and confined the intellect of the individual are. Instinct and the destiny of the being stand in an inverse ratio, and as man's destiny is the highest, amplest, and most manifold, so are his instincts the most limited. Indeed they are almost confined to his earliest infancy, when he resembles the brute creation most.

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[1] Deaf-mutes show an almost universal disregard of poetry, because neither rhythm, harmony, nor rhyme exists for them. But I have known a deaf-mute, who was very fond of dancing, keeping admirable time. He perceived the rhythm of music through his sense of touch by the concussion of the air, and possibly the sense of rhythm might be awakened in a similar manner even in the blind-surds by dint of long perseverance.

It will hardly be necessary to mention Chance as the possible cause which gives birth to the elements of civilization. Those who believe that mankind and their progressive civilization owe their existence to a Maker, and have been created for grave and weighty purposes, cannot resort to chance in order to explain their most important phases and most essential developments. Nor can he that denies these solemn purposes; because the universality of the phenomena wholly excludes this, the sorriest of all explanations, which indeed betrays a great want of reflection.

If then neither instinct, nor conscious action, nor inspiration induce man to enter upon the career of civilization, which is his destiny and essentially natural state, it must have remained very doubtful whether those constituent elements would be found out or not, did there not exist a principle which seems to lie at the foundation of all human history and upon which all advancement of our species appears to depend, namely, that the first starting in the different branches necessary for civilization is not left to the option of man, but closely connected with the material world, and is an inevitable result of the relations in which man, with his peculiar organization and his expansive intellect, is placed to the material world around him.

This is the law which we observe with all those nations which hitherto seem to have been destined for civilization. If we are asked why, then, did the same principles not produce similar results with many tribes which to this day have remained in a barbarous state, and have no interest for the historian, however attractive they may be to the naturalist, all we can answer is, that the law which has been stated is the one which can be clearly discerned with the tribes that rise into civilization; but why, if the true destiny of man is civilization, so many tribes, showing indeed its rudiments, pass away long before they have developed them, can no more be explained by man here beneath than why annually innumerable peach blossoms should drop ere they swell into fruits, although it will not be denied that the evident destiny of the blossom is to change into a peach; or why there should be animals with rudiments of organs, which are fully developed and of the highest use only with species standing above them in the great scale, but to themselves wholly useless. Indeed the question can be applied to the risen tribes, so to call them; for, if civilization, if pure religion, if peace and good-will, are the destiny of man, why do so many individuals pass away before their own tribe attained to them? Why, we may proceed, is man a social being constantly acting upon and acted upon by others? How is his individual responsibility and individual value, which cannot be denied unless we deny humanity altogether, reconcilable with this equally undeniable law of sociality? These are God's own truths; mortal eye can never penetrate the mystery. Yet one phenomenon may be mentioned as already revealed by history with reference to the destiny of mankind for civilization and its growing expansion. It is this: that while in antiquity we find a strict succession of one civilized nation to another, the succeeding one improving on the antecedent, and predominating for a time over the others—a monarchical principle, as it were, in the line of succession—we find in modern times rather a commonwealth of civilized nations. In antiquity history coursed in the narrow channel of single countries; in modern times history resembles our own broad ocean where the flags of many nations meet. It is Christianity and the broad universal character of modern knowledge, closely connected with Christianity, which have rendered possible this striking phenomenon. With the ancients everything was strictly national; religion, polity, knowledge, literature, art, acknowledgment of right, all were local; with us, the different colors on the map do not designate different districts of religion, knowledge, art, and customs. There are wires of mental telegraphs which cross all those red and blue and yellow lines. And who will say that the time cannot arrive when that broad sea of history, as we just called it, this commonwealth of active and polished nations, shall extend over the face of our planet?

Let us now proceed to give the necessary illustrations of the law that the necessity of starting in the elements of civilization arises out of the relation in which man is placed to the material world.

Population cannot increase, nor civilization expand, without exchange, commerce, and an ultimate peaceful international communion. Consequently we find this law, of the utmost simplicity: that while, on the one hand, those wants of necessity as well as taste which daily recur are manifold in each individual and very uniform all over the globe, the capacity, on the other hand, of satisfying these wants, inherent in the various regions of the earth, is varied in the highest degree.

The palates of all men are pleasantly affected by the taste of sweetness; so much so, that in most developed idioms the word sweet is used no longer in a tropical sense—at least it must be called a very faded trope—for that which charms by gentleness, purity, loveliness, and is dear to our hearts. We say sweet child, a sweet song, sweet temper, sweet wife, and even sweet Saviour. Everywhere do these expressions, derived from sensual affection, go directly to the souls of all men in all climes and of all ages, because the palates of all delight in a properly tempered degree of sweetness. Yet the rays of the sun fall upon few countries only in that angle which is necessary for the growth of the cane that yields the most desired among the saccharine substances. All men relish sugar; few countries grow it. A deep blue color has ever pleased the eyes of all men, their organs of sight being of uniform structure; but indigo, furnishing the richest dye of this favorite color, grows in very limited districts only. All men value the many pleasant, pliant, and easily dyed tissues of wool. Our Indian covets a blanket, and Homer delights in singing again and again the beauty of the soft purple carpet and delicate woollen cover worthy the acceptance of a king; yet the sheep which furnishes the fine and limber thread is not reared in all regions. Adorning silk is valued in the Orient as by the Western race, because its tempered gloss and ready reception of the richest colors and of every tint of delicate or gorgeous dye are agreeable to all eyes, and because the minds of all men are so constituted that so soon as the wants of necessity are satisfied they are happily followed by the wants of taste, the desire of ornate comfort, and the ever active yearning to rise in condition and make our mode of existence agree with it. Yet, universal though the consumption of silk stuffs be, its production is confined to very few parts of the globe. Cotton has become a blessing to mankind, promoting health, decency, and respectability where squalid want, disease, vice, and tattered disregard of self prevailed with millions upon millions. In Asia, Africa, Europe, and America, the rich and the poor, young and old, the colored and the white stand in need of cotton, while the countries producing this commodity can be easily numbered. The same may be said of all farinaceous substances, wheat, rye, maize, rice; of wine and oil, of iron and copper, leather, meat, and fish. It is the all-embracing law of mutual dependence operating in the narrowest as well as the widest circles, between individuals and nations, near and afar. It is the great law of territorial division of labor and consequent union of men. The animal is doomed to labor in its confined sphere, under individual independence and isolating self-sufficiency; man alone was blessed with the injunction of mutual dependence, a constituent of love and forbearance.

If in an opposite manner men had been created with wants widely differing in the individuals, and the material world been so constituted that every individual could at once have found the means of satisfying these desires close at hand—a plan which in all probability human wisdom would have conceived of—the earth would now be dotted with independent, insulated, grovelling, selfish and self-satisfied clusters of men, still more abased than the present tribes of hunters; a sort of population which by no art or invention of its own could ever have risen above its mean condition.

Man is a political being. He cannot find his proper destiny without the state. It was, therefore, not left to his option to unite into a government, nor was he driven by instinct to its formation, as the bee congregates into a social life. God created man the only mammal which stands in need of parental protection for a long series of years after the period of lactation, and whose desires and inclinations, arising out of the difference of sexes, which becomes more marked as the animal stands higher in the scale, are not limited to a season, as is the case with the brute. And as no original and inherent principle in our nature is either mischievous or useless in itself, but given, along with regulating and bridling reason, for the wisest purposes, so it is in this case.

So soon as the brute parent ceases to furnish milk to the young one, it shifts for itself. The child of man alone requires support and protection up to its seventeenth year or later, while in the mean time other children are born, and time is given to their intellects and affections to expand and grow in strength, and thus attachment, gratitude, respect, obedience, and mutual support to spring up. The institution of the family becomes inevitable. Men are unfailingly, though progressively, led into the formation of it, and so soon as formed, the institution possesses and forever retains an expansive character. For, the family gains in importance as the school of mental, moral, religious, and political culture of the young as well as the old, as civilization advances. "Children do not only stand in need of parents; we parents stand as much in need of children."[1] Out of the family arises the patriarchal state, or, rather, it *is* the patriarchal state, from which the other forms of government progressively proceed. Authority, language, property, and the important consciousness that men do not only form a society as to the present time, but also and necessarily a *continuum*, and not an accidental aggregate of "huddled units," all these find their incipient stages in the family.

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[1] Schleiermacher in his speech at the grave of his son.

If we suppose that man had been organized like the brute, which is not as helplessly born as he is, and becomes far sooner independent, a human family would be as unknown as a family of brutes. Yet at a first superficial glance the animal might appear the more favored of the two, which may have been one of the reasons that have led so many tribes to the worship of animals.

Individual property is one of the primary constituents of civilization, and man could never have arrived at a full and clear perception of individual property without production For he is conscious that what he produces is his own, and that every one knows it of his own production as he does; and he is conscious, too, that he cannot produce without previous appropriation. But production and appropriation are no art or idea voluntarily invented by him. He was coerced into them by the unprotected state in which he is placed in the world. Unclad by any fur, unprovided with talon or protruding mouth, unwinged, and unfit to pursue the swift animal or to climb after the nimble beast, with a keen appetite and a relish for a great variety of food, with young ones for years dependent upon him, and a nature around him which in its most bountiful state affords but scanty and precarious food to the merely gathering man, he was obliged to entrap or shoot the animal, that is, to appropriate by skill, which is production, and gradually to produce still more exclusively, intensely, and widely. He thus came to the clear perception of property which exists long before those more stable governments which we are accustomed to call states in particular, or which exists from the first beginning. Along with the earliest forms of government, man entered upon the great career of industry, agriculture, and exchange.

We may possibly imagine man, in a very low state, to grope his way with a system of signs not consisting in sounds. But such a language, if we can call it thus, must in its nature have remained very confined and confining. It could never have become the ready mould of his thoughts, the copious means of varied intercourse, the binding tie of society, the conveyance of thoughts, feelings, and experiences to distant generations, and could have never expanded into a literature, another of the indispensable foundations of a fairly developed civilization. Was then this phonetic language left to his invention? He might have found other signs at the time more convenient, as even now some persons do for certain purposes, and those signs might have satisfied his early wants, and forestalled the origination of a phonetic idiom. The necessary phonetic language, however—that is, communion by oral sounds—was not left to man's option or precarious ingenuity. He was constituted in a manner which obliged him to make use of sounds as the chief signs of communion. Man has thoughts to communicate, and is so essentially a social being that communion of itself is pleasant to him; nor can he avoid involuntarily to show, by various sounds, emotions which may deeply affect him at the time. Every excitement causes in him, as in all other animals, a quicker respiration or an oppression of the chest which seeks vent through exhalation or inhaling; but his emotions are far more varied than those of the animal, and the organs through which they chiefly seek vent, the throat and mouth, are far more pliable and admit of a much greater variety of sounds, so that his more numerous passions and affections, especially with the savage, make themselves known with greater accuracy and by a greater variety of oral sounds. He breathes spite, pride, longing, fear, wrath, wonder, pity, courage, regret, attention, pain, encouragement, resolution, confidence, through his mouth and nostrils—sounds which are readily understood by others, because they belong to all, and gradually condense and shape themselves into distinct or articulate sounds, that is, words—a process similar to that by which the primitive utterances of pain, Ah! Eh! were gradually cast into the articulate sounds *Hélas!* and *Alas!* The early Asiatic languages prove this, as Herder has shown long ago. Man's pliable and docile organs furnish him in the mean time with ready means to imitate the phenomena of sounds around him, and he wishes to imitate them because he has the desire and feels the necessity of communication. It is thought, undoubtedly, from which first of all language proceeds, that is, the willed conveyance of ideas by signs. He can imitate, or designate by partial imitation, other things than sounds, but none so readily, nor does probably any phenomenon strike the mind of the untutored savage so powerfully as sound. It is the most concentrated characteristic of things. The eye perceives things in their totality, and for that very reason its perceptions are unpronounceable. Take a cataract. We perceive a vast phenomenon of substance, color, motion, and constant change at one and the same instant, while the ear carries the single impression of the rumbling roar of tumbling waters to the mind. The eye perceives the totality of an animal—form, color, movement—at once; the ear takes in the single yet striking characteristic of bleating, lowing, or cooing. This strikes separately, and can be imitated. Color, time, weight, surface, taste, scent, and substance cannot be imitated at all; form and motion but partially; sound, however, completely. We have thus the second element of phonetic language, and see that man could not otherwise but resort to sounds produced by the mouth for communicating his thoughts in the far greater number of cases, though he undoubtedly assisted his first phonetic attempts by signs appealing to the eyes. These imitative sounds once existing, became likewise gradually more and more defined, or articulate words, and a body of phonetic signs once existing, it soon became the nucleus for others, and, by composition, for inflections, while in the mean time, as man's mind found or suspected affinities in things or feelings, his organs became more skilful. The family alone, into which man is forced, must have produced abundant opportunities for phonetic signs of affection, passion, and necessity.

So very natural, indeed, is the breathing out of thoughts or a phonetic language to man, that I found Laura Bridgman the blind-surd, in imparting to whom a complete finger-writing and a general education Dr. Howe, of Boston, has so eminently succeeded, to possess between thirty and forty "noises" for the various persons of her acquaintance. She produces them often for herself, and of course without knowing their effect. When asked, on such occasions, why she made the "noise" for such or such a person, she will answer that she happened to think of that particular individual. So, when she perceives with her keen remaining sense, by the peculiar jar of the floor, who has entered her room, she quickly exhales the "noise" for that person, merely because that individual forms at the time her thought, and thought seeks vent. For other things she has no "noises," though she utters many emotions. These sounds, however, have been carefully repressed by telling her that they are painfully disagreeable to others. The reason why Laura has distinct noises for persons only is, no doubt, because she, in common with us, thinks in words ever since she has been successfully educated; with this difference, that we think in phonetic or oral words, but she in digital words,[1] and, as a deaf-mute, probably thinks in written words. Persons have, indeed, their names, which Laura knows perfectly well, but their rare occurrence may be the reason why, with regard to them, the primitive breathing shows itself as a means of designation or involuntarily. Some of these sounds are inarticulate, but others not so; for instance, Fee-fee, Puh-puh, Lull; others consist in a mere breathing with a slight vowel admixture, while others again are but the prolonged exhalation of liquids. I could not discover in these sounds any intended or conscious expression of the individuality which Laura may ascribe to the respective persons.[2]

When we contemplate a perfect language, such as the Greek or Sanscrit, or the surprising character of the holophrastic idioms of our Indians, we are lost indeed in amazement, and cannot conceive how man, unaided by superior intellect, should ever have invented so stupendous a scheme. Man was not, as we have seen, unaided. Far from it; he was coerced into the beginning, and as to the systematic development, we must not forget that God gave man reflection and thought, which, through uncounted millenniums, moulded sounds into words, and, by the most imperceptible processes, out of words inflections, that many of the processes are daily yet going on around us, and that, indeed, but few idioms do attain to a high degree of excellence. In almost all languages, that which we cannot say amounts to more than what we can say, and languages such as the Chinese show us how entire idioms can consist of sounds of one kind only, which are neither verb nor noun, incapable of any inflection, and must be understood as we understand the first prattling of our infants, by the juxtaposition of those elementary utterances. Language affords no greater subject for surprise than the art of alphabetic writing—that is, writing by characters which have reference to the sounds of words and not to the idea itself, as our characters for numbers do, and which, therefore, may correctly be read by the most different nations. Who could have contrived so stupendous a scheme or conceived so remarkable a thought as to invent visible characters for audible signs of ideas? This art was, therefore, likewise ascribed by the ancients to divine origin, but we, since Champollion has deciphered the hieroglyphics, have all the stages of the art of writing before us, from the first pictorial, the direct symbolic, and faded symbolic or conventional hieroglyphic, the phonetic hieroglyphic up to the alphabetic phonetic signs. We see on the walls of the Egyptian temples that the transition from ideographic signs to phonetic characters was gradual and natural, although the whole contrivance of alphabetic writing remains one of the most remarkable discoveries, quite as great, if not greater, than the art of printing.[1]

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[1] Whenever she thinks in a lively manner for herself, and even in her dreams, she writes her thoughts with one hand in the other, as many of us move the lips without speaking, or as we speak in our dreams.

[2] I found Laura indicating her inner state also by other sounds—*e.g.*, the shaking of the head for negation, nodding for affirmation, elevating her hands in wonder, expressing surprise by an oral sound such as we produce on similar occasions.

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[1] The first phonetic signs which the Egyptians used were images of those things whose names began with the letter which it was desirable to represent.

But is language a more wonderful contrivance than a highly-developed government, a British polity with its common law and parliament and county administration, navy, colonies, and sub-empires? We know, nevertheless, that these have not been established by divine inspiration.

When once the Creator has coerced man into the path of progress He has sufficiently provided his creature with means to pursue it, and no subsidiary inspiration is granted. Man is fretful, but God is calm. When He created the seas and the dry land and placed man, endowed with reason and a perfect organization, upon it, He knew that in due time man would contrive the plough and launch his ships.

We have thus seen that the Supreme Ruler has not laid out so deficient a plan of civilization that continued inspiration became necessary, nor that we must claim for human wit what belongs to divine wisdom,[1] and that in these, as in all other cases of divine government into which an insight is vouchsafed us, we find that the Creator effects mighty ends by principles and laws of sublime simplicity, working unfailingly in grandeur and calmness.

They could therefore designate the same sound in many different ways. Adopting the same method for our tongue, we might indicate the single sound L by sketching the image of a lamb, lamp, leaf, last, lion, ladder, laurel, etc.; because all begin with the liquid L. Gradually the easiest among these sketches would be exclusively used, and its shape would soon be reduced to such simplicity that the few remaining strokes would bear little resemblance to the original, although the name of the letter remained the same with the thing which they first designated. The names of the characters of the Hebrew alphabet indicate things, such as hand, etc.

[1] *Claim for human wit what belongs to divine wisdom.* I have an impression that this sentence is not my own; but I am unable to remember where I have met with it or what passage may have suggested it to my mind.

THE CHARACTER OF THE GENTLEMAN.[1]

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,—The very word by which I have the pleasure of addressing you will form the subject of the address which, in the spirit of great kindness, you have called upon me, unknown to you as I am, to deliver on this festive day. I tender you my cordial thanks for this proof of your regard; but, in doing so, I must remind you that I find difficulties of no common character surrounding me at this moment. My foot treads for the first time the soil of your sylvan state; I am unacquainted with what may be peculiar to your society, or characteristic of your institution. I thus may stand in danger of losing myself with you in unprofitable generalities. Let me beg you, therefore, to bear with me, should you consider my subject not sufficiently characteristic for this particular occasion, for which I have selected the Character of the Gentleman. It appeared to me that an inquiry into the proposition, What is the true character of the gentleman, and what rules of action do we derive from the results of this inquiry, might be made useful and instructive to young men who, in receiving a liberal education, are preparing themselves for the most important walks of practical life, or the spheres of literature, eloquence, and public action.

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[1] The following paper was originally an address delivered before the students of Miami University in Ohio, on commencement day, in 1846. It was printed and widely distributed at that time. A second edition appeared in 1847, and a third, in the form of a volume in 18mo, was published in 1863. There was also an English edition, with a preface by E. B. Shuldham, printed in 1862. In its final form the address is much enlarged, and many notes are added, which, the author remarks, "may appear as anachronisms in a discourse delivered as long ago as in the year 1846."—(G.)

Young as you are, you must have observed that the term gentleman is used in common intercourse indeed almost unmeaningly, or as a term merely indicating that we do not mean the opposite; but that the word has also come to designate, in a direct and positive manner, a character of high and even lofty attributes, and, at the same time, is employed on occasions apparently much differing in their nature. It is made use of as an incentive in education at home, and in training at school for those who are yet sporting through the age of boyhood. Every one of us has felt his boyish heart glow more warmly when our parent or teacher said, with smiling approval, "You are a little gentleman;" and Dr. Thomas Arnold, the solid scholar, the loving Christian, devoted friend of liberty, and great school-master, pronounced it his highest aim to make the boys entrusted to his care feel like Christian gentlemen. An English writer, in order to express most strongly his admiration of Plato's works, says that they are pervaded by a spirit, almost, of a Christian gentleman;[1] an officer of the army or navy may be tried for "conduct unbecoming a gentleman"—a charge ruinous to his career, if the court pronounces him guilty; "on the word of a gentleman" is considered among men of character equivalent to a solemn asseveration, and the charge "he is no gentleman," as one of the most degrading that can be brought against a man of education. You would understand me at once as being desirous of conveying a grave idea, were I to say that Socrates, though condemned by vulgar envy, died passionless, a philosopher and a gentleman, or that Charles I., of England, after having long prevaricated, and occasionally stooped to unworthy practices, demeaned himself, during his trial and on the scaffold, like a gentleman.

Erskine, the great advocate, said, in one of his pleadings, "He is an English gentleman, the best thing a man can be;"

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[1] There is a work, published some years ago, which, nevertheless, I have not yet met with:

The Christian Gentleman's Daily Walk. By Sir Archibald Edmonstone, Bart. Third edition, rearranged and enlarged.

and Townsend, in his History of the House of Commons, calls it, The society of the first gentlemen in the world.

When Nicholas, the Emperor of Russia, conversing with the English ambassador, Sir Hamilton Seymour, on the state of Turkey, was desirous of impressing the latter that he was speaking with perfect truth, he said, "Now I desire to speak to you as a friend and as a gentleman."[1] The emperor was speaking in French; yet he used the English term "gentleman."

I give in conclusion of these instances Judge Talfourd's words, which he uttered on the bench, in a case tried at the Bristol assizes, shortly before his sudden death. The evidence proved that the defendant, while in the theatre, had said to the plaintiff, "Do not speak to me: I am a gentleman, and you are a tradesman."—"Gentleman," said the learned judge, "is a term which does not apply to any station. The man of rank who deports himself with dignity and candor, and the tradesman who discharges the duties of life with honor and integrity, are alike entitled to it; nay, the humblest artisan, who fulfils the obligations cast upon him with virtue and with honor, is more entitled to the name of gentleman than the man who could indulge in offensive and ribald remarks, however big his station."[2]

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[1] Sir H. Seymour's despatch of January 22, 1853.

[2] Different meanings are given to the word, as appears from the following:

The *Englishman* (Indian paper) of the 28th June, 1850, gave the following: We have read several very characteristic letters, which we regret we are not permitted to publish; but one has just been handed to us for that purpose, and we accordingly subjoin it. The affair, as related to us, is as follows: A Mr. Morgan, employed in a public office, in sending a small sum due to Mr. Rowe, addressed him as Sergeant Rowe. The sergeant's better half was incensed at this, he being a tailor by trade, and employed in the clothing department, and probably expected to be addressed as esquire. She wrote an angry letter to the offender, who, considering the sergeant implicated, complained to the commanding officer of the station, and, not obtaining the redress he expected, forwarded his complaint to the commander-in-chief, from whom he received the following reply, which we think would have been recognized without the signature:

CAMP, April 18, 1850.

SIR:—I have received your complaint, and your very sensible remarks on Mrs. Sergeant Rowe's letter. There is, as you say, nothing disgraceful in being

We naturally ask, then, what is the meaning of this comprehensive term, and is there anything substantial in the

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a sergeant, any more than in being a tailor, which, by your letter, Sergeant Rowe appears to be. My opinion is that he who wears a uniform is of higher rank than he who makes it, and the sergeant is, in my mind, much the highest in rank of the two! *All soldiers are gentlemen, and tailors are only tailors!* But it seems that Mrs. Rowe thinks otherwise, and prefers being a tailor's wife to being an officer's wife. Now, in my opinion, a lady has a right to hold her own opinion on these matters, and I am unable to give you any redress, because my commission as commander-in-chief gives me no power to make ladies apologize for being saucy, which is an unfortunate habit that they fall into at times, and more especially those who are good-looking, which I suppose Mrs. Sergeant Rowe happens to be. As to the sergeant having written the letter, that is neither here nor there. Some husbands cannot well help doing as they are ordered, and he may be innocent of malice. The only thing that I can do is to advise you to apply to your superior, the collector and magistrate of Furruckabad, who will represent the insult which has been put upon you by Mr. Sergeant Rowe (as you state), and, if possible, Major Tucker will endeavor to persuade the lady to apologize for calling you an ass. More than giving you this advice I cannot do.

C. J. NAPIER, *Commander-in-Chief.*

But against this wayward letter I must be permitted to quote a passage of the Epilogue to Dr. Birch and his Young Friends, a poem published in England in the year 1848:

"Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize?
Go, lose or conquer as you can:
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

"A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays)—
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days:
The shepherds heard it overhead,
The joyful angels raised it then—
Glory to heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men."

This punning on "gentle" in the word gentleman occurs very frequently in English literature. Gentle, as in gentlefolk and gentleman, meant originally belonging to a *gens,* just as in modern times the expression "of family" is used.

character which it designates, or is it an idol, arbitrarily set up by fickle fashion beside morality, perhaps above religion? Has it become a caricature, however innocent at first, or ought it to be well known and attentively cultivated?

I must not detain you with the well-known etymologies of the word, given among others by Gibbon, nor with its meaning in the English law. Blackstone's Commentaries, or any proper book of reference, will speedily satisfy the curious on this point.

Let us rather endeavor to ascertain what is meant at present by those who choose their words with care and knowledge, when they use the term gentleman in its highest acceptation. You may see it frequently stated that gentleman means gentle man, which is neither etymologically correct, nor true as to its present peculiar meaning. Gentleness is indeed an element of the true gentleman, as we shall amply see; but it alone does not constitute the gentleman. If it did, we should not stand in need of the word. The word gentleman was formed before gentle came to signify kindliness of soul; but it is nevertheless instructive to trace all the meanings now assigned to the words derived from the Latin *gens*, through their different changes. Let me advise you to reflect on the meaning of Gentle, and of the different meanings of the corresponding words in other languages, and their gradual growth out of that first and Roman root Gens.

I believe the word gentleman signifies that character which is distinguished by strict honor,[1] self-possession, forbearance,

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It is this meaning that gave so cherished a meaning to the word gentleman in the Middle Ages. Many of my readers may not be acquainted with that remarkable passage in Juliana Barnes's book on Armory, which Dr. Allibone has given in his Critical Dictionary of English Literature. Juliana Berners or Barnes was a prioress towards the end of the fourteenth century, distinguished for beauty and learning. Her mentioned work begins with the following piece of heraldry: "Of the offspring of the gentilman Jafeth come Habraham, Moyses, Aron, and the profettys; and also the kyng of the right lyne of Mary, of whom that gentilman Jhesus was borne, very God and man; after his manhoode kynge of the land of Jude and of Jues, gentilman by his modre Mary, prince of cote armure."

[1] A reviewer has blamed me for using the word honor and not saying what I

generous, as well as refined feelings, and polished deportment—a character to which all meanness, explosive irritableness, and peevish fretfulness are alien; to which, consequently, a generous candor, scrupulous veracity, and essential truthfulness, courage, both moral and physical, dignity, self-respect, a studious avoidance of giving offence to others or oppressing them, and liberality in thought, argument, and conduct, are habitual and have become natural. Perhaps we are justified in saying that the character of the gentleman implies an addition of refinement of feeling and loftiness of conduct to the rigid dictates of morality and the purifying precepts of religion. It seems to me that we always connect with the word gentleman the ideas of honor, polish, collectedness of mind, and liberal disposition, and feel that its antagonistic characters are—if you will permit me, in the spirit of philosophical inquiry, to use words some of which do not often find a befitting place in a gentlemanly discourse—the clown, the gossip, the backbiter, the dullard, coward, braggart, fretter, swaggerer, the snob, the flunkey, the bully, the ruffian, and the blackguard, according to the special attribute of the gentleman, the opposite to which we may be desirous of pointing out in the antagonistic character.

If I use here the word *polish*, I mean, indeed, that urbanity which, in most cases, is the effect of a careful education and choice intercourse, consisting, in other words, in high breeding, but which, nevertheless, may result from native qualities so strong that subsequent cultivation may become comparatively unimportant. There are native gentlemen, as there are native captains, bards, orators, and diplomatists. Whoever has read Captain Wilson's account of the Pelew Islands [1] will concede

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mean, adding that people use honor in very different ways: some think it consists in paying debts incurred at game, others in treating ladies deferentially but not caring how many servant-girls may be seduced. Did the reviewer really mean that I should build a causeway of definitions as I went along?

[1] Account of the Pelew Islands, composed from the Journals of Captain Henry Wilson, wrecked on those Islands in the Ship Antelope, in 1783, by G. Keate, Esq.: 4th edition, London, 1789.

that the king Abba Thulle and his brothers, especially Raa Kook, were, in all their nudity and want of acquaintance with white men, as delicately feeling and complete gentlemen as can be found in any nation of long-planted civilization; and I have at this moment an old, now departed, negro slave in my mind, whom I have never seen otherwise than obliging, polite, anticipating, dignified, true, and forbearing—in short, a gentleman in his lowly sphere. As a matter of course, this can take place by way of exception only; but the more difficult the exception the more honorable is the instance.

A term which has so long a history as that of gentleman, and whose meaning has passed through so many phases, is, naturally, still used in many different senses; nor can the cognate words, such as gentility,[1] be expected to correspond to one and the same sense of the main word. The different meanings of words branch out in different directions, and their derivatives and cognate terms branch out for themselves. It frequently happens, especially in the English language, that the adjective form of a noun receives an additional meaning or one widely different from that which we would have a right to expect did the grammatical relationship alone furnish us with a sure guidance. These topics do not lie within the limits of our inquiry. Our endeavor is to ascertain and dwell upon the noblest and purest meaning which, consciously or unconsciously, is given to the term—an adaptation which has legitimately developed itself in the progress of the race to which we belong.

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[1] The following extract—somewhat amusing to us in the middle of the nineteenth century, which is so deeply marked by broad, popular, national impulses—is taken from Visions of the Times of Old; or, the Antiquarian Enthusiast, by Robert Bigsby, Esq., LL.D.: 3 vols., London, 1849:

"*Degrees of Gentility.*

"The grant of a coat-of-arms constituting, therefore, a valuable distinction, a mark by which certain parties are hereditarily to be recognized as superior in rank to the general body of the people, it necessarily follows that any usurpation of that privilege by others is an offence, both in politics and morals, which deserves and should always meet with a ready exposure and punishment. There are four several qualities or degrees of gentility arising from the grant of coat-armor. One who inherits a coat-of-arms from his father is styled a gentleman of birth; if he derives it from his grandfather, he is termed a gentleman of blood; and if he succeeds to the same from his great-grandfather or other more distant progenitor, he is entitled a gentleman of ancestry; if he obtains the grant himself, he is simply a gentleman of coat-armor. From these facts it is readily seen that, when once a family is created by a grant of heraldic honors, it obtains at every remove from the founder an added dignity in the scale of descent, and an acknowledged precedency of worth and estimation, as compared with others of later origin. The admirers of ancient blood look with comparatively little respect on arms granted at a period subsequent to the reign of the Tudors, and venerate with an almost superstitious regard the possessors of arms deduced from the era of the Plantagenets. There are still certain appointments connected with the court which can only be filled by gentlemen of ancient families; and it is much to be regretted that the good and wise regulation which excluded from the profession of the bar all but gentlemen of four descents of coat-armor was ever rescinded."

The character of the gentleman produces an equality of social claims, and supersedes rank, office, or title. It establishes a republic of intercourse, as we speak of the republic of letters. Nowhere appears, and indeed nowhere can appear, this fact more strikingly than in the mess-room of a British regiment, where the colonel and the ensign, who, under arms, stand in the relation of the strictest military discipline, meet on the common ground of gentlemanly equality, and freely accord to each other the privileges to which every member of the great commonwealth of comity is fairly entitled. The character of the gentleman passes the bounds of states and tongues, and, without enfeebling our love of country (did it so, we would repudiate it), gives a passport acknowledged through the wide domain of civilization. In antiquity, almost every thing was circumscribed not only by nationality, but even by the mural confines of the city; in modern times, the freemasonry of a liberal education, of good manners, and propriety of conduct—in a word, of a gentlemanlike bearing—extends over entire hemispheres. It is a sway which is daily widening. Turkey is, perhaps, now in the very act of giving in her adhesion to the community of gentlemanly nations.

In order to place the type of the character which we are contemplating more distinctly before your minds, I feel induced to give you the translation of a passage which I found in a valuable French work, entitled British India in 1843, by Count Warren. The author, a Frenchman, was educated at Paris, obtained a lieutenancy in a British royal regiment in India, and served there during nine years. My translation is literal, and you will remember that the original was written by a Frenchman—a consideration which gives peculiar force to some parts, and will induce you to make allowance for others on the score of French vivacity. Count Warren, speaking of his colonel and the aide-de-camp of the regiment, says:

"I found in those two men a type essentially English, and, at the same time, a degree of perfection to which it is, perhaps, not given to Frenchmen to attain. The reader must have seen that I was not disposed to view the defects of English society with too indulgent an eye; I do not compare it, for a moment, with ours, as to engaging qualities—urbanity, kindness, simplicity—and as to all the delights which can render life happy, such as grace, *bonhomie*, and charming manners; but as we do not find the diamond in gold and silver mines, but in the layers of crumbled rocks and coarse sand, so do we find the most perfect type of man buried deep in the rude elements of our neighbors: the perfect English gentleman is the Phœnix of the human species. There is wanting in Frenchmen, to attain to this height, nothing but a more elevated and intense sentiment of personal dignity, a more religious respect for the divine part which the Almighty has vouchsafed to men. There are few—I might say, there is not one—among us who is a hero before his valet-de-chambre [1]

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[1] I cannot allow this passage to appear again in print without giving wider circulation to an excellent saying which is ascribed to the philosopher Hegel, however little it may seem to be connected with the subject immediately in hand.

Great men were spoken of, when some one flippantly repeated the old saying that no one is a hero before his valet-de-chambre. "This is true," said Hegel, "most true; not, however, because no hero is a hero, but because a valet-de-chambre is a valet-de-chambre."

A community sinks very low when it loses the capacity of acknowledging greatness, and an individual caricatures in a despicable manner the calmness of or his most intimate friend. However excellent a Frenchman may be in society before strangers or in the presence of ladies, his very *bonhomie* causes him at once to lower himself so soon as he is alone with the friend of his heart, the companion of his studies, the confidant or messenger of his first follies. This results, I shall be answered, from an excess of two good qualities—from our absence of affectation, and the gayety so characteristic of the French temper; but we have also generally the defects of these two qualities—an inclination to let ourselves go without restraint, impurity of thought and conversation,[1] exaggeration, and *harlequinade*,[2] which we are astonished to meet with at every moment in the gravest men and best minds. The perfect English gentleman never follows solely his impulses, and never lowers himself. He carries conscientiousness and the remembrance of his dignity into the smallest details of life. His temper never betrays him, for it is of the same character with his exterior; his house might be of glass; every one of his acts can bear the broadest light and defy criticism. From this we see that the individual whom we have delineated is not a product purely indigenous: he must undergo several transplantations, respire the air of the continent, and especially of France, in order to attain to perfect maturity, and to get rid of certain qualities inherent in the native soil—disdainfulness, prejudices, etc. But, if education, circumstances, and travel have favored this development, it is of him, above all, that we may say, he is the lord of creation."[3]

The Duchess of Abrantes, as enthusiastically a Frenchwoman in feeling, opinion, and spirit as ever loved *la belle France*, says, in her Memoirs, that she must relate an anecdote

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a gentleman when he interprets the Horatian *Nil admirare* as consisting in stolid indifference to the noblest and the worst things.

[1] *Grivois* in the original, which is, literally translated, smuttiness.

[2] The original is *Harlequinade:* I could not translate it *buffoonery*.

[3] "'*Avant tout je suis gentilhomme Anglais,*' was the preface of the fierce message sent by the then (1815) foremost man of the world to the King of France."—Kinglake, Invasion of the Crimea.

of Lord Wellington, when fighting against her husband in Spain, "showing him in that favorable aspect which is really the radiant light surrounding the true English gentleman." [1]

So far our French authors, the first of whom is right in calling the character designated the gentleman a type peculiarly Anglican. It belongs to the English race; nor is it long since it has been developed in its present and important form. Lord Campbell, in his Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England, says that one of the earliest instances of the word gentleman being used in the modern sense was when in 1640 the Commons, unwilling to vote supplies to Charles I. before settling their grievances, although the king had promised to give due consideration to the latter, were told by Lord Keeper Finch that they should freely vote the money, for "they had the word of a king, and not only so, but the word of a gentleman."[2] But so occurs a passage in Shakspeare: "Sir, the king is a noble gentleman;" and Pistol calls himself, in Henry V., "as good a gentleman as the emperor." The passage, however, in which the poet seems to approach closest to the modern sense of the word, is that in which Antonio, a merchant, is called "a true gentleman."[3] Yet it cannot be denied that throughout Shakspeare's works —that surprising panorama of human life—the term gentleman is almost exclusively used either for nobleman, or a man of the higher classes with polished and graceful manners; or its meaning is in a state of transition between the knight of high and sensitive honor and the modern gentleman; but it hardly ever designates the true modern gentleman, although the word occurs nearly five hundred times, according to the laborious concordance for which the public is obliged to Mrs. Cowden Clarke.

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[1] Vol. ix. p. 202, Paris edition of 1835. It is with pain that now, in 1863, the author is obliged to add that an unfortunately large number of the English people have deviated from the course of gentlemanly frankness, sympathy, and largeness of heart towards a people manfully struggling for their imperilled country, ever since our civil war began.

[2] See note to page 561, vol. ii., of Lives of the Lord Chancellors. Lord Byron distinguishes in a manner somewhat similar between nobleman and gentleman, when, in the preface to Marino Faliero, he observes that "it is the fashion to underrate Horace Walpole; firstly, because he was a nobleman; and, secondly, because he was a gentleman." In Prussia, characteristically enough, the term officer had acquired in some particulars the meaning of man of honor, of gentleman. "My lord general, on the word of an officer, I am far more of an imperialist than a Hanoverian," was said by Frederic William I.—Ranke, History of Prussia, English Translation, vol. i. p. 215.

[3] Merchant of Venice, III., 4.

You will, of course, not misunderstand the position I have advanced, that the present type of the gentleman is of modern development and Anglican origin, as if I could mean that there are no true gentlemen in other countries, or that there have been none in antiquity. All I can wish to convey is that with other races, and at other periods, the character of the gentleman has not developed itself as a national type, and as a readily understood and universally acknowledged aggregate of certain substantial and lofty attributes; nor is there now, in any other language, a word corresponding in meaning to the word gentleman, though all of Latin origin have words of the same etymology. Even in English the word gentlewoman has not followed, in the modification of its meaning, the corresponding change in the signification of the term gentleman, though the word lady has done so upon the whole. The French word *gentilhomme* has retained the meaning which we give to the English word cavalier.

Instances of gentlemanliness in antiquity, or with other races, are not wanting. The ancient Darma Shastra of the Hindoos ordain that a man who loses a lawsuit shall not be liable to punishment if, in leaving the court, he murmurs or openly rails against the judge—a law, it will be acknowledged, exclusively dictated by a spirit of gentlemanly forbearance. When Lycurgus treated Alcander, who had put out one of his eyes, with forbearance and even confidence, he proved himself a gentleman, as he did towards his nephew Charilaus, under the most tempting circumstances. When Cæsar, after the battle at Pharsalia, burned the correspondence of Pompey, which might have disclosed to him the names of all his personal and most dangerous enemies, he acted as a gentleman;

if, indeed, he did not throw a secret glance at them, which, from the general tenor of his life, we have, perhaps, no right to suppose. Alexander began his career as a high-bred gentleman towards friend and foe, and could never wholly disguise that nature had moulded him for one; but what with withering absolute power, intoxicating victories, and riotous intemperance, she was robbed of her fair handiwork. The pages of Prescott impress us with the sad belief that Montezuma was a gentleman, but he was not treated as such; for the Spaniards, punctiliously courteous among themselves, did not think it necessary to bear themselves as cavaliers—how rarely even as men!—towards the "unbaptized rabble." The French officer who, in the Peninsular battle, charged the English commander, but merely saluted him when he found that the latter had only the bridle-arm and could not fight, was assuredly a gentleman.[1] But we speak here of national types, of distinct classes of characters, clearly stamped by an imprint known and acknowledged by the whole people;[2] and as to antiquity, we need only remember the scurrilous invectives with which even the first orators did not think it beneath them to assail their opponents in the Roman senate or the Athenian ecclesia, to be aware that, in our times, a member would be instantly declared out of order and put down, were he to make use of similar language and resort to equal personalities, even in assemblies in which, to the detriment of public tone and public service, deviations from parliamentary decorum no longer form rare exceptions. Falsehood did not disgrace with the ancients as it does with modern free nations.

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[1] Jotee Persaud, a Parsee banker, was called by Lord Ellenborough, years ago, in the House of Lords, "a gentleman; for gentleman he is, remarkable for his gentleman-like manners where all have such manners."

[2] We have a parallel case in the character of the philanthropist. There were mild and charitable persons in antiquity. The account of the Samaritan was felt and understood by every hearer. The ancient Hindoo law-giver, who sublimely commanded, "Be like the sandal-tree, which sheds perfume on the axe that fells it," was inspired with more than mere philanthropy; yet the type of the philanthropist, that combination of attributes which we associate with the word, is a modern type, and was unknown in antiquity or the Middle Ages. There would be something strangely odd in speaking of an ancient Roman philanthropist, except it were done for the very purpose of indicating how the individual in antiquity anticipated the character and stood alone in his virtues, now connected with the term philanthropist. The type of the opposition member is another. There were citizens in ancient times, as in the Middle Ages, who, though opposed to the ruling power, did not brood over sedition or revolt; yet the loyal opposition member is a strictly modern type—a noble and indispensable type, yet fully developed only since the times of George I.

It does not appear difficult to account for the fact that the peculiar character which we call the gentleman should be of comparatively late development, and have shown itself first fully developed with the English people. Each of the various constituents of this character required peculiar social conditions to come to maturity. The Middle Ages were at times—though not so often as is frequently supposed—sufficiently favorable to the development of chivalrous honor under the united influence of an active love of individual independence, and a softening reverence for the softer sex. But one of the pervading characteristics of those angry times was that of exclusive privilege, contradistinguished from a broad acknowledgment of the rights of all and a willing recognition of humanity in every one—shown even in a graduated duty of allegiance. Mediæval liberty was almost always a chartered one, extorted by him who had the power to extort, and grudged by him who had not the power to withhold. Modern liberty, on the contrary, is constitutional, that is, national, recognizing rights in all, covering the land, and compassing the power-holder himself. The ideal of modern liberty is that it be broadcast; the ideal of mediæval freedom was that of the highest amount and complex of privileges. Each privilege begets the desire of another in those who are deprived of it, and the idea of privilege implies that of exclusiveness; but that mediæval exclusiveness, and the constant feuds and appeals to the sword, prevented the growth of the collected calmness, ready forbearance, and kind reciprocity which we have acknowledged as necessary elements of the modern gentleman.

Later periods, especially in the progress of manners in France, were propitious to the development of refinement and a polished deportment; but it was at the cost of morality, and took place under a daily growing despotism, which in its very nature is adverse to mutual reliance and acknowledgment, to candor and dignity of character, however favorable it may be to stateliness of carriage. Veracity is a plant which grows in abundance on the soil of civil liberty alone, and even there not always. The character of the gentleman, such as we now cherish it, was not, therefore, fairly developed, before the popular institutions and a broader civil liberty in England added a more general consciousness of rights, with their acknowledgment in others, a general esteem for candor, self-respect, and dignity, together with native English manliness and calmness, to the spirit of chivalry which, in some degree, was still traditional in the aristocracy, and to the courtesy of manners which perhaps had been adopted from abroad. The character of the cavalier was essentially aristocratic; that of the gentleman is rather of a popular cast, or of a civic nature, and shows in this, likewise, that it belongs to modern times. The cavalier distinguished himself by his dress—by plume, lace, and cut; the gentleman shuns external distinction, and shows his refinement within the limits of plain attire.

The development of this type is owing, in a great measure, to the fact, important in all branches of English history, that, accurately and legally speaking, there is no nobleman in England. There are peers, but their sons are commoners. They had the aristocratic breeding, lofty aspirations, and also the aristocratic disdain: still they were legally common citizens, and in a generation or two became, frequently, practically so. On the other hand, the large landholder, though undistinguished by nobility, felt, descending as he often did from the Norman conquerors, that he was what the nobleman on the continent was, where his name would infallibly have been distinguished by that particle which designates the nobleman. Yet the richest landholder, if not made a peer, was the plain Mr. A. or B. Here was the middle ground: this formed the palpable transition.

I find a book, of which the twelfth edition was published as late as the year 1755, with the title, "The Gentleman

Instructed in the Conduct of a Virtuous and Happy Life. Written for the Instruction of a Young Nobleman. To which is added a Word to the Ladies. In two volumes."

The title illustrates what I have said; and throughout the work the term gentleman means a person of high birth or standing in society.[1] The moral reflections consist in urging the necessity that the gentleman should in conduct and virtue rise to this elevation, already existing, and making him the gentleman.

The character of the gentleman includes whatever was valuable in the cavalier and the earlier knight, but it stands above him, even with reference to that very element which constituted a chief attribute of the cavalier—to honor. Untarnished honor depends in a great measure upon truthfulness; and it is a cheering fact, that the world has become more candid within the last two centuries. The details of the history of domestic intercourse, of traffic, of judicial transactions and bribes, of parliamentary procedures, of high politics and international affairs, bear us out in this position, however painfully we may even now, far too frequently, be forced to observe infractions of the sacred law of plain-dealing, religious candor, and gentlemanly veracity in individuals and in governments.[2]

In ascribing greater veracity to the people of free countries in modern times, I may appear to gainsay other and distinguished writers. Montaigne actually says, that we moderns punish the charge of a lie so severely, which the ancients did not, because we lie habitually much more, and must save appearances. But Montaigne wrote in France, at an evil period; and we may well ask, besides, whether antiquity with all its details was vivid in his mind when he penned that passage. If the position I have advanced be wrong, I have, at any rate, not hastily come to it. I *am* convinced that there is at present more truth in the intercourse of men, although we speak and write less bluntly. Who has studied history without meeting occasionally with acts of deception, which we find it difficult to understand, because at present public opinion would frown upon them and utterly disgrace their authors? When in modern times a flagrant act of "adjourned veracity" has been detected, the peccant, though they be emperors, show themselves anxious to remove the stain. Were there not times when high officers and statesmen gloried in successful deception? We are not, individually, better before an omniscient eye, that sees all our potential crimes and vices; but public opinion keeps us straighter and accustoms us to better things. And public opinion has acquired this power, because it can widely speak out, from nation to nation.

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[1] Dr. Johnson's definitions of the word gentleman show the same.

[2] Truthfulness obliges us to add that the meaning of the last remark has become sadly intensified within the last ten years. May it be but a transient reflux in the general progress of humanity!—[Added in the year 1863.]

Let me give you a striking instance how lightly veracity was held in those times, so frequently called chivalrous. I, with many thousands, revere the memory of Dante—of him who stands with Homer and Shakspeare in the foremost line of the high-priests of song. It is for this reason that I have ever read with deep aversion the occurrence with Friar Alberigo, in his Inferno—an eminently ethical poem—indeed, *that* of the great poems produced by our race in which morality forms as active and productive an element, as heroism in Homer; Man, in all his phases of action and in his various types, in Shakspeare; or the individual, in his subjective enjoyment and suffering, in Goethe.

In this immortal poem, Dante sings that he came to a frozen lake in which the damned suffer from everlasting cold and have their first tears frozen in their eyes, so that all the others which the lost ones ever weep burn inwardly. There he asks one of the desponding who he is. The suffering sinner begs him first to remove his frozen tears, that for once he may enjoy the long-missed luxury of weeping—weeping a little only. First, replies Dante, tell me who thou art, and then I will do thy desire, "and if I do not extricate thee, may I have to go to the bottom of the ice." The wretched convict of hell confides, tells his story, and piteously adds: "Now reach thy hand

and open my eyes;" but Dante says: "And I opened them not for him, and to be rude to him was courtesy." Thus representing himself in a song he knew he was singing for all his country and for posterity, in an act of meanness[1] that must shock every candid man. It is not "sickly philanthropy" in us that makes us feel thus; it was not overwrought religion in Dante that could induce him thus to represent himself: it was a morbidness produced by harsh dogmas, such as we find it again and in action in the Spaniards towards the Mexicans and Peruvians, that could cause Dante to sing his own abandonment of veracity, of pity, and a sinner's sympathy with sinners forever lost.

Where so many distinct attributes, held in high and common esteem, are blended into one character, we must be prepared to meet with corresponding caricatures or mimicking impersonations of trifling dispositions and depraved passions. All noble things have their counterfeits, and every great idea or exalted type has its caricature in history. So is the saint's counterfeit the hypocrite; the patriot is caricatured in the demagogue; the thrifty husband in the miser; the frank companion in the gossip; the chaste in the prude; the sincere reformer in the reckless Jacobin, and the cautious statesman or firm believer in the necessity of progressive improvement, distrusting abrupt changes, in the idolater of the past and the Chinese worshipper of the forefathers. In a similar manner we find the sensitive honor of the gentleman counterfeited in the touchy duellist; his courage by the arrant bully; his calmness of mind by supercilious indifference or a fear of betraying even the purest emotions; his refinement of feeling by sentimentality or affectation; his polished manners by a punctilious observance of trivial forms; his ready compliance with conventional forms in order to avoid notice or giving offence to others, or his natural habit of moving in those forms which have come to be established among the accomplished by the silly hunter after new fashions, or a censurable and enfeebling love of approbation; his liberality by the spendthrift; his dignity and self-respect by conceit or a dogged resistance to the acknowledgment of error or wrong; his candor by an ill-natured desire of telling unwelcome truths; his freedom from petulance by incapacity of enthusiasm; his composure by egotism, and his aversion from vulgarity by a pretended horror at coming in contact with fellow-men of a different set or class, and by an indifference to the motives which incite vast masses to action in the same proportion as these motives are general. But these reflections from distorting mirrors do not detract from the real worth and the important attributes of the well-proportioned original; nor can it be said that this character has been set up as a purely ethical model in spite of religion. I am convinced that it was possible to conceive this character in its fulness only by the aid of Christianity, and believe—I say it with bowing reverence—that in Him to whom we look for the model of every perfection we also find the perfect type of that character which occupies our attention.

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[1] Nor does Dante present himself more as a gentleman in the thirty second canto, where he describes himself as pulling out the hair of Bocca.

It seems, then, plain that, in placing before us the character of the gentleman as one of the models of excellence, we do not allow the nimble hand of *neomaniac* fashion to substitute a puny idol, decked with tinsel imitations of substantial gold, for the true and lasting patterns of virtue and religion; nor can you fail to perceive the vast practical importance of an active, ready, inward gentlemanliness, from which a gentlemanlike conduct as naturally results as the spontaneous effect from any healthy organism.

In all spheres of our lives there occur many acts of so complex a nature that, if they are submitted to a long process of reasoning, which possibly may appear the more impartial the more heartlessly it is undertaken, they will allow of a perplexing number of arguments for and against, of bewildering precedents on either side, and of distinctions more embarrassing than unravelling, so that in the end we see our way less clearly than at the beginning—acts from which, nevertheless, a mind instinct with genuine gentlemanliness will shrink at once, as being of doubtful candor, dangerous to honor, of suspicious honesty, or inclining to what is illiberal or undignified. No merchant or artisan, no advocate, statesman, teacher, or minister—no citizen, in whatever circle he may move—no husband or friend, none of you, in your preparatory spheres, can avoid being called upon promptly to decide in cases of this nature. Acts somewhat tinctured with what we might call unhandsome, or slightly tainted with what may be mean, cannot always be distinctly discerned as such by the reasoning faculties; and yet such acts are dangerous, because they are infusions of impurity into our soul, where nothing is at rest, but everything, good or evil, is in constant assimilating activity—a psychological law which is subject to far fewer exceptions, if any, than the corresponding law of assimilation of matter in the animal body.

History is full of these instances; daily life surrounds us with them; and although the pure principles as well as precepts of religion are invaluable, and of the greatest importance to all ethic vitality, and for which indeed you can find no substitute, search where you may, yet a keen and instinctive sense and glowing love of honor, watchful and prompt self-respect, and habitual recoiling from what is low, vulgar, coarse, and base in thought, feeling, deed, or manner, form an active moral coefficient, or, if I may say so, an additional faculty quickly to receive impressions upon which religious consciousness decides and works.

Young gentlemen, a clear and vigorous intellect is, in the perception and application of moral truths, as important as in any other sphere of thought or action; but the general state of the soul and the frame of mind are of greater importance; while no one will deny that gentlemanship, taken in the sense in which the word has been used here, contributes to a pure general frame of mind. Forgetting the primary importance of the purity of the soul, and the belief that the morality of human acts is ascertained by a minute weighing of their possible effects upon others, and not upon the actor himself, or by subtle definitions of the millions of acts which may occur in our lives, is one of the radical and besetting vices of the Jesuitical casuists, of an Escobar, Saa, Busenbaum, Bauny, Suarez, and innumerable other *doctores graves*, as they are styled by their own order—a vice which led them to rear their amazing system of turpitude, in ethics, and of teaching the most absolute and abject obedience to religious superiors, and at times the most disorganizing doctrines in politics.[1]

It will be scarcely necessary here to mention the question, unfortunately still at times moved, whether a man be safe if he make the law of the land the sole standard of his moral conduct. To put this question shows the utmost confusion of morals and politics, of the righteous and the legal, of the law written in our heart and the statute printed in the book; of the commandments of virtue, the resistance to which must remain possible, or we should lose our moral character, and the ordinances of civil authority, which must be enforced and complied with, though it be only because a penalty threatens the transgressor; of the codes by which fellow-men judge a few acts of ours here beneath, and that one code by which our Maker judges our whole soul above. It shows a confusion of the highest moral idea—holiness—with a written specification of prohibited acts; and it simply proves that he who can put this question does not know what the object of government is. But it seems to be certain that, comprehensive as this error is, a clear perception of the obligations of the gentleman is one of the safeguards against falling into it. There are thousands of actions which a gentleman cannot find the heart to perform, although the law of the land would permit them, and ought to permit them, lest an intermeddling despotism should stifle all freedom of action. Political and positive laws are not intended to be substitutes for our conscience, or the sole, or even the chief, guides of our conduct through life.

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[1] Ellendorf, a Catholic priest, mentions three hundred of these *doctores graves* in his work, Morals and Politics of the Jesuits, according to the Writings of the most renowned theological Authors of this Order, with the motto, By their fruits ye shall know them. Darmstadt, 1840. It is of all Catholic works far the severest against the Jesuits with which I am acquainted.

A man may be a heartless husband, a cruel or foolish father, a degenerate son, an unfeeling brother, an ungrateful pupil, or an undutiful teacher; he may be a careless guardian, an irksome neighbor, a hard creditor, or worthless citizen and unprincipled politician; he may be uncharitable, coarse, captious, indolent, mean, false, cowardly, selfish, sordid, and fanatical; he may be intemperate, obscene, and impious; he may be morally and physically repulsive in every way, and a hundred times worse than many whom the law has justly struck; and yet he may pass through life unscathed by justice, possibly for the very reason that he *is* a mean and selfish man, who knows well how to subordinate his passions to calculating egotism. Justice and liberty cease that moment when the law strikes aught but palpable acts; yet a person may leisurely travel the whole round of infamy and still guardedly keep from within striking-distance of the law. It ought to be so; but the law does not sustain infamy on that account: the law is not the code of our soul; the constable is not the substitute for our conscience.

My young friends, if you apply the characteristics of the gentleman, as I have felt myself justified and obliged to point them out, to man's practical course, you will find, first, as to our daily life and personal intercourse, that the calmness of mind, which we have acknowledged as a constituent of the character of the gentleman, naturally leads him to use temperate language, and prevents him from indulging in careless vulgarity, unmanly exaggeration, or violent coarseness. Dealing in superlatives, substituting extravagant figures of speech for arguments or facts, and interweaving our discourse with words of the gravest import used as profane expletives, while it shows want of taste, proves also a consciousness of weakness, which may consist in the character of the speaker and the argument, or in his habitual perception that he is not able fully and forcibly to deliver his thoughts and feelings. Men who are in the habit of thinking clearly, and have learned to speak promptly, perspicuously, and vigorously, are not those who deal in profane invocations or revolting imprecation; and it *is* an attribute of the accomplished gentleman to deliver himself with propriety and to speak well, "there being nothing more becoming a gentleman, nor more useful in all the occurrences of life, than to be able on any occasion to speak well and to the purpose." These are the words of a wise man and a shrewd observer—of Locke in his Essay on Education; and if perhaps the philosopher alludes, in this passage, more particularly to speeches and debates proper, I must beg you to observe likewise that, important though they be, the daily conversation is more important, as the comfort, decency, and salubrity of the common dwellings of men are still more important than the chaste propriety or lofty style of public edifices. The kindness of his feeling prevents him from vaunting; moroseness and asperity are foreign to him; and his forbearance as well as generosity make him the safe keeper of secrets, even without the special exaction of secrecy. He is not meddlesome; and it is a principle with him not only to keep positive secrets, but to abstain from talking about the personal affairs of others as a general rule, to be suspended only when there is a positive and specific reason for so doing. The discourse of the gentleman turns chiefly upon facts, not persons. He keeps a secret, even though it give him power over an antagonist, *because* a secret of this kind *is* power, and a generous use of all power is one of the essential attributes of the true gentleman. Nor does he indicate that he possesses a secret; for doing so is vanity, and conceit and vanity are undignified and lower the person that harbors them. His polish makes him the civil attendant upon the weaker sex, but his essential refinement does not allow him to carry this necessary element of all civilization to a degree of caricature, in treating women as if they were incapable of argument, and must forego the privilege of being dissented from, or of arriving at truth by their own reasoning. He shows instinctive deference to old age, and respect to superior authority. In discussions, he shows his true character not only by his calmness and by abstaining from offensive positiveness, but also by the fairness of his arguments. He does not recur to those many fallacies which, though they belong to vulgar minds, or whose employment shows that we consider our adversaries as such, are, nevertheless, not without effect in brisk disputes. The well-bred gentleman gladly seizes upon those minor yet delicate attentions which, though apparently trifling, are cheering tokens of a friendly heart, and may be compared to graceful flowerets growing by the roadside of the rugged and toilsome path of life. His habitual candor will make him, to use a familiar term, " off-hand" in his intercourse with friends; he delights in serving others, and, in turn, feels the luxury of being grateful. Above all, it pains him to give pain; and he does and feels all that we have mentioned, without affectation, selfishness, or pedantry.

Let us, on the other hand, apply our principles to some of the most prominent professions or situations in practical life, such as it has formed itself with our race. Whichever field, young gentlemen, you may choose for your future labors in practical life, it is necessary that you carry the standard of the gentleman with you, and that now, ere the manifold temptations of busy life beset you, you fix it firmly in your soul by daily practice.

Those of you who intend to become divines must remember that the importance and very meaning of the minister's calling are founded upon a constant intercourse with men whom he has to teach, to guide, to save—an intercourse depending for its usefulness upon the confidence reposed in his sincerity of faith, purity of morals, prudence, and honorable bearing. You will have no other power to support you. The government does not build your churches. If a congregation are convinced that their pastor is a true Christian, a learned divine, and a perfect gentleman, he has the strongest hold on their confidence in him. He must not forget that the pulpit gives him a periodical and frequent opportunity of speaking to large numbers without reply. This is power and requires, like every power, to be wielded in a gentlemanlike manner, if its possessor wishes to secure himself against his own abuse of it. If, on the other hand, the divine descends into the arena of controversy—which, however undesirable, it does not always depend upon him to avoid—he can hardly inflict a severer injury upon his sacred cause than by exhibiting to the world, and calling forth in his adversaries, bitterness of spirit, unfairness of argument, or passionate, gross, and abusive language—in short, the conduct "unbecoming a gentleman." The great cause of the Reformation was immeasurably injured by the undignified and even scurrilous character of many controversial writings on both sides, in a degree which makes us still bear the consequences, and which greatly interfered with the diffusion of truth over Europe. Let no one persuade you that this vehemence, as the ungentlemanly bitterness and rudeness are sometimes called by way of euphemism, was necessary against violent enemies, and according to the spirit of the times. It is as bigoted as to say that so selfish and sanguinary a despot as Henry VIII. was necessary to break up the convents. No great and enduring cause stands in need of low or iniquitous means; and every low, vulgar, or heartless word engenders two and three in reply. That which is great and true is best promoted by means high and pure.

Others of you will enter the profession of the law. They will avoid many dangers incident to this profession by loyally adhering to the character of the gentleman. The advocate, in our country and in England, enjoys high privileges—that is, power. Probably it is not desirable or feasible to check its abuse in all cases: at any rate, as matters stand, he can frequently abuse it without the probability of being restrained. It becomes, therefore, the more necessary that he check himself. I do not now speak of that in a lawyer's practice which is censurable upon the broad and immutable principles of morality, and from which the profession of the advocate does no more absolve than any other calling. What a degradation of the lawyer if, like the Japanese wife, he were incapable of doing wrong![1] Nor do I speak of "those too common faults," as the great lawyer Matthew Hale said, "of misrepresenting evidence, quoting precedents or books falsely, or asserting anything confidently by which ignorant juries or weak judges are too often wrought upon."[2] I believe these trespasses are now far rarer. Nor shall I dwell upon the fact that a gentlemanly spirit must needs be a safeguard against becoming a "leguleius quidam cautus et acutus, præco actionum, cantor formularum, auceps syllabarum."[3] The pettifogger and the *legicrepa*, as the Low Latin had it, are the opposites to the gentleman advocate—one of the finest types of the citizen of a free country. Nor need I mention that it is incumbent upon a judge to move scrupulously within the limits of the gentleman, if it be incumbent upon any one in the wide range of civilized society. I pass over all this, as plainly obvious; but I must mention to you, inexperienced as you are, that lawyers not unfrequently, here as well as in England, allow their zeal for the client or the prosecution to make them visibly swerve from the path of the gentleman.

However close and searching your examination of a witness may be, you are bound by all the laws of morality, by all the principles of high-mindedness, and by the meaning of the institution of the advocate itself, to behave as gentlemen towards him whom the laws of your society place for a time in an irksome situation and make dependent upon you. You are bound by all that is sacred and gentlemanly not to use those means and artifices towards a helpless and uneducated witness, which a witness of education and standing would quickly stop by an appeal to the bench. You are bound to follow the plain and direct dictates of an ingenuous man, in the simplicity of his heart, and clearly to remember that the practice of every profession, be it that of the lawyer, the army, the church, the author, the physician, the navy, or any other, has a natural tendency to blunt or misdirect the feelings of its votaries in complicated cases of professional morality. A usage perhaps correct in the main is laid down in a sententious manner, perhaps in Latin, and soon it becomes a cruel bed of Procrustes, while the professional *hauteur* makes deaf to all protests of the non-professional. Nearly all great reforms have begun with those who did not belong to the respective profession, or to the successful competitors in the respective hierarchy.

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[1] But, then, the Japanese husband is answerable for his wife; who is answerable for the advocate?

[2] Burnet's Life of Sir Matthew Hale, p. 72.

[3] Cicero, in Oratore. fragm. ap. Augustin I., 3 contra Acad., c. 7.

Lord Brougham, when counsel of the accused queen of George IV., used this language: "An advocate, by the sacred duties which he owes his client, knows, in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world—that client, and none other. To save that client by all expedient means, to protect that client at all hazards and cost to all others, and, among other things, to himself, is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties. He must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction, which he may bring on any other."

These words, logically considered, absurd, morally monstrous, psychologically interesting—for they show how far a mind of a very high order may err when in hot pursuit of a professional end—will strike you, not yet hardened by the peculiar ethics of a class or profession, as I have designated them; but, what is more, they have actually been repeated approvingly as an authority by professional writers.[1]

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[1] They have also found their deserts. Mr. Kimball, quoting them in his St. Leger; or, the Threads of Life, says, "A more monstrous doctrine, I do not hesitate to say, was never broached. There is no such thing, there ought to be no such thing, as the morality of the advocate as distinguished from the morality of the man. The most that the advocate can assume, either in criminal or civil cases, is to be clothed with the rights and duties of his client. That client has no right to fabricate, to prevaricate, or to falsify, for the sake of a defence; neither has the advocate a right to do it for him. The *rationale* of an advocate's labors is, that he is engaged in trying to find all the evidence of the truth on one side, his opponent seeking similar evidence on the opposite, judge and jury putting two sides together in getting at the whole truth.

"Falsehood is no element of truth; and to pretend that an advocate is at the command (and for money) of a confessed felon or admitted swindler, is to take

Let me give you another quotation, taken from a biography of the famous Mr. Curran.

"It was the object almost with every one to preoccupy so successful or so dangerous an advocate; for, if he failed in inducing a jury to sympathize with his client, he at all events left a picture of his adversary behind him which survived and embittered the advantages of victory. Nor was his eloquence his only weapon: at cross-examination, the most difficult and by far the most hazardous part of a barrister's profession, he was quite inimitable. There was no plan which he did not detect, no web which he did not disentangle; and the unfortunate wretch who commenced with all the confidence of preconcerted perjury, never failed to retreat before him in all the confusion of exposure. Indeed, it was almost impossible for the guilty to offer a successful resistance. He argued, he cajoled, he ridiculed, he mimicked, he played off the various artillery of his talent upon the witness; he would affect earnestness upon trifles, and levity upon subjects of the most serious import, until at length he succeeded in creating a security that was fatal, or a sullenness that produced all the consequences of prevarication. No matter how unfair the topic, he never failed to avail himself of it; acting upon the principle that, in law as well as in war, every stratagem was admissible. If he was hard pressed, there was no peculiarity of person, no singularity of name, no eccentricity of profession, at which he would not grasp, trying to confound the self-possession of the witness by the no-matter-how-excited ridicule of the audience. To a witness of the name of Halfpenny he once began, 'Halfpenny, I see you are a *rap;* and for that reason you shall be nailed to the counter.' 'Halfpenny is *sterling*,' exclaimed the opposite counsel. 'No, no,' said he; 'he's exactly like his own conscience—only *copper-*

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a very low position for the bar. For one, I have never seen any difficulty in this subject. I do not believe an advocate has any right to say or do for his client what he would not say and do for himself; and, as he would not (if a true man) either misstate or mystify, color or conceal, in his own behalf, how can he do these things in behalf of another?"

washed.' This phrase alluded to an expression previously used on the trial."

And now I simply ask these questions:

Is this the picture of a gentleman and an upright man? When such practices were lauded and raised advocates into distinction, no wonder that Dr. Arnold besought his best pupils not to select the profession of the bar, as most dangerous to an upright man and a gentleman.

Where were the judges to check such outrages and low practices—to protect the witness?

If every stratagem is allowed in law as in war, and if with equal right the merchant says, "A trick in trade, etc.;" if the diplomatist considers cunning and circumventing the essence of his trade; if the politicians say, and they have done so in print, "Everything is allowed in politics;" if the officers of the army say, and they have done so in many countries, "The soldier has no honor except absolute obedience to the king;" if the priests say, and they have done so, that "for the greater glory of the church," nothing must be conceded to the opponent, and every evil, even crimes, within the church, must be concealed; if political partisanship induces even divines publicly to defend a fearful outrage, because committed by political vengeance; if the zealot justifies "pious frauds"; if princes break their solemn oaths for "reasons of state," and others are applauded for throwing them to the winds in order to obtain a crown, provided they are successful though it be with torrents of blood; if the pupil, acknowledging a lie to be dishonorable, still maintains it may be indulged in if proffered to a teacher; if citizens, otherwise respectable, consider a custom-house oath of no very binding power; if truth is jostled like an inconvenient guest out of the particular house of every one, though acknowledged as a most honorable visitor by every one in general, where shall it find an abiding place? And if common truth and common honesty be thus driven from our doors, how can a gentlemanly conduct—and, still more, how can that holiness which is the stamp of the Christian religion, marking it from all others—be honored without the deepest hypocrisy?[1]

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[1] In the first and second editions of this composition, I gave at this place the case of Courvoisier and the conduct of his counsel, who, as it was then universally understood and remained for years uncontradicted by Mr. Phillips himself, had the confession of the prisoner that he had murdered Lord William Russell, yet called on the Most High as a witness that he, counsel, believed the prisoner innocent, insinuated that a female fellow-servant of Courvoisier might have done the deed, charged a respectable witness with perjury and with keeping a house of ill repute, and called the police-officers, who detected his client, a pack of ruffians. The case excited the greatest attention, and produced a number of articles, reviews, and other writings. Mr. Townsend, in his Modern State Trials, defended Mr. Phillips, and gives his views on the duties of counsel. Both are unsatisfactory and inconclusive. In the year 1849 the London Examiner returned to the charges against Mr. Phillips, and his friend Mr. Samuel Warren begged him to take notice of the charges and to refute them. Mr. Phillips then published a statement, for which I refer the American reader to the Appendix of Professional Ethics, by George Sharswood, Philadelphia, 1855. The author gives on page 41 a number of publications on the subject; but the inquiring reader ought, in addition, to read the London Examiner of November, 1849, or the London Spectator, 24th November and 1st December, 1849. This is not the place to investigate whether the odium has been wholly removed. Mr. Phillips's declaration that he had a most fearful night when the murderer, after confessing to him, sent him a message to the effect that he considered his life in Phillips's hands, seems somewhat surprising. Courvoisier "had confided in him." Confided in him, of course, as legal counsel. But, even if not, am I bound by extraordinary scruples if a murderer, blood-begrimed, rushes into my house, states his deed, and asks for shelter? I still think Mr. Phillips ought to have declined serving as counsel after the confession, for as a truthful man he could not do justice to his client, or else have closely limited himself to a watchful care that nothing but the law be adhered to. Nor does the invocation of the Deity seem wholly to be removed, although it was not in the repulsive form as first charged. The London Spectator of 1st December, 1849, in an article headed Morals of the Bar, boldly says, "But the charge which has been made against Mr. Phillips is one that might in its material substance be made against the bar generally—one that has been against it for years."

Although the following extract is long, I give it, from the London Spectator of 19th April, 1851, because it is pertinent, and because such occurrences are not officially reported:

"The opinions delivered by Mr. Baron Martin on the proper function and responsibility of the bar, at a trial of the Central Criminal Court on Saturday, will probably have excellent effect in unventilated moral regions of the Old Bailey. John Moss, servant of Mr. George Brettle, was indicted for stealing from his master a telescope, clothing, and other articles of personal property, worth

Let me not be misunderstood. I consider it every way necessary that an indicted prisoner have his defender, that is,

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100*l*. Mr. Brettle is a partner of the eminent city firm bearing his name; as a bachelor he lived in the Albany; he lately married; and on leaving the Albany he discovered how his valet had plundered him. For the defence, Mr. Mew held the brief of some friend who had been retained; and he endeavored by cross-examination of Mr. Brettle to elicit some facts of a personal and private nature, on which the inference might be founded that the property had been given to Moss to procure his silence. Allusion was made to a lady with whom Mr. Brettle had intimate relations before his marriage, but who is now dead; and a demand was made for inspection of Mr. Brettle's check-book. After much persisting, however, it seemed that the defence consisted solely of innuendo; nothing was elicited to justify the insinuations; and the jury observed, aloud, that the questions had nothing to do with the merits of Moss's defence. Baron Martin remarked that he had long entertained the same opinion, but he and the jury must give the counsel credit for having some proper object in view; his was the responsibility, and if in his discretion he thought fit to persevere, the court could not prevent him. Mr. Mew stated that he was acting strictly from his instructions; and he averred that it was important these questions should be answered.

"The foreman of the jury (with warmth).—'I can only say, I would much rather be robbed by my servant to any amount, and say nothing about it, than get into that box as a witness, if I am to be subjected to an examination into all my private affairs by the counsel for the prisoner.'

"Mr. Mew still insisted upon looking at the counterfoils and the check-books.

"Mr. Ballantine, the counsel for the prosecution, said that he thought before one gentleman took upon himself to examine the private check-book of another gentleman, he ought at least to state what was his object in doing so.

"Mr. Baron Martin said he had already given an opinion upon the subject of the course of cross-examination, and he must leave the matter to the learned counsel's own sense of propriety and discretion.

"Mr. Mew then sat down, without asking any further questions.

"The case went to its conclusion, and the prisoner was found guilty. The jury unanimously resolved to express, through their foreman, their extreme disapprobation of the manner in which the defence had been conducted by the counsel for the prisoner, and to state their opinion that such a line of defence is calculated to defeat the ends of justice, by deterring persons from coming forward with evidence against servants who have robbed them. Mr. Baron Martin stigmatized the offence as very abominable; there had not appeared the slightest justification for the defence: no doubt the prisoner had possessed himself of the check-books for the purposes of extortion by making known matters that had occurred before the marriage of the prosecutor. Sentence, transportation for ten years.

"Mr. Mew again explained that he held the brief for an absent friend, and counsel learned in the law, who, however criminal or obviously convicted his client may stand at the bar of justice, shall still watch that the prisoner receive nothing but what the law decrees, and enjoy all the advantages which the law may positively grant or not positively withhold. In order to obtain this important end, it is necessary that every advocate consider himself pledged to grant his services to whomsoever may apply for them. The "custom" of the English bar, settled by repeated decisions of the bar itself, is to accept any retainer as it comes. It is considered "ungentlemanly" not to do it, unless there be particular and urgent reasons for declining, such as abhorrence of the very principle to be established. It happened in Erskine's life that he was retained for "the First Regiment of Guards;" but it was found that the "First Regiment of Guards" is no legal person that can appear in court. It became necessary, therefore, to drop the name of

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that he had acted only on his instructions; he urged that if there were any blame it should not fall on him, but on the person who prepared the instructions.

"Mr. Baron Martin said he had intimated during the trial that the course which was taken was an improper one, and he still entertained the same opinion. Counsel are not bound to act upon instructions where it is evident that they are of an improper description; but it is their duty to exercise a discretion in such matters; and if they fail to do so, a great deal of that confidence which subsists between the judges and counsel will be destroyed. If he had been concerned in such a case, whether for a friend or on his own account, he should certainly have felt it his duty to refrain from acting upon such instructions, or from making use of such materials as had been furnished for the defence of the prisoner in this case."

The following happened at another time: Harrison, a grocer at Brixton who kept a receiving-house, was convicted of stealing a post letter containing a check for 16*l.* The check was cashed on the afternoon on which it was posted; and the prisoner paid away two five-pound notes which were given by the bankers in change for the check. The attempt at defence, by Mr. Ballantine, was rather remarkable. He insinuated that the letter might have been stolen by the man who carried the letter-bag from Brixton to London—a very improbable suggestion, as no explanation was attempted of the manner in which one at least of the notes came into Harrison's possession the same evening; nor was any evidence offered against the letter-carrier. Both Mr. Baron Alderson and Mr. Justice Coleridge checked the counsel in his reckless course; and on the second interference of the bench, Mr. Ballantine desisted from his charge against the letter-carrier. The sentence was two years' imprisonment.

the First Regiment of Guards and to substitute the names of individual officers. The attorney of the opposite party sent at once his retainer to Erskine; for he was no longer retained by the regiment and not yet again retained by the persons substituted for it; and, however distasteful to the great advocate this particular case happened to be, he declared—and it is the general opinion in England—that it is one of the most important *rights* of the subject, that every advocate must allow himself to be retained, so long as he is not retained by the opposite side.

If an advocate happen to know the foulness of a transaction which he is called upon to defend, he must decline; but, in doing so, the utmost circumspection and a very high degree of conviction are requisite; for he must not forget that by his declining he in a degree prejudges a case still to be tried. It is in this sense, I believe, that we must understand the words of Tronchet, the counsel of Louis XVI., when at the bar of the Convention. Tronchet said, "Every man thus publicly called upon to defend an accused person cannot decline his services without taking upon himself the responsibility of pronouncing a judgment—precipitate [his word is *téméraire*] before the examination of the case, and barbarous after it."

There is no fairer occurrence in our Revolution than the defence of the British soldiers who had killed and wounded a number of citizens at the tumult in Boston, on the 5th of March, 1770. Their bold defenders at the bar of justice were John Adams and Mr. Quincy, both young and ardent patriots, and for that reason implored by the father of the latter not to defend "murderers." They simply answered that the soldiers had not yet been tried; and in doing so they may have shown more courage than Socrates did when he defended Theramenes; for it requires greater resolution to face the indignation of your fellow-patriots or of your own family than to brave the power of hated tyrants.

It was noble when M. de Martignac, dismissed from the ministry by Prince Polignac, nevertheless defended the latter after the revolution of 1830, because called upon to do so by

Polignac when arraigned before the peers. All this is as it ought to be; but the advocate is not therefore absolved from moral obligations, as the barrister in the case alluded to must have presumed.[1]

If advocates were the only persons on earth who stand absolved from the obligations of truth, morality, and justice, society would have placed itself under a very absurd despotism, and their whole order ought speedily to be abolished. It is, on the contrary, a fact that the institution of the advocate exists everywhere along with civil liberty, and is indispensable to it:[2] therefore, let them be gentlemen.

The prosecuting officer, on the other hand, must not forget that the indicted person is placed in his power, which he may abuse seriously, scandalously, and in an ungentlemanly manner, as history most amply shows; that the prisoner is yet to be tried; that the object of the trial is justice, not to oppress, worry, or hunt down the prisoner, or to asperse his character so foully that, though he may be acquitted, his reputation may be ruined for life, and that too, perhaps, merely by insinuations.

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[1] The case alluded to is one I have now suppressed.

[2] I have dwelt on this subject more at length in the chapters on the Judge, Jury, and Advocate, in Political Ethics. The enemies of civil liberty know well the importance of the institution of the advocate for civil liberty. Archbishop Laud and Earl Strafford show, in their correspondence, the most inveterate hatred against lawyers, without whom, they confess to each other, it would be easy to establish the king's "absolute" sovereignty, their adored idol; and Duclos (page 335, vol. 76, of Collect. des Mémoires, second series) says that the foreign ministers applauded, in the name of their masters, the regent, Duke of Orleans, for having repressed *ces légistes* (in 1718), that is, having incarcerated three presidents of the Parliament. Laud and Strafford, however, ought not to have forgotten those lawyers who, as Audley, successor to Sir Thomas More, urged it as a claim to promotion, "had willingly incurred all manner of infamy to serve the government."

Previous to my writing the Character of the Gentleman, I had dwelt on the duties of the advocate in my Political Ethics and in my Legal and Political Hermeneutics. Since then I have endeavored clearly to fix the position of the lawyer in the great politics of modern free nations and to ascertain the boundaries of their privileges derived from it, in my Civil Liberty and Self-Government, where I speak of the high position of the advocate as one of the guarantees of our Anglican liberty.

In the course of your studies you will find instances of what I say in Sir Edward Coke and in Bacon—him who would never have been so deplorably wrecked, that he saved little more than immortal fame of intellect, had he felt like a gentleman instead of cringing before a James and fawning upon a Buckingham, being ready for their least commendable work. Bacon was, unfortunately, void of dignity and honor.[1] Earl Strafford said after his trial for high treason, "Glynne and Maynard have used me like advocates, but Palmer and Whitelocke like gentlemen, and yet left out nothing that was material to be urged against me." Does not every one understand at once what he meant? And do not my hearers feel that Strafford himself in uttering these words felt that fairness and liberality of judgment which is "becoming a gentleman"? It seems to me that the opening speech of Mr. Clifford, Attorney-General of Massachusetts, on the trial of Professor Webster for the murder of Dr. Parkman, in 1850, was a model of good sense and propriety in this respect.

Do not believe that you will lastingly promote even your worldly interest as lawyers by any infraction of the strictest rules of a gentlemanly conduct. Every advocate of experience, I venture to say, will tell you that a fairly established reputation as a gentleman will be an efficient agent in promoting your career as advocates.

Is it necessary to dwell on the disastrous consequences to the law, justice, and security of the citizen, to liberty and truth, when the judge, that eminently essential, high, and peculiar functionary in our civil systems, swerves from the path of a high-minded gentleman? Is it necessary to recall to your memory the conduct of the Stuart judges, "ruffians in ermine"? Is it necessary to point out that in some respects the judge has far greater discretionary power in our system, and must have it, than in many other governments, because he must be independent, and that for this reason he must, in the spirit of a gentleman, self-limit this power?

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[1] With sadness, indeed, we find a new and appalling confirmation of Pope's "greatest, meanest of mankind," in the lately renewed inquiry into the trial of the Countess of Somerset for the murder of Overbury: The Great Oyer of Poisoning: the Trial of the Earl of Somerset for the Poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, etc. By Andrew Amos. London, 1846.

Since the preceding lines of this note were written, two works have made their appearance—Mr. Spedding's edition of Bacon's Works, and Mr. Hepworth Dixon's Personal History of Lord Bacon, from Unpublished Papers—both considered by many persons, it would seem, as presenting Bacon in such a light that, as the latter author says, "The lie, it may be hoped, is about to pass away." Every gentleman will rejoice if by these efforts Bacon's memory shall be again rehabilitated among that of gentlemen; but I doubt whether the attempt has been, so far, successful.

The healing art stands no less in need of being practised by gentlemen than the law. In no profession is a constant acting upon the strictest principles of gentlemanliness more indispensable in a general point of view, as well as with especial reference to professional success, than in the practice of medicine and surgery. We know, indeed, that there have been physicians of eminence who have signalized themselves alike by professional skill and commensurate success on the one hand, and offensive bluntness on the other; but we know, too, that instead of following out their noble mission of alleviating suffering in all its details, they have wantonly added to the affliction of their patients, and that the very highest degree of skill and knowledge was requisite to counterbalance the evil consequences of their ungentlemanly manners. I speak of manners only; for if the physician be void of the principles of the gentleman his ruin must be the inevitable consequence. The aim of the healing art is to cure or alleviate human suffering in this life, in which it is the lot of man to suffer much—*to heal*, as the name imports; and the medical adviser efficiently aids his purely therapeutic efforts by soothing the heart of the patient and by comforting the anxious souls of those who watch the sick-bed in distress and gloom. I do not know that man can appear in a brighter phase than as a physician, full of knowledge and skill, calm, careful, bold, and with the soothing adjuncts of gentlemanly blandness. The physician, moreover, must needs be admitted, not only into the recess of the sick-chamber, but very frequently into the recesses of his patient's heart, and into the sanctuary of domestic life with its virtues and its failings and frailties. If he do not carry with him the standard of the purest honor; if he takes the slightest advantage of his position; if he fail to keep what he sees and hears buried in secrecy as inviolable as that of the confessor; if he expose what must be revealed to him—he falls from his high station, and becomes an afflicting injurer and sower of evil instead of a comforter, allaying pain and stilling sorrow where he can. The effect of a gentlemanly spirit and consequent manners is even great in that branch of the healing art in which you may least expect it—in surgery. I have passed months in hospitals, and have had ample opportunity to observe the different effects produced upon the patients, though soldiers and sailors they were, during serious operations, even the amputation of limbs, by kindly, gentlemanly surgeons, and by those who chilled their victim's heart with gruff words or handled him with hasty and mechanic hands. How gratefully do the poverty-stricken remember a kind word of the physician under whose care they have been in the hospital! How lasting an impression of horror does the harshness of those physicians produce who make the patient bitterly feel his poverty in wealth and friends, in addition to his bodily pain and an aching heart!

Some of you, no doubt, will become editors of newspapers. The journal has become a prominent agent of modern civilization, and the editor holds great power in comparison with his fellow-citizens. He daily speaks to many; he can reiterate; he is aided by the greater weight which, however unfounded the opinion may be, is attached by the minds of almost all men to everything printed, over that which is merely spoken; and he is sure that the contradiction of what he states will not run precisely in the same channels through which the first assertion was conveyed. All this, and the consideration that the daily repeated tone in which a paper publishes or discusses the many occurrences of the day produces a sure effect upon the general tone of the community, ought to warn an editor that if the obligations of a gentleman are binding upon any one, they are indubitably so upon him. The evil influence which some papers in our country, very active but very ungentlemanly in their tone and spirit, have already exercised upon our community, cannot be denied. Let me in addition point out one especial application of the general duty of editors always to conduct their papers as gentlemen: I mean the abstaining from unauthorized publication of private letters, confidential conversations, and, in general, from any exposure of strictly private affairs. The publishing of private letters, indelicately authorized by those to whom they are addressed, is a failing of more frequent occurrence in this than in any other country; and no gentlemanly editor will give his aid in thus confounding public and private life, deteriorating public taste and trespassing upon a sacred right of others, as clearly pronounced and protected by positive law, as it obviously flows from the nature of the case—the distinct rule that the writer's consent is necessary for a lawful publication of letters.[1] It was necessary to mention this palpable infraction of a gentlemanly conduct; but it is so obvious a deviation from the regard which one gentleman owes to another, that, once being mentioned, I hold it to be unnecessary to say anything more about it.

That the universal obligation of veracity is emphatically binding upon the editor is evident, but it does not belong exclusively to the subject of gentlemanly conduct. The obligation of truthfulness is as general, and as necessary for the individual and society, as the requisite of light is for the life of nature.

Officers of the army and the navy are everywhere expected to conduct themselves as gentlemen towards one another, and ought to be gentlemen in the truest sense of the term towards every one out of the army and navy, man or woman, lady or seamstress, as well as towards the men under their command. The practice of the high attribute of the gentleman, that he allows his subordinates or the weak to feel his power as little as is consistent with duty, is not only elevating to the officer, but, in a point of common expediency, highly profitable. Soldiers and sailors, like all other human beings, honor, and, when the trial comes, cling to the man who has habitually treated them in a gentlemanly way. There was a time—not even half a century ago—when in all armies except the French it was believed that caning and flogging were the best means of discipline. Prussia, soon after her defeat in the year 1806, profiting by the example of her victors, abolished the disgraceful stick—though not without the loudest protests of the "conservatives"—and rapidly raised the army punishments from the infliction of mere physical pains, more and more to those that appeal to honor and morality, the king declaring, each time a change was made, by royal decree, that the last improvement of the military punishment had so far improved the spirit of the army that a further improvement was admissible; until at last punishment in that army may be said to have become wholly unbrutalized. England has not followed this marked improvement of our race as much as is desired by many, because, as the Duke of Wellington publicly declared, the British army is composed of enlisted men, often the scum of society; but before Sebastopol the British officers were ashamed of the cat-o'-nine-tails in presence of the French; and Admiral Collingwood, called the strictest disciplinarian of the navy, never ceased to protest against flogging in the navy, during his whole protracted command of the Mediterranean fleet in the times of Napoleon.[1] I know nothing individual of the officer who as quietly as on parade went down with his soldiers under arms in rank and file, in the Birkenhead; but I conclude he must have habitually treated his men like a gentleman. Such command over men at such an hour requires more than a commission.

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[1] There is an interesting account of the decisions and the law, as it now stands in England, on the Copyright of Private Letters, appended by the Bishop of Llandaff to the Letters of the Earl of Dudley, new edition, London, 1841. For the general reader it may be stated here that he will find in Lord Campbell's Lives of the Lord Chancellors, vol. v. p. 54, Life of Lord Hardwicke, the first case, Pope *v.* Curte, in which it was settled that the writer of a letter retains his copyright in it—in other words, that it cannot lawfully be published without his consent.

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[1] See Public and Private Correspondence of the Vice-Admiral Collingwood, with Memoirs of his Life. Third edition. London, 1828.

The character of the gentleman in the sphere of political action, or in all that can be called public life, is one of far the most important topics belonging to our subject. If entire instructive books have been written on the citizen, it would be neither an unprofitable nor an ungrateful task to write an entire volume on the character of the gentleman as citizen. I shall merely mention some points.

The greater the liberty is which we enjoy in any sphere of life, the more binding, necessarily, becomes the obligation of self-restraint, and, consequently, the more important become all the rules of action which flow from our reverence for the pure character of the gentleman—an importance which is enhanced in the present period of our country, because one of its striking features, if I mistake not, is an intense and general attention to rights without a parallel and proportionately clear perception of corresponding obligations. But right and obligation are twins: they are like the binary flames of Castor and Pollux, which the sailors of the Mediterranean consider as a sure sign of fair weather and prosperous winds; but if one alone is seen illumining the yard's end, the mariner fears foul weather and danger. Right and obligation are each other's complements, and cannot be severed without undermining the ethical ground on which we stand—that ground on which alone civilization, justice, virtue, and real progress can build enduring monuments. Right and obligation are the warp and the woof of the tissue of man's moral, and therefore, likewise, of man's civil life. Take out the one, and the other is in worthless confusion. We must return to this momentous principle, the first of all moral government, and, as fairness and calmness are two prominent ingredients in the character of the gentleman, it is plain that this reform must be materially promoted by a general diffusion of a sincere regard for that character. Liberty, which is the enjoyment of unfettered action, necessarily leads to licentiousness, without an increased binding power within; for liberty offers to man, indeed, a free choice of action, but it cannot absolve him from the duty of choosing what is right, fair, liberal, urbane, and handsome.

Where there is freedom of action, no matter in what region or what class of men, there always have been, and must be, parties, whether they be called party, school, sect, or "faction."[1] These will often act the one against the other; but, as a matter of course, they are not allowed to dispense with any of the principles of morality. The principle that everything is permitted in politics is so shameless and ruinous to all, that I need not dwell upon it here. But there are a great many acts, as has been stated before, which, though it may not be possible to prove them wrong according to the strict laws of ethics, nevertheless appear at once as unfair, not strictly honorable, ungentlemanlike; and it is of the utmost importance to the essential prosperity of a free country that these acts should not be resorted to; that in the minor or higher assemblies and in all party struggles, even the intensest, we ought never to abandon the standard of the gentleman. It is all-important that parties keep in "good humor," as Lord Clarendon said of the whole country. One deviation from fairness, candor, decorum, and "fair play" begets others and worse in the opponent, and from the kindliest difference of opinion to the fiercest struggle of factions, sword in hand, is but one unbroken gradual descent, however great the distance may be; while few things are surer to forestall or arrest this degeneracy than a common and hearty esteem of the character of the gentleman.

We have in our country a noble example of calmness, truthfulness, dignity, fairness, and urbanity—constituents of the character which we are considering—in the father of our country; for Washington, the wise and steadfast patriot, was also the high-minded gentleman. When the malcontent officers of his army informed him that they would lend him their support if he were willing to build himself a throne, he knew how to blend the dictates of his oath to the commonwealth, and of his patriotic heart, with those of a gentlemanly feeling towards the deluded and irritated. In the sense in which we take the term here, it is not the least of his honors that, through all the trying periods and scenes of his remarkable life, the historian and moralist can write him down, not only as Washington the Wise, not only as Washington the Pure and Single-minded, not only as Washington the Persevering and Tenacious, but also as Washington the Gentleman.

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[1] In the conclave the cardinals used to divide into Spanish, French, etc., factions, *i.e.* parties; possibly they do so still.

If in a country of varied, quick, and ardent political action and manifold excitement, in which changes and new combinations must often take place, the standard of the high-bred gentleman is abandoned, the effect is as baneful as that of a prying and falsifying secret police in despotic governments. Mr. Ranke relates, in his History of the Popes, that the utmost caution of each towards every one prevailed in Rome, because no one knew how he might stand with his best friend in a year's time. The same destruction of confidence and mutual reliance must spread over the land where freedom reigns but a gentlemanly character does not at the same time prevail. Lord Shaftesbury, the brilliant, energetic, and reckless Alcibiades of English history, rigidly observed the rule, during all his tergiversations, "that he never betrayed the secrets of a party he had left, or made harsh personal observations on the conduct of his old friends—not only trying to keep up a familiar private intercourse with them, but abstaining from vindictive reflections upon them in his speeches or his writings."[1] This observance and his Habeas Corpus Act go far with us in redeeming the character of this profligate and unprincipled statesman. If you wish to see the disastrous effects of a general destruction of confidence and mutual reliance, you must study Spanish history; for I believe that the worst effect of the Inquisition has been the total change of the Spanish national character. Even dukes became spies, and that once noble nation was filled with truculent suspicion, in the dark shades of which the character of the gentleman cannot prosper.

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[1] Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors, vol. iii. p. 290. I am aware that Sir Samuel Romilly took a somewhat different view of the blending of private intercourse with political opposition, as appears from his Life and Correspondence by his son; but I believe the difference is more seeming than real, to judge him by his own life.

I must not omit making mention at least of the importance of a gentlemanly spirit in all international transactions with sister nations of our race—and even with tribes which follow different standards of conduct and morality. Nothing seems to me to show more undeniably the real progress which human society has made than the general purity of judges,[1] together with the improvement of the whole administration of justice, so far at least as the leading nations are concerned, and the vastly improved morals of modern international intercourse, holding diplomatic fraud and international trickery, bullying, and pettifogging, as no less unwise than immoral. History, and that of our own times especially, teaches us that nowhere is the vaporing braggart more out of place, and the true gentleman more in his proper sphere, than in conducting international affairs. Fairness on the one hand, and collected self-respect on the other, will frequently make matters easy, where swaggering taunt, or reckless conceit and insulting folly, may lead to the serious misunderstanding of entire nations, and a sanguinary end. The firm and dignified carriage of our senate, and the absence of petty passions or vain-gloriousness in the British parliament, have brought the Oregon question to a fair and satisfactory end—an affair which but a short time ago was believed by many to be involved in difficulties which the sword alone was able to cut short. Even genuine personal urbanity in those to whom international affairs are intrusted is very frequently of great importance for a happy ultimate good understanding between the mightiest nations.

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[1] I have lived for long periods in Italy, Germany, France, England, and the United States, and never heard, in the four last-mentioned countries, of a judge suspected of bribery. Yet only a short period has elapsed since satire and comedy teemed with the standing subjects of bribed judges, criminal advocates, and irksome wedlock; and Lord Campbell, in the work cited in the preceding note, says, "England, during the Stuart reigns, was cursed by a succession of ruffians in ermine, who, for the sake of court-favor, violated the principles of law, the precepts of religion, and the dictates of humanity."

We may express a similar opinion with reference to war. Nothing mitigates so much its hardships, and few things depending upon individuals aid more in preparing a welcome peace, than a gentlemanly spirit in the commanders, officers, and, indeed, in all the combatants, towards their enemies, whenever an opportunity offers itself. Instead of numerous instances that might be given, I may add that the mention of the names of Prince Eugene and of the Duke of Marlborough ought never to be omitted when the progress of civilization in connection with this or similar subjects is under discussion. It was these two captains that treated their captives of war in such a manner that soon a great improvement in the treating of prisoners of war was effected all round, became a portion of the modern law of war, and forms now one of the characteristics of our civilization.[1]

I must add, as a fact worthy of notice, that political assassination, especially in times of war, was not looked upon in antiquity as inadmissible; that Sir Thomas More mentions the assassination of the hostile captain as a wise measure resorted to by his Utopians; that Queen Elizabeth called Sir Amyas Paulet "a dainty fellow," because he was unwilling to lend a hand in ridding her of the captive Mary, Queen of Scots, and Cardinal Retz quietly weighed the expediency of murdering Cardinal Mazarin, his successful rival in the civil broils of France; that Charles II. promised, by proclamation, a high reward and civil elevation to whomsoever would poison or otherwise destroy "that mechanic fellow Cromwell;" that the Commonwealth-men in exile were picked off by assassination; while Charles Fox, during the war with the French, arrested the man who offered to assassinate Napoleon, informed the French government of the fact, and sent the man out of the country;[1] and Admiral Lord St. Vincent, the stern enemy of the French, directed his secretary to write the following answer to a similar offer made by a French emigrant: "Lord St. Vincent has not words to express the detestation in which he holds an assassin."[2] Fox and Vincent acted like Christians and gentlemen.[3]

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[1] A gentlemanly spirit, of which dignified self-respect and equally dignified forbearance, as well as truthfulness, are essential elements, is the basis of a large portion of the modern law of nations, in peace as well as war. The law of nations is the result of the principle of self-government applied to the intercourse of many great nations existing at one and the same time, drawing abreast, like Olympic chariot-horses, the car of civilization—that great fact in history which constitutes the very opposite to the obsolete idea of a universal monarchy, once more recommended in our times from that quarter which is vindicated as the concentration of all civilization. The law of nations requires, before all other things, that nations treat and respect one another as equals; and if I had ever doubted that a gentlemanly conduct, even towards the enemy, is an essential element of that branch of the law of nations which is called the law and usages of war, it would have most clearly presented itself to my mind when I was drawing up the code of Instructions for the Government of Armies of the United States in the Field, which, revised by proper authority, has been promulgated by the President of the United States.

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[1] Pell's Life of Charles James Fox, p. 592.

[2] Tucker, Memoirs of Admiral the Earl St. Vincent, vol. i. p. 203.

[3] Death, as a means of action in politics, be it the death of dangerous individuals or death on a large scale, as the French used it in the first Revolution, which led in turn to the abolition of capital punishment for "political offences" by the Provisional government in 1848, must be treated of in political philosophy and political ethics. But assassinations of individuals, as of Henry IV., may be mentioned here. Sand, the murderer of Kotzebue, and Stapss, who, eighteen years old, attempted to kill Napoleon at Schoenbrunn (see the Mémoires du Général Rapp, Paris, 1823, p. 112 et seq.), were enthusiastic youths misled by the contemplation of the wrongs inflicted on their outraged country.

Two years after the publication of the second edition of this essay, a foreign paper published in the United States contained an advertisement of fourteen lines, offering five hundred dollars reward for the murder of a certain civil officer in Baden, and spoke of a Society for the Extirpation of German Princes. The absurdity of this monstrous advertisement would make it ludicrous, did such depravity, even were it nothing worse than depravity of taste, leave room for laughter.

While these pages are retouching, the papers give us an account of the trial of those Italians at Paris who were accused of having allowed themselves to be tempted by a couple of hundred dollars, furnished by Mazzini, to assassinate the Emperor of the French. Little reliance, however, can be placed on a French state trial of this sort, defying as it does the commonest rules of legal investigation, and conducted by a government which placed itself over France by breaking all oaths and by shedding streams of blood. Absolute governments, newly established, often stand in need of conspiracies, to frighten the people and tighten the reins still more conveniently.

I have mentioned some cheering characteristics of our period, showing an essential progress in our race. I ought to add a third—namely, the more gentlemanly spirit which pervades modern penal laws. I am well aware that the whole system of punition has greatly improved, because men have made penology a subject of serious reflection, and the utter fallacy of many principles in which our forefathers seriously believed has at length been exposed. But it is at the same time impossible to study the history of penal law without clearly perceiving that punishments were formerly dictated by a vindictive ferocity—an ungentlemanly spirit of oppression. All the accumulated atrocities heaped upon the criminal, and not unfrequently upon his innocent kin, merely because he was what now would be gently called "in the opposition," make us almost hear the enraged punisher vulgarly utter, "Now I have you, and you shall see how I'll manage you." Archbishop Laud—essentially not a gentleman, but a vindictive persecutor of every one who dared to differ from his coarse views of State and Church—presided in the Star-Chamber and animated its members when Lord Keeper Coventry pronounced the following sentence on Dr. Alexander Leighton, a Scottish divine, for slandering prelacy: "That the defendant should be imprisoned in the Fleet during life, should be fined ten thousand pounds, and, after being degraded from holy orders by the high commissioners, should be set in the pillory in Westminster—there be whipped—after being whipped, again be set in the pillory—have one of his ears cut off—have his nose slit—be branded in the face with a double S. S., for a Sower of Sedition—afterwards be set in the pillory in Cheapside, and there be whipped, and, after being whipped, again be set in the pillory and have his other ear cut off." The whole council agreed. There was no recommendation for pardon or mitigation. The sentence was inflicted. Could a gentleman have proposed or voted for so brutal an accumulation of pain, insult, mutilation, and ruin, no matter what the fundamental errors prevailing in penal law then were? Nor have I selected this from other sentences for its peculiar cruelty. Every student of history knows that they were common at the time against all who offended authority even unknowingly. Stubbs, a divine in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was sentenced to have his right hand cut off, because, when the marriage of the queen with a French prince was discussing, he had ventured to express, in a pamphlet, his fears of the danger to which the queen would expose herself in possible child-bed, on account of her age. She was then between forty and fifty. Yet, when the executioner had severed his right hand, he waved his hat with the remaining left, and exclaimed, "Long live the queen!" Compare the spirit which could overwhelm a victim with such brutality, and the branding, pillory, and whipping still existing in some countries, with the spirit of calmness, kindness, yet seriousness and dignity, which pervades a punitory scheme such as the Pennsylvania eremitic penitentiary system, which, for the very reason that it is gentlemanly, is the most impressive and penetrating, and therefore the most forbidding of all.

Let me barely allude to the duties of the gentleman in those countries in which slavery still exists. Plato says,[1] genuine humanity and real probity are brought to the test by the behavior of a man to slaves, whom he may wrong with impunity. He speaks like a gentleman. Although his golden rule applies to all persons whom we may offend or grieve with impunity, and although the fair and reluctant use of every power which we may possess over others is one of the truest tests of the gentleman, yet it is natural that Plato should have made the treatment of the slave the peculiar test, because slavery gives the greatest power. Cicero says we should not use slaves otherwise than we do our day-laborers.[2] I have just stated that the forbearing use of power is a sure attribute of the true gentleman; indeed, we may say that power, physical, moral, purely social or political, is one of the touchstones of genuine gentlemanliness. The power which the husband has over his wife, in which must be included the impunity with which he may be simply unkind to her; that of the father over his children; the teacher over his pupils; the old over the young, and the young over the aged; the strong over the weak; the officer over his men; the master of a vessel over his hands; the magistrate over the citizen; the employer over the employed; the rich over the poor; the educated over the unlettered; the experienced over the confiding; the keeper of a secret over him whom it concerns; the gifted over the ordinary man; even the clever over the silly—the forbearing and inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or a total abstinence from it, where the case admits of it, will show the gentleman in a plain light. Every traveller knows at once whether a gentlemanly or a rude officer is searching his trunk. But the use of power is not the only touchstone; even the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others is a test. No gentleman will boast of the delights of superior health in presence of a languid patient, or speak of great good luck when in hearing of a man bent by habitual misfortune. Let a man who happily enjoys the advantages of a pure and honest life speak of it to a fallen, criminal fellow-being, and it will soon be seen whether he be, in addition to his honesty, a gentleman or not. The gentleman does not needlessly and unceasingly remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He can not only forgive, he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of soul and manliness of character which impart sufficient strength to let the past be truly past. He will never use the power which the knowledge of an offence, a false step, or an unfortunate exposure of weakness give him, merely to enjoy the act of humiliating his neighbor. A true man of honor feels humbled himself when he cannot help humbling others.

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[1] De Legibus, lib. vi., edit. Bipont., viii. 203.

[2] De Officiis, xiii.

The subject which I have chosen covers so extensive a ground that it is difficult to break off, or to treat of all the most important points. Give me leave, then, to refer to but one more subject of practical importance, before I shall address to you my concluding remarks. It is the subject of deriding others, so natural to untutored minds, yet so inconsistent with a truly gentlemanly spirit, because so painful, and generally so undeservedly painful, to those who are the objects of our deriding smiles. A little reflection will show you that they are not in harmony with that genuine good nature, and still less conformable to that refinement of feeling, which characterize the gentleman. Perhaps it will appear that he who laughs at others shows that he deserves our pity more than the person laughed at. The Koran says, "Do not mock thy neighbor: the mocked may be better than the mocker." There is no subject in the whole province of psychology which offers greater difficulties to the philosopher, possibly none that offers difficulties so great, as that of laughing and the ridiculous. You will find that we feel tempted to smile, sometimes, even when our soul is filled with horror. There is always something risible in the Blue Beards, and, strange to say, the highest degree of horror frequently causes physical convulsive laughter.[1] We ought, then, to take care not to be betrayed into an act so little understood, when done at the cost of another, who may feel pained or humbled by our inadvertence. We may further say that everything novel, which does not at once strike us as grand, sublime, or awful, inclines us first of all to smile. The advanced state of my address prevents me from giving you instances. You can easily, however, provide them for yourselves. But, if the fact is as I have stated, you will readily see that the smiling, caused by everything novel, betrays as often our own ignorance as a fair cause of risibility. You ought, moreover, to remember that every human action perceptible by the senses, and which strikes us at all, causes us to laugh, if we are unacquainted with its antecedents, or if we see it out of connection, unless an experienced mind and vivid imagination quickly supply the antecedents, or a well-trained mind abstain from laughing at others, or at striking objects, as a general rule. Here, again, the ridiculous is not inherent in the phenomenon, but is owing to him who laughs. To see, but not to hear, persons singing, is to all untutored minds ridiculous. Suddenly to find a man vehemently speaking and gesticulating strikes us as laughable; while, had we been present from the beginning, he might thrill our souls by those very tones and gestures. Even marks of the tenderest affection fare no better in this respect; and what is more common than the laughing of the uneducated at the accent of those who, nevertheless, may have used great diligence and study to make themselves well understood in an idiom, all the difficulties of which they are not able to overcome, because they have not learned it on their fathers' knees or kissed it from their mothers' blessing lips, and most willingly would speak to you, did it depend upon them, without any of those deviations at which you may smile! We frequently laugh at acts of our neighbors. Did we know all the antecedents, their whole education, their checkered lives, we should probably find nothing to smile at, and at times these very acts might make us weep instead. It is a rule, therefore, of much practical importance for the gentleman, never to laugh at others unless their pretensions deserve it; but if he, in turn, be laughed at, he will remember that it is a common failing from which he has not always remained free, that placid good nature is a signal attribute of the gentleman, and that, if he have given real cause for laughter, there is no better means to deprive it of all its sting than freely to join in it.

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[1] We are here reminded even of the sardonic smile. Laughter, so distinguishing a feature of man, and so closely interwoven with literature, with civilization, and with ethnography, for some races are more cachinnatory than others—the negroes and Indians occupying apparently the two ends of the scale—laughter, I say, seems nevertheless unexplained, even more so than disgust, that "mystic union between imagination and the stomach." I know of no profound physiology of laughter, not even of a sound chapter on this remarkable subject.

I have spoken of laughing at others only, not of laughing in general. He that can never heartily laugh can hardly have a heart at all, or must be of a heavy mind. A sound laugh at the proper time is the happy music of a frank and confiding soul. It is the impulsive and spontaneous song which the Creator gave to man, and to man alone, in lieu of all the lovely tones which he profusely granted to the warblers of the wood.

But we must return to more serious subjects before I conclude. They shall be treated of in two more remarks, the last with which I shall detain you. They will be very brief; but, young gentlemen, I invite your whole attention to them. Ponder them; for they are of momentous importance for your whole lives—important even to your country.

"Habit is the best magistrate," was a wise saying of Lord Bacon's. Mere mental acknowledgment of moral truth becomes powerless when it is most important to apply it—in moments of great temptation, of provocation, or passion. If repeated and constant acting upon that truth has not induced a habit or grown into a virtue, it may be sufficiently strong to produce repentance after the offence, but not to guide before the wrong be committed. Apply yourselves, then, sedulously at once to act habitually by the highest standard of the gentleman—to let a truly gentlemanly spirit permeate your being. No better opportunity to practise this moral rule is given you than your present relation to your teachers. Let a gentlemanly tone ever subsist between you. You will thus not only make your lives pleasant and sow the seeds of happy reminiscence, but it will give new force and new meaning to the very instruction for the reception of which you have come hither, and it will best prepare you for establishing that relation which is one of the most fruitful and blessed that can subsist between man and man: I mean friendship between the teacher and the taught—a relation of which we find so touching an example in Socrates and his followers, and so holy a model in Christ and his disciples—a relation which lends new strength to the mind to seize what is offered, and which in a great measure overcomes the difficulty of communion between soul and soul. For all language, except in mathematics, is but approximation to the subject to be expressed, and affection is the readiest and truest interpreter of the ever-imperfect human word. Believe me, my young friends, however extensive the knowledge of your teacher, skilful his language, or ardent his zeal, and however close your attention may be, you will hear and learn far more if affection towards him enlivens that attention, and you will integrate with your very soul that which, without friendship between you and him, remains matter of purely intellectual activity, liable to be superseded by successive layers of knowledge.

If thus you make the character of the gentleman more and more your own, you will additionally prepare yourselves for the high and weighty trusts which await all of you as citizens of a commonwealth in which we enjoy a rare degree of personal liberty. I have shown you how closely connected the character of the gentleman is with a high standard of true civil liberty, but it is necessary to direct your mind, in addition, to the fact that there are difficulties in the way of attaining to this high end, peculiar to young Americans, while yet it may be one of the problems the solution of which is assigned to us in history, to develop the peculiar character of the high-bred republican gentleman in a pervading national type, as it has been that of England to develop the character of the monarchical gentleman.

It is difficult for princes to imbibe the true spirit of the gentleman, because their position and education naturally lead to the growth of selfishness; and so there are, on the other hand, difficulties, not insuperable, yet positive in the way of carefully cultivating this character, peculiar to a country like ours, in which large numbers are constantly rolling westward and changing their dwellings, neighbors, and associations; in which a degree of success, in a worldly view, awaits almost with certainty health, industry, and prudence, without necessarily requiring the addition of refinement of feelings or polish of conduct; and in which at the same time a greater amount of individual liberty is enjoyed than in any other country. Suffrage is almost universal, and, so far as the vote goes, all have equal weight: you see some persons rise to distinction, without any high claim to morality, religion, or gentlemanliness; and the power-holders, whether they be monarchs or the people, a few or many, ever listen to flattery. It is inherent in power; and it is a common belief—though I am convinced of the contrary—that large masses are not flattered by gentlemanliness. Even if it were so, we should have no right to sacrifice so important a moral standard. Are we allowed to do any evil which we may yet be fully persuaded would promote our worldly interest? Is it ever safe, even in a purely prudential point of view, to be guided by secondary motives, when conduct and the choice of objects, not the selection of means, are the question? But, happily, it is not so. Even the least educated have an instinctive regard for the high-bred gentleman, however they may contemn certain counterfeits of the gentleman, especially the dandy; and the acknowledgment on the part of a whole community that a man *is* a gentleman gives him a hold on it most important in all matters of action. Adhere to it. If you see others rise above you by practices which you contemn, you must remember that it is one of the very attributes of the gentleman to stand alone when occasion requires it, in dignity and self-possession, without conceit, but conscious that he has acted right, honorably, gentlemanly.[1] Distrust every one who would persuade you to promote your interest by *descending*. The elementary law of all progress, be it religious, mental, political, or industrial, is that those who have talent, skill, character, or knowledge in advance of others should draw these after them and make the lower *rise*. This is the truly democratic law of united advancement, in which every one leads in whatever he can lead. All else is suspicious aristocracy—the aristocracy of a few, or the aristocracy of the low, if aristocracy is marked, as I think it is, by undue privilege, which is unbefitting to all men, be they a few or the many. Scan history, and you will find that throughout the annals of civilization this uniform law prevails, that a favored mind perceives a truth, gives utterance to it, is first disbelieved, derided, or attacked, perhaps called upon to seal the truth with his death; but the truth is not lost on that account: it infuses itself into the minds of the very detractors; it spreads further and further, is discussed and modified; it collects votaries sufficient to form a minority, and at length the minority swells into a majority, which ultimately establishes the principle in practice: so that the whole process has consisted in men being led upwards to the truth, not in truth descending downwards to a stagnant level of mediocrity, ignorance, or want of civilization. It requires patience and gentlemanly forbearance; but is not God the most patient of all? You cannot point out a single vast movement of mankind towards an essential improvement which does not serve as an illustration of the law which I have just stated to you.

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[1] The importance of the character of the gentleman in politics, especially in legislative bodies and in the Representative in general, has been more fully discussed by me in the chapters on the Duties of the Representative in the second volume of Political Ethics.

At the very moment of writing these last words, I received opportunely the speech of Sir Robert Peel on the 30th of June,[1] in which he explains the reasons of his resignation and his defeat in parliament, after having happily passed the free corn-trade bill; and as the reader is referred in some works to a diagram at the end of the volume, so shall I conclude by pointing to that manly speech as a practical illustration of much that I have said on the conduct of the gentleman in politics. Outvoted in parliament, discarded by the party with whom he came into office, and seeing his successor in power, influence, and honors before him, he still speaks of his whole position, his antagonists, and his former friends, now turned into bitter enemies, with calmness, dignity, and cheerful liberality, readily allowing that in a constitutional country the loss of power ought to be the natural consequence of a change of opinion upon a vital party question, that is, upon a subject of national magnitude. Yet he rejoices at having thus come to different and truer views upon so essential a point as that of the daily bread of toiling multitudes, and frankly ascribes the chief merit of this momentous progress to a person[2] who belongs to a sphere of politics totally different from that in which he himself had been accustomed to move. It is a gentlemanly speech, leaving a corresponding impression in his own country and throughout ours, conciliating, and commanding esteem—an effect such as always attends a conduct truly gentlemanly, where civilization dwells among men.

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[1] In the year 1846.

[2] Mr. R. Cobden, member of parliament, and leader of the Anti-Corn-Law League, has deserved well of mankind. There is but one omission in Sir Robert Peel's speech with which we feel tempted to find fault. No one admires more than myself Mr. Cobden's wise and energetic course, which, indeed, procured him the offer of a place in the cabinet from the Whigs when they were forming their new administration; but even his labors and the arduous exertions

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of the League would have remained unavailing for a long time yet, as it seems, had not divine wisdom sent at this precise juncture the potato-rot, and thus aided one of the greatest advancements of mankind to come to maturity. The historian must mention, together with Cobden and the League, the potato-rot.

This acknowledgment of Sir Robert Peel's is another evidence of the invaluable usefulness of that greatest of institutions which characterize our own modern liberty—principled and persevering opposition, to which Sir Robert Peel bore the same striking testimony, when, in 1829, the Catholic Emancipation bill had been carried by the Wellington and Peel cabinet, and the latter said, in the commons, "One parting word, and I have done. I have received in the speech of my noble friend, the member for Donegal, testimonies of approbation which are grateful to my soul; and they have been liberally awarded to me by gentlemen on the other side of the house, in a manner which does honor to the forbearance of party among us. They have, however, one and all, awarded to me a credit which I do not deserve for settling this question. The credit belongs to others, and not to me: it belongs to Mr. Fox, to Mr. Grattan, to Mr. Plunkett, to the gentlemen opposite, and to an illustrious and right honorable friend of mine who is no more [meaning Mr. Canning]. By their efforts, *in spite of my opposition*, it has proved victorious." And may not be added here, with propriety, the reforms of the penal code of England, so perseveringly urged by Sir Samuel Romilly and Sir James Mackintosh, and at length partially adopted by Sir Robert Peel in 1830?

Wellington—who, in a conversation with Canning on certain statements made by the Emperor Nicholas, had said, "I see what you mean; but could I suppose that the fellow was a d—— liar?"—Wellington, in the House of Lords, in honor of Peel's memory, soon after his sudden death, praised above all his truthfulness. There may be party men who doubt this; I state the fact that a soldier and statesman like Wellington praised above all other things, in a statesman like Peel, his veracity, as a fact deserving to be remembered by all youth of modern free countries.

THE

NECESSITY OF CONTINUED SELF-EDUCATION.

AN ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE, DELIVERED AT THE COMMENCEMENT, DECEMBER 1, 1851.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,—The trustees, your and my superiors, have appointed me to occupy the president's chair for this day, and in this capacity it devolves upon me to address to you those farewell remarks which it is the appropriate custom to deliver to young men in a position in which you now stand before me—with the staff in your hand, as it were, to sally forth into the broad and open fields of practical life, and rugged paths too, there to find your professions, your support, your names, your reputations, and that exact place which you will occupy in the great social system that surrounds you. When this call was made upon me by the board of trustees, I thought that it would evince no high degree of public spirit were I to decline it. I readily accepted the appointment, but I did not do so without anticipating difficulties and embarrassments which I now find surrounding me in their fullest extent.

Remarks, such as I am going to address to you, ought to be conveyed with all the impressiveness with which words can proceed from mortal lips to mortal ears; for they are the last words which an affectionate teacher, in the name of an affectionate institution, addresses to youth who have been nursed and nurtured by its care and solicitude. Their impression ought to be lasting and indelible; but the impressiveness of solemn words publicly delivered depends in a measure upon the dignity of the speaker. I do not refer to that native dignity of thought and word which consists in the fact that ideas worthy of the occasion be presented in simple language —I mean to take care that my words do not lack this species of dignity—but I speak of that incidental yet not inefficient dignity which flows from the plentitude of authority and the fulness of office. In this I am deficient. You know that I do not stand before you fully robed in the mantle of office; but when I consider how long we have walked, hand in hand, on the path of knowledge and in the pursuit of truth, I cannot help thinking that my words will find an entrance into your soul, and there strike some chords that will vibrate long and loud.

But there is another and a greater difficulty. Where, in fact, am I standing? I stand here where an orator has stood of wide and high American repute,[1] whose wealthy eloquence has often gushed forth from this very spot in all the native energy of his Saxon idiom, perfumed with the fragrance of a scholar's mind and the aroma of a cultivated taste—a speaker whose oratory is yet fondly remembered by the humblest classes of our people. It is not more than a twelvemonth ago that one of them, as they assemble around the house of justice, on judgment days, said, within my hearing, when your late president passed by, with his infirm step, with which, unfortunately, you are familiar—pointing at him, the humble man said to his neighbors: "That man used to talk like a mocking-bird." And may I not add to this graceful testimonial, spontaneous like our grateful jasmine in the uncultivated woods, the words of the greatest Italian poet, when he addresses Virgil as "the fount whence issues forth a broad, deep stream of speech"? He used to speak so well! He was a master of the breathing word, while to my tongue still cleaves the accent which we receive in our mother's first and fondest words. I shall suffer from a constant comparison forced upon your minds by the contrast between the words you have heard here, and, humanly speaking, ought this day to listen to; and the words you will hear in reality. It is therefore no phrase of mere civility if I ask for indulgence and that kindly ear which you have often lent me in my lecture-room, where no comparison detracted from your attention. Give it to me fully—I mean the attention of your soul, not only that of your mind. And, without any further words on myself and my difficulties, I proceed to my remarks, which I think it proper to impress upon you at this, the last hour of our academic relation.

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[1] The Hon. William Campbell Preston.

Young gentlemen and friends, when a parent dismisses a child, when friends sever from friends, when a brother leaves his sister, or a son parts from his mother, it is the universal custom, because founded in our nature, to give a token of remembrance to the parting one—a choice book, a Bible, a ring, a jewel, a well-wrought style, a fine weapon—something or other which may last and awaken fond remembrances, growing in fondness as the separation becomes longer and more distant. I, too, will give you a precious jewel at this our parting hour. Keep it and let it never be lost by any negligence; keep it bright, and the light which radiates from this precious stone will do good to your soul. I have taken it from this casket,[1] which contains multitudes of jewels, in an inexhaustible treasury. My jewel is this passage: "Take fast hold of instruction; keep her; let her not go, for she is thy life."—Take fast hold of instruction; keep her; let her not go, for she is thy life.

Instruction is your life, and you are bid to keep it, not to let it go, to cling to it, to hug it to your soul like a bridal friend. Whether the original Hebrew word, rendered in English by the term instruction, means instruction proper, or knowledge or wisdom, or chastisement and training with teaching, it is the same for my present purpose. It either means the knowledge of truth and wisdom flowing from it, or it designates the means to obtain this end, and which can have value only because it leads to that end. Otherwise, instruction could not be called, so forcibly, *our life.*

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[1] A Bible lying near the speaker.

I leave it to the minister and the priest, or to the silent meditation in the retired closet, to find out the full spiritual sense of this passage. My intention is simply to dwell upon a subject connected with the method of keeping knowledge and instruction, of not letting them go, and of taking fast hold of them.

You could commit no more fatal error than if you were to suppose that, as you leave these academic walls behind you, and as you pass through yonder gate, never more to return in the same capacity in which you have dwelt among us, you may leave your books, and, with them, all further pursuit of knowledge, behind you; that you have now finished your education, and that the diploma I have this moment given you, in the name of the college, constitutes a dividing mark between a period of acquiring knowledge and that of its exclusive application to practical pursuits. All that we, your teachers, could possibly have done, although a very Aristotle had been among us, and a nascent Bacon among you, would still have been no more than to point out to you which way the road lies, to indicate to you what fields are stretching behind the mountain, which you have not yet been able to climb, and to imbue you with a quickening love of truth, as well as to teach you the method of pursuing knowledge. More, no teacher of the young can do. He can instruct, but the acquisition of knowledge depends upon you, and must necessarily form your chief occupation now as you enter the period of manhood. Instruction comes from without, and can be given; knowledge must be acquired within, and is obtained by each man's own and independent action. For this is, after all, the distinction between instruction, information, learning, and even erudition on the one hand, and knowledge on the other; that the first come from without, and are acquired by a purely mental process; but when information is distilled into an essence which becomes part and parcel of our soul and self—when it ripens into a principle of action—when it becomes a foundation of wisdom and a light of essential truth, then it is knowledge, and then only so. Experience must come to aid its progress and maturing; I mean by experience, not the merely passing through successive events, however remarkable they may be, but the passing through events and changes with observing attention, a discriminating eye, and a truthful disposition. You see that your self-education, your most essential training, now only begins, and must never cease as long as you live, if you have resolved to be true to yourselves and are conscious that your Maker has not placed you here in order to pass as loitering idlers through an unmeaning life, passively determined by the world without, instead of aiding in determining it, as resolute and good men. There is no such demarcating line as is commonly supposed between the so-called self-educated man, and him that has had "an education." It is, indeed, of great importance whether a boy has the means of going to school or not; but as no person can cultivate his mind by his own unaided and spontaneous efforts, and without owing his culture, in a great measure, to the ideas which are constantly exchanging in the society in which he lives, and which reach him in a thousand rays from the institutions and labors and motive powers of his period; so, on the other hand, is every one that is able, substantial, or distinguished in any sphere, be it in the useful or fine arts, or politics, in literature or the law, so far as he *is* prominent and of substantial value, a self-educated man, and only able or distinguished so far as self-culture has carried him. Without it, instruction glides off as a dew-drop from a glossy leaf. Without it, information is a garment, not a living part of the body. Go then to work and make yourselves men. We have tried to give you the chisel; now fashion the marble. Everything henceforth depends upon yourselves. But if I have thus placed knowledge far above instruction, I feel sure that none of you, who know me so well, can think for a moment that I undervalue instruction. Far from it. Very much indeed must nowadays be learned with unrelaxing perseverance, merely to keep on a level with the active and manful thinkers and actors of our time. Besides, instruction is like virtue. You cannot stand still. Either you keep increasing them with vigilance and zeal, or you fall back. They either grow stronger and wider every day, or they wither, shrink, and decay.

Therefore, take fast hold of knowledge, keep it, let it not go, for it is your life. If this behest has been true at any time, and with reference to the young and old of any period, it seems to me to be peculiarly so at our own epoch. For, if I mistake not, we are living in a period of intense and comprehensive activity; a period which possibly resembles the agitated age of the Reformation in its universal restlessness, yearning and heaving; in its rearing and acquiring, and destroying and exploding; in its doubting, its inquiring temerity, and its reassuring and falling back upon past things; in its feverish unrest, and lofty, calming comprehensiveness; in its embittered struggles and its enlarging humanity.

I am well aware that we are ever inclined to consider our own age a peculiar and prominently important one, for the same reason that the present pain is always the sharpest, and the present enjoyment the highest. A mole-hill close before the eyes of a resting wanderer on the sward shuts out from his sight an entire alpine chain at a distance; but after all allowances and due deductions have been made, and reasoning with the assumed impartiality of a historian some centuries hence, I still believe that your lot has been cast in no period of repose, but, on the contrary, in one of great agitation in all the spheres of action, knowledge, sympathy, and aspiration.

Do you turn your eyes to the natural sciences and philosophy? There you see the Frenchman who points to the heavens, and says, In that spot you must find a planet, as far beyond Uranus as Uranus is beyond Saturn, at thirty times our own distance from the sun. And you find the planet. Or you see the German who at length establishes the distance of a fixed star—sixty-three billions of miles off, so that it takes thousands of years before the ray of light parting from that orb can reach the tiny retina of the observer. Or you see the geologist reading the rocks in the bowels of the earth like the pages of a chronicle, in which it has pleased the Almighty Chronicler to reveal the periods by which he has chosen gradually to shape and change, and evoke from successive turmoils, this fair earth of his, until it should be fit to receive that being whom he intended to be capable of spelling these records, and deciphering his own hieroglyphics. Or you see the naturalist who discovers millions and myriads of wonderfully organized beings, infinitely varied, in a drop or a single cellule of other animals. You see an Agassiz and a Humboldt, like priests of nature, revealing some of her greatest mysteries, showing thought, one thought, the thought of God, pervading the universe and its phases.

Do you turn your eyes to the study of history? There you see the Englishman, a very sapper of history, excavating, and, with rare sagacity and resolution, unveiling that Nineveh which even to the writers of the Old Testament was a place of gray antiquity. What an entire volume of history, what an epic, what a tragedy in the Sophoclean sense, it seemed to me, when, but a few weeks ago, I daily passed from that Crystal Palace—itself a type and symbolization of the broad and stirring thoughts, and wide sympathies, which move our age—to the British Museum, where I stood and meditated before the inscriptions, and sculptures, and gigantic images of past, past Nineveh, great and grave as the error was, which made millions prostrate themselves before them in groping worship, seeking a living God of light in soulless, sable stone. Or you see the busy miner of history bringing to light multitudes of cherished objects from the place where the Athenian market was; for, happily, at last it has been found, that spot to which, of all others on the globe, the intensest interest is attached—a spot which appears to the imagination of the historian radiant like a diamond among coarser and darker minerals. Or you perceive every archive ransacked, every country, every life of any importance described, and its description made accessible to the public, while in no previous period historic justice, and calm, enlarged views have found so many truthful votaries as in our own.

Or do you turn your eyes to the science of language? Philology, once comprehending two ancient tongues only, now takes within one grasp the Sanscrit, the oldest of all, and the dialect of the savage, made known to us by the pioneering missionary. Philology has risen from the grammar to a philosophy of the word—the rind which forms around the thought of man when ripening for utterance. Your own tongue proves the same, and more, for not only is it studied with deeper learning than ever before, but the present period is one of renewed and formative vitality, after a protracted period of lexical forestalling.

Or do you behold the application of science to the comforts and uses of daily life? There you find the American, who attached the electric spark like a wing to the word, so that we may imagine it like a mysterious glow-worm, flitting through the distance of a thousand miles with a rapidity too swift for human language to express it, and out-racing even the storm; reminding us of the worlds in which the minds of Milton and Ariosto moved, when they conceived of beings darting through the unresisting ether of the universe, rather than of the resisting and opaque reality which usually surrounds us, and grudgingly recedes before the boldest and brightest conceptions of constructive genius. How could I enumerate the most important applications only, which in our half century have been made, and through which it enjoys a full measure of humanizing comfort?

How could I with justice point out to you the rapidity with which many of the most important improvements have advanced? In the year 1830 the first railway was laid; in 1838 the first steam packet crossed the Atlantic; and in about five years later, I left this town to visit my birthplace, and from Columbia to Berlin I proceeded on land, river, and sea exclusively by steam. Indeed you might now leave this spot and go to Calcutta, through our own country, across the Atlantic, through England, Belgium, Germany, the Adriatic, the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean, around Ceylon, and never be carried by any other propelling power than steam, except, as yet, the short distance across the Isthmus of Suez. The word of Galilei, "And yet it moves," has become true in more than one sense.

Who could find the time, and if he could, who possesses the memory, to give an account of all the discoveries and inventions of our century, from the quickly igniting match, saving time and saving patience, to that godsend which lulls the mangled sufferer into the sleep of a child while surgery is stealing a limb from him, and which, separating pain from the knife, has given it increased skill and greater boldness? Does any one doubt that had this discovery taken place in ancient times, a myth would quickly have formed itself around the phial of chloroform, and mythology would tell us how Æsculapius was bidden by Jove, when he forgot for a moment his thunder-bolts and took compassion upon man with all his aches and ailments upon him, to bring it to the sufferers below? We do not believe in an Æsculapius; we know that no Jove has sent the soothing ether; we simply but fervently thank our one God for all his mercies, and for this as one of the greatest among them.

Do you turn your attention to the subject of labor—one of the indicative elements of every stage of civilization? You will find that one of the most characteristic features of our age consists in the close union, the wedlock of Knowledge and Labor, and the utmost stretch of productiveness to which labor has been carried. Knowledge has become dis-aristocratized, if I may make a word, and Labor has become dignified. So great and searching a change has produced many revolutions in the whole state of human things, and will produce infinitely more—for *certain* weal in the end, for some woe in the transition. I do not maintain that all these changes have been directly for the better; there is no struggle in the course of civilization that does not leave its dead and wounded on the battle-field. Nor do I say that the great idea of the dignity of labor is not carried at times to an extreme, in which it appears as a distorted caricature, even to hideousness. We need only think of the French communism; but remember how often I have endeavored to impress upon your minds the truth that there is no great and working idea in history, no impulse which passes on through whole masses, like a heaving wave over the sea, no yearning and endeavor which gives a marking character to a period, and no new institution or new truth which becomes the substantial increase that a certain age adds to the stock of progressive civilization, that has not its own caricature, and distorted reflection along with it. No Luther rises with heroic purpose without being caricatured in a Carlstadt. The miracle wrought by Him, to whom it was no miracle, is mimicked in toyish marvels for easy minds. The communists are to the dignity of labor what the hideous anabaptists were to the Reformation, or tyrannical hypocrites in England to the idea of British liberty in a Pym or Hampden. There was a truth of elementary importance conveyed in the saying of former ages, however irreverent it may appear to our taste, that Satan is the mimicking and grimacing clown of the Lord. I will go farther, and say that no great truth can be said to have fairly begun to work itself into practice, and to produce, like a vernal breath, a new growth of things, if we do not observe somewhere this historic caricature. Has Christianity itself fared better? Was the first idea, which through a series of errors led to the anchorites and pillar saints, not a true and holy one? Does not all fanaticism consist in recklessly carrying a true idea to an extreme, irrespective of other equally true ones, which ought to be developed conjointly, and under the salutary influence of mutual modification? There is truth in the first idea whence the communist starts, as much so as there is truth in the idea which serves as a starting-post for the advocate of the ungodly theory of divine right; but both carry out their fundamental principle to madness, and, ultimately, often run a-muck in sanguinary ferocity. Do not allow yourself, then, to be misled by these distortions, or to be driven into hopeless timidity, which would end in utter irresolution, and a misconception of the firmest truths.

If you direct your attention to the wide sphere of the law, you will discover the same activity and energy in rearing and destroying. Indeed, this, too, is a prominent feature of our age. In no period of our race have so many and so comprehensive changes taken place in so short a time. The penal code of almost every civilized community has been remodelled. The trial has been made more just and fair. An entire new science, the science of punition or penology, has been struck out. The civil law of the different nations, and their very systems of judicature, are daily mending and remodelling. The law of nations, that strong cement of peoples, which was conceived by the great Grotius, as the science of politics was gestated by one man, Aristotle, has much expanded and been improved in our times, and is daily uniting more firmly the tribes of our race into one fold and one vast commonwealth of nations; and in diplomacy an essential change has been wrought, by discussing the conflicting rights and interests of nations with entire publicity, of which we have the honor of having set the example.

If you examine the diffusion of knowledge, I had almost said the profusion of knowledge, you will find in that sphere, too, an unheard-of activity, from the national systems of primary education to the enlargement of universities and academies, from the analyzer in silent retirement to the boldest expeditions, from the traveller in Africa, and the New Englander who caused himself to be landed, alone and daring, on the shores of Japan, to the polar knight-errant of science, persevering with divine obstinacy, which seems to become the bolder the more irrevocably it appears to be written on those piles of bergs: Thus far and no farther. Then, reflect for a moment on the means of spreading knowledge, and of the increased communion between men. It almost appears as if Guttenberg's sublime conception has been only fulfilled in our age; and along with the widely-spread printing, and the telegraph, which the other day carried a message from New York to New Orleans and back again—a distance little short of four thousand miles—in a few minutes, we have the penny postage, a quickening agent of civilization, scarcely less important than the type. There is no branch of industry or commerce which does not receive its beneficial influence, and the affections of men are as deeply indebted to Rowland Hill as the busiest producers and exchangers. You have parents; I have children; and we know the blessed luxury of freely writing to those we love without a heavy postage-tax on our affections.

How is it in agriculture, in commerce? Can you forget that you live in that half century which has recovered Free Trade, and will you ever forget what I have taken pains to prove to you, that Free Trade is nothing more than the Christian's peace and good will toward men, applied to the sphere of production and exchange, and as important in the material world as the angelic song is in the moral sphere?

How is it in the wide domain of charity? The Middle Ages scattered charity with a profuse, though not always with a judicious hand, like the Mohametan who, with a pious intention, orders bags full of coin to be thrown among a scrambling multitude; but no age, I believe, has equalled ours in a general attention to the toiling masses, and in its varied attempts to help the necessitous—not only the ragged and the starving. The list of charitable societies in London alone, which Lamartine lately gave to the public, furnishes an ample subject for earnest reflection. And if our age had produced nothing but the Ragged School, the Savings Bank, and the Wash-house for the Poor, I should feel warranted in saying that the throb of charity is not unknown to its heart. I told you that I lately beheld the remains of Nineveh's grandeur. In the same city, whither the emblems of Assyrian sway have travelled—a symbolic indication of the direction which the course of history itself has taken, from Asia through the south of Europe, to the northern nations—in the same city where the wonder of our age was erected, the greatest monument of Peace and Good Will, there, too, I have repeatedly visited the Ragged School and those rescue schools for young abandoned thieves, and offending girls, far more difficult to reclaim than thieves; and I believe that man was never engaged in a more Christian and holy cause. If we justly observe that Christianity has produced by far the vastest changes in society, government, national intercourse, commerce, and literature, simply because it changed the inner man, and, therefore, humanity itself, we ought to add: And it has been able to produce the Ragged School. Kings and governments have in all ages occupied themselves, at times, with high emprises; but it was left to our day to hear monarchs mention in their pithy throne speeches, addressed to assembled parliaments, the Primer, the Penitentiary, and the Potato—the poorest food for the poorest people. These are signs that stand for multitudes of things.

And how do we find matters in that vast region of politics—the main staple of what is commonly called History? Hardly has Europe emerged, we cannot say recovered, from multifarious revolutions, which made her quiver from one end to the other, when everywhere indications are found of a new and far more serious convulsion, in which she will wade, knee-deep, through blood. There is agitation in the whole field of politics in our own country. Every mind, down to the least observing, is occupied with ideas of the last moment. Freedom or unfreedom, change or unchange, progress, stability, or regress, are the watchwords everywhere. And what is true of politics is no less so of religion. Papacy, Protestantism, Judaism—all partake of the same stirring, rising, swelling activity. Nor is it different in the fine arts. An age of purer taste and wider production has succeeded a period of false and narrow refinement; and the sculptor and painter, the proud servants of History and brethren of Poetry, are dotting many a land with their monuments, the effects of a high civilization, and the promoters of a higher one.

Over all this straining activity spreads a public opinion, which has never been equalled in extent, distinctness, and vigor. In antiquity public opinion was enclosed and limited by the city wall. In the present time it hovers over and unites many entire countries into one community, deeming even the Atlantic as naught, and making the poet's *mare dissociabile* an unmeaning term. It is general, like knowledge itself.

It has left the confined spot on earth, and its coruscations are seen by all and felt by king and kaiser as by the plainest citizen that is not wholly insulated within his surrounding society.

I have been able to direct your attention to a few of the most prominent points only, like a guide when he leads a party of travellers towards the Alps, and points out some peaks of the colossal mountain group. He can show but a few at the time, but between them are lying thousands of no less important details. Yet I believe I have convinced you of the fact, which I was desirous of vindicating, that you have been born in an agitated and energetic age, in which it is necessary to be awake and resolute, diligent and manly, in order to keep up with the pushing, jostling crowd on the high-road; otherwise you will fall back among the stragglers, and your chance will be lost. Whether the jury of historians, which will be empanelled in after-ages, will find a verdict that our period has made out a claim to have been a great age, we must leave to them; but an active, intensely energetic age it certainly seems to me; and you must gather more and more knowledge, in order to be able correctly to observe, and wisely to discriminate, lest the whole will become to you a tumultuous and disheartening confusion—the very opposite to that mental peace without which wisdom is impossible.

Add to what I have said the two truths which I have spread before you in the lecture-room, that all knowledge must be far in advance of its application before it can be applied; and that you can possess full dominion over any province of knowledge only when you have a considerable acquaintance with adjacent districts—and your own conscience must tell you that your active self-education must be unbroken and unflagging. Wilfully to neglect it would be nothing less than levity, and I now solemnly remind you how often, in the course of my instruction in history and political philosophy, I have shown you that, of all corrosives in the whole catalogue of ethical poisons, levity is far the worst—worse, in the incalculable and wide-spread mischief it produces, or allows to grow in rank profusion, than passion, and even positive, bold political vice.

There are so many thoughts and feelings crowding upon a man's mind and soul on an occasion like this, that it is difficult to choose—and, when the choice of the subject has been made, to end. I will follow the advice of Martin Luther. He gives it as the ninth and last of his serious advices to a minister, that he should know when to stop in good time, and before the subject appears to him wholly exhausted.

I now only add my last adieu, knowing that I speak in the name of all your teachers, and thus say: Be just, be pure, be truthful, be charitable, be resolute, be temperate, and void of levity; and God will bless you.

THE HISTORY AND USES OF ATHENÆUMS.[1]

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE REQUEST OF THE COLUMBIA ATHENÆUM, MARCH 17, 1856.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—About a fortnight ago a committee of the Columbia Athenæum made me acquainted with a resolution, by which I was invited to deliver to my fellow-citizens of this place a lecture on the history and uses of athenæums. I desire to repeat, as literally as my memory will serve me, what I then stated to your committee. I replied that it would seem ungracious in me to decline the complimentary offer and refuse to contribute my share, however small, to the furtherance of so worthy and useful an undertaking as the establishment of an athenæum in our community, but that I must frankly confess my ignorance on the subject. Nor did I believe that I should be able to derive much information from our college library, for the thirty years preceding our own days form always one of the most difficult veins to be traced and wrought by the historical miner. The committee declined assigning the task to abler hands, and here I stand before you, having found my fears regarding the library completely realized. I must throw myself, therefore, on your indulgence, but, in doing so, I make free to remind you that the topic on which I am going to address you has not been chosen by me, but has been imposed upon me by you. Nor will you forget that the topic is a narrow one; it does not furnish the lecturer with comprehensive substance sufficient to make his lecture flow like a deep and wide river, carrying the bark of his hearer steadily down to the broad sea of knowledge; it is not a subject that can impassion the soul of the speaker so that he may give it back in a fervent speech. My remarks, therefore, will constitute no real lecture; no discourse or address, but rather an allocution, or, were I permitted in this place to indulge in familiar style, a one-sided conversation. I make these remarks, conscious that I offend the well-established rule of Cicero, not to depreciate our own topics, and I naturally offer them at the beginning; but I beg that you will kindly remember them at the conclusion, so that, should you feel inclined, when descending yonder steps, to say: What a lecture! you may imagine me whispering over your shoulders: True, but how narrow a topic!

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[1] The following lecture was delivered at the Columbia (South Carolina) Athenæum, of which Hon. William C. Preston was president. Among Dr. Lieber's papers several emendations of the original text and some passages not printed hitherto were found. This revision of the address is here given.—(G.)

Permit me to state here an incident, which, of interest to me, will not, I think, be wholly void of it to you. The same day when your committee called on me, I was officially informed that some forty-five Germans, residing in this city, having formed a club, a year or two back, had collected a sum of money (about three hundred dollars) to lay the foundation of a German library for themselves and their families. Wherever the Germans go they form their "Harmonies" or "Germanias," or whatever other names they may give to their cosey clubs with circulating libraries—that requisite of German comfort. There is now a German "Harmony" at Athens and one in San Francisco on the Pacific. Strange vicissitudes!

Our German fellow-citizens requested me to make out a catalogue for them, and I think you will agree with me that if we, in proportion to our number and means, do as much as they have done, all of whom are industrious and toiling artisans or mechanics, we shall do pretty well, and the athenæum will not be lacking a sufficiency of means.

I now turn to the topic proper which you have proposed to me.

When you ask me to give you the history of athenæums, I suppose that you do not desire me to give a chronological account of a number of athenæums. If you did, I must plead ignorance. I know the chronology of two athenæums only—those of Liverpool and Boston. I must take it for granted that you wish me to point out what precise position the athenæum occupies in the large system of institutions that form the apparatus of our civilization; you want me to make you feel where the pulse of the athenæum throbs in the great organism of our culture, and you desire me to lay before you how and by what process the athenæum came to be what we now find it. You wish me, I take it, to show you the threads forming the web—to untwist the rope, and, showing the constituent strands, to follow them up to the very rope-walks whence they originally came. In one word, I am to show the genesis of the athenæum.

If we elevate ourselves to that philosophic height, whence we can take a comprehensive view even of our own times, free from the magnifying effect of the nearness of objects close before our eyes—that noble height which shows the connection and proportion, the truth of things—even in the calmness of that elevation, where we judge of the present with the justice of the historian, we shall be obliged to say that one of the characteristic features of the nineteenth century in the great history of our western Caucasian race[1] is a yearning for knowledge and culture far more general than has ever existed at any previous period, on the one hand, and, on the other, a readiness and corresponding desire in the votaries of knowledge to diffuse it—to make the many millions share in its treasures and benefits. Men are no longer divided into two castes, the lettered and the unlettered. Knowledge has become disaristocratized. Science delights in teaching the farmer, and a Liebig does not consider it a disgrace, as he would have thought in former times, to analyze the different processes of cookery. Learning is no longer deemed to unfit a man for action and practice, and the school has become a state affair. Knowledge—the desire to possess it, and the delight to cultivate and spread it, have become a feature which, among others, gives its distinctive physiognomy to our age. But when a tendency, an idea, a longing seizes upon and fevers a nation or a race, it is like the working of spring. There is but one vernal breath breathed into torpid nature, but it manifests itself in a thousand different ways, in blossom, blade and balm, in foliage, carol and gambol, in silent beauty, humming life and noisy calls. It is the same with our love of knowledge. It breaks forth in many efforts, and manifests itself in varied institutions. The apparatus of the cause of knowledge, as we may well term it, is immense.

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[1] By this term I mean the Europeans and their descendants in other parts of the globe, a portion of our species for which we stand in need of a proper term, as I have elsewhere expressed (in my Civil Liberty and Self-Government).

We have first the book-trade, which has acquired truly gigantic dimensions, from the pedler who carries the Bible and Webster's spelling-book to the lonely settler in the west, up to the Harpers, Lippincotts, and Appletons in our own country, and the great publishing houses all over central Europe.[1] The capital engaged in this trade, the hands employed by it, the brains working for it—who can state them all in a distinct estimate? We have next that vast contrivance comprehended within the new term journalism, with thousands of presses working night and day and scattering their unceasing leaves over the face of the globe, followed from time to time by the periodicals of all the different spheres of knowledge. We have the school—the most extensive and articulated of all institutions, save the state itself, with the four leading nations—the English, the Americans, the French, and the Germans, if we understand by this brief monosyllable the aggregate of all societies and institutions established for the purpose of education, instruction, and the general promotion of knowledge, from the ragged school, which rescues the abandoned child, steeped in vice and filth, and cleanses it in the brooks of knowledge and religion, through the various gradations of the primary school system, that covers the land like a net-work, the higher schools and academies, the technic schools and colleges, the normal schools, seminaries, and high schools, up to the universities, some of the largest of which count above a hundred teachers; to which we must add the many learned societies, from the modest meeting of lettered friends to the national institute of France.

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[1] According to the Statistics of the Industry in Massachusetts, published by the legislature in 1856, the mere printing done in that state amounts annually to $1,500,000.

We are apt to be amazed at the statements of the European land and naval forces, and well we may. Every fiftieth being in France is a soldier, or connected with the military department. The united army of the German confederacy amounts to above a million of men; and there are about forty-five millions of Germans, so that about every forty-fifth being in that country is an accoutred, well-appointed soldier. What a prodigious national effort is requisite to produce and support such an establishment! Yet, what is even this German army compared with the German school, if we consider that we are certainly within the bounds of truth when we set down every ninth being in that country as engaged in teaching and pursuing knowledge, or in receiving and assimilating it? It amounts to a noble army of scholars indeed. The national effort to support such a state of things is incalculably great, especially as we must add the church, for the Christian church is inherently a preaching—that is, a teaching institution. We must not only take into account the great amount of wealth directly requisite to support the school, but also all the wealth the production of which is prevented by sending the million of children and lads to the school-house. This immediate prevention of production by the school is very great with all intensely industrious nations, as has long been shown by writers on political economy. Schooling enhances, indeed, in a signal degree, the productive powers of a nation in the end, but at first it causes a loss, which is to be supported by greater energy in the producers; and the more industrious a nation is, the greater is the immediate sacrifice to the school.

A similar state of things exists with all the peoples of central Europe and with ourselves—a portion of civilized mankind amounting to more than one hundred and fifty millions of beings. I think I have shown the justness of my remark, that the school is one of the marked features of our times; and it is daily becoming more so.

At this moment an endeavor is making in Great Britain to establish a separate department of education, with a minister of education at its head. Similar functionaries have long existed in other countries; but the carving out of a new department in England seems to me to be a distinct sign of the times; for, a radical change, or a new organization, is in that country rarely the conception of a bold mind, willingly carried out, but generally the capital placed on a long and lofty column of endeavor and struggle. "The English use ancient formulas for new ideas, until the formula cracks under the tension." They do not hastily launch abstractions on the trying sea of reality, there perhaps soon to founder for want of proper seasoning on the patient stocks.

May I not, on the other hand, allude to the fact that European savans will have a free passage in American packet ships, to resort to the next meeting of scientific men at Albany, as a sign of the times? It seems so to me. In the days of Adrian, professors lectured at different places of the empire, and had the right of free passage in any of the public ships;[1] but here the owners of the packet ships do from private liberality and individual esteem of science what the Roman emperor did as the ruler of the whole.[2]

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[1] Polemon of Laodicea taught oratory at Rome, Laodicea, Smyrna, and Alexandria, and had the right of sailing, free of charge, in any government vessel, for himself and his family.—*Philostratus the Elder*, in his Lives of Fifty-Nine Sophists. Why should we not, with our railways, economize talent, and have more frequently the same teachers lecturing in different institutions?

[2] While these pages were passing through the press (the first time), the author received the act by which the legislature of New York has incorporated the institution founded by Peter Cooper, Esq., merchant and manufacturer in the city of New York, for the promotion of the arts, sciences, literature, and general knowledge among both sexes, and in the different classes of society. It is near its completion, and when finished will have received from its founder values to

In giving you, however, an enumeration of the different classes of institutions constituting the school, I have omitted an entire important class of cultural establishments, of recent origin. I hope you allow the word cultural to pass without censure. We stand in need of a term for the distinct idea it expresses, and having agricultural from agriculture, I do not see why we should not have cultural, since we have culture. It is certainly better than civilizational, which besides would not give the precise meaning to be conveyed.

I mean those institutions whose object it is to promote, by associations or mutual support, the culture of the mind and taste among those who have left the school, and are engaged in the practical pursuits of life—the library associations, the apprentices' libraries, the mechanics' institutions, the working men's colleges, the lyceums, the athenæums, and whatever other names may be given to the different kinds of this class of institutions, all of which have this in common, that by mutual support they furnish an opportunity for continued culture and acquisition of knowledge to men practically engaged in life, to the artisan and physician, the lawyer and the mechanic, the manufacturer and the minister. Almost all of

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the amount of half a million of dollars. These he gives with his living palm, not with the stiffened hand of bequest. To call such a gift princely or even imperial liberality, were simply using a sinking figure of speech. Princes never bestow such gifts of that which is their own. May we not call it American republican munificence? No Adrian disburses this sum from the treasury, filled with the tribute of aching provinces; no Napoleon lavishes it from the collection of severe taxes; no Guy bequeaths it to soothe the smarting memory of disreputable traffic; no testator distributes what he could not take with him; but a simple citizen and kindly lover of his species gives what he has earned by active and by honest trade, in the full vigor of a life that has always been garnished with deeds of charity and public spirit. An act like this is an event, and belongs to history; otherwise it might be indelicate to state that the mentioned sum is not the tithe, but the third or fourth part of the wealth which the generous donor's own industry has accumulated with the blessing of Providence. Nor are to him the words wife and children mere terms without the thrilling directness of reality. His public largess does not come from private loneliness; and it required the sovereign power of the legislature to force the name of Cooper on the institution, which the founder had petitioned his law-givers to call the Union, that is, the Union of Arts, Sciences, and General Knowledge.

them endeavor to obtain their end by the threefold means of the library, the reading-room, and the occasional lecture. Of these institutions the athenæum, as its name would indicate, is, perhaps, that which endeavors to add more especially literature and taste to its objects, and is most intended as a means of dignified mental recreation and tasteful repose. It is impossible to draw the distinction very accurately, because the names I have enumerated are not very accurately used, nor does the term athenæum itself imply a well-defined meaning, according to its etymology.

The term athenæum comes down to us from remote antiquity. Every place, town, temple, or other fabric dedicated to Pallas Athene, the goddess of wisdom, was called, in Greece, an Athenaion. There was a building in Athens called the Athenaion, where rhetoricians and authors read their productions and youth received partial education, or at least instruction. The Athenæum, however, through which the name became most known in Western Europe, was, probably, the institution which the Emperor Adrian established on the Capitoline Hill after his return from his eastern tour, about one hundred and twenty years after Christ. This Roman athenæum was a building where paid teachers or professors, as we would call them, taught rhetoric and philosophy, and where literary productions were publicly read. It was the highest educational establishment of the western portion of the empire—a sort of university; on a small scale, indeed, compared with the magnificent institutions of this name in our times. When a youth had completed his provincial training he would, if sufficiently wealthy, go to the Athenæum of Rome to finish his education. Other cities of the empire had their athenæums. There was one at Lyons. The dark ages swept away these as nearly all other cultural establishments; but when the love of knowledge went abroad again from the cloisters, we find an athenæum in Marseilles—a sort of academy of belles-lettres. The name was occasionally given to similar societies in other places; but it was rarely used for the same purpose in Germany. There the word athenæum has been chiefly employed, so far as I recollect, for periodicals treating of topics connected with belles-lettres and taste.[1] The Athenæum, long edited by Schlegel, known by most of you as the author of the History of Literature, has acquired great renown. There is a periodical of the same name in London, but in England the term athenæum is chiefly used for institutions connected in some way with literature or in general of a cultural character. The Athenæum Club in London was established by artists and literary men. The Athenæum in Liverpool, in the foundation of which the great banker-author, Roscoe, was especially instrumental, was probably the one that became the inciting cause of the establishment of the Boston Athenæum, which was founded about the year 1811. Both the Liverpool and Boston Athenæums are establishments such as I have characterized, and as you are erecting here.

So much for the name, and now for some remarks on the component parts of athenæums. The chief means by which the athenæum endeavors to obtain its ends are, as we have seen, the library, the reading-room, and the occasional lecture. A collection of works of the fine arts and even scientific collections are sometimes added.

Whence does the library come?

All transmission of knowledge must necessarily begin with oral tradition. Knowledge, memory, experience, facts and stories, history and speculation pass from mouth to mouth; it is long the only means before a better is discovered, but it is an insufficient one. It is vague; sometimes slender like a thread and easily broken; sometimes wild, rising to furious violence, almost always defacing and distorting. I speak of tradition as a vessel of knowledge. Skill, art, taste, manner, application, and even sentiments and fervor, must forever belong, in a great measure, to the realm of tradition. Otherwise, distant nations might straightway adopt our law and jury, or our whole constitutional system, yet they would not work at once for lack of traditional genius. Music is not imported into our country by the importation of musical notations; the singer must come along with them, and our Crawfords and Powers must go to Italy to learn the tradition of the sculpturing chisel. The art of printing gave the book to every one, but it was necessary that the living teacher should accompany it, from the learned countries to the darker lands, to give life to it. There is probably no more striking illustration of the mutual need of the book and tradition than that afforded us by the conquest of Constantinople. The book preserved and brought down Grecian intellectuality to that time in the eastern portion of Europe, but Providence used its rude conquest to drive forth and scatter the living expounders of the books, the traditional torch-bearers, over the west, there to prepare a new age with its Reformation.

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[1] What we now call athenæum is more frequently named in Germany a museum. Our showmen have changed this, and the term, indicating a place sacred to the muses, is used for exhibition rooms sacred to bearded women, stitched mermaids, and the like.

Tradition must always fill out with the felt and spoken word the interstices between the parts of firmly recorded knowledge. Nearly the whole portion of our civilization which we may designate by that comprehensive term civility is traditional in spite of our Chesterfields and Les Petites Morales. Nearly all that is symbolical in our life belongs to tradition, but as a chief conveyer of truth, and especially if it be the only means of conveyance, tradition wraps herself in thicker and thicker veils as she proceeds. This tradition, intended to be a channel of knowledge, often resembles those abandoned canals which we sometimes see, containing stagnant and putrid pools of greenish water, breeding miasmas, instead of carrying along the full volume that was to have quickened trade, and to have distributed the comforts of life.

Opportunities are frequently, even now, in our printing age, offered to us of observing the mischievous working of tradition. Rumor is a species of tradition, short-lived, but quick and violent. You, I, every one is liable to mistake repetition for confirmation; and who that is acquainted with history, or observes his own times with some attention, does not know the cruel part frequently played by rumor? Rumor murdered John De Witt, and rumor has tarred and feathered innocent victims.

On the other hand, an incident in my own life occurs to me now, because it made a deep impression on me in my younger days, proving the confusing power of tradition. Not more than three years after the sharp battles by which the French were repulsed from Germany, I made a pedestrian journey, according to German fashion, to several of the battle-fields. I travelled to Silesia, and went over the field of Katzbach, with a farmer who had been a guide to one of the Prussian generals. He showed me where such a battery had been planted, and pointed out where such a square had been mowed down. He led me to the spot where Blücher[1] said to the raw recruits, "You are young soldiers, and will be no great hands at shooting. Anyhow, I hate losing much time with that waste of powder. How would it do to tickle the enemy with the bayonet first, and then crack away at him when he runs?" And they did tickle away the enemy, and gained one of the most sanguinary and decisive victories in that bloody campaign. But what was my surprise when I found that my guide, in his farther account, mixed up details belonging to a battle which Frederick the Great had fought near the same spot, against the Russians, more than half a century before! It is thus that tradition heaps upon one Hercules the prowess of many a champion, and the sallies of many a wit upon one Talleyrand, or accuses one Nero of the crimes of many malefactors.

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[1] Blücher had then already received the honor of a soldierly nickname. He was universally called Marshal Onward (Vorwärts), for his readiest command, no matter how exhausted the soldiers might feel, was Vorwärts. The name has passed into poetry, as a certain camp poetry had dictated it. Almost all commanders, on whom their men have looked with truly soldierly or sailor-like reliance, have had their nicknames in which a rough fondling manifests itself. Le petit corporal was Napoleon's, as Marlborough was called Corporal John; Alter Fritz was that of Frederick the Great; Old Hickory, Jackson's; and Marion was called the Swamp Fox; Cæsar was nicknamed from his baldness, at least in the ribald songs of the triumphs. The Hindoos called Clive, Sabut Jung, the daring in war. There is another class of popular names, which are like fearful sentences, such as the Butcher for the Duke of Cumberland, or Bobbing John for the Earl of Mar. Great civilians, too, have had their popular names. Old Dan was no uncommon name for Webster, when highest in popular favor, and Clay was frequently called Prince Hal. When Chatham was at the head of the cabinet, he was called the people's minister, to the great dislike of George the Third, who was nicknamed Farmer George. The lawyers called Lord Eldon, Old Bags. Who does not recollect that schoolboys and students, indeed all close communities in close contact with prominent leaders, whose excellent and weak parts are readily observed, are lavish in bestowing endearing, ridiculing, or censuring nicknames? But it requires great fondness on the one hand, or a good fastening point on the other. I am not aware that Washington ever had his popular name. William of Orange was called Father William, and retains the name to this day.

Man is not satisfied with tradition alone. Man longs to record. There are two principles constantly at work in the human soul, a longing to represent without what deeply moves him within, and a desire to let posterity know what he has suffered or enjoyed, as well as to know what his forefathers have suffered and enjoyed. Man loves to remember and to be remembered. We may call it the historical impulse of man, and it seems to be deeply implanted in our being by its Author as one of the providential means to insure the continuity of society, without which no civilization would be possible. Man is led by it to inscriptions in picture writing. He represents his ideas, as well as he can, by images. The incipiency of writing is there; for, although images are used in the pictorial writing, it differs from the picture in this, that it evokes a succession of connected ideas, while the picture represents the action of one moment, however complicated this may be.

From the picture writing, man proceeds to the ideographic and hieroglyphic writing, and at length he arrives, by most instructive and interesting processes, revealed to us by the Champollions and Youngs, at the alphabet, the phonetic writing, that wonderful contrivance by which we succeed, with the help of a few tiny signs, to express all our ideas, not by a direct sign or representation of them, as a lion for strength, but by representing the sounds, which, in turn, represent the ideas, so that the Chinese justly say that we write through the eye to the ear and through the ear to the mind, but they through the eye alone. The A B C, in its sublime simplicity, and its immeasurable effect, is so stupendous an invention that most, if not all, ancient nations have ascribed its origin to direct inspiration. So soon as the alphabet is revealed to man, he descends from the region of the mere inscription to the vast, unlimited domain of the book; for so soon as he can write alphabetically, he can collect what he has written in a small compass—he has a book.

What is a book? A book is a collection of thought-enshrining materials in a portable compass, no matter what that material may be, whether shoulder-blades of mutton, on which Mahomet wrote his suras, or papyrus, tablets or parchment, cloth or paper; or what its shape may be, a scroll, a string of mnemonic symbols, or our volumes. So soon as you can carry thought-enshrining material from place to place, and can gather this material in some coherent bulk, you have what essentially constitutes the book; and so soon as you have books, you can collect them—you have the library, this accompaniment of all advanced civilization.

The book and the library have always sprung forth, as it were, where civilization of a higher order has shown itself. We cannot well imagine it without them. Even our religion could not dispense with the book. The book and the library belong to what I would call the perennial or permanent concomitants of civilization.

Allow me here to speak, if I may say so, a marginal note on these concomitants. There are certain things, ideas, institutions, which we always observe in their incipiency, so soon as men rise from the depths of barbarism; which become intenser in their action, or weightier in their meaning, as men advance, and sink or become fainter as men relapse. These I call the permanent concomitants of civilization; they are additional gauges of culture. It is for them we must inquire, if we wish to present to our minds a vivid image of a people, and it is these elementary parts that the historian must seek, if he desires to know the bed in which the succession of notable events has coursed along; or if he wishes, if I may apply an expression of Goethe, "to read between the lines" of the historical record.

If you desire to know the condition and very life of a given people, you must ask, How do they eat? how do they dress? how do they dwell? Men always prepare their food by the help of fire. They never merely gather it as the brute does. Man is a cooking animal. But there is an immense difference between the irregular and fitful feeding of our Pueblo Indians in Texas, who, according to official reports given us by congress, have not yet arrived at the idea of the meal, although they have fixed habitations and some agriculture, or of the Thibetans, who, the missionary Huc tells us, help themselves from their simmering kettle as appetite may prompt, and the symposium at which a Socrates and Plato exchanged thought and pleasantry amid the refinements of an Athenian repast, or the clean and inviting table of a cheerful family, over whose savory viands Religion breathes a hallowing grace. I do not know a more striking symbol of our extensive though somewhat sturdy civilization, so far as it affects the most numerous classes, than a cleanly and well-appointed dinner-table, to which a hard-working man, having washed off the honorable soil of labor, sits down with a thrifty wife and happy children to take a Christian meal. And as vice or brutality invade a home, so will the meal lose its cheering and recreating importance in the house. The meal symbolizes the progress of man. The cheap cruet-stand of dull pewter, with its four inelegant cruets of glass, represents nevertheless a comprehensive state of progress. To bring together, and within the reach of a humble household, the pepper of Muscat or Madagascar, the olive oil of Bordeaux, the salt of England, and the vinegar of the North has required sea-defying commerce, long agricultural experience, embolding astronomy, wise architecture, accumulated capital, and long-developed law—domestic and international—skill, energy, science, patience, and bravery—men brave in action, brave in knowledge, brave in speculation, of which we little think when daily using these condiments.

The history of the meal, the amount of domestic comfort, which includes the standard of cleanliness—an element of national as well as individual prosperity, both moral and physical—would be a significant contribution to the history of the civilization of a people.

Man is by nature a sloven and a sluggard; civilization alone washes him clean and pushes him on to work and produce.[1]

We must ask, How do they intercommunicate? Do they communicate? Have they the mail? When the fiat went forth that men should be social beings, and that their very civilization should in a great part be founded upon the pervading principle of mutual dependence, a fiat went likewise forth that there should be roads. The caravan, the road, the canal, the bridge,[2] the navigation on river and sea, some contrivance of more or less extensive intercommunication is always observable; but between the weary camel-track in the desert and the path of the buffalo, which Senator Benton calls the pioneer of road-making engineers, and the whirling speed on the iron rail, the floating mansions in our times, or the road which Napoleon put like a taming yoke on the neck of the Simplon, are all the phases of rising and sinking civilization. The road distributes and joins; it is the most efficient productive aid, and a civilizer that has few equals. All the greatest nations have been active road-makers in their stages of high civilization, with the exception of Greece, owing to her small and deeply-indented territory. The Romans were great road-makers—we travel to this day on some of their pavements—and that manly people called their roads as their greatest laws by the names of their originators. They had their Via Appia, their Via Æmiliana, and thus making the roads historic monuments showed how the proud Senatus Populusque Romanus loved to assimilate the idea of greatness and renown with that of the road. Why do we not imitate them? The French are road-makers; the Germans are road-makers; England is covered with the completest net of roads that ever existed, and spreads the road in India; the Americans are road-makers, and have conceived an idea bolder and sublimer than the bold emperor's Alpine road—the railway to the Pacific, while they have already wedded the Atlantic to the Pacific in the iron bonds of Panama. Among the five greatest works that Alexander is reported to have proposed to himself, was that of binding the distant points of conquests by roads; and, on the other hand, what is there more melancholy in the songs and writings of the Germans after the dire Thirty Years' War than their telling us that many towns and villages were deserted, and the high-roads grown over with brambles? Where is a sterner rebuke of the Spanish government in America than the few lines in which the historian tells us that the Spaniards found fine roads built by the Incas, that they used them, that parts of them are still used, but that the greater part was allowed to go to ruin, and no new ones were constructed.[1]

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[1] I find that Dr. Adam Clarke, in his Instructions to Missionaries in Shetland, contained in his Christian Theology, enumerates the following among the subjects attended to in order to obtain a complete knowledge of the people: How they cook, what they feed on.

[2] It requires civilization to build bridges; bridges break down with civilization. In the darkest times of the Middle Ages, when government crumbled down before the shocks of feudal anger and brutal strife, bridges, as a matter of course, went down, and in many parts of Germany the people formed societies of bridge-builders, to take care of them; as the Vehme courts were formed, because there was no government to administer justice, but people must have bridges and justice, and if the government cannot repair the one or administer the other, the people must find some contrivances for themselves to do it.

I add the following from the papers of the day:

King Victor Emmanuel went to Culoz in Savoy on the 30th August, 1857, to inaugurate the works for cutting a tunnel under Mont Cenis, intended to connect the French and Sardinian railways. He fired the first mine. Prince Napoleon was present, sent by the emperor to compliment the king.

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[1] Mr. Markham, in his Cuzco: A Journey to the Ancient Capital of Peru, etc., London, 1856, gives an account of the ancient Peruvian roads and the working of the stones, which were brought from great distances, with descriptions of the ancient tools which have been found (of hardened copper like the chisels of ancient Greece). He describes "the Tired Stones": "On the road there are still two immense blocks that never reached their destination, which place the route traversed by the others beyond a doubt. They are well known as the

We must ask: How do they punish? Where any number of men are congregated for a common purpose, however few, and though they were pirates, there must be common rules of action; and where there are common rules they may be infringed, for God in his goodness made us free agents, that can do wrong or right; and where common rules are infringed there must be punishment. The house, the school, the church, the state, the army, the ship, the factory, the caravan, the very railway car must have common rules, and punishment accordingly; but from the early bullying punishment founded upon coarse revenge, to the calm, dignified, humanizing yet deeply penetrative and lasting solitary confinement of the Pennsylvania system, what centuries of toilsome improvement! How do they try? Do they continue to deny counsel to the accused? Do they continue to commit the sanguinary fallacy of denying the means of defence granted to the common criminal, those that are accused of the most heinous crimes, by which witchcraft and high treason is understood, and when an orderly trial is most needed? The history of the penal trial is a most instructive and impressive history of our progress and relapses.

We must ask: What is their recreation? how do they amuse themselves? Pain and grief enter largely, indeed, as elements of the great household of man, but joy no less so. If sin is the mother of pain, He that bids the flower to bloom is the father of joy, and when toil in the sweat of our brow was ordained to be the lot of man, recreation was beckoned to wipe the sweating brow. Yet the pleasures of man are wild or refined, and, in turn, bewilder or refine as he rises or

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famous Saycusca-rumi-cuna, or tired stones. The one nearest the fortress is nine feet eight inches long, seven feet eight inches broad, and four feet two inches deep. It is beautifully cut, and has a groove three inches deep round it, apparently for passing a rope. The other is twenty feet four inches in length, fifteen feet two inches broad, and three feet six inches deep, like a huge beam."

The Spanish conquest overtook them, as the conquest of Egypt overtook the half-finished sphinx, and never moved them on. They became the "tired stones." The historian finds many "tired stones" in inchoate institutions, half-lived nations, broken ideas, and men that came too late, like Tacitus.

sinks in culture and dignity. And again we must ask: Do they live for enjoyment alone? For the present? Nothing characterizes the savage more strongly, and gives greater difficulty to the missionary, than the unwillingness to think beyond the day being. This is the great impediment in the way of introducing agriculture. Man must work in spring and cannot reap before autumn. And nothing proves the decadence of a people so surely as the loss of their willingness to lay out labor and capital the fruits of which are to be reaped by their country, indeed, but not by their generation—when the pointed saying, Why shall I work for posterity? What has posterity done for me? becomes a national sentiment of degrading selfishness.

We must ask: In what relation does the actual cultivator of the soil stand to the owner of the land, or is the tiller of the ground a substantial yeoman? To no subject has Niebuhr bent more his searching attention, in order to understand the Roman people, than to this relation of elementary importance.

How do they tax the people? What share do they take of a man's own, and how do they take it, to build up that pyramid called government? The tax must always exist, even though it be in the shape of actual begging on the part of the chief, as with some South American Indians; but between that gift and the financial systems of advanced nations we find every variety of gauges indicative of progress or relapse.

How do they teach and heal, till and forge, or work their metals? How many hours, and by what artificial light do they snatch these hours from the impeding night to add to the day of work and of study and thus to the lives of men? For the school, the hospital, the plough, the anvil, and the lamp must forever form some of the truest elements of civilization. From the Chinese school to our elaborate school system; from the Indian medicine man, who is at the same time the enchanter, to the medical system of a city like Paris; from the stick, with which the Oregon Indian loosens the ground for his maize, to the neat and even graceful American plough; from the first working of virgin copper to the comprehensive metallurgy of the modern white man, with all the forges and the "cunning artificers" or a Benvenuto Cellini—do I not encompass by these few words almost the whole range of man's dominion over matter, and what dominates over matter, if not progressive mind—civilization?

How is machinery, and all that turns and wheels? Man, with fewer formative instincts than the animal, and without natural weapons or instruments (hence, perhaps, the early worship of animals as wiser and superior beings), must resort to artificial tools, which, more or less complicated, constitute the machine. We call machinery a composition of tools, appearing to us very complicated, but complication is a relative term. A water-mill appears to this day to the Asiatics a wonderful machine; we no longer comprehend it within the term machinery. Now let us view in our minds the long line of machines, from the first plough or the spokeless wheel made of two semicircular boards—the cart-wheel of all antiquity and of many countries to this day—to Arkwright's cotton spinning, or the multiplied steam-engine, which lately exhausted the sea of Haarlem, and gave back to man a wide area of fields and meadow land. Observe how skill and ingenuity rise and fall back—gradually back—again upon unaided and unmultiplied labor of coarse hands. What fluctuations of humanity are not thus indicated?

How do they fight and treat the prisoner? how do they sing? how do they love and wed? The sword, the poetry, the marriage and the position of woman are distinctive marks of character and civilization. Does the woman wait on the man, or do the men say as lately an Indian chief said: "We thank you that your missionaries have taught us to put lighter burdens on our women"? Does the woman occupy a grudged place in the corner, and is the birth of a daughter considered a misfortune of which the father is ashamed to speak, and for which infanticide is considered a fair remedy, or does she largely occupy an honored place in the house, in society, in the broad field of patriotism, in literature and religion? Does she rise to the Roman matron or the Christian wife? Is she a slave, a toy, or an equal? Does she rule where she rules well, or is she led into spheres where all her graces cannot compensate for her displacement? Have they their Nightingales, their Dixes, their Frys? Is the woman acknowledged as a sharer in the full enjoyment and fair production of literature, and a judge of taste and purity?[1] Does the girl participate with the boy in education, or do they still maintain that reading and writing will only enable the girl to write her own love letters?[2] Has their law steadily moved onward, and is still moving thus, in protecting the woman, and in acknowledging in her humanity in all its fulness? Or have they relapsed to a morbid gallantry, which treats the woman as if she were no responsible individual?

How do they remember their deeds and their great men? Have they monuments, or do they live without monumental records, and, therefore, without public spirit, which dictates them, while they in turn nourish it? What and whom do they commemorate? Great things and great men? Warriors only? Or pompous emptiness?

How do they worship, and what or whom? Man is a religious being, though he bow before a fetish, or lean too much on the strength of his understanding. His worship is a gauge.

I mention chiefly worship here, because religion in its intrinsic sense is a constituent rather than a concomitant of civilization, which in its totality consists of the religion, the science, the language and literature, the law, government, the arts and social polish, the ethics and æsthetics of a nation.

We must ask: How do they teach? how is the book, the library? So soon as men have the steadying book, they begin to collect books, they have libraries. The library is eminently a concomitant of the civilization of our race. It is always there, yet in the most varied phases, until it penetrates to all the layers of society, from the vast collections made by great national efforts to the irrigating circulating library. In the book is earthly immortality of thought and name, and the library is sacred ground of humanity. It surrounds you with the thoughts and the feelings, the toil, the grief and the joy, the struggles and the conquests, the aspirations, the failures, the experience and the records of the representatives of our kind. It is the bridge over which civilization travels from man to man, from land to land, spanning even over oceans, and, what is more, from generation to generation; over which you may go at any time to sit down at the feet of the inspired blind man. The library, the book, is the bridge over which the Grecian princes of thought or the British king of song will come at any time, so that you beckon them to teach, to delight, and to enlarge your soul; aye, it is the bridge over which your Saviour passes at night and morn into the stillness of your closet to bring the bread of life.

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[1] Niebuhr used to read his history, as he composed, to his wife, to hear and weigh her criticism, and gave it to me as a rule to submit everything written for publication to an accomplished woman of elevated character. I understand that a distinguished historian, living among us, does as Niebuhr did.

[2] I speak here historically. In Europe as well as Asia this objection has always been made when the introduction of education for girls was first discussed. It was made in Europe not more than a century ago, and I have met with the same apprehension in Turkey.

The library has acquired an importance in our times which it never possessed before. It is true, indeed, that so active an agent as the book does also its mischief. But the book is nothing more than extended, prolonged, and, in some respects, intenser communion, as indeed the whole art of reading and writing is, and to wage war against them, because they may degenerate into evil communion, would be as inconsistent as to declare hostility to the word of mouth, because there is much evil conversation.

Directly connected with the library is the reading-room, which forms at the same time a focus for the rays of journalism. It is an edifying sight to look down from the gallery on the wide area of the reading-room in the National Library at Paris, filled with men and women, the fine coat by the side of the blouse, all eagerly reading and collating at that long table, and all served with equal civility by the servants of the library.

Let us pass over to the Lecture. The history of the lecture from the Athenian discourse to Abelard's address, when a host of sudents followed him in his banishment from Paris, and from the Middle Ages to the present time, would doubtless be instructive to the inquirer into the progress of our race; but I fear that I have permitted myself to dwell disproportionately long on some parts of our topic, so that I shall make a few remarks on the Occasional Lecture to mixed audiences, only.

There are four species of lectures, taking this term without reference to its etymology, but in the sense of a set address for the sake of instruction or entertainment, as well as for the reading of a composition—the real prelection. We have first the regular scientific lecture, consisting of a systematic course on some branch of knowledge. We have the reading of the reader's own work, as Herodotus read parts of his history to the crowd gathered to witness the Olympic games, and as it has become again the custom for authors to communicate productions of their own to large assemblies, before publishing their works. We have, thirdly, the prelection of classic works, as in the case of Tieck, the poet, in Germany, and Fanny Kemble and others in our own country. And we have, lastly, the occasional lecture or course of lectures, which occupies so large a space in the domain of culture in England and the United States. It is this occasional lecture which constitutes one of the ingredients of the modern athenæum.

I am not sure that I am quite correct in my view of the origin and progress of the modern occasional lecture, but I give you what appears to me true.

The court of Louis XIV. was, with all its turpitudes, an assemblage of fine gentlemen and ladies of great taste. Poetry and science entered within the circle of the aristocratic splendor, and scholars learned to speak and write on grave topics with taste and elegance. Works such as the Spirit of Laws, by Montesquieu, were at a later period the effect of this new phase of knowledge. But the first man who wrote with the avowed intention of writing well, nobly, and artistically on science, was Count Buffon, eighteen years younger than Montesquieu. The Spirit of Laws and the first volume of Buffon's General Natural History appeared at the same time. It was a signal step in literature when men, for the first time, used that language which had been cultivated by the Fénélons and Bossuets, to write with elegance and often with sublimity on law and natural history, and such are the ways of history, a change of a decidedly popular or democratic tendency, although proceeding with equal distinctness from an aristocratic culture.

It is very likely that the famous Garden of Plants, established under Louis XIV., has assisted in this transition. The Garden of Plants, first intended as a botanical garden, soon became the zoological garden of Paris, and Buffon was made its intendant. But this garden of science was also elegantly and tastefully laid out; and, where a Buffon observed and meditated, many elegant loungers, as well as dapper bonnes, were in the habit of amusing themselves. Was not this garden somewhat a prototype of Buffon's works? At any rate, Buffon is the savant who said: Le style c'est l'homme—the style is the man himself, a dictum, we all know, untrue, if taken in its absolute sense; otherwise, Cromwell would have been a confused bungler, instead of a clear-headed, strong-willed ruler, full of directness of purpose.[1] But there is much truth in Buffon's saying, and it clearly shows how necessary he thought a close interpenetration of style and meaning, of form and thought. He wished to write for a larger public than for the men of the profession. He desired to charm the cultivated gentleman as well as the lady of aristocratic rank, while he was instructing the man of science on the organic life and the beautifully varied appearance of the animal kingdom. The very fact that Buffon, whose name was Leclerc, was made a count, because distinguished in science, is significant in the history of knowledge and does honor to France. We have law peers, and army and navy peers in England; but no scientific peers yet.[1]

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[1] Buffon uttered another dictum, more frequently quoted and less accurate: Genius is labor. No genius has left an impress upon its epoch without persevering hard labor. Men of genius sleep least. Frederick, Handel, Bacon, Goethe, Napoleon, Aristotle, Pitt, Thorwaldsen, Columbus, Luther, Galilei, Pascal, Leibnitz, Newton—all were men of hard work; genius and perfunctory haste are incompatible; but it was partly their genius that impelled them to work so steadily and that guided their labor to the great end. Labor cannot generalize, but you cannot generalize without labor; labor cannot conceive, but you cannot execute without labor. A mischievous person might point to the man on the treadmill and say, "Behold a Buffonian genius." Still a man of genius like Buffon had some right to say, genius is labor, for he labored forty years at his natural history. Genius and labor are to a great man what the blast and the laborious "puddling" are to the iron in the foundry. They "bring the iron to its nature," as the founders say—its tenacity, strength, and worth for the great purposes of life. The greater the genius the more need for assiduous labors. Genius is by nature

Napoleon said to Las Cases that had Corneille lived at his time, he would have made him prince. We doubt it, but it shows the French spirit. Lord Derby remarked in the lords, in 1856, that it would be injurious to scientific men to hold out so worldly a recompense as a peerage for their immortal labors. Why does the potential peerage not injure the sense of justice in the lawyer? Why does the knighting not injure the literary men, or why does the worldly remuneration paid for a book not injure the scientific men now? Why is the coveted membership of the French Institute not injurious to scholars and philosophers? If eminent merit, if powerful and beneficial influence on the period a man lives in were entitling to the peerage, Rowland Hill would be an earl ere this.

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impatient; unwearying application gives it character, without which we attain to nothing. The Greeks, far the most brilliant nation, were the hardest working people.

I have appended this note to help impressing a weighty truth on the minds of my younger readers, and preventing the mischief of a great truth in a false form.

[1] I now add, September, 1857, that Lord Palmerston has raised Mr. Macaulay to the peerage. Mr. Macaulay has been member of the cabinet, and he owes his literary reputation much to the brilliancy of his writing and his exquisite power of historical portraiture, but his peerage is accepted as a transition to a worthier state of things. Will Grote be an earl? Will science proper, so called, and thousand-armed machinery have their representatives in the lords? Dead wealth has long ago raised men to the benches which surround the woolsack. Shall the creative wealth of thought and inventive combination always stand behind the counted wealth of traffic?

The ice was broken. Ladies took an interest in the transactions of the Academy. I am not aware at what precise period the lecture to mixed audiences came into vogue in Paris; but Buffon died in 1788, and, about the year 1818, I heard the great Humboldt deliver occasional lectures in Berlin, avowedly in conformity with Parisian custom. The handsome and eloquent traveller, the grave hearers of all ages, and the gracefully-dressed women, made a deep impression on the lad, so that the picture is now vivid in all its colors before my mind. As far back as about 1780, the first men and women of taste and literature in Berlin had formed societies, in which lectures were delivered by members, and interesting works were read, by the ladies as well as by their companions. The celebrated Henriette Herz describes in her journal the one to which she belonged and which "the young Humboldts" visited.

Sir James Mackintosh had then already delivered his lectures on the law of nations in Lincoln's Inn, not indeed to ladies, but to an audience including many of the most distinguished men of the country; and his introductory lecture, published under the title of a Discourse on the Law of Nature and Nations, a gem-like production, sufficiently shows how high he esteemed faultless diction and a tasteful presentation of a scholar's theme. The Rev. Sydney Smith lectured not long after to an audience of both sexes on Moral Philosophy. And now men of all ranks in society, Thackeray, the Earl of Carlisle, Warren, and Lord John Russell deliver occasional lectures in London and in country towns. The bishop of Lincoln is delivering, so the last received papers state, at Nottingham a series of lectures to the working classes on the Evidences of Christianity. To what account the political occasional lecture can be turned to instruct and incite was proved by the Anti-Corn-Law League in the English struggle for free trade. The occasional lecture has acquired in our own country an influence similar to that in England.

The frequent occasional oration, of which our people seem so fond, had prepared the ground for the occasional lecture.

It now covers the land; it instructs, entertains, awakens, and incites,[1] and frequently, also, promotes that idle passiveness, which would learn by mere absorption, or looks for nothing but being entertained without the inconvenience of thinking or the discomfort of judging. Itinerant lecturers peddle their sham knowledge to the unawakened, and scientific gossip, garnished with buffoonery, decks itself with the semblance of imparting science. Yet it is with the lecture as with the book. It is there; it forms a part of our cultural apparatus; it cannot be thrown out again, and ought not to be flung away; but we must endeavor to make it subservient to truth and earnest knowledge. Have we not feeble and even vicious preaching? Have we not ranting lawyers? But should we on that account abandon the pulpit, or give up the public administration of justice? While lecturing mountebanks traverse our land, an Everett is speaking to thousands on our greatest theme, on Washington, and a Benton wins the capitalist of Boston for his great scheme, the Pacific road, by the lecture—that lecture which has sent many a messenger of the gospel to the Isles of the Pacific, and by which even a

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[1] A circular of Mr. Agassiz, issued last summer, stated that it was his desire to publish a work, under the title of Contributions to the Natural History of the United States, a copy of which would cost, when finished, $120, and that it would take the sale of seven hundred copies to cover the costs, without any remuneration whatever to himself. Works on natural history, of any magnitude, have always commanded, in Europe, the most limited sale, and it was doubted, by most persons, whether the distinguished naturalist would receive as many as seven hundred subscriptions; but, instead of seven hundred, nearly two thousand subscribers have sent in their names in this country. This is a stupendous fact in the history of literature, worthy of being placed by the side of the instance given in a preceding note, of individual munificence; and I feel sure that the fame of Mr. Agassiz, however great and well founded, cannot alone account for it. The occasional lectures he delivered during some years, in different parts of the Union, prepared the ground for this magnificent subscription. They opened a large and entirely new view of nature to many thousands: they warmed the hearts toward this great and noble branch of knowledge. Buffon drew natural history within the sphere of able writing, we might almost say of belles-lettres; Agassiz spread the highest and most philosophical view of natural history before the masses of the educated by the awakening and inciting lecture, by his own enthusiastic word of mouth.

Gould now leads men and women to the distant science of astronomy, and its solemn enchantments. The lecturing quack does not derogate from the merit of the true lecturer any more than the pot-house politician or the brawling patriot disgraces the high vocation of a Burke, a Patrick Henry, a Fox, or a Webster. All noble rivers, nature's own highways, have their muddy bogs.

The library, with the reading-room and occasional lecture, existed when the modern athenæum came into use with its kindred institutions. They seem to have chiefly sprung up after the downfall of Napoleon. The idea of founding institutions for the continued instruction and culture of the practical man may have been foreshadowed in the "special schools," which existed before the indicated period in Germany. There were merchants' schools, schools for mechanics, for apothecaries, for farmers. Most of them have been given up, after long and patient experience, but schools of a high character for those who do not mean to enter one of the learned professions have remained, and are eminently flourishing and useful in the truest sense of the word.

The establishment of mechanics' institutions and others of a similar kind is connected with the movement of which the society for the diffusion of useful knowledge, with Lord Brougham and Dr. Birkbeck among the leaders, was one of the results. The people were sick of bloodshed; the soil of Europe was drenched with human gore. Let us *have* knowledge; let us *give* knowledge to the masses, became the cries, and it is not impossible that the famous Polytechnic School in Paris, although established in the Revolution in order to lead a stream of knowledge into the many armies of France, had its share in this great movement of peace by its example of studiously imparting a high degree of knowledge without the admixture of that which is more particularly termed learning and erudition.

I hasten now to the second topic which you have proposed to me—the uses of an athenæum. I shall not detain you long. An athenæum is one of the institutions resorted to for the diffusion of knowledge and cultivation of taste, and to descant on this in general, would it not be "praising the strength of Hercules"?

The benefits of athenæums are, like those of all institutions, and almost all laws, of a direct, of an indirect, and of a preventive character; and who can say whether, as in a thousand other cases, as in that of foreign ministers, of punitory systems, of floriculture, the indirect or the preventive use does not outweigh the direct? That is the blessing of all good deeds that great as their direct uses may be, their indirect, preventive, and even reflective benefits are greater still and endless.

The athenæum offers means for farther and continued acquisition of knowledge chiefly to those who are engaged in practical pursuits and to those who enjoy *otium*, leisure, without that *dignitas* which the ancients meant from whom we derive the dictum which has become so trite. If it does this service to the latter, its uses are great, for nothing is more enfeebling than vacuity or that which approaches it. If it does the service to the former, its uses are equally great. Knowledge awakens, incites, and imparts alacrity, increases ingenuity, and quickens the blessed attribute of humanity, called attention. Knowledge quickens the mind of the merchant and the mechanic as much as that of the student, which is as important a use as the fact that with cultivated taste it renders men *mansueti*, it tames them, to make use of an expressive term of Cicero.

Knowledge, with reference to its quickening capacity, is similar to civil liberty. Why is it that the freest nations have been, with perhaps the single exception of the Romans, which can easily be accounted for, foremost in commerce and the ingenious arts? It cannot well be, because there is a direct connection between civil liberty and commerce. When nations rise to civil liberty, when the people acquire a large share and influence in government, the first measure they resort to, at least in modern times, is almost invariably "protection," that is obstruction of trade, because the people, now having a share in government, naturally wish to see their interests taken care of, and all the popular yet fallacious arguments derived from comparison with visible things, such as money and pockets, tend to favor protection. Unshackled trade is always the second and higher stage of experience and analyzing reflection. It must then be, because civil liberty has the general effect of fostering manly self-reliance and of quickening the brains of men, and because these two qualities are also important elements of a lively, sagacious, enterprising commerce. A similar effect is produced by political freedom, and by knowledge and taste on the artisan. The freest cities in the Middle Ages produced those master-mechanics, whose works we admire to this day, and the fruitful effects of knowledge and taste spread among the votaries of the useful arts by the most enlightened governments in Europe, have been unanswerably shown by accurate statistical tables, while in our own country it has been proved in several portions, for instance in Connecticut, that, all other things being equal, the best-schooled districts are also the most productive in an economical sense, even though the district should be chiefly engaged in a branch of industry no more elevated than cotton spinning. If, then, your institution contributes its modicum to the diffusion and incitement of knowledge, it contributes likewise its share to the promotion of commerce and the quickening of the arts and the mechanical branches. It is certainly unnecessary to mention before American citizens the essential influence which knowledge, taste, and all real civilization must forever exercise, in a popular government like ours, on that stability, that security of property and freedom, which lies beyond the law and above the law, and is greater than can be derived from the law, and that if you promote their diffusion you promote proportionately the cause of the commonwealth.

There is, however, a subject of a political character on which I would desire to dwell for a moment in connection with the athenæum.

Liberty cannot and ought not to exist without parties. Parties, taking the term as freed from factiousness, are the fulcrums of political levers. They are the fly-wheels of the political machinery. They are the counter-weights of the balance beam. But, whether useful or not, they are an unalterable condition on which freedom is to be enjoyed, and can no more be avoided than schools in philosophy or the fine arts, or sects in religion. Yet, frail as we are, and ever prone to substitute the means for the ends, parties will have their severing, embittering, and dislocating effects, while all that is good or great calls for harmony, for good will, and the union of tempers. On the other hand, it is a well-established rule that there is nothing so tempering in its tendency as personal intercourse and contact, except where the highest passions pre-exist. In this respect, it seems to me, is the social use of an institution like yours of peculiar importance in our country. People who have spoken, written, and worked against one another will meet in your athenæum, will talk together, will shake hands, exchange opinions, and end with finding out that after all they have neither horns nor cloven feet, with which they depicted each other in their minds. They will think better of one another, and feel better toward one another, and in consequence, will feel better themselves.

Lastly, as to the preventive character, the institution you are establishing will afford rational and beneficial pleasure, by reading, hearing, and conversing, to many who but for this rational recreation would have gone in search of irrational pleasure, with its manifold deteriorating and enslaving effects. Franklin said, against too great an extension of poor-houses, build pigeon-holes and pigeons will come. Let us turn his simile, for it is quite as true in a good sense. Build pigeon-holes for sensible and innocent recreation and culture, and pigeons will flock in. It has ever been found that better conveyance and improved intercommunication is not only made use of by those who travelled before, or who desired to travel, but abstained from it because it was slow and irksome; but readier and swifter conveyance creates the desire and establishes the necessity of travelling in many who otherwise would have felt no locomotive impulse, as cheapened production induces new necessaries. Many a congregation has commenced with the building of a chapel and the opportunity of congregating. It will be so with your athenæum, to which I heartily wish the fullest possible prosperity, as one who cordially desires success to the cause of humanity in all its varied manifestations and impulses, and to all its aids and energies.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL SCIENCE NECESSARY STUDIES IN FREE COUNTRIES.[1]

AN INAUGURAL ADDRESS DELIVERED ON THE 17TH OF FEBRUARY, 1858, ON ASSUMING THE CHAIR OF HISTORY AND POLITICAL SCIENCE, IN COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW YORK.

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees,—We are again assembled to do honor to the cause of knowledge—to that sacred cause of learning, inquiry, and of training to learn and to inquire; of truth, culture, wisdom, of humanity. Whenever men are met together to give expression to their reverence for a great cause or to do homage to noble names, it is a solemn hour, and you have assigned a part in this solemnity to me. I stand here at your behest. No one of you expects that I should laud above all other sciences those which form my particular pursuit. Every earnest scholar, every faithful student of any branch, is a catholic lover of all knowledge. I would rather endeavor, had I sufficient skill, to raise before you a triumphal arch in honor of the sciences which you have confided to my teaching, with some bas-reliefs and some entablatures, commemorating victories achieved by them in the field of common progress; taking heed, however, that I do not fall into the error of attempting to prove "to the Spartans that Hercules was a strong man."

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[1] The author, requested by the board of trustees to prepare a copy of his inaugural address for publication, has given the substance, and in many places his words, as originally delivered, so far as he remembered them; but some of his friends in the board having advised him not to restrict himself in the written address to the limits necessary for one that is spoken, he has availed himself of this liberty, in writing on topics so various and comprehensive as those that legitimately belong to the branches assigned to him in this institution. The extent of this paper will sufficiently indicate this.

[*Editorial note.* The address as given in this volume, follows a copy on which Dr. Lieber had made many slight changes.—G.]

Before I proceed to perform the honorable duty of this evening, I ask your leave to express on this, the first opportunity which has offered itself, my acknowledgment for the suffrages which have placed me in the chair I now occupy. You have established a professorship of political science in the most populous and most active city of our whole, wide commonwealth—a commonwealth of an intensely political character; and this chair you have unanimously given to me. I thank you for your confidence.

Sincere, however, as these acknowledgments are, warmer thanks are due to you, and not only my own, but I believe I am not trespassing when I venture to offer them in the name of this assemblage, for the enlargement of our studies. You have engrafted a higher and a wider course of studies on your ancient institution which in due time may expand into a real, a national university, a university of large foundation and of highest scope, as your means may increase and the public may support your endeavors. So be it.

We stand in need of a national university, the highest apparatus of the highest modern civilization. We stand in need of it, not only that we may appear clad with equal dignity among the sister nations of our race, but on many grounds peculiar to ourselves. A national university in our land seems to have become one of those topics on which the public mind comes almost instinctively to a conclusion, and whose reality is not unfrequently preceded by prophetic rumor. They are whispered about; their want is felt by all; it is openly pronounced by many until wisdom and firmness gather the means and resolutely provide for the general necessity. There is at present in many countries of Europe an active movement in reference to university reforms; others have institutions of such completeness as was never known before, and we, one of the four leading nations, ought not to be without our own, a university, not national, because established by our national government; that could not well be, and if it were, surely would not be well; but I mean national in its spirit, in its work and effect, in its liberal appointments and its comprehensive basis. I speak fervently; I hope I speak knowingly; I speak as a scholar, as an American citizen; as a man of the nineteenth century in which the stream of knowledge and of education courses deep and wide. I have perhaps a special right to urge this subject, for I am a native of that city which is graced with the amplest and the highest university existing. I know, not only what that great institution does, but also what it has effected in times of anxious need. When Prussia was humbled, crippled, and impoverished beyond the conception of those that have never seen with their bodily eyes universal destitution and national ruin, there were men left that did not despair, like the foundation walls of a burnt house. They resolved to prepare even in those evil days, even in the presence of the victorious hosts, which spread over the land like an inundation in which the ramified system of police drew the narrow-meshed seine for large and small victims—even then to prepare for a time of resuscitation. The army, the taxes, the relation of the peasant to the landholder, the city government and the communal government—all branches of administration—were reformed, and, as a measure of the highest statesmanship, the moral and intellectual elevation of the whole nation was decided upon. Those men that reformed every branch of government resolutely invigorated the mind of the entire realm by thorough education, by an all-pervading common school system, which carries the spelling-book and the multiplication table to every hut, by high schools of a learned and of a polytechnical character, and by universities of the loftiest aim. The universities still remaining in the reduced kingdom were reformed, and a national university was planned, to concentrate the intellectual rays and to send back the intensified light over the land. It was then that men like Stein, one of the greatest statesmen Europe has produced, and the scholar-statesman, William Humboldt—his brother Alexander went to our Andes—and

Niebuhr, the bank officer and historian, and Schleiermacher, the theologian and translator of Plato, and Wolf, the enlarger of philology and editor of Homer, with Buttmann the grammarian, and Savigny, the greatest civilian of the age, and Fichte and Steffens the philosophers, these and many more less known to you, but not less active, established the national university in the largest city of Prussia for the avowed purpose of quickening and raising German nationality. All historians as well as all observing contemporaries are agreed that she performed her part well. In less than seven years that maimed kingdom rose and became on a sudden one of the leading powers in the greatest military struggle on record, calling for unheard-of national efforts, and that great system of education, which rests like an arch of long span on the two abutments, the common school and the university, served well and proved efficient in the hour of the highest national need; and, let me add, at that period when the matrons carried even their wedding rings to the mint, to exchange them for iron ones with the inscription, " Gold I gave for Iron," the halls of that noble university stood empty and silent. Students, professors, all, had gone to the rescue of their country, and Napoleon honored them by calling them in his proclamations, with assumed contempt, the school-boy soldiers. They fought, as privates and as officers, with the intelligence and pluck of veterans and the dash of patriotic youth, and when they had fought or toiled as soldiers toil, in the day, many of them sang in the nightly bivouac those songs that swell the breasts of the Germans to this hour.

We are, indeed, not prostrated like Prussia after the French conquest, but we stand no less in need of a broad national institution of learning and teaching. Our government is a federal union. We loyally adhere to it and turn our faces from centralization, however brilliant, for a time, the lustre of its focus may appear, however imposingly centred power, that saps self-government, may hide for a day the inherent weakness of military concentrated polities. But truths are truths. It is a truth that modern civilization stands in need of entire countries; and it is a truth that every government, as indeed every institution whatever is, by its nature, exposed to the danger of gradually increased and, at last, excessive action of its vital principle. One-sidedness is a universal effect of man's state of sin. Confederacies are exposed to the danger of sejunction as unitary governments are exposed to absorbing central power—centrifugal power in the one case, centripetal power in the other. That illustrious predecessor of ours, from whom we borrowed our very name, the United States of the Netherlands, suffered long from the paralyzing poison of disjunction, and was brought to an early grave by it, after having added to the stock of humanity such worshipful names as William of Orange, and De Witt, Grotius, De Ruyter, and William the Third.[1] There is no German within my hearing that does not sadly remember that his country, too, furnishes us with bitter commentaries on this truth; and we are not exempt from the dangers common to mortals. Yet as was indicated just now, the *patria* of us moderns ought to consist in a wide land covered by a nation, and not in a city or a little colony. Mankind have outgrown the ancient city-state.

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[1] Every historian knows that William of Orange, the founder of the Netherlands' republic, had much at heart to induce the cities of the new union to admit representatives of the *country;* but the "sovereign" cities would allow no representatives, unless noblemen, to the farmers and land-owners, who, nevertheless, were taking their full share in the longest and most sanguinary struggle for independence and liberty; but the following detail, probably, is not known to many. The estates of Holland and West Friesland were displeased with the public prayers for the Prince of Orange, which some high-Calvinistic ministers were gradually introducing, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and in 1663 a decree was issued ordaining to pray first of all "for their noble high mightinesses, the estates of Holland and West Friesland, as the true sovereign, and only sovereign power after God, in this province; next, for the estates of the other provinces, their allies, and for all the deputies in the assembly of the States General, and of the Council of State."

"Separatismus," as German historians have called the tendency of the German princes to make themselves as independent of the empire as possible, until their treason against the country reached "sovereignty," has made the political history of Germany resemble the river Rhine, whose glorious water runs out in a number of shallow and muddy streamlets, having lost its imperial identity long before reaching the broad ocean.

Countries are the orchards and the broad acres where modern civilization gathers her grain and nutritious fruits. The narrow garden-beds of antiquity suffice for our widened humanity no more than the short existence of ancient states. Moderns stand in need of nations and of national longevity, for their literatures and law, their industry, liberty, and patriotism; we want countries to work and speak, write and glow for, to live and to die for. The sphere of humanity has steadily widened, and nations alone can nowadays acquire the membership of that great commonwealth of our race which extends over Europe and America. Has it ever been sufficiently impressed on our minds how slender the threads are that unite us in a mere political system of states, if we are not tied together by the far stronger cords of those feelings which arise from the consciousness of having a country to cling to and to pray for, and unimpeded land and water roads to move on?

Should we, then, not avail ourselves of so well proved a cultural means of fostering and promoting a generous nationality, as a comprehensive university is known to be? Shall we never have this noble pledge of our nationality? All Athens, the choicest city-state of antiquity, may well be said to have been one great university, where masters daily met with masters, and shall we not have even one for our whole empire, which does not extend from bay to bay like little Attica, but from sea to sea, and is destined one day to link ancient Europe to still older Asia, and thus to help completing the zone of civilization around the globe? All that has been said of countries, and nations, and a national university would retain its full force even if the threatened cleaving of this broad land should come upon us. But let me not enter on that topic of lowering political reality, however near to every citizen's heart, when I am bidden by you to discourse on political philosophy, and it is meet for me not to leave the sphere of inaugural generalities.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—This is the first time I am honored with addressing a New York audience, and even if I could wholly dismiss from my mind the words of the Greek, so impressive in their simplicity: It is difficult to speak to those with whom we have not lived—even then I could not address you without some misgiving. The topics on which I must discourse may not be attractive to some of you, and they cover so extensive a ground, that I fear my speech may resemble the enumeration of the mile-stones that mark the way, rather than the description of a piece of road through cultivated plains or over haughty alps. I, therefore, beg for your indulgence, in all the candor in which this favor can be asked for at your hands.

It is an error, as common in this country as it is great, that every branch of knowledge, if recognized as important or useful, is for that reason considered a necessary or desirable portion of the college course of studies. It is a serious error, but I do not believe that it was committed by the trustees when they established my chair.

College education ought to be substantial and liberal. All instruction given in a generous college ought to aim at storing, strengthening, refining, and awakening the head and heart. It ought to have for its object either direct information and positive transmission of knowledge, for the purpose of applying it in the walks of practical life, or in the later pursuits of truth; or it ought to give the beginnings of knowledge, and with them to infuse the longing to enter and traverse the fields which open before the student from the hill-top to which the teacher has led him; or it ought to convey to him the method and skill of study—the scholar's art to which the ancient *Vita brevis ars longa* applies as emphatically as to any other art; or its tendency ought to be the general cultivation and embellishment of the mind, and the formation of a strong and sterling character, Truth and Truthfulness being the inscription on the mansion of all these endeavors.

It is readily understood that all teaching must be within the intellectual reach of the instructed, but it is a grave mistake to suppose that nothing should be placed before the pupil's mind but what he can actually comprehend in all its details. Life does not instruct us in this manner; the Bible does not teach us thus. There is a suggestive instruction, which, though occasional, is nevertheless indispensable. It consists in thoughts and topics of an evocative character, giving a foretaste and imparting hope. The power of stimulation is not restricted, for weal or woe, to definition. Suggestive and anticipating thoughts, wisely allowed to fall on the learner's mind, are like freighted sayings of the poet, instinctively recognized as pregnant words, although at the moment we cannot grasp their entire meaning. They fill us with affectionate suspicion. Napoleon was a master of the rhetoric of the camp, as Mackintosh calls it speaking of Elizabeth at Tilbury. His proclamations to the army are said to have had an electrifying effect on every soul in the camp, from the calculating engineer to the smallest drummer boy; yet it is observed that every one of these proclamations, intended for immediate and direct effect, contains portions that cannot have been understood by his hosts. Are we then to suppose that these were idle effusions, allowed to escape from his proud heart rather than dictated for a conscious purpose? He that held his army in his hand as the ancient Cæsars hold Victoria in their palm, always knew distinctly what he was about when his soldiers occupied his mind, and those portions which transcended the common intellect of the camp had, nevertheless, the inspiriting effect of foreshadowed glory, which the cold commander wanted to produce for the next day's struggle. The same laws operate in all spheres, according to different standards, and it is thus that quickening instruction ought not to be deprived of foretokening rays.

Those branches which I teach are important, it seems, in all these respects and for every one, whatever his pursuits in practical life may be. To me have been assigned the sciences which treat of man in his social relations, of humanity in all its phases in society. Society, as I use the term here, does not only mean a certain number of living individuals bound together by the bonds of common laws, interests, sympathies, and organization, but it means these and the successive generations with which they are interlinked, which have belonged to the same portion of mankind, and whose traditions the living have received. Society is a continuity. Society is like a river. It is easy to say where the Rhine is, but can you say what it is at any given moment? While you pronounce the word Mississippi, volumes of its waters have rolled into the everlasting sea, and new volumes have rushed into the river from the northernmost lake, Itasca, and all its vying tributaries to the east and west. Yet it remains the Mississippi. While you pronounce the word America, some of your fellow-beings breathe their last, and new ones are born into your society. It remains your society. How else could I, in justice, be called upon to obey laws made by lawgivers before I was born, and who therefore could not, by any theory or construction, represent me individually? I was not in existence, and therefore could have neither rights nor obligations. But my society existed and it exists still, and those are, until repealed, the laws of my society. Society is not arbitrarily made up by men, but man is born into society; and that science which treats of men in their social relations in the past, and of that which has successively affected their society, for weal or woe, is history. Schloezer, one of the first who gave currency to the word *statistik*, of which we have formed statistics, with a somewhat narrower meaning, has well said, History is continuous Statistik; Statistik, History arrested at a given period.

The variety of interests and facts and deeds which history deals with, and the dignity which surrounds this science, for it is the dignity of humanity itself in all its aspirations and its sufferings, give to this branch of knowledge a peculiarly cultivating and enlarging character for the mind of the young.

He that made man decreed him to be a social being, that should depend upon society for the development of his purest feelings, highest thoughts, and even of his very individuality, as well as for his advancement, safety, and sustenance; and for this purpose he did not only ordain, as an elementary principle, that the dependence of the young of man, and they alone of all mammals, on the protection of the parents, should outlast by many years the period of lactation; and endowed him with a love and instinct of association; and did not only make the principle of mutual dependence an all-pervading one, acting with greater intensity as men advance; but he also implanted in the breast of every human being a yearning to know what has happened to those that have passed away before him, and to let those that will come after him know what has befallen him and what he may have achieved—the love of chronicling and reading chronicles. Man instinctively shows the continuity of society long before the philosopher enounces it. The very savage honors the old men that can tell of their fathers and of their fathers' fathers, and tries his hand at record in the cairn that is to tell a story to his children's children. Why do the lonely Icelanders pass their uninterrupted night of whole months in copying Norman chronicles?

As societies rise the desire to know the past as a continuous whole becomes more distinct and the uses of this knowledge become clearer; the desire becomes careful inquiry and collection; mere Asiatic reception of what is given changes into Greek criticism; the wish to inform future generations becomes skill to represent, until history, with the zeal of research, the penetration of analysis, the art and comprehension of representing, and the probity of truth, is seen as the stateliest of all the muses.

So soon as man leaves the immediate interests of the day and contemplates the past, or plans for future generations and feels a common affection with them, he rises to an ennobling elevation. There is no more nutritious pabulum to rear strong characters upon than history, and all men of action have loved it. The great Chatham habitually repaired to Plutarch in his spare half-hours—he had not many—and with his own hands he prescribed Thucydides as one of the best books for his son to read and re-read in his early youth. The biographer of Pitt tells us that while at Cambridge he was in the habit of copying long passages from Thucydides the better to impress them on his mind, as Demosthenes before him had copied the whole. Thucydides is nourishing food. When we read one of our best historical books, when we allow a Motley to lead us through the struggle of the Netherlands, do we not feel in a frame of mind similar to that which the traveller remembers when he left the noisy streets of Rome, with the creaking wine-carts and the screaming street traffic, and enters the Vatican, where the silent, long array of lasting master-works awaits him? Even the contemplation of crime on the stage of history has its dignity, as its contemplation on the stage of Shakspeare has. The real science and art of history is the child of periods of action. No puny time has produced great historians. Historians grow in virile periods, and if a Tacitus wrote under the corrupt empire it was Rome in her manhood that yet lived in him and made him the strong historian we honor in that great name. His very despondency is great, and he wrote his history by the light which yet lingered after the setting of Roman grandeur.

There are reasons which make the study of history peculiarly important in our own day and in our own country. Not only is our age graced with a rare array of historians in Europe and in our hemisphere—I need hardly mention Niebuhr, Ranke, and Neander, and Guizot, and Sismondi, Hallam, Macaulay, and the noble Grote, and Prescott, and Bancroft—but, as it always happens when a science is pursued with renewed vigor and sharpened interest, schools have sprung up which in their one-sided eagerness have fallen into serious errors. There was a time when the greatest sagacity of the historian was believed to consist in deriving events of historic magnitude from insignificant causes or accidents, and when the lovers of progress believed that mankind must forget the past and begin entirely anew. These errors produced in turn their opposites. The so-called historical school sprung up, which seems to believe that nothing can be right but what has been, and that all that has been is therefore right, sacrificing right and justice, freedom, truth, and wisdom at the shrine of Precedent and at the altar of Fact. They forget that in truth theirs is the most revolutionary theory while they consider themselves the conservatives; for what is new to-day will be fact to-morrow, and, according to them, will thus have established its historical right.

Another school has come into existence, spread at this time more widely than the other, and considering itself the philosophical school by way of excellence. I mean those historians who seek the highest work of history in finding out a predetermined type of social development in each state and nation and in every race, reducing men to instinctive and involuntary beings and society to nothing better than a bee-hive. They confound nature and her unchangeable types and unalterable periodicity with the progress and development as well as relapses of associated free agents. In their eyes every series of events and every succession of facts becomes a necessity and a representative of national predestination. Almost everything is considered a symbol of the mysterious current of nationality, and all of us have lately read how the palaces of a great capital were conveniently proclaimed from an imperial throne to be the self-symbolizations of a nation instinctively intent on centralized unity. It is the school peculiarly in favor with modern, brilliant, and not always unenlightened absolutism; for it strikes individuality from the list of our attributes, and individuality incommodes absolutism. It is the school which strips society of its moral and therefore responsible character, and has led with us to the doctrine of manifest destiny, as if any destiny of man could be more manifest than that of doing right, above all things, and of being man indeed. The error into which this school has relapsed is not dissimilar to that which prevailed regarding ethics with the Greeks before they had clearly separated, in their minds, the laws of nature with their unbending necessity from the moral laws, and which is portrayed with fearful earnestness in the legend of Œdipus.

Closely akin in historic ethics to the theory of historical necessity is the base theory of success. We are told, and unfortunately by very many that pretend to take philosophic views, that success proves justice; that the unsuccessful cause proves by the want of success its want of right. It is a convenient theory for the tyrant; but it is forgotten that if mere superiority of power over antagonists constitutes success, and success proves the right of the successful, the unpunished robber or the deceiver who cannot be reached by the law is justified. Conscience, says a distinguished writer in bitter irony, is a heavy clog chained to the leg of a man who wishes to stride along on the path of success. We are not told what length of time constitutes success. If there had been a *Moniteur de Rome* in the second century of our era, Christianity must have been represented as a very unsuccessful movement. Nor are we allowed to forget the strong lesson of history that no great idea, no institution of any magnitude has ever prevailed except after long struggles and repeated unsuccessful attempts.[1]

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[1] Connected with this error, again, is the theory of Representative Men, which seems to be in great favor at the present time, and is carried to a remarkable degree of extravagance even by men who have otherwise acquired deserved distinction. One of the most prominent philosophers of France has gone so far as to say that the leading military genius of an age is its highest representative—a position wholly at variance with history and utterly untenable by argument. The philosopher Hegel had said nearly the same thing before him. It would be absurd to say that Hannibal was the representative of his age, yet he was pre-eminently its military genius. Those are the greatest of men that are in advance of their fellow-beings and raise them up to their own height. Whom did Charlemagne represent? The question whom and what did those men represent that have been called representative men, and at what time of their lives were they such, are questions which present themselves at once at the mention of this term. An English judge who, by his decision, has settled once for all a point of elementary importance to individual liberty, so that his opinion and his decision now form part and parcel of the very constitution of his country, is to be considered far more a representative of the spirit of the English people than Cromwell was when he divided England into military districts, and established a government which broke down the moment he breathed his last. The greater portion of those men who are called representative men have reached their historical eminence by measures consisting in a mixture of violence, compression, and, generally, of fraud; they cannot, therefore, have represented those against whom the violence was used, and little observation is required to know that organized force or a well-organized hierarchy can readily obtain a victory over a vastly greater majority that is not organized. The twenty or thirty organized men at Sing-Sing, who keep many hundred prisoners, insulated by silence, in submission, cannot be called the representative men of the penitentiary. Nor must it be forgotten that the bad and the criminal can be concentrated in a leader

The conscientious teacher must guard the young against the blandishments of these schools; he must cultivate in the young the delight in discovering the genesis of things, which for great purposes was infused into our souls; but he must show with lasting effect, that growth in history however well traced, however delightful in tracing, however instructive, and however enriching our associations, is not on that account alone a genesis with its own internal moral necessity, and does not on that account alone have a prescribing power for a future line of action. Whilst the teacher of history ought to stimulate the desire of tracing things through the periods of modification to their sources, he ought at the same time sedulously to point out that crime and folly have their genesis too, and decline and disintegration their laws, which make them natural but not legitimate; and he ought, frequently, to point to the error which steals even into the best minds, of contracting a fondness for that which it has taken us great pains to trace, and of wishing for its continuance, simply for this reason. He, like every other teacher, must impressively warn against the conceit of ingenuity, and the desire of bending facts according to a theory. I have dwelt upon this subject somewhat at length, but those will pardon me who know to what an almost inconceivable degree these errors are at present carried even by some men otherwise not destitute of a comprehensive grasp of mind.

If what I have said of the nourishing character inherent in the study of history is true; if history favors the growth of strong men and is cherished in turn by them, and grows upon their affection as extended experience and slowly advancing years make many objects of interest drop like leaves, one by

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and represented by him, just as well as that which is good and substantial. The idea of representative men such as is now floating in the minds of men, is the result, in a great measure, of that unphilosophical coarseness which places the palpable, the vast, and the rapid above the silent and substantial genesis of things and ideas, thus leading to the fatal error of regarding destruction more than growth. Destruction is rapid and violent; growth is slow and silent. The naturalists have divested themselves of this barbarism.

one; if history shows us the great connection of things, that there is nothing stable but the progressive, and that there is Alfred and Socrates, Marathon and Tours, or, if it be not quaint to express it thus, that there is the microcosm of the whole past in each of us; and if history familiarizes the mind with the idea that it is a jury whose verdict is not rendered according to the special pleadings of party dogmas, and a logic wrenched from truth and right—then it is obvious that in a moral, practical, and intellectual point of view it is the very science for nascent citizens of a republic. There are not a few among us who are dazzled by the despotism of a Cæsar, appearing brilliant at least at a distance—did not even Plato once set his hopes on Dionysius?—or are misled by the plausible simplicity of democratic absolutism, that despotism which believes liberty simply to consist in the irresponsible power of a larger number over a smaller, for no other reason, it seems, than that ten is more than nine. All absolutism, whether monarchical or democratic, is in principle the same, and the latter always leads by short transitions to the other. We may go farther; in all absolutism there is a strong element of communism. The theory of property which Louis the Fourteenth put forth was essentially communistic. There is no other civil liberty than institutional liberty, all else is but passing semblance and simulation. It is one of our highest duties, therefore, to foster in the young an institutional spirit, and an earnest study of history shows the inestimable value of institutions. We need not fear in our eager age and country that we may be led to an idolatry of the past—history carries sufficient preventives within itself—or to a worship of institutions simply because they are institutions. Institutions, like the sons of men themselves, may be wicked or good; but it is true that ideas and feelings, however great or pure, retain a passing and meteoric character so long as they are not embodied in vital institutions, and that rights and privileges are but slender reeds so long as they are not protected and kept alive by sound and tenacious institutions; and it is equally true that an institutional spirit is fostered and invigorated by a manly study of society in the days that are gone.

A wise study of the past teaches us social analysis, and the separation of the permanent and essential from the accidental and superficial, so that it becomes one of the keys by which we learn to understand better the present. History, indeed, is an admirable training in the great duty of attention and the art of observation, as in turn an earnest observation of the present is an indispensable aid to the historian. A practical life is a key with which we unlock the vaults containing the riches of the past. Many of the greatest historians in antiquity and modern times have been statesmen; and Niebuhr said that with his learning alone, and it was prodigious, he could not have understood Roman history, had he not been for many years a practical officer in the financial and other departments of the administration, while we all remember Gibbon's statement of himself, that the captain of the Hampshire militia was of service to the historian of Rome. This is the reason why free nations produce practical, penetrating, and unravelling historians, for in them every observing citizen partakes, in a manner, of statesmanship. Free countries furnish us with daily lessons in the anatomy of states and society; they make us comprehend the reality of history. But we have dwelled sufficiently long on this branch.

As Helicon, where Clio dwelt, looked down in all its grandeur on the busy gulf and on the chaffering traffic of Corinth, so let us leave the summit and walk down to Crissa, and cross the isthmus and enter the noisy mart where the productions of men are exchanged. Sudden as the change may be, it only symbolizes reality and human life. What else is the main portion of history but a true and wise account of the high events and ruling facts which have resulted from the combined action of the elements of human life? Who does not know that national life consists in the gathered sheaves of the thousand activities of men, and that production and exchange are at all times among the elements of these activities?

Man is always an exchanging being. Exchange is one of those characteristics without which we never find man, though they may be observable only in their lowest incipiency, and with which we never find the animal, though its sagacity may have reached the highest point. As, from the hideous tattooing of the savage to our dainty adornment of the sea-cleaving prow or the creations of a Crawford, men always manifest that there is the affection of the beautiful in them—that they are æsthetical beings; or as they always show that they are religious beings, whether they prostrate themselves before a fetish or bend their knee before their true and unseen God, and the animal never, so we find man, whether Caffre, Phœnician, or American, always a producing and exchanging being; and we observe that this, as all other attributes, steadily increases in intensity with advancing civilization.

There are three laws on which man's material well-being and, in a very great measure, his civilization are founded. Man is placed on this earth apparently more destitute and helpless than any other animal. Man is no finding animal—he must produce. He must produce his food, his raiment, his shelter, and his comfort. He must produce his arrow and his trap, his canoe and his field, his road and his lamp.

Men are so constituted that they have far more wants, and can enjoy the satisfying of them more intensely, than other animals; and while these many wants are of a peculiar uniformity among all men, the fitness of the earth to provide for them is greatly diversified and locally restricted, so that men must produce, each more than he wants for himself, and exchange their products. All human palates are pleasantly affected by saccharine salts, so much so that the word sweet has been carried over, in all languages, into different and higher spheres, where it has ceased to be a trope and now designates the dearest and even the holiest affections. All men understand what is meant by sweet music and sweet wife, because the material pleasure whence the term is derived is universal. All men of all ages relish sugar, but those regions which produce it are readily numbered. This applies to the far greater part of all materials in constant demand among men, and it applies to the narrowest circles as to the widest. The inhabitant of the populous city does not cease to relish and stand in need of farinaceous substances though his crowded streets cannot produce grain, and the farmer who provides him with grain does not cease to stand in need of iron or oil which the town may procure for him from a distance. With what remarkable avidity the tribes of Negroland, that had never been touched even by the last points of the creeping fibres of civilization, longed for the articles lately carried thither by Barth and his companions! The brute animal has no dormant desires of this kind, and finds around itself what it stands in need of. This apparent cruelty, although in reality it is one of the greatest blessings to man, deserves to be made a prominent topic in natural theology.[1]

Lastly, the wants of men—I speak of their material and cultural wants, the latter of which are as urgent and fully as legitimate as the former—infinitely increase and are by Providence decreed to increase with advancing civilization; so that man's progress necessitates intenser production and quickened exchange.

The branch which treats of the necessity, nature, and effects, the promotion and the hindrances of production, whether it be based almost exclusively on appropriation, as the fishery; or on coercing nature to furnish us with better and more abundant fruit than she is willing spontaneously to yield, as agriculture; or on fashioning, separating, and combining substances which other branches of industry obtain and collect, as manufacture; or on carrying the products from the spot of production to the place of consumption; and the character which all these products acquire by exchange, as values, with the labor and services for which again products are given in exchange, this division of knowledge is called political economy—an unfit name; but it is the name, and we use it. Political economy, like all the other new sciences, was obliged to fight its way to a fair acknowledgment against all manners of prejudices. The introductory lecture which Archbishop Whately delivered some thirty years ago, when he commenced his course on political economy in the University of Oxford, consists almost wholly of a defence of his science and an encounter with the objections then made to it on religious, moral, and almost on every conceivable ground, or suggested by the misconception of its aims. Political economy fared, in this respect, like vaccination, like the taking of a nation's census, like the discontinuance of witch-trials.

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[1] Natural theology seems to have stopped with Paley. This branch is either destined to be abandoned, or it must extend with advancing knowledge. Agassiz's argument of divine forethought being proved by the succession of types in the successive geological periods, which the great naturalist has given in the first volume of his Contributions to the Natural History of the United States, ought to occupy a prominent place in this science, which, moreover, as I have indicated above, ought to take within its fold those principles and laws founded in the relation which subsists between the organization of man and the material world around him, and which lead to the formation of society. Nor ought the fact be omitted which is perhaps the greatest of all, that man can commune with man, that is to say, that signs, the effects of thoughts and emotions, in him who communicates, are capable of becoming causes of corresponding thoughts and emotions in him to whom communication is made.

The economist stands now on clearer ground. Opponents have acknowledged their errors, and the economists themselves fall no longer into the faults of the utilitarian. The economist indeed sees that the material interests of men are of the greatest importance, and that modern civilization, in all its aspects, requires an immense amount of wealth, and consequently increasing exertion and production, but he acknowledges that "what men can do the least without is not their highest need."[1] He knows that we are bid to pray for our daily bread, but not for bread alone, and I am glad that those who bade me teach Political Economy, assigned to me also Political Philosophy and History. They teach that the periods of national dignity and of the highest endeavors have sometimes been periods of want and poverty. They teach abundantly that riches and enfeebling comforts, that the flow of wine and costly tapestry, do not lead to the development of humanity, nor are its tokens; that no barbarism is coarser than the substitution of gross expensiveness for what is beautiful and graceful; that it is manly character, and womanly soulfulness, not gilded upholstery or fretful fashion—that it is the love of truth and justice, directness and tenacity of purpose, a love of right, of fairness and freedom, a self-sacrificing public spirit and religious sincerity, that lead nations to noble places in history; not surfeiting feasts or conventional refinement. The Babylonians tried that road before us.

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[1] Professor Lushington in his Inaugural Lecture, in Glasgow, quoted in Morell's Historical and Critical View of Speculative Philosophy. London, 1846.

But political economy, far from teaching the hoarding of riches, shows the laws of accumulation and distribution of wealth; it shows the important truth that mankind at large can become and have become wealthier, and must steadily increase their wealth with expanding culture.

It is, nevertheless, true that here, in the most active market of our whole hemisphere, I have met, more frequently than in any other place, with an objection to political economy, on the part of those who claim for themselves the name of men of business. They often say that they alone can know anything about it, and as often ask: What is Political Economy good for? The soldier, though he may have fought in the thickest of the fight, is not on that account the best judge of the disposition, the aim, the movements, the faults, or the great conceptions of a battle, nor can we call the infliction of a deep wound a profound lesson in anatomy.

What is Political Economy good for? It is like every other branch truthfully pursued, good for leading gradually nearer and nearer to the truth; for making men, in its own sphere, that is the vast sphere of exchange, what Cicero calls *mansueti*, and for clearing more and more away what may be termed the impeding and sometimes savage superstitions of trade and intercourse; it is, like every other pursuit of political science of which it is but a branch, good for sending some light, by means of those that cultivate it as their own science, to the most distant corners, and to those who have perhaps not even heard of its name.

Let me give you two simple facts—one of commanding and historic magnitude; the other of apparent insignificance, but typical of an entire state of things, incalculably important.

Down to Adam Smith, the greatest statesmanship had always been sought for in the depression of neighboring nations. Even a Bacon considered it self-evident that the enriching of one people implies the impoverishing of another. This maxim runs through all history, Asiatic and European, down to the latter part of the last century. Then came the Scotch professor who dared to teach, in his dingy lecture-room at Edinburgh, contrary to the opinion of the whole world, that every man, even were it but for personal reasons, is interested in the prosperity of his neighbors; that his wealth, if it be the result of production and exchange, is not a withdrawal of money from others, and that as with single men so with entire nations—the more prosperous the one so much the better for the other. And his teaching, like that of another professor before him—the immortal Grotius—went forth, and rose above men and nations, and statesmen and kings; it ruled their councils and led the history of our race into new channels; it bade men adopt the angels' greeting: "Peace on earth and good will towards men," as a maxim of high statesmanship and political shrewdness. Thus rules the mind; thus sways science. There is now no intercourse between civilized nations which is not tinctured by Smith and Grotius. And what I am, what you are, what every man of our race is in the middle of the nineteenth century, he owes in part to Adam Smith, as well as to Grotius, and Aristotle, and Shakspeare, and every other leader of humanity. Let us count the years since that Scotch professor, with his common name, Smith, proclaimed his swaying truth, very simple when once pronounced; very fearful as long as unacknowledged; a very blessing when in action; and then let us answer, What has Political Economy done for man? We habitually dilate on the effect of physical sciences, and especially on their application to the useful arts in modern times. All honor to this characteristic feature of our age—the wedlock of knowledge and labor; but it is, nevertheless, true that none of the new sciences has so deeply affected the course of human events as political economy. I am speaking as an historian, and wish to assert facts.

The other fact alluded to is one of those historical pulsations which indicate to the touch of the inquirer the condition of an entire living organism. When a few weeks ago the widely-spread misery in the manufacturing districts of England was spoken of in the British house of lords, one that has been at the helm[1] concluded his speech with an avowal that the suffering laborers who could find but half days', nay, quarter days' employment, with the unreduced wants of their families, nevertheless had resorted to no violence, but on the contrary universally acknowledged that they knew full well that a factory cannot be kept working unless the master can work to a profit.

This, too, is very simple, almost trivial, when stated. But those who know the chronicles of the mediæval cities, and of modern times down to a period when most of us recollect, know also that in all former days the distressed laborer would first of all have resorted to a still greater increase of distress, by violence and destruction. The first feeling of uninstructed man, produced by suffering, is vengeance, and that vengeance is wreaked on the nearest object or person; as animals, when in pain, bite what is nearest within reach. What has wrought this change? Who, or what has restrained our own sorely distressed population from blind violence, even though unwise words were officially addressed to them, when under similar circumstances in the times of free Florence or Cologne there would have been a sanguinary rising of the "wool-weavers," if it is not a sounder knowledge and a correcter feeling regarding the relations of wealth, of capital and labor, which in spite of the absurdities of communism has penetrated in some degree all layers of society? And what is the source whence this tempering knowledge has welled forth if not Political Economy?

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[1] Lord Derby, then in the opposition.

True indeed, we are told that economists do not agree; some are for protection, some for free trade. But are physicians agreed? And is there no science and art of medicine? Are theologians agreed? Are the cultivators of any branch of knowledge fully agreed, and are all the beneficial effects of the sciences debarred by this disagreement of their followers? But, however important at certain periods the difference between protectionists and free-traders may be, it touches, after all, but a small portion of the bulk of truth taught by Political Economy, and I believe that there is a greater uniformity of opinion, and a more essential agreement among the prominent scholars of this science, than among those of others, excepting, as a matter of course, the mathematics.

If it is now generally acknowledged that Political Economy ought not to be omitted in a course of superior education, all the reasons apply with greater force to that branch which treats of the relations of man as a jural being—as citizen, and most especially so in our own country, where individual political liberty is enjoyed in a degree in which it has never been enjoyed before. Nowhere is political action carried to a greater intensity, and nowhere is the calming effect of an earnest and scientific treatment of politics more necessary. In few countries is man more exposed to the danger of being carried away to the worship of false political gods and to the idolatry of party than in our land, and nowhere is it more necessary to show to the young the landmarks of political truth, and the essential character of civil liberty—the grave and binding duties that man imposes upon himself when he proudly assumes self-government. Nowhere seem to be so many persons acting on the supposition that we differ from all other men, and that the same deviations will not produce the same calamities, and nowhere does it seem to be more necessary to teach what might well be called political physiology and political pathology. In no sphere of action does it seem to me more necessary than in politics, to teach and impress the truth that "logic without reason is a fearful thing." Aristotle said: The fellest of things is armed injustice; History knows a feller thing—impassioned reasoning without a pure heart in him that has power in a free country—the poisoning of the well of political truth itself. Every youth ought to enter the practical life of the citizen, and every citizen ought to remain through life deeply impressed with the conviction that, as Vauvenargue very nobly said, "great thoughts come from the heart," so great politics come from sincere patriotism, and that without candid and intelligent public spirit, parties, without which no liberty can exist, will raise themselves into ends and objects instead of remaining mere means. And when the words party, party consistency, and party honor are substituted for the word Country, and, as Thucydides has it, when parties use each its own language, and men cease to understand one another, a country soon falls into that state in which a court of justice would find itself where wrangling pleaders should do their work without the tempering, guiding judge—that state of dissolution which is the next step to entire disintegration. Providence has no special laws for special countries, and it is not only true as Talleyrand said: *Tout arrive;* but everything happens over again. There is no truth, short of the multiplication table, that, at some time or other, is not drawn into doubt again, and must be re-asserted and re-proved.

One of the means to insure liberty—that difficult problem in history, far more difficult than the insurance of despotism, because liberty is of an infinitely more delicate organization—is the earnest bringing up of the young in the path of political truth and justice, the necessity of which is increased by the reflection that in our period of large cities man has to solve, for the first time in history, the problem of making a high degree of general and individual liberty compatible with populous cities. It is one of the highest problems of our race, which cannot yet be said to have been solved.

Political philosophy is a branch of knowledge that ought to be taught not only in colleges; its fundamental truths ought to be ingrained in the minds of every one that helps to crowd your public schools. Is it objected that political philosophy ranges too high for boyish intellects? What ranges higher, what is of so spiritual a character as Christianity? But this has not prevented the church, at any period of her existence, from putting catechisms of a few pages into the hands of boys and girls, so that they could read.

We have, however, direct authority for what has been advanced. The Romans in their best period made every school-boy learn by heart the XII Tables, and the XII Tables were the catechism of Roman public and private law, of their constitution, and of the proud Jus Quiritium, that led the Roman citizen to pronounce so confidently, as a *vox et invocatio*, his *Civis Romanus sum* in the most distant corners of the land, and which the captive apostle collectedly asserted twice before the provincial officers. Cicero says that when he was a boy he learned the XII Tables *ut carmen necessarium*, like an indispensable formulary, a political breviary, and deplores that at the time when he was composing his treatise on the laws, in which he mentions the fact, the practice was falling into disuse. Rome was fast drifting to Cæsarean absolutism; what use was there any longer for a knowledge of fundamental principles?

The Romans were not visionary; they were no theorists; no logical symmetry or love of system ever prevented them from being straightforward and even stern practical men. They were men of singular directness of purpose and language. Abstraction did not suit them well. Those Romans, who loved law and delighted in rearing institutions and building high-roads and aqueducts; who could not only conquer, but could hold fast to, and fashion what they had conquered, and who strewed municipalities over their conquests, which, after centuries, became the germs of a new political civilization; who reared a system of laws which conquered the west and their own conquerors, when the Roman sword had become dull; and who impressed, even through the lapse of ages, a practical spirit on the Latin church, which visibly distinguishes it from the Greek; those Romans who declared their own citizens with all the Jus Romanum on them, when once enrolled, the slaves of the general, and subjected them to a merciless whip of iron chains; those Romans who could make foreign kings assiduous subjects, and foreign hordes fight well by the side of their own veterans, and who could be dispassionately cruel when they thought that cruelty was useful; those Romans who were practical if there ever was a practical people, bade their schoolmaster to drive the XII Tables into the stubborn minds of the little fellows who, in their turn, were to become the ruling citizens of the ruling commonwealth, and we know, from sculptural and written records, in prose and metre, that the magistral means in teaching that *carmen necessarium* was not always applied to the head alone.

Let us pass to another authority, though it require a historic bound—to John Milton, whose name is high among the names of men, as that of Rome is great among the states of the earth. Milton who wrote as clear and direct prose, as he sang lofty poetry, who was one of the first and best writers on the liberty of the press against his own party, and who consciously and readily sacrificed his very eyesight to his country —Milton says, in his paper on Education, dedicated to Master Hartlib,[1] that, after having taught sundry other branches in a

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[1] Mr. Evert A. Duyckinck, of this city, whom, while writing out this address, I had asked what he knew of "Master Hartlib," obligingly replied by a note, of which I may be permitted to give the following extract:

"In D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, Hartlib is called a Pole. Thomas Warton, in a note in his edition of Milton's Minor Poems, says Hartlib was a native of Holland, and came into England about the year 1640. Hartlib himself tells us in a letter, dated 1660 (reprinted in Egerton Brydges's Censura Literaria, iii. 54), that his father was a Polish merchant who founded a church in Pomerania, and, when the Jesuits prevailed in Poland, removed to Elbing, to which place his (Samuel Hartlib's) grandfather brought the English company of merchants from Dantzic. It would appear that Hartlib was born at Elbing, for he speaks of his father marrying a third wife (H.'s mother) after the removal from Poland proper, which third wife would appear to have been an Englishwoman. Hartlib speaks of his family being 'of a very ancient extraction in the German empire, there having been ten brethren of the name of Hartlib, some of boy's education, "the next removal must be to the study of politics, to know the beginning, end, and reasons of political societies, that they (the learners) may not, in a dangerous fit of the commonwealth, be such poor, shaken, uncertain reeds, of such a tottering conscience, as many of our great counsellors have lately shown themselves, but steadfast pillars of the state." This pregnant passage ought not to have been written in vain.

I could multiply authorities of antiquity and modern times, but is not Rome and Milton strong enough?

A complete course of political philosophy, to which every course, whether in a college or a university, ought to approximate, as time and circumstances permit, should wind its way through the large field of political science somewhat in the following manner.

We must start from the pregnant fact that each man is made an individual and a social being, and that his whole humanity with all its attributes, moral, religious, emotional, mental, cultural, and industrial, is decreed forever to revolve between the two poles of individualism and socialism, taking the latter

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them privy councillors to the emperor.' Hartlib's mercantile life, I suppose, brought him to England. He was a reformer in church matters, and became attached to the parliament. 'Hartlib,' says Warton, 'took great pains to frame a new system of education, answerable to the perfection and purity of the new commonwealth.' Milton addressed his Treatise on Education to him about 1650. In 1662, Hartlib petitioned parliament for relief, stating that he had been thirty years and upwards serving the state and specially setting forth the 'erecting a little academy for the education of the gentry of this nation, to advance piety, learning, morality, and other exercises of industry not usual then in common schools.' His other services were 'correspondence with the chief of note of foreign parts,' 'collecting MSS. in all the parts of learning,' printing 'the best experiments of industry in husbandry and manufactures,' relieving 'poor, distressed scholars, both foreigners and of this nation.' "

So far the extract from Mr. Duyckinck's letter. Hartlib was no doubt a German by extraction and education, and represents a type of men peculiar to the Reformation, and of great importance in the cause of advancing humanity. Milton must have felt great regard for this foreigner, but Milton had too enlightened a mind, and had learned too much in foreign parts, ever to allow a narrowing and provincial self-complacency to become a substitute for enlarging and unselfish patriotism.

term in its strictly philosophical adaptation. Man's moral individualism and the sovereign necessity of his living in society, or the fact that humanity and society are two ideas that cannot even be conceived of, the one without the other, lead to the twin ideas of Right and Duty. Political science dwells upon this most important elementary truth, that the idea of right cannot be philosophically stated without the idea of obligation, nor that of duty without that of right, and it must show how calamitous every attempt has proved to separate them; how debasing a thing obligation becomes without corresponding rights, and how withering rights and privileges become to the hand that wields the power and to the fellow-being over whom it sways, if separated from corresponding duty and obligation.

Right and duty are twin brothers; they are like the two electric flames appearing at the yard-arms in the Mediterranean, and called by the ancient mariners Castor and Pollux. When both are visible, a fair and pleasant course is expected; but one alone portends stormy mischief. An instinctive acknowledgment of this truth makes us repeat with pleasure to this day the old French maxim, *Noblesse oblige*, whatever annotations history may have to tell of its disregard.[1]

That philosopher, whom Dante calls *il maestro di color che sanno*, and whom our science gratefully acknowledges as its own founder, says that man is by nature a political animal. He saw that man cannot divest himself of the state. Society, no matter in how rudimental a condition, always exists, and society considered with reference to rights and duties, to rules to be obeyed, and to privileges to be protected, to those that ordain, and those that comply, is the political state. Government was never voted into existence, and the state originates every day anew in the family. God coerces man into society, and necessitates the growth of government by that divinely simple law, which has been alluded to before, and consists in making the young of man depend upon the parents for years after the period of lactation has ceased. As men and society advance, the greatest of institutions—the state—increases in intensity of action, and when humanity falters back, the state, like the function of a diseased organ, becomes sluggish or acts with ruinous feverishness. In this twinship of right and duty lies the embryonic genesis of liberty, and at the same time the distinction between sincere and seasoned civil liberty, and the wild and one-sided privilege of one man or a class; or the fantastic equality of all in point of rights without the steadying pendulum of mutual obligation.

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[1] In this sense at least *Noblesse oblige* was often taken, that feudal privileges over feudal subjects involved obligations to them, although it meant originally the obligations due to him who bestowed the nobility.

This leads us to that division which I have called elsewhere Political Ethics, in which the teacher will not fail to use his best efforts, when he discourses on patriotism—that ennobling virtue which at times has been derided, at other times declared incompatible with true philosophy or with pure religion. He will not teach that idolatrous patriotism which inscribes on its banner, Our country, right or wrong, but that heightened public spirit, which loves and honors father and mother, and neighbors, and country; which makes us deeply feel for our country's glory and its faults; makes us willing to die, and, what is often far more difficult, to live for it; that patriotism which is consistent with St. Paul's command: Honor all men, and which can say with Montesquieu, "If I knew anything useful to my country but prejudicial to Europe or mankind, I should consider it as a crime;" that sentiment which made the Athenians reject the secret of Themistocles, because Aristides declared it very useful to Athens, but very injurious to Sparta and to the other Greeks. The Christian citizen can say with Tertullian, *Civitas nostra totus mundus*, and abhors that patriotism which is at best bloated provincialism, but he knows, too, that that society is doomed to certain abasement in which the indifference of the *blasé* is permitted to debilitate and demoralize public sentiment. The patriotism of which we stand as much in need as the ancients is neither an amiable weakness, nor the Hellenic pride. It is a positive virtue demanded of every moral man. It is the fervent love of our own country, but not hatred of others, nor blindness to our faults and to the rights or superiorities of our neighbors.

We now approach that branch of our science which adds, to the knowledge of the "end and reasons of political societies," the discussion of the means by which man endeavors to obtain the end or ought to obtain it; in one word, to the science of government, and a knowledge of governments which exist and have existed. The "end and reasons of political societies" involve the main discussion of the object of the state, as it is more clearly discerned with advancing civilization, the relation of the state to the family, its duties to the individual, and the necessary limits of its power. Protection, in the highest sense of the word,[1] both of society, as a whole, and of the component individuals, as such, without interference, and free from intermeddling, is the great object of the civilized state, or the state of freemen. To this portion of our science belong the great topics of the rights as well as the dependence of the individual citizen, of the woman and the child; of primordial rights and the admissibility or violence of slavery, which, throughout the whole course of history wherever it has been introduced, has been a deciduous institution. The reflection on the duties of the state comprehends the important subjects of the necessity of public education (the common school for those who are deprived of means, or destitute of the desire to be educated; and the university, which lies beyond the capacity of private means); of the support of those who cannot support themselves (the pauper, and the poor orphans, and sick); of intercommunication and intercommunion (the road and the mail); of the promotion of taste and the fine arts, and the public support of religion, or the abstaining from it; and the duty of settling conflicting claims, and of punishing those that infringe the common rules of action, with the science and art of rightful and sensible punition, or, as I have ventured to call this branch, of penology.

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[1] That I do not mean by this material protection only, but the protection of all interests, the highest no less so than the common ones, of society as a unit, as well as of the individual human being, will be well known to the reader of my Political Ethics. I do by no means restrict the meaning of protection to personal security, nor do I mean by this term something that amounts to the protection of an interest in one person to the injury of others.

The comprehensive apparatus by which all these objects, more or less dimly seen, according to the existing stage of civil progress, are intended to be obtained, and by which a political society evolves its laws, is called government. I generally give at this stage a classification of all governments, in the present time or in the past, according to the main principles on which they rest. This naturally leads to three topics, the corresponding ones of which, in some other sciences, form but important illustrations or constitute a certain amount of interesting knowledge, but which in our science constitute part and parcel of the branch itself. I mean a historical survey of all governments and systems of law, Asiatic or European; a survey of all political literature as represented by its prominent authors, from Aristotle and Plato, or from the Hindoo Menu, down to St. Simon or Calhoun—a portion of the science which necessarily includes many historians and theologians on the one hand, such as Mariana, De Soto, and Machiavelli, and on the other hand statesmen that have poured forth wisdom or criminal theories in public speech, Demosthenes or Webster, Chatham, Burke, Mirabeau or Robespierre and St. Just. And lastly, I mean that division of our science which indeed is, properly, a subdivision of the latter, but sufficiently important and instructive to be treated separately—a survey of those model states which political philosophers have from time to time imagined, and which we now call Utopias, from Plato's Atlantis to Thomas More's Utopia, Campanella's Civitas Solis or Harrington's Oceana to our socialists, or Shelley's and Coleridge's imaginings and the hallucinations of Comte. They are growing rarer and, probably, will in time wholly cease. Superior minds, at any rate, could feel stimulated to conceive of so-called philosophical republics, in ages only when everything existing in a definite form—languages, mythologies, agriculture, and governments—was ascribed to a correspondingly definite invention, or, at times, to an equally definite inspiration, and when society was not clearly conceived to be a continuity; when far less attention was paid to the idea of progress, which is a succession of advancing steps, and to the historic genesis of institutions; and when the truth was not broadly acknowledged that civilization, whether political or not, cannot divest itself of its accumulative and progressive character.

This Utopology, if you permit me the name, will include those attempts at introducing, by sudden and volcanic action, entirely new governments resulting from some fanatical theory, such as the commonwealth of the anabaptists in Germany, or the attempts at carrying out Rousseau's equalitarian hatred of representative government, by Marat and Collot d'Herbois. They have all been brief and bloody.

When the teacher of political philosophy discourses on the first of these three divisions he will not omit to dwell on the communal governments and the later almost universal despotism of Asia, which reduces the subject, both as to property and life, to a tenant at will; he will dwell on the type of the city-state, prevailing in Greek and Roman antiquity, and the strong admixture of communism in those states, especially in the Greek; he will show how that religion, whose founder proclaimed that his kingdom is not of this world, nevertheless affected all political organization far more than aught else has done, because, more than anything else, it affected the inner man, and that, in one respect, it intensified individualism, for it exalted the individual moral character and responsibility. Individual duties and individual rights received greater importance, and Christianity levelled all men before an omniscient judge and a common father. From the time when the worshipped emperor of Rome decreed that the Christians, then confounded with the Jews, should depart from Italy, because, as Suetonius says, they were *Christo impulsore tumultuantes*, the Romans perceived that there was that in the Christian which made him bow before a higher authority than that of the Cæsars. "Christ impelling them, they are disturbers"—yet they obeyed the law, as Pliny, the governor, writes to his friend and emperor, only they could not be induced to strew the sacred meal on the altar of Jove, and Christianity wrought on in the breasts of men, until Julian loses the battle, and as tradition at least says, exclaims in dying: "Oh Galilean, thou hast conquered!"

The teacher will dwell on that type of government which succeeded and is the opposite to the ancient city-state—the feudal system with its graduated and subdivided allegiance; and he will show how at last the period of nationalization arrived for governments and languages, and national governments, with direct and uniform allegiance, at last developed themselves and became the accompaniments of modern civilization; when real states were formed, compact governments extending over large territories. The ancients had but one word for state and city; the mediæval government is justly called a mere system (the feudal system); the moderns have states, whether unitary or confederated does not affect this point.

When an account is given of the imaginary governments, which the greater or lesser philosophers have constructed as ideal politics, attention must be directed to the striking fact that all Utopists, from Plato to our times, have been more or less communists, making war upon money, although so shrewd and wise a man as Thomas More was among them; and that most of these writers, even Campanella, though a priest of the Catholic church, and all societies in which communism has been carried out to any extent, have made light of monogamic wedlock, or have openly proclaimed a community or a plurality of wives.[1] We have our Protestant counterpart to

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[1] Auguste Comte, who was generally considered the most serious and most able atheist yet known in the annals of science, as long as his Positive Philosophy was the only work that attracted attention, makes one of the exceptions. In his Catechism of Positive Religion, which belongs to the Utopian literature, pro-

Campanella in the Rev. Martin Madan, the author of Thelypthora, a Defence of a Plurality of Wives. Hostility to individualism in property has generally, in antiquity and modern times, been accompanied by a hostility to exclusive wedlock, and I believe I am not wrong when I add, very often by a leaning to pantheism, in the sphere of religion. But the Utopists are not only communists. Paley, who would have shrunk from being called a communist, nevertheless explains individual property on the mere ground of his "expediency" and in a manner which the avowed communists of our times —Quinesset and Proudhon—have been willing to accept, only they differ as to the expediency, and why not differ on that? Paley and the larger portion of modern publicists maintained, and even Webster asserted on a solemn occasion,[1] that property is the creature of government. But government is the agent of society, so that, if the same society

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claiming the regeneration and the reconstruction of all human society, and covering it with the ægis of a paper-system rubricked according to a priestly socialistic Cæsarism, nevertheless acknowledges monogamy, and individual property in a considerable degree. The work, however, amply makes up for these omissions by an incredible amount of inane vagaries, self-contradictions, and that apotheosis of absolutism, "organizing" all things and allowing inherent life nowhere, which is the idol of Gallican sociologists, as the fallen Romans burnt incense to the images of their emperors even while living, or rather as long as they lived; for, so soon as the emperor was dead, his memory was often senatorially cursed, and his images were decreed to be broken. Power was the only thing left, when the introduction of the many thousands of gods, from the conquered countries, neutralized all sense of religion, and power was worshipped accordingly. The Suetoniana of the nineteenth century are not wholly dissimilar.

Nothing has probably ever shown so strikingly the inherent religious character of man as Comte's apotheosis of atheism, and his whole "catechism," sprinkled as it is with prayers to the "supreme being," which being, to be sure, is void of being and cannot, therefore, very well be possessed of supremacy.

From time to time great men have declared what they considered the greatest of evils. Aristotle says, "The fellest of things is armed injustice." Bacon declares that the greatest of evils is the apotheosis of error; but, somehow, men seem always to contrive to prove that there may be still greater evils.

[1] It was the perusal of this assertion by Mr. Webster, in a speech in Ohio, in 1828, which first led the author to reflections which were ultimately given in his Essays on Labor and Property. He totally denies that property is the creature of government.

should see fit to change the order of things, and to undo its own doing, no objection can be made on the ground of right and justice. Rousseau says, indeed, that the first fence erected to separate land from the common stock brought misery upon men, and Proudhon *formulated* this idea when he said: Property is theft; but the point of starting is common to all.

The radical error of the communist consists in his exclusive acknowledgment of the principle of socialism, and his endeavors to apply it even to that which has its very origin and being in individualism—to property. Man cannot exist without producing; production always presupposes appropriation; both are essentially individual, and where appropriation consists in occupation by a society as a unit, this is no less exclusive or individual property, with reference to all other societies, than the property held by a single man. The communist does not seem to see the absurdity of demanding common property for all men in France, upon what he considers philosophic grounds, yet excluding the rest of mankind from that property. The radical error of the individualist, on the other hand, is, that he wholly disavows the principle of socialism, and, generally, reasons on the unstable and shaking ground of expediency alone. He forgets that both, individualism and socialism, are true and ever-active principles, and that the very idea of the state implies both; for, the state is a society, and a society consists of individuals who never lose their individual character, but are united by common bonds, interests, organizations, and a common continuity. A society is not represented by a mass of iron in which the original particles of the ore have lost all separate existence by refinement and smelting; nor is it represented by a crowd of units accidentally huddled together. It is on the principle of socialism alone that it can be explained why I may be forced, and ought to be so, to pay my share towards the war which I may loathe, but upon which my state, my society has resolved. How will you explain that charity is no longer left wholly to depend upon individual piety, but that the government takes part of my property in the shape of a poor-tax, to support the indigent? or how is the potent right of roads to be explained? that I must pay towards common education when I may educate my children in a private school or have none at all to be educated? or towards a scientific expedition, or to support the administration of justice, when I may not have had a single lawsuit or when I might think it more convenient to return to the primitive age of private revenge? On what principle do you prohibit infamous books? Why must I bear the folly of my legislators or submit to the consequences of a crude diplomatist? Why are we proud of the willing submission of the minority after a passionately-contested presidential election? The principle of socialism is interwoven with our whole existence; for, it is a social existence.

How, again, can we explain, if not on the ground of individualism, the very idea of rights, the protection of man, all the contents of all the bills of rights—the liberty of the press or communion, the freedom of worship or the right we have to slay the sheriff that breaks into our house with an illegal warrant? All taxation is founded on socialism, inasmuch as society takes by force, actual or threatened, part of my own, and on individualism, because it is proportioned according to the capacity of the individual to pay, and takes a lawful portion only. When the Athenian council decreed a liturgy, there was socialism indeed pretty strongly prevailing. The principle of individualism is everywhere, for our existence is, also, an individual one. We shudder instinctively at the idea of losing our individuality, and our religion teaches that we must take it with us beyond the limits of time. Even a heathen, a Hindoo law-giver, said long before our era: "Single is each man born; single he dieth; single he receiveth the reward of his good, and single the punishment for his evil deeds."

The two principles of humanity, individualism and socialism, show themselves from the very beginning in their incipient pulsations, and as mankind advance they become more and more distinct and assume more and more their legitimate spheres. Individualism is far more distinct with us than in antiquity, in property and in the rights of man, with all that flows from them; and socialism is far more clearly developed with us than with the Greeks or Romans, in primary education, charity, intercommunion, by the liberty of the press or the mail, the punitory systems, sanitary measures, public justice, and the many spheres in which the united private wants have been raised to public interests, and often passed even into the sphere of international law. Christianity, which, historically speaking, is the co-efficient of the highest power of nearly all the elements of humanity and civilization, has had an intensifying effect on individualism as well as on socialism. There is, perhaps, no more striking instance of a higher degree of individualism and socialism developed at the same time than in the administration of penal justice, which always begins with private revenge and gradually becomes public justice, when the government obliges every one to pay towards the punishment of a person that has directly injured only one other individual. Yet individualism is more developed in this advanced administration of justice, inasmuch as it always pronounces clearer and clearer, and more and more precautions are taken, that the individual wrong-doer alone shall suffer. There is no atonement demanded, as was the case with the Greeks, but plain punishment for a proved wrong, so that, if the crime is proved but not the criminal, we do not demand, on the ground of socialism, the suffering of some one, which the Greeks frequently did.

Act on individualism alone, and you would reduce society to a mere crowd of egotistical units, far below the busy but peaceful inmates of the ant-hill; act on socialism alone, and you reduce society to loathsome despotism, in which individuals would be distinguished by a mere number, as the inmates of Sing Sing. Despotism, of whatever name, is the most equalitarian government. The communist forgets that communism in property, as far as it can exist in reality, is a characteristic feature of low barbarism. Herodotus tells us what we find with existing savages. Mine and Thine in property and marriage is but dimly known by them. The communist wants to "organize," as he calls it, but in fact to disindividualize everything, even effort and labor, and a garden of the times of Louis XV., in which the ruthless shears have cramped and crippled every tree into a slavish uniformity, seems to delight his eye more than a high forest, with its organic life and freedom. Hobbes, who, two centuries ago, passed through the whole theory of all-absorbing power conveyed to one man by popular compact, which we now meet with once more in French Cæsarism, defined religion as that superstition which is established by government, and we recollect how closely allied all despotism is to communism. The highest liberty—that civil freedom which protects individual humanity in the highest degree, and at the same time provides society with the safest and healthiest organism through which it obtains its social ends of protection and historic position—may not inaptly be said to consist in a due separation and conjunction of individualism and socialism.[1]

One more remark. It is a striking fact that the old adage, all extremes meet, has been illustrated by none more forcibly than by the socialists; for the most enthusiastic socialists of France, America, and Germany have actually come to the conclusion that there need be and ought to be no government at all among men truly free, except, indeed, as one of our own most visionary socialists naïvely adds, for roads and some such things. For them Aristotle discovered in vain that: Man is by nature a political animal.

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[1] It is for these reasons that the new term sociology seems to be inappropriate. Years ago it suggested itself to the author, when he desired to find a term more comprehensive and more compact than that of political philosophy, but he soon discarded it. If those French writers adopt it, in whose theories the idea of society absorbs almost all individualism, it is consistent. With them society, or the government which is its agent, whether monarchical or republican, is expected and demanded to provide for everything, to organize all relations, and to do all things that can possibly be done by the government; but it is to be regretted that men like Lord Brougham have adopted the term. The national society ought not to be the all-absorbing one, nor is the jural society the only important society to which the individual of our race belongs. We belong to societies of great importance, which are narrower than the state, and to others which extend far beyond it, as is sufficiently shown by the religious society or church, the œconomical society or society of production and exchange, the society of comity, the society of letters and science (for instance, in Germany or that which covers England and the United States), and the international society embracing all the Cis-Caucasian people.

The political philosopher will now take in hand, as a separate topic, our own polity and political existence; and this will lead to our great theme, to a manly discussion of Civil Liberty and Self-Government. We are here in the peristyle of a vast temple, and I dare not enter it with you at present, for fear that all the altars and statues and votive tablets of humanity, with all the marbled records of high martyrdom and sanguinary errors, would detain us far beyond the midnight hour. It is our American theme, and we, of all men, are called upon to know it well, with all the aspirations, all the duties and precious privileges, all the struggles, achievements, dangers and errors, all the pride and humiliation, the checks and impulses, the law and untrammelled action, the blessings and the blood, the great realities, the mimicry and licentiousness, the generous sacrifices and the self-seeking, with all these memories and actualities—all wound up in that one word Liberty.

And now the student will be prepared to enter upon that branch which is the glory of our race in modern history, and possibly the greatest achievement of combined judgment and justice, acting under the genial light of culture and religion —on International Law, that law which, without the sword of justice, encompasses even the ocean. The ancients knew it not in their best time; and life and property, once having left the shore, were out of the pale of law and justice. Even down to our Columbus, the mariner stood by the helm with his sword, and watched the compass in armor.

Political science treats of man in his most important earthly phase; the state is the institution which has to protect or to check all his endeavors, and, in turn, reflects them. It is natural, therefore, that a thorough course of this branch should become, in a great measure, a delineation of the history of civilization, with all the undulations of humanity, from that loose condition of men in which Barth found many of our fellow-beings in Central Africa, to our own accumulated civilization, which is like a rich tapestry, the main threads of which are Grecian intellectuality, Christian morality and trans-mundane thought, Roman law and institutionality, and Teutonic individual independence, especially developed in Anglican liberty and self-government.

Need I add that the student, having passed through these fields and having viewed these regions, will be the better prepared for the grave purposes for which this country destines him, and as a partner in the great commonwealth of self-government? If not, then strike these sciences from your catalogue. It is true, indeed, that the scholar is no consecrated priest of knowledge, if he does not love it for the sake of knowledge. And this is even important in a practical point of view; for all knowledge, to be usefully applied, must be far in advance of its application. It is like the sun, which, we are told, causes the plant to grow when he has already sunk below the horizon; yet I acknowledge without reserve, for all public instruction and all education, the token which I am in the habit of taking into every lecture-room of mine, to impress it ever anew on my mind and on that of my hearers, that we teach and learn:

NON SCHOLÆ SED VITÆ,[1] VITÆ UTRIQUE.

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[1] Seneca.

THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN TEACHER OF POLITICS.

AN INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE TO A COURSE OF LECTURES ON THE STATE. DELIVERED OCTOBER 10, 1859, IN THE LAW SCHOOL OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

WE are met together to discuss the State—that society which in infinite variety, from mere specks of social inception to empires of large extent and long tradition, covers the whole earth wherever human beings have their habitation—that society which more than any other is identified, as cause and as effect, with the rise and fall of civilization—that society which, at this very period of mingled progress and relapse, of bravery and frivolity, occupies the mind of our whole advancing race, and which is the worthiest subject of contemplation for men who do not merely adhere to instinctive liberty, but desire to be active and upright partakers of conscious civil freedom.

In the course of lectures which has been confided to me, we shall inquire into the origin and necessity of the state and of its authority—is it a natural or an invented institution? into the ends and uses of government and into the functions of the state—is it a blessing or is it a wise contrivance, indeed, yet owing to man's sinful state, as many fathers of the church considered all property to be? or is it a necessary evil, destined to cease when men shall be perfected? We shall inquire into the grandeur as well as into the shame of Political Man. We shall discuss the history of this the greatest human institution, and ultimately take a survey of the literature appertaining to this enduring topic of civilized man.

This day I beg to make some preliminary remarks, chiefly intended to point out to you the position which, so far as I can discern, a public teacher of politics in this country and at this period either occupies of necessity or ought to occupy.

Antiquity differs from modern civilization by no characteristic more signally than by these two facts, that throughout the former there was but one leading state or country at any given period, while now several nations strive in the career of progress abreast like the coursers of the Grecian chariot. The idea of one leading nation, or of a "universal monarchy," has been revived, indeed, at several modern periods, and is even now proclaimed by those who know least of liberty; but it is an anachronism, barren in everything except mischief, and always gotten up, in recent times, to subserve ambition or national conceit. It has ever proved ruinous, and Austria, France, and Spain have furnished us with commentaries.

The other distinctive fact is the recuperative energy of modern states. Ancient states did not possess it. Once declining, they declined with increasing rapidity until their ruin was complete. The parabola of a projectile might be called the symbol of ancient leading states—a curve, which slowly rises, reaches its maximum, and precipitately descends, not to rise again, while the line of modern civilization, power, and even freedom, resembles, in several cases, those undulating curves which, having risen to one maximum, do not forego the rising to another, though they decline in the mean time to a minimum. Well may we call this curve the symbol of our public hope. If it were not so, must not many a modern man sink into the gloom of a Tacitus?

Now, closely connected with these, and especially with the second fact, it seems to me, is this observation that in almost all the spheres of knowledge, action, or production the philosophizing inquirer in antiquity makes his appearance when the period of high vitality has passed. The Greek and Roman grammarians inquired into their exquisite languages when the period of vigorous productiveness in them, of literary creativeness, was gone or fast going; when poets ceased to sing, historians ceased to gather, to compare and relate, and orators ceased to speak. The jurists collected, systematized, and tried to codify when a hale and energizing common law was giving rapidly way to the simple mandates and decrees of the ruler, or had ceased to be among the living and productive things; the æsthetic writer found the canons of the beautiful when the sculptor and architect were stimulated more and more by imitation of the inspired masterworks created by the genius of by-gone days; and Aristotle founds the science of politics (we can hardly consider Pythagoras as the founder) when Athens and all Greece were drifting fast towards the breakers where the Roman wreckers were to gather the still glorious wrecks; while Cicero writes his work of the Republic when that dread time was approaching in which (as a contemporary president of the French senate has officially expressed it), the Roman democracy ascended the throne in the person of the Cæsars—rulers of whom we, speaking plain language, simply say that Tacitus and Suetonius have described them; people, whether we call them democracy or not, broken in spirit and so worthless that they rapidly ceased to know how to work for their living, or to fight for their existence; rulers and people whose history bears the impressive title, Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Or was, forsooth, the republican period of Rome, merely preparatory for the glorious empire, sold at auction by the prætorians?

It is different in modern times, thank God! Modern critics, philosophers, and teachers, in almost every branch, have lived while their age was productive, and frequently they have aided in bringing on fresh and sometimes greater epochs. In the science of politics this fact appears in a strong light. England has advanced in power, freedom, and civilization since Thomas More, Harrington, Milton, Bacon, Sidney, and Locke, William Temple, and even the latest of the last century, wrote and taught. France, whatever we may think of her present period of imperial transition and compressing absolutism, had far advanced beyond that state in which she was from the times of Bodinus and Montesquieu down to Rousseau or the Physiocrats, and will rise above the present period in which Guizot and De Tocqueville have given their works to her. Italy, however disappointed her patriots and friends may be at this moment, and however low that country, which is loved by our whole race, like a favorite sister of the family, had once sunk, stands forth more hopeful than, perhaps, she has done at any time since Thomas Aquinas[1] and Dante,[2] or Machiavelli, Paolo Sarpi, Vico, and all her writers down to Filangieri, that meditated on the state. If there are those who think that I have stated what is not warranted by the inadequate settlement of northern Italy—if, indeed, it prove a settlement—and by an arbitrary peace which, in its sudden conclusion by two single men, unattended by any counsellor of their own or representative of any ally, in behalf of near ninety millions of people, presents absolutism and foreign rule more nakedly than any other fact in modern Europe that I remember, if the affairs of Italy be viewed in this light, I must point to the fact that in spite of all this arbitrariness, the question: Do the people wish for this or that government, this or that dynasty? forces itself into hearing, and is allowed to enter as an element in the settlement of national affairs. It may indicate an imperfect state of things that this fact must be pointed out by the publicist as a signal step in advance; but it will be readily acknowledged as a characteristic change for the better, if we consider that in all those great settlements of the last century and of the present, by which the territories of the continental governments were rearranged, reigning houses were shifted, and states were made and unmade, Italy was consulted about herself no more than the princely hunter consults the hart which his huntsman cuts up for distribution among the guests and fellow-hunters. This century may yet see a united Italia, when at length it will cease to be *di dolor ostello* of that song of woe.

Germany, with whatever feeling he that loves her may behold that noble country, robbed as she is of her rightful heirship and historic adumbration as a nation in full political standing among the peoples of the earth, for her own safety and honor, and for European peace and civilization, has nevertheless advanced towards unity and freedom since the times of Grotius and Spinoza (I call them hers), and Puffendorff, Wolf, Schlözer, and Kant, and will advance beyond what she is in these days of Zachariae, Welcker, Mittermaier, and Mohl. Truth forces the philosopher to state the fact such as it is, although as patriot he finds it difficult to acknowledge the pittance of national political existence as yet doled out by modern history to that country whose present intellectual influence vies with the political she once possessed under the Hohenstaufen.

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[1] De Rebus Publicis et Principum Institutione Libri IV.

[2] De Monarchiâ.

The teacher of political science in these days, without amusing himself with shallow optimism, has then the encouraging consciousness that his lot is not necessarily the mere summing up and putting on record of a political life of better and of by-gone days never to return, not to be surpassed. The historian, whom Schlegel calls the prophet of the past, may in our days also be the sower of fresh harvests. The teaching of the publicist may become an element of living statesmanship; he may analyze essential fundamentals of his own society, of which it may not have been conscious, and the knowledge of which may influence future courses; he may awaken, he may warn and impress the lesson of inevitable historic sequences, and he may give the impulse to essential reforms; he may help to sober and recall intoxicated racers hurrying down on dangerous slopes, and he may assist the manly jurist and advocate in planting on the outlying downs of civil life those hardy blades which worry back each aggressive wave when walls of stone prove powerless against the stormy floods of invading power; he may contribute his share to the nautical almanac and the sailing directions for the practical helmsman; he may pronounce truths which legislators quote as guiding rules in the parliament of his own country, or statesmen when met in a congress of entire nations; his teaching may modify, unconsciously to the actors themselves, and even in spite of their own belief, the course of passion, or set bounds to the worst of all political evils, public levity, and popular indifference—if he will resolutely speak out the truth, and if he occupies a free position. Others must judge whether I am accustomed to do the one; I think I occupy the other.

Few public teachers of public law may have occupied a freer position than I do here before you. I belong to no party when teaching. All I acknowledge is PATRIA CARA, CARIOR LIBERTAS, VERITAS CARISSIMA. No government, no censor, no suspicious partisan watches my words; no party tradition fetters me; no connections force special pleading on me. I am surrounded by that tone of liberality, with that absence of petty inquisition, which belongs to populous and active cities, where the varied interests of life, religion, and knowledge meet and modify one another. Those who have called me to this chair know what I have taught in my works, and that on no occasion have I bent to adjust my words to gain the approbation of prince or people. The trustees of this institution have called me hither with entire trust. Neither before nor after my appointment have they intimated to me, however indirectly, collectively or individually, by hint or question, or by showing me their own convictions, how they might wish me to tinge one or the other of the many delicate discussions belonging to my branches. I can gain no advantage by my teaching; neither title, order, or advancement on the one hand, nor party reward or political lucre on the other—not even popularity. Philosophy is not one of the high roads to the popular mind. All that the most gifted in my precise position could possibly attain to is the reputation of a just, wise, fearless, profound, erudite, and fervent teacher. This, indeed, includes the highest reward which he who addresses you will endeavor to approach as near as lies within him.

But if the modern teacher of political science enjoys advantages over the teacher in ancient times, there are also difficulties which beset the modern teacher—some peculiar to our own period, and some to our own country at this time.

Political science meets to this day with the stolid objection:

What is it good for? Are statesmen made by books, or have the best books been made by the best statesmen? The name given to an entire party under Louis Philippe—the *doctrinaires* —seems to be significant in this point of view. You are, so we are told even by men of cultivated minds, not farther advanced than Aristotle was; and what must we think of the tree if we judge by its fruits, the fantastic conceptions of the so-called best state, with which the history of your science abounds? And Hume, the philosopher, said: "I am apt to entertain a suspicion that this world is still too young to fix any general truths in politics which will remain true to the latest posterity." But if the world is old enough to commit political sins and crimes of every variety, it cannot be too young to sink the shafts for the ore of knowledge, though the nuggets of pure truth may be rare. Does the miner of any other science hope for more?

Some friends have expressed their surprise that in my inaugural address I should have considered it necessary to dwell on the dignity and practical utility of political science as a branch of public instruction. I confess their surprise astonished me in turn. Not more than twenty years ago, Dahlmann said that "the majority of men believe to this day that everything must be learned, only not politics, every case of which may be decided by the light of nature," meaning what is generally understood by common sense. Have things changed since these words were spoken? As late as in the year 1852, De Tocqueville, when presiding over the Academy of Morals and Politics, occupied himself in his annual address chiefly with the consideration of the prejudices still prevailing, not only among the people at large, but among statesmen and politicians themselves, against the science and studies cultivated by that division of the Institute of France;[1] and Hegel, esteemed by many the most profound and comprehensive thinker of modern times, says, in his Philosophy of History, when speaking of that method of treating history which is called on the continent of Europe the pragmatic method, that "rulers, statesmen, and nations are wont to be emphatically commended to the teaching which experience offers in history. But what experience and history teach is this, that peoples and governments never have learned anything from history or acted on principles deduced from it. Each period is involved in such peculiar circumstances, exhibits a condition of things so strictly idiosyncratic, that its conduct must be regulated by considerations connected with itself, and itself alone. Amid the pressure of great events a general principle gives no hope. It is useless to revert to similar circumstances in the past. The pallid shades of memory struggle in vain with the life and freedom of the present."

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[1] Even the minor lucubrations of this excellent writer have acquired an additional interest since death has put an end to his work. I would refer, therefore, to the National Intelligencer, Washington, 6th May, 1852, where the entire address alluded to is given.

I have quoted this passage, which appears to me feeble and unphilosophical, for the purpose of showing that it is by no means useless to dwell, even in our age and in the midst of a civilized people, on the moral and practical importance, and not only on the scientific interest of the study of history and politics; and must dismiss, at least in this brief introductory lecture, a thorough discussion of these remarks—*inconsistent*, since their author admits one teaching of history and experience; *suicidal* to the philosopher, since they would extinguish the connection between the different "periods"; and what becomes of the connection of the events and facts within each period? what divides, philosophically speaking, the periods he refers to so absolutely from one another? what becomes of continuity, without which it is irrational to speak of the philosophy of history?—*unhistorical*, for every earnest student knows how almost inconceivably great the influence of some political philosophers, and of the lessons of great historians, has been on the development of our race; *unreal*, since Hegel makes an intrinsic distinction between the motive powers of nations and states on the one hand, and of minor communities and individuals on the other; *destructive*, because what he says of political rules might be said of any rule of action, of laws, of constitutions; and *unpsychological*, because he ignores the connection between principle and practice, the preventive and modifying effect of the acknowledged principle or rule, whether established by experience, science, or authority, and its influence, in many cases, in spite of the actor, not unlike Julian the Apostate, whom Christianity did not wholly cease to influence, though he warred against it.

Was ever usurpation stopped in its career of passion by a moral or political apothegm? Possibly it was. The flashes of solemn truths sometimes cross the clouds of gathering crime and show how dark it is; but whether or not, is not now the question. Was ever burglar, crowbar in hand, stopped in his crime by reciting the eighth commandment? Probably not, although we actually know that murder, already unsheathed, has been sheathed again; but what is more important for the connected progress of our race is, that millions have been prevented from fairly entering on the path of filching or robbery by receiving at home and in the school the tradition of that rule, "Thou shalt not steal," and of the whole decalogue, as one of the ethical elements of their society, which acts, although unrecited, and even unthought of in a thousand cases, as the multiplication table or Euclid's elements act, unrecited and unremembered at the time, in the calculations of the astronomer or of the carpenter, and in the quick disposition which military genius makes in the midst of confused battles, or a sea captain beating in dirty weather through a strait of coral reefs.

We Americans would be peculiarly ungrateful to political science and history were we to deny their influence. Every one who has carefully studied our early history, and more especially our formative period, when the present constitution struggled into existence, knows how signally appear the effects of the political literature on which, in a great measure, the intellects of our patriots had been reared, and how often the measures which have given distinctness and feature to our system were avowedly supported for adoption, by rules and examples drawn from the stores of history or political philosophy, either for commendation or warning. They had all fed on Algernon Sidney or Montesquieu; they had all read or scanned the history of the United States of the Netherlands, whence they borrowed even our name. It is the very opposite to what Hegel maintains, and the finding of these threads is one of the greatest delights of the philosophic mind.

Even if the science of politics were only, as so many mistake it to be, a collection of prescriptions for the art of ruling, and not quite as much of the art and science of obeying (why and when, whom and what, and how far we ought to obey)—but it is more than either—even then the science would be as necessary as the medical book is to the physician, or as the treatise on fencing, and the fencing-master himself, are to him who wishes to become expert in the art. No rule merely learned by heart will help in complex cases of highest urgency, but the best decision is made by strong sense and genius that have been trained. It is thus in grammar and composition. It is thus in all spheres. Every practitioner requires much which cannot be learned from books, and even this will be of no use unless cultivated by instruction or unless brought into play as opportunity offers. Then natural gift, theory, and interpretation by experience melt into one homogeneous mass of choice Corinthian brass, in which the component elements can no longer be distinguished.

Although I shall not attempt to teach, in this course, actual statesmanship, or what has been styled the art of ruling, yet that which perhaps the older English writers more especially meant by the word prudence, that is foresight (*prudentia futurorum*), must necessarily enter as a prominent element in all political discussions; nor do I desire to pass on without guarding myself against the misconception that I consider the science, the knowing, as the highest aim of man. As mere erudition stands to real knowledge, so does knowing stand to doing and being. Action and character stand above science. Piety stands above theology; justice above jurisprudence; health and healing above medicine; poesy above poetics; freedom and good government above politics.

One of the most serious obstacles in the way of a ready reception of political science with that interest and favor which it deserves for the benefit of the whole community, is the confounding of the innumerable theories of the "Best State," and of all the Utopias, from Plato's Republic to modern communism, with political science. There is a suspicion lurking in the minds of many persons that the periods of political fanaticism through which our race has passed, have been the natural fruits of political speculation. But has the absence of political speculation led to no mischief, and not to greater ones? Let Asia answer. Our race is eminently a speculative race, and we had better speculate about nature, language, truth, the state, mind and man, calmly and earnestly, that is, scientifically, than superstitiously and fanatically. One or the other our race will do. Brave jurists, noble historians, and free publicists have, to say the least, accompanied the rising political movement of our race, with their meditations and speculations. The most sinister despots of modern times have been, and are to this day, the most avowed enemies of political science. Inquiry incommodes them; and although absolutism has had its keen and eloquent political philosophers, it is nevertheless true that the words embroidered on the fillet which graces the brow of our muse have ever been—IN TYRANNOS.

On the other hand, is there any period of intense action free from those caricatures by which the Evil One always mocks that which is most sacred? Is theology, is medicine, are the fine arts, was the early period of Christianity, was the Reformation, was ever a revolution, however righteous, was the revival of any great cause, the discovery of any great truth, free from its accompanying caricature? The differential calculus is a widely spread blessing to knowledge and our progress, yet it had its caricature in the belief of one of the greatest minds that it might be found a means to prove the immortality of the soul. The humanitarian, the theological and the political philosopher, know that the revival of letters and the love of Grecian literature mark a period most productive in our civilization, while the rise of modern national languages and literatures ushered in the new era, and has remained a permanent element of our whole advancement; yet Erasmus, the foremost scholar of his time, contemned the living speech of Europe, and allowed the dignity of language to none but the two idioms of antiquity. Our own age furnishes us with two notable instances of this historic caricature, appearing in the hall of history not unlike the grimacing monkey which the humorous architect of the Middle Ages sometimes placed in the foliage of his lofty architecture, near the high altar of the solemn cathedral. The history of labor, mechanical and predial, its gradual rise in dignity from the Roman slavery to its present union with science, is one of the golden threads in the texture we call the history of our race; yet we have witnessed, in our own times, the absurd effort of raising physical labor into an aristocracy as absolute, and more forbidding, than the aristocracy of the Golden Book of Venice, an absurdity which is certain to make its appearance again in some countries. Should we on that account refuse to read clearly, and with delight, the rise of labor in the book of history? Should we deplore the gradual elevation of the woman peculiar to our race, and all that has been written to produce it, because in our age it has been distorted by folly, and even infamy, or by that caricature of courtesy which allows the blackest crime to go unpunished because the malefactor happens to be a female, thus depriving woman of the high attribute of responsibility, and, therefore, degrading her?

We honor science; we go further, we acknowledge that no nation can be great which does not honor intellectual greatness. Mediocrity is a bane, and a people that has no admiration but for victories gained on the battle-field, or for gains acquired in the market, must be content to abdicate its position among the leading nations. But no nation can be great that admires intellectual greatness alone, and does not hold rectitude, wisdom, and sterling character in public esteem. The list of brilliant despots, in government or science, always followed, as they are, by periods of collapse and ruin, is long indeed.

The faithful teacher of politics ought to be a manly and profound observer and construer. His business does not lie with fantastic theories or empty velleities, except to note them historically, and thus to make them instructive. Aristotle says, and Bacon quotes his saying approvingly, that the nature of a thing is best known by the study of its details, and Campanella, whom I quote only to remind you how early the truth was acknowledged, observes that a thing consists in its history (its development), not in its momentary appearance, its phenomenon. Let us keep these two dicta before our eyes during our inquiries into the state, with this addition, that the knowledge of details yields fruitful acquisition only if it be gathered up in an ultimate knowledge of the pervading organism; and that, however true the position of Campanella, we must remember that politics is a moral science, and history, the record of political society, has not necessarily a prescribing character. Where this is forgotten men fall into the error of Symmachus pleading for Victoria, because the goddess of the forefathers, against the God of the Christians, because a new God; but where men forget the importance of history, development becomes impossible, and dwarfish schemes will set men in restless motion, like the insects of corruption busy in disintegrating mischief.

I neither belong to the school of those who, acknowledging free agency in the individual, teach, nevertheless, that nations follow a predestined fate, wholly independent of the beings composing them; nor do I belong to the modern optimists who complacently see nothing but advancement in our dubious age. I neither believe the region of the state to resemble the Olympus with its suspended ethics; nor do I belong to the retrospective school. I differ with those who follow Sismondi, a justly honored name, in the opinion that "every day must convince us more that the ancients understood liberty and the conditions of free government infinitely better than we do." The political progress of our race has been signal. How else can we explain these patent facts, that modern states with liberty have a far longer existence—where is the England of antiquity counting a thousand years from her Alfred, and still free?—that liberty and wealth in modern nations have advanced together, which the ancients considered axiomatically impossible; that modern liberty may not only advance with advancing civilization and culture, but requires them; that, occasionally at least, modern states pass through periods of lawlessness without succumbing, or that, as was mentioned before, modern societies have risen again after having passed through depressed periods threatening ultimate ruin; that in modern times alone the problem has been solved, however rarely, of uniting progressive liberty with progressive order, which seemed to Tacitus a problem incapable of solution; that the moderns alone have shown the possibility of ruling large nations (not cities) with broadcast liberty; that in modern history alone we find civil liberty without enslaving the lower layer of society, and with the elimination of the idea of castes; that in modern societies alone essential and even radical changes in the political structure are effected without razing the whole edifice to the ground; that moderns alone have found the secret of limiting supreme public power, in whomsoever vested, by the representative principle and institutional liberty; that the moderns have discovered and developed the essential element of a lawful and loyal opposition, while the ancients knew only of political factions, not exchanging benches, but expelling or extirpating one another; that in modern times alone we meet with a fair penal trial, and with that august monument of civil liberty, a well-guarded trial for high treason; that the moderns have found the means of combining national vigor with the protection of individual rights; and that by international law a "system of states," as Europe has been called, can exist whose members are entire sovereign nations? Much of all this is owing to the spread and development of Christianity, and we moderns are very far from doing all we ought to do, but this does not prove Sismondi's opinions to be confirmed.

There are difficulties surrounding the teacher of politics, either exclusively belonging to our country, or at least presenting themselves here at present more decidedly. I ought not wholly to pass them over, for they show to what degree of indulgence a teacher is entitled; but I shall select a few only, and treat of them as briefly as may be.

I believe that the family of nations to which we belong has arrived at a period in its political development in which the only choice lies between institutional and firmly-established liberty, whether this be monarchical or republican as to the apex of the government on the one hand; and on the other hand, intermittent revolution and despotism, or shifting anarchy and compression, which, like the surgeon's tourniquet, may stanch the blood for a moment, but has no healing power, nor can it be left permanently on the lacerated artery without causing mortification and death. Expanding institutional liberty alone is now conservative. There has been a conflict between freedom and despotism during the whole history of our race; but never before, it seems to me, have liberty, with all its fervor, and absolutism, with all its imposing power or sepulchral sculpture, stood directly opposite to one another so boldly, and perhaps so grandly, as at present. The advance of knowledge and intelligence gives to despotism a brilliancy, and the necessity of peace for exchange and industry give it a facility to establish itself which it never possessed before. Although the political inquirer and reflecting historian know, as well as the naturalist, that life consists in the unceasing and reproductive pulsation, in the ever active principle of vitality, not in the few brilliant phenomena or in striking eruptions, yet radiant success always attracts admiration for the time being. Absolutism in our age is daringly draping itself in the mantle of liberty, both in Europe and here. What we suffer in this respect is in many cases the after-pain of Rousseauism, which itself was nothing but democratic absolutism. There *is*, in our times, a hankering after absolutism, and a widespread, almost fanatical idolatry of success, a worship of will, whose prostrate devotees forget that will is an intensifier and multiplier of our dispositions, whatever they are applied to, most glorious or most abhorrent, as the case may be, and that will, without the shackles of conscience or the reins of a pure purpose, is almost sure of what contemporaries call success. It is so easy to succeed without principle! It seems to me that those grave words in the solemn conclusion of De Tocqueville's Old Régime have a far wider application at this time than the author gave to them. He says there that his countrymen are "more prone to worship chance, force, success, éclat, noise, than real glory; endowed with more heroism than virtue, more genius than common sense; better adapted for the conception of grand designs than the accomplishment of great enterprises."[1]

While thus political elements are jostling and preparing us for a greater struggle, it appears that in our times men are more bent than formerly on taking refuge in mere political formulas, such as universal suffrage and a despot, or universal suffrage and an absolute party. But wherever the people, fatigued by contest or disorder, go to sleep on a mere political formula, there political life and health and—may I call it so?—civil productiveness rapidly decline and approach extinction, at the same time that those who still choose to act are arrayed against each other in all the bitterness which dogmatic formulas are apt to engender or to express.

To attract attention in the midst of these gusts of passion may not be an easy task. In addition I ought to mention, with reference to our own country, three points—flattery, disrepute of politics, and a certain theory which has formed itself regarding the propriety of discussion.

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[1] I cannot dismiss this quotation without advising my younger friends to read, in connection with my remarks, the whole passage beginning with the words, "When I examine that nation." May they do it not only remembering that much that is said in it does not apply to the French alone, but also that De Tocqueville could say what he did say without being considered by the French unpatriotic. An American citizen could not have made similar remarks of the Americans without raising a storm of general indignation. No American student of political philosophy or history should be without that little volume, The Old Régime and the Revolution, by Alexis de Tocqueville, translated by John Bonner, New York, 1856.

The people of this country have been flattered so long by optimist speakers, lecturers, and authors, and the vice of exaggeration has become so common, that philosophic candor is felt by many as a lack of patriotic sympathy. The sovereign, the prince, as old writers used to call the power-holder, be he monarch or the people, likes courtiers, flatterers, and adulators, and he finds them. Truth becomes irksome, and while it is deemed heroic boldly to speak to a monarch, he who censures the sovereign in a republic is looked upon as no friend to the country.

Public affairs again have been frequently handled in such a manner and with such impunity that the word politician has acquired a meaning which reminds us of the Athenian times, when philosophers thought it necessary to advise the seekers after truth to abstain from the agora. In former times the term diplomatist was coupled with undesirable associations; the word politician has now, in the minds of many, no enviable meaning. I do not conceal from myself that to me falls the duty of teaching the science of public affairs at a period of depressed public mind.

And lastly, it is a characteristic of our present public life that almost every conceivable question is drawn within the spheres of politics; when there, it is incontinently seized upon by political parties, and once within the grasp of parties, it is declared improper to be treated anywhere except in the arena of political strife. If it be treated elsewhere, in whatever spirit, it is taken for granted that the inquiry has been instituted for grovelling party purposes. Fair and frank discussion has thus become emasculated, and the people submit to dictation. There is a wide class of topics of high importance which cannot be taken in hand even by the most upright thinker without its being suspected that he is in the service of one party or section of the country and hostile to the other.

All this makes it—I do not say difficult to steer between the dangers; an attempt at doing this would be dishonest—but necessary to ask for a fair and patient hearing. No teacher can at any time dispense with that "favorable construction," for which the commons of England petition the ruler at the beginning of each parliament. An honest desire to hear truly what the speaker means is indispensable wherever human speech bridges over the cleft which separates individual from individual, but it becomes the more necessary the more important the sphere of discussion is, and is granted the more scantily the more exciting the topic may be.

Montesquieu, in the preface of the Spirit of Laws, asks as a favor that a work of twenty years' labor may not be judged of by the reading of a moment, but that he may be judged by the whole. I too, placed in some respects more delicately than Montesquieu was, ask you to judge of the lectures which I am going to deliver by the whole and by the pervading spirit. My work is not, like Montesquieu's, a work of twenty years; it is more. Brief as this course will be, all I teach is the result of a long and checkered, an observing, and, I hope, a thoughtful, life. Montesquieu, when he asks for the favor, adds: "I fear it will not be granted." I do not make this addition to my request. I simply speak to you as to friends willing to hear what a man holds to be true and right in the region of political knowledge and action, the highest phase of which is civil freedom—a man who in his boyhood saw the flows and ebbs of the Napoleonic era and heard the European cry of oppression, and has from that great time to this longed or labored for liberty in speech and book, and in the teacher's chair, in prison and in freedom, well or wounded, in his native land and in his wedded country, and who feels that, as the one main idea through the whole life of him whom lately we have followed in our minds to his most honored grave, was the life of nature with all her energies, so has been the leading idea and affection of him who speaks to you, from his early days to this hour, in spite of all the reverses and errors of our race, political justice, the life of civil freedom—liberty, not as a pleasing or even noble object to be pursued by classes freed from the oppressive demands of material existence, but as an element of essential civilization, as an earnest demand of self-respecting humanity, as an actuality and a principle of social life—as an evidence that we are created, not in the image of those beings that are below us, but of him that is high above us.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.[1]

I.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, 1859.

"THE WHOLE EARTH IS THE MONUMENT OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN." There are passages in the works of antiquity which, to our ears and minds, have the sound and depth of inspiration. They impress themselves on our souls, and, having faded in the lapse of years, they are restored to visible letters by corresponding occasions on the paths of our lives. Such seem to me these words of Pericles, and such the occasion which has brought us together in this place. What Pericles said in his funeral speech of the men who had fallen, not for the defence, but for the glory of Athens, seems to apply in a double sense to Alexander von Humboldt. Wherever death occurs, or is remembered, there is solemnity, nor can we wholly free ourselves even from mourning when a revered man has left us, however full his measure of a favored life may have been. He lived so long and so large a life that generations over the whole globe have grown up familiar with his name, and we were so accustomed to it that our very intellects feel a degree of discomfort at presenting to our minds the world henceforth as existing without him. There is a void without Humboldt. Yet it is one of the noblest delights for those who reflect, and love to be grateful, to trace the chief components of the monument of illustrious men to their authors—to find whence came the discoveries, inventions, conceptions, institutions, and endeavors of entire epochs in the field of culture, freedom, and truth. Who has not enjoyed the pleasure of finding the spots on the chart of human progress where you put down your finger and say, here is Aristotle, and here again; here is Hildebrand, here is the conquest of Constantinople traced even in the discovery of our continent, even in Descartes and Bacon; here are the causes and the effects of the university; and to trace the lines of civilization radiating in different directions, from point to point? And this delight we may enjoy when meditating on the period of which Humboldt was one of the most distinct exponents—we enjoy it even now, although he has left us but yesterday; for God allowed to him days so long that he passed into history before he passed away from among us. Humboldt died as old as Sophocles.

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[1] Dr. Lieber gave two public discourses commemorative of Humboldt.

The first was addressed to the American Geographical Society, at a commemoration held June 2, 1859. The presiding officer, Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, introduced the speaker with these words:

"We have with us, also, one who has brought hither the stores of his native Germany to adorn the philosophic halls of one of our principal universities; a gentleman whom New York is proud to adopt as a citizen, and who has already marked his name for history by his profound and lucid treatises upon Political Ethics, and the application of moral science to Civil Liberty and Self-Government. As a personal friend of Humboldt, most competent to appreciate and analyze his character, Professor Lieber has been invited to read a paper embodying his reminiscences of that distinguished man."

The second address was delivered ten years later, in German, at the unveiling of a bronze bust of Humboldt, at the entrance of the Central Park, New York, Sept. 14, 1869. The English version which follows (p. 405) is the author's.—(G.)

Many of my young friends have asked me, as their teacher, and, indeed, many other friends have repeated the question, as I conversed with them on that news which on the day of its arrival attracted more interest than the accompanying advice that the contest in the plains of Italy would soon begin—was he not the greatest man of the century?

I do not believe it is fit for man to seat himself on the bench in the chancery of humanity, and there to pronounce this one or that one the greatest man. If all men were counted together, each one of whom has been called in his turn the greatest of all, there would be a crowd of greatest men. Mortals ourselves, we should call no one the greatest. History is abstemious even in attributing simple greatness. But if it is an attribute of greatness to impress an indelible stamp on the collective mind of a race, and to give a new impulse to its intellect; if greatness, in part, consists in devising that which is good, large, and noble, and in perseveringly executing it by means which in the hands of others would have been insufficient, and against obstacles which would have been insurmountable to others; if it is great to graft new branches on the trees of science and culture, leading the sap to form henceforth choicer fruit; if the daring solitude of lofty thought and loyal adhesion to its own royalty is a constituent of greatness; if lucid common sense—the health and rectitude of our intelligence which avoids, in all directions, the Too-Much, is a requisite of greatness; if rare and varied gifts, such as mark distinction when singly granted, showered by Providence on one man; and if modest amenity, gracing these gifts and encouraging kindliness to every one of every nation, that proved earnestness in his pursuit, whether he had chosen nature or society, the hieroglyphics or the liberty of America, the sea and the winds, or the languages, astronomy or industry, geography or history; if, in addition, an organizing mind, a power of evoking activity in the sluggish; if sagacity and unbroken industry through a life lengthened far beyond that which the psalmist ascribes to a long human existence; if a good fame encircling the globe on its own pinions long before it is carried on by later history; and if the conquests made in the realm of knowledge, so brilliant that they were not dimmed by the victories gained by the captain of the same period, who numbered the same years—if this makes up or proves greatness, then indeed we may say without presumption that one of the great men has been our own, one who was so favored an exemplar of humanity that he would cease to be an example for us, had he not manifested through his whole life of ninety years that unceasing labor, unvarying love of truth and advancement, and that kindness to his fellow-beings which are *duties*, and in which every one of us ought to strive to imitate him.

Courage, modesty, calmness, and will—the multiplier of every energy—noble aims, tenacity, disregard of wealth, and an adaptive pliability distinguished him through life. He sacrificed his fortune to his enterprise in South America—declining high appointments in the state, which were proffered to him even then—and to the publication of his costly works. The last letter which he wrote to a friend before sailing to our southern continent contains these words: "Man must will the Good and the Great; the rest comes as decreed." When early in this century the Russian government invited him to travel in Asia, as he had travelled in America, he accepted the liberal offer, although the war with Napoleon prevented its execution; and in his letter to the Russian minister of finances he says: "I shall go from Tobolsk to Comorin, even if I knew that out of nine persons only one should arrive." In another portion of the letter we find these words: "I shall make myself Russian, as I made myself Spaniard in America." When he delivered that memorable and long course of lectures in Berlin, which foreshadowed his Cosmos, and which was steadily attended by men and women, students, professors, and men of old age, by clergymen, and the king and court, his brother William wrote to a friend: "Alexander is really a *puissance*, and has gained a new species of glory by his lectures. They are unsurpassable. He is more than ever the old one, and it is, as it always was, a characteristic of his to have a reluctance, an apprehension, which he cannot get rid of, concerning this kind of public appearance."

What an amount of thinking, observing, writing, travelling, and discovering he has performed, from that juvenile essay of his on the textile fabrics of the ancients, to the last line of his Cosmos, which reminds us of Copernicus reading the last proof-sheet on his deathbed shortly before his departure, or of Mozart, who in his darkened room directed with dying looks the singing of a portion of that requiem which he had in part composed, conscious that his ears would never hear its pealing sounds of resurrection. Let us, one and all, young and old, symbolize by the name of Humboldt the fact that, however untrue assuredly the saying is that genius is labor, it *is* true that the necessary co-efficient of genius and of any talent is incessant diligence. We are ordained not only to eat the bread of our mouth in the sweat of our brow, but to earn in the same way the nourishing bread of the mind. This is no world of trifling; it is a world of work; and Humboldt, like the Greeks, whose intellectuality he loved to honor—whose Socrates loved to say: Arduous are all noble things—was a hard-working man, far harder-working than most of those who arrogate the name to themselves. He ceased to work, and to work hard, only when he laid himself down on that couch from which he rose no more.

It is not considered inappropriate, on occasions like this, to give distinctness to the picture by stating personal reminiscences. Indeed I am informed that they would be gladly received. Allow me, then, to relate a very simple, yet characteristic fact. I visited Humboldt at Potsdam in the year 1844, when he had reached, therefore, the age of seventy-five; for you know that he was born in that remarkable year of 1769, in which Cuvier was born, and Wellington, and Chateaubriand, and Napoleon—just ten years after Schiller; just twenty after Goethe. Humboldt told me at that time that he was engaged in a work which he intended to call Cosmos; that he was obliged chiefly to write at night, for in the morning he studied and arranged materials, or received visitors, and in the evening he was expected to be with the king from nine o'clock to about eleven. After his return from the king he was engaged in writing until one or two, and even three o'clock.[1]

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[1] While this paper was printing, a volume was sent to me, which had that day arrived from Europe—Alexander von Humboldt, by H. Klencke, 3d edition, Leipsig, 1859. It so happened that the book, opened at random, presented a passage which I cannot refrain myself from giving to the American reader, however unusual it may be to append a long note to papers of this sort. What the reader will find here is, probably, unique in the records of biography:

"About thirty years ago (this was written in 1859) he regularly rose in summer at four o'clock, and received visits as early as at eight. Only eight years ago he said that, according to long experience, he could get along with four hours' sleep perfectly well. But his eighty-ninth year imposes at present restrictions upon

All his friends said of him that he was a master in utilizing time and opportunity, whether travelling or at home; whether in society or contemplating things. Yet no one could be less inquisitive than Humboldt, or less liable to be led away by trifles.

Humboldt, when in Berlin or Potsdam, was retained, if I may use a professional term, to join the evening circle of the king during the indicated hours. It was all, I believe, he was expected actually to perform in return for the titles, honors, and revenue which he was enjoying, except that the monarch sometimes selected him as a companion on his journeys. Humboldt described to me the character of these royal evening reunions. Everything of interest, as the day brought it to notice, was there discussed. The drawing of a beautiful live-oak near Charleston, which a fair friend had made for me, was taken by Humboldt to that circle, where it attracted so much attention that he begged me to leave it; and he told me that the volume describing our aqueduct, which my friend the author, now the president of our college, had given me at the time of its publication, and which I had then sent to Humboldt, had furnished the topic of discussion for an entire week. We collected, he said, all possible works on ancient and modern aqueducts, and compared, discussed, and applied for many successive evenings. Is there, then, a royal road to knowledge after all, when a Humboldt can be retained?

May I extend your supposed permission of giving personal

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him. Humboldt now rises at half past eight o'clock; while breakfasting he reads the letters which may have arrived, and is in the habit of replying to most of them immediately; he then dresses himself with the assistance of his servant, in order to receive visits or make some himself. At two o'clock he is in the habit of returning home, and to drive at three o'clock to the royal palace, where he generally dines. Sometimes he presents himself at the table of some friend, chiefly that of the banker Mendelssohn (a descendant of the philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn). At seven o'clock in the evening he returns home, where he reads or writes until nine o'clock. He now goes again to court or to some company, whence he is not in the habit of returning much before midnight; and only now, in the stillness of night, begins his more especial literary activity; he is engaged in his great works until three o'clock, when in summer the bright day greets him before he lies down for his short rest."

anecdotes, provided they are of a sufficiently biographical character, such as Plutarch, perhaps, would not have disdained to record? I desire to show what interest he took in everything connected with progress. I have reason to believe that it was chiefly owing to him that the king of Prussia offered to me, not long after my visit, a chair to be created in the University of Berlin, exclusively dedicated to the Science and Art of Punishment, or to Penology, as I had then already called this branch.[1] I had conversed with the monarch on the superiority of solitary confinement at labor over all the other prison systems, when he concluded the interview with these words: "I wish you would convince Mr. von Humboldt of your views. He does not entirely agree with them. I shall let him know that you will see him."

Humboldt and prison discipline sounded strange to my ears. I went, and found that he loved truth better than his own opinion or bias, and my suggestion that so comprehensive a university as that of Berlin, our common native city, ought to be honored with having the first chair of Poenology, for which it was high time to carve out a distinct branch, treating of the convict in all his phases after the act of conviction, was seized upon at once by his liberal mind. He soon carried the minister of justice along with him, and the tempting offer to which I have alluded was the consequence.

During this visit of mine to Berlin, Humboldt also urged me, after a long conversation which we had had on the trial by jury, to give my observations in a succinct paper for the king, and to indicate what glory it would be for him to give it to Prussia. When I hesitated—for such a step seemed to me very doubtful in its character for a simple traveller—he quickly remarked: "Never mind, send it to me; I take it to-morrow myself to Charlottenburg. The king will carefully peruse it."

It was the naturalist Humboldt who did and said this, and said it with encouraging warmth, contrasting with that superciliousness or circumscription of thought with which, from my university days, I have occasionally heard distinguished naturalists declare that they never pay attention to "politics," never take notice of the broad stream of public affairs which courses past their observatory on the shore. Humboldt, so far as I know, has never fallen into the error of claiming an aristocratic privilege for the natural sciences—an error not uncommon in our times—nor did he view the connection between nature and man in that light which has led contemporaries of his to what may be called material predestination.

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[1] In German I had given it the better name of Strafkunde.

A friend, whose name is perhaps more interwoven with the history of our canal than that of any one except Clinton, informs me that he had the pleasure of sitting by the side of Humboldt at a royal dinner at Charlottenburg. They were almost exclusively engaged in conversing on our great canal, and that greater one which ought to unite in everlasting wedlock the sturdy Atlantic and the teeming Pacific, having now yearned for one another for centuries. Humboldt spoke with a knowledge of details and a sagacious discernment which was surprising to my friend, well versed in all the details of these topics.

Although it has been stated by high authority that the works of Humboldt show to every one who can "read between the lines" an endeavor to present nature in her totality unconnected with man, I cannot otherwise than state here that, on the contrary, it has ever appeared to me that this great man, studying nature in her details, and becoming what Bacon calls her interpreting priest, elevates himself to those heights whence he can take a comprehensive view of her in connection with man and the movements of society, with language, economy, and exchange, institutions and architecture, which is to man almost like the nidifying instinct to the bird. Humboldt's tendency in this respect seems to me in its sphere not wholly dissimilar to the view which his friend Ritter takes of geography in connection with history. And do we of this society not know with what interest and critical skill he pursued historical questions? Humboldt did not only view nature in her totality as she is; he did not only search her own history which has made her progressively that which she is (for the conception of successive geologic eras is his); but the history of man's knowledge of nature, the development of discoveries, and the growth of geography had an equal charm for his fine intellect. In these researches he showed the true spirit of the historian, for whom no detail is too small, and whose comprehensive mind allows no detail to lead him to historical trifling. Present him to yourselves at one time as standing on the high Andes, and his mind soaring in high circles like a sailing eagle; at another time tracing, with antlike industry, the beautiful name of our continent to the German schoolmaster that first proposed it.

Humboldt, it would seem, could hardly be expected to stand in a different relation to the natural sciences. He was, with all his erudition and the grandeur of his knowledge, eminently a social man. I have found a passage in a paper, written by a diplomatist and highly-cultivated writer, Varnhagen von Ense,[1] which I feel sure will be listened to with interest. Von Ense describes his sojourn in Paris in the year 1810, and says:

"In the *salons* of Metternich (at that time Austrian ambassador near the court of St. Cloud) I saw Humboldt only as a brilliant and admired meteor, so much so that I hardly found time to present myself to him and whisper into his ear a few of those names which gave me a right to a personal acquaintance with him. Rarely has a man enjoyed in such a degree the esteem of all, the admiration of the most opposite parties, and the zeal of all in power to serve him. Napoleon does not love him; he knows Humboldt as a shrewd thinker, whose way of thinking and whose opinion cannot be bent; but the emperor and his court, and the high authorities in the state, have never denied the impression which they received by the presence of this bold traveller, by the power of his knowledge, and the light which seems to stream from it in every direction. The learned of all nations are proud of their high associate, all the Germans of their countryman, and all Liberals of their fellow." . . . "It has rarely been vouchsafed," continues Von Ense, "to a man in such a degree as to Humboldt to stand forth in individual independence and always equal to himself, and at one and the same time in scientific activity and in the widest social and international intercourse, in the solitude of minute inquiry, and in the almost confusing brilliancy of the society of the day; but I know of no one who, with all this, has endeavored throughout his whole life to promote the progress and welfare of our race so steadily, uniformly, and with such ample success."

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[1] Published in Raumer's Historical Annual for 1845.

So far Von Ense. This picture is doubtless true, but we ought not to recall it to our memory without remembering at the same time one of his most prominent characteristics—his simplicity and amenity, so inherent in him that they were never dimmed, so far as I know, by the lustre of his talents or the energy of his thought.

The most perfect image of social refinement, which I have to this day in my mind, is an early evening party at the villa of William von Humboldt, near the Lake of Tegel. Nature has not done much for that spot, but refined simplicity, courtesy, and taste, easy interchange of thought and experience, gemmed with sparkling converse, men of name, and women of attractive elegance and high acquirements, young and old, travellers, courtiers, artists, soldiers, and students, music, works of art, green lawns, and bright flowers, shrubbery and winding paths along smooth water or waving fields, and the Spes of Thorwaldsen, are the components of that scene in the midst of which the two illustrious Humboldts moved and delighted others as much as they seemed to be gratified, giving and receiving as all the others did, never condescending, never indicating a consciousness that they encouraged the timid, but showing how gladly they received additional knowledge from every one.

The fact that Humboldt was born a nobleman was unquestionably of great advantage to him, but it was of advantage to a Humboldt only, as it is undoubtedly an advantage to a man that stands up for the people's rights, to be the descendant of ancient nobility. That noble birth, that connection with the court which aided Humboldt and his brother, has prevented thousands of persons, similarly born, from becoming earnest pursuers of high objects and deep inquiry. Alexander Humboldt threw himself at an early age into the ranks of the toiling workmen in the vineyard of knowledge and remained there, with all his titles and stars, to his end, thus doing on a more limited scale what that good founder of a republic did, who, though born a prince of the empire, became a citizen and patriot of such a type that, in the firmament of history, his name forms a double star with the name of Washington.

Humboldt retained his freshness of mind and soul to his latest years. This was one of his greatest charms. No one, I believe, has ever heard the old man's complaint of changing times from his lips. He never sighed for the "good old times," although he had lived through changes in institutions and opinions, of systems and language, of men, manners, and even of dress, as no other prominent man. He received the living traditions of the great circumnavigator, Cook, through Forster, Cook's companion, and lived to gather facts for his Cosmos from the latest reports of the geological surveys of our states; he lived when Voltaire died, and must have grown up with many French ideas floating around him, for Humboldt was a nobleman whose family lived within the atmosphere of the Berlin court; and he lived to witness the great revolutions in literature as well in Germany as in France and England; he lived when Rousseau died (the same year when Voltaire deceased), and must have remembered, from personal observation, that homage which even monarchs paid (at a distance, it is true) to the Contrat Social; and he outlived by some weeks De Tocqueville. He lived through the period of the American Revolution; was a contemporary of Washington and Adams, and a friend of Jefferson. He lived through the French Revolution and the age of the classic orators of Britain. He lived through the Napoleonic era and the resuscitation of Prussia and of all Germany. He studied under

Werner, with whom mineralogy begins, and knew Houy. He knew Laplace, survived Arago and Gauss, and worked with Encke. He lived with Kant, and knew Schelling and Hegel. He knew Goethe and read Heine. He read Gibbon's Decline as a work of a living author, and perused Niebuhr, and later still praised Prescott. He grew up in the Prussian monarchy according to the type of Frederick the Great, and with the fresh reminiscences of the seven years' war, and left it changed in army, school, government—in everything. He saw the beginning of the Institute of France, and lived to be considered by its associates as one of its most brilliant ornaments at its most brilliant period. He lived through the periods which distinctly mark the science of chemistry, from Lavoisier to Rose and Liebig. Humboldt was seventeen years old when the great king, perhaps the most illustrious despot of history, died so tired by the genius of his own absolutism, that we cannot forget the words of the dying king: "I am weary of ruling over slaves;" and he lived through the whole period of growing popular sentiments and habits, of constitutional demands, and revolutionary, fearful conflicts. He wore the lace and ruffle of the last century, and the more practical dress of our times. Yet no one, I repeat, ever heard from him any useless regret for what had passed and was gone. I have heard him speak with warmth of noble things and men that he had known, but not with gloomy despair of the present or the future.

There are men here around me of honored names in those sciences which Humboldt cultivated more especially as his own. I hope they will indicate to us how he infused a new spirit into them—how he immeasurably extended them—how he added discoveries and original conceptions; but I, though allowed to worship these sciences in the pteroma only, and not as a consecrated priest, crave permission to say a few words even on this topic.

Some fifteen years ago, Humboldt presided over the annual meeting of naturalists, then held at Berlin. In his opening speech he chiefly discoursed on the merits of Linnæus. He knew of Linnæus as Herodotus knew of Salamis and Thermopylæ; for the life of the great Swede overlapped by some ten years that of Humboldt, and all he there said of Linné seems to me to apply to himself with far greater force and on an enlarged scale. In that speech, too, I remember, he quoted his friend Schiller. Humboldt was, in a marked manner, of a poetic temperament. He not only analyzed and thought nature—he *felt* nature; and what he had comprehended by thought and feeling he rendered in glowing presentations. I do not believe that without the poetic element he would have been able to receive those living impressions of nature, and to combine what was singly received in those vivid descriptions, and in language so true and transparent that they surprise the visitor of the scenes as, generation after generation, they are examined. He had that constructive imagination—I do not speak now of inventive fancy—without which no man can be great in any branch, whether it belong to nature or to history, to statesmanship or to the region of Watt's ingenuity.

But yesterday an officer of our navy, whose profession has made him well acquainted with South America by sea and land, and with the Andes—one of the monuments of our illustrious man—told me that he knew of no descriptions, or rather characteristics, so true to living reality as Humboldt's Views of Nature, which he had perused and enjoyed on the spot.

The power of collocation and shrewdness of connection, the knowledge of detail, and the absence of a desire to perceive things according to a system, the thirst for the knowledge of the life of nature, and the constant wish to make all of us share in the treasures of his knowledge—his lucid style, which may establish his Cosmos as a German classic—these seem to me to characterize Humboldt in his studies of nature, besides all that which he has done as a professional naturalist.

Humboldt's name and life may be termed, with strict propriety of language, international. He lived for many successive years in France, and the French considered him one of theirs. He read and spoke English and Italian; he spoke and wrote Spanish with ease and correctness; his many French works are written, according to the judgment of the French themselves, with purity and elegance. He moved like a Frenchman in those few Parisian circles which, under the empire, still retained the charming *esprit* and courteous benevolence of the circles of the eighteenth century. Indeed, Mr. Guizot, when speaking, in his Memoirs, of the company which was in the habit of meeting at Madame de Rumford's, the widow of Lavoisier, enumerates Lagrange, Laplace, Berthollet, Cuvier, Humboldt, and Arago. Many of the friends to whom Humboldt was most attached were Frenchmen; yet this was not at the expense of patriotism, even though his long sojourn in Paris was, partly, during the period of Prussia's humiliation by the armies of Napoleon. In that discourse at Berlin, which has been alluded to, he dwells with pride on the penetrating effect which the German mind has exercised on all the physical sciences no less than in the other branches.

Humboldt was a dweller in kingly palaces—a courtier, if you choose, and a son of a courtier, without a taint of servile flattery or submission. He was rather the honored guest of royalty. He loved liberty, and considered it a necessary element of our civilization. He was a sincere friend of substantial, institutional freedom. He thought that, with the widening of civil freedom, the knowledge and views of nature expand, and could expand only with it. But a few years ago, Humboldt, although a daily attendant upon the king, who had much at heart the support of his prime minister when the Liberals exerted themselves against the latter, went unostentatiously, but openly, to the poll, and voted for the Liberal candidate. The man of science, the old man, the titled friend of the king, the courtier, voted against the administration. His mind often travelled to this country, and that he loved America is sufficiently shown, were it not otherwise well known, by the singular love which the Americans bore to him. To me that little piece of news was inexpressibly touching, which simply informed us that our minister in Berlin with the Americans now present at that city—a cluster of mourners from afar—formed part of his funeral procession, the only foreign nation thus represented.

In all the letters of Humboldt and all his sayings we trace high plans and noble ends, the good man and comprehensive thinker, anxious to obtain the living truth of the whole—of the entirety of nature. In his simplicity and genial warmth he did what many a bold man would have hesitated to do. I was present, as a young and distant listener, when at Rome, immediately after the congress of Verona, the king of Prussia, Humboldt, and Niebuhr conversed on the affairs of the day, and when the last mentioned spoke in no flattering terms of the political views and antecedents of Arago, who, it is well known, was a very advanced republican of the Gallican school, an uncompromising French democrat. Frederick William III. simply eschewed republicanism, yet when Niebuhr had finished, Humboldt said, with a sweetness which I vividly remember: "Still, this monster is the dearest friend I have in France."

Humboldt had all his brother's views of the necessity of the highest university education, as well as the widest possible popular education, and he gave impulse to many a scientific, historical, or ethnological expedition, fitted out even by foreign governments, for he was considered the counsellor of all.

But I cannot dwell here any longer on his versatility and manifold aptitude. It is proved by the literature of almost every branch. If we read Barth on Central Africa, we find Humboldt; if we read Say's Political Economy, we find his name; if we study the history of the nineteenth century, we find his name in the diplomacy of Prussia and France; if we read general literature, we find his name in connection with Schiller and Madame de Staël; if we look at modern maps, we find his isothermal and magnetic lines; if we consult Grimm's Dictionary of the German Language, we find Humboldt as authority.

That period has arrived to which Crœsus alluded in the memorable exclamation, Oh, Solon, Solon, Solon! and we are now allowed to say that Humboldt was one of the most gifted, most fortunate, and most favored mortals—favored even with comeliness, with a brow so exquisitely chiselled that, irrespective of its being the symbol of lofty thought, it is pleasant to look upon—favored even in his name, so easily uttered by all the nations which were destined to pronounce it.

When we pray not only for the kindly fruits of the earth, but also, as we ought to do, for the kindly fruits of the mind, let us all gratefully remember that He who gives all blessed things has given to our age and to all posterity such a man as Humboldt.

II.

ADDRESS WHEN A BUST OF HUMBOLDT WAS PLACED IN THE CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK. 1869.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—The beautiful bust has been unveiled, and now displays the noble features of the great man whose birth, one hundred years ago, we celebrate this day. Three spots on this globe are pre-eminently fit and entitled to erect a monument to Alexander Humboldt:—Berlin, his birthplace, and where he passed the largest portion of his laborious life; Paris, which he considered almost as much his own as Berlin; and this park, which the people have royally laid out for themselves. It is the fairest portion of this international town—the foremost city of the country he loved so well, of the whole continent, the field of his glory. Humboldt, though a German in his lineaments of character and talents, was of all modern men the one whose endeavors, aspirations, and fame were least limited by national demarcations. If we take the word Catholic in a sense agreeable to its etymology, he was the most catholic man in modern times. Europe, Asia, and America were equally his, by visit and discovery. He wrote scientific dissertations with equal satisfaction in German, French, and Spanish. New York is far the most international, or, as the Greeks would have expressed it, *all-national* place in the world, where Asiatics, Africans, and Europeans meet, travelling eastward or westward. This is the fitness, real and symbolical, of the place where we now stand for the monumental image of Alexander Humboldt.

Humboldt is one of the magnates in the history of our race;

and as this race spreads farther and farther over the globe, so he will be a magnate in the truly universal history of our kind—in the history of progress, which, like the rays of the sun, spreads as it rises and advances. He is not one of those men, the rise of whose name only keeps pace with the sweeping harm they inflict, because their own name is their own object.

Humboldt was a fortunate man; he was great, he was kind, liberal in every way, laborious, of vivid perception, a man of the highest culture and of æsthetic taste.

He was fortunate in his birth; it fell in the middle of that century which is marked at the outset by the Act of Settlement in England—limiting, at least, the power of the crown, if not yet increasing the liberties of the people; by the foundation of the kingdom of Prussia, so soon to take a leading part; and by the pitiful war of the Spanish Succession on the one hand, and the latter portion of which, on the other hand, is signalized by the American and French Revolutions—two of the three greatest revolutions our European race, prone to revolutions compared to Asia, which only knows seraglio conspiracies, has so far ventured on. The eighteenth is possibly the most moving century in our annals; new ideas, new philosophies, new sciences, new statesmanship, new political principles, new strategies and tactics, new music, new poetry, reforms, discoveries, and inventions burst upon men, and in the middle of them all, in 1773, Pope Clement the Fourteenth dared to abolish the order of the Jesuits. They were busy brains that thought under those powdered wigs, and big hearts have beaten under those scarlet waistcoats and daintily ruffled shirts! Washington, Voltaire, Chatham, Hamilton, are on the rolls of that century; and Humboldt was born in the same year with Napoleon, with Cuvier, Wellington, and Chateaubriand, while the names of Goethe and Schiller, Lessing and Walter Scott, Kant and Wolf, the Homer scholar, cluster around the memorable year of 1769—some born earlier, some later—all belonging to his own vivid age. While our forefathers were struggling for independence the circumnavigator Cook swept over the seas to discover isles and archipelagoes, as now the astronomer sweeps with his telescope over the whole heavens, to bring into his net the yet undiscovered stars. The enthusiasm kindled by Cook, and especially transmitted to Germany by his companion Forster, met Humboldt in his early youth; it animated him at Freiberg, the far-famed Mining School, and when he entered the years of manhood. Let me give a rapid glance of this portion of his life in the words of another:[1]

"Alexander, as himself confesses, had from early youth a burning desire to travel in distant and unknown lands, and this desire was encouraged by George Forster, who had been the companion of Cook, and the natural historian of his voyage around the world. As a first essay, he made a scientific journey up the Rhine, through Holland, and then proceeded to England. To qualify himself for future explorations, he studied botany at Hamburg; geology with Werner, director of the Mining Academy at Freiberg; went to Paris, where he formed the acquaintance of Michaux and Bonpland, and of the most eminent naturalists and mathematicians of that metropolis; learned Arabic; with Gay-Lussac made researches into the composition of the atmosphere; and acquired a practical knowledge of the use of all those instruments which were required in his physical investigations. Thus instructed, he sought for a field in which to develop his acquirements. He wished to join the expedition of *savans* under Napoleon, in Egypt; but Nelson, by the result of the battle of Aboukir, had cut off all communication. He projected a scientific journey through Algiers and Egypt, thence to join a caravan to Mecca, and go to East India across the Persian Sea; but in this he was disappointed. He arranged to join Captain Baudin in the intended expedition to the southern hemisphere; but the threatened resumption of hostilities induced the French Government to delay its departure. So unsettled was the state of Europe that it seemed almost impossible for him to leave the Continent. At Madrid, however, fortune proved favorable. He was introduced to court, and explained his projects to the king. They received the royal sanction, and on the 5th of June, 1799, Humboldt, with Bonpland as a companion, found himself on board of a Spanish vessel (which had eluded the vigilance of the English cruisers), standing out to the open sea, for South America."

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[1] J. W. Foster, in an article, *Alexander von Humboldt*, in The Western Monthly, July, 1869, published at Chicago.

When Humboldt must have been much beyond seventy years of age, he was seen willing, like any of the Berlin students in the lecture-room of the geographer Ritter, to learn geography anew, and almost to his dying day, in the ninetieth year of his life, he studied, wrote, and taught. His health must have been marvellous. He worked and enjoyed his social intercourse literally night and day. It has been said, "Modern majesty is work." That majesty sat on his brow indeed. Humboldt was a far harder-working man than any with hammer in hand, or behind the plough. In the year 1844, when he had reached, therefore, the age of seventy-five years, he told the speaker at Potsdam that he was engaged in a work which he intended to call Cosmos; that he was obliged chiefly to write at night, for in the morning he studied and arranged materials, or received visitors, and in the evening he was expected to be with the king from nine o'clock to about eleven. After his return from the king he was engaged in writing until one or two, and even three o'clock. Would not the Greek philosopher, reticent of gratulation, have pronounced him fortunate? He was fortunate, but, happily, not a child of fortune. He was a man of utmost simplicity, and he was great. If greatness consists partly in doing and producing much with means which in the hands of others would have been insufficient, then Humboldt possessed that constituent of greatness; if greatness means power and ingeniousness to concentrate the gifts and talents of many on one point, to inspire them with sympathy and enthusiasm for the same end, and to make them gladly contribute toward it, then he was great; if it is great to see from earliest manhood the main end of one's individual life, and steadily to pursue it to the very end with the highest gifts of nature, then he was great; if it pertains to greatness to soar high indeed in the one selected sphere, but to be trivial or puerile in none, but, on the contrary, to retain a vivid sympathy with all that is noble, beautiful, true, and just, then he was great; if it is a characteristic of greatness to be original, and strike out new paths—indeed, even to prophetic anticipations—but to refuse the good of no antecedent, then he was great; if greatness requires marked individuality, which yet takes up all the main threads that give distinctness to the times we live in; if inventive and interleaguing imagination, which gathers what is scattered, and, grandly simplifying and uniting the details, rears a temple, is a concomitant of greatness, his mind and soul possessed it. If truly great men are not jealous and void of envy, are full of inspiriting ambition, but free from a desire to keep competitors down—Humboldt showed no envy, nothing that destroys the dignity of greatness. He was most amiable and helpful, even to the youngest and those who were least connected with him.

Humboldt was liberal. No one has ever heard from his lips any indication from which it might be surmised that he shared in that superciliousness with which modern naturalists not unfrequently look upon other sciences and branches of knowledge. On the contrary, he took the deepest interest in human society, and all the branches which treat of men as social beings.

[Several paragraphs are here omitted because they occur in the preceding address before the Geographical Society.]

Of his high culture, but this one fact, that the German scholars most fit to judge say that, in his Views of Nature (Ansichten der Natur), he made a new imprint on the German tongue, and showed his native language in a new phase; and this after Goethe and Lessing, as well as Herder and Schiller, had given it their imprint. He perfected German prose, and perfecting prose takes masterly skill. He who improves the prose of his language is a benefactor to his country.

Of his simplicity, but this, that although a courtier and a native nobleman, the prejudices of the numerous German noblesse never tainted him even in the least offensive form. Unmarried as he was, there were several private houses in Berlin in which he was always most welcome for his meals, and the friends in these houses were all citizens, not so-called noblemen.

Of his general liberality and justice, only this, that with his profound knowledge of races and species he always, openly and unconditionally, condemned slavery.

Of his keen sense of progress, only this, he took the deepest interest in the projected ship-canal through the Isthmus of Darien, demanding constant information about it from his friends in America.

Of his æsthetic sense and instincts, only this, that in the conception as well as the execution of his Cosmos, the element of the beautiful is largely manifest, as it was in the Greek word itself.

Of the comprehensiveness of his head and heart, only this, that he took, like his brother William, the deepest interest in the widest-spread common-school system, and the loftiest university education; that modern penology elicited his attention, and the trial by jury arrested his observation and reflection.

Of his mien—there it is—his brow of high capacity and his winning lips.

Great names are a treasure of nations. Humboldt's name is a portion of the treasure of our kind, and on a spot like this, with such a monument, let us be thankful not only for the kindly fruits and the lovely trees of the earth, but also, and more warmly still, for the kindly fruits and the lovely blossoms of the mind.

For the young who hear me, I conclude with Humboldt's own words, in the last letter he wrote before setting sail for South America: "Man must will the good and the great; the rest comes as decreed."

For all, I conclude with those words of Pericles, with which, on an occasion not dissimilar, I began my address: "THE WHOLE EARTH IS THE MONUMENT OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN."

ESSAYS.

WASHINGTON AND NAPOLEON.[1]

Napoleon, it may be stated without venture, is one of those historical magnitudes which attract the renewed scrutiny, and periodically revived attention of successive ages. Does he also belong to those who present themselves for centuries in different phases, according to the different and characteristic elements which may be at work in the wrestling progress of the race to which they have belonged?

Public men are open to the gaze of all; and people will have their opinions about them. We heard Niebuhr exclaim: "How true! How wise!" when, on one of the high roads of Tyrol, we passed a house, over the door of which was painted the distich:

> "Wer da bauet an der Strassen, Muss die Leute reden lassen."

The greater a name is among those that are stamped as historical, the surer it is to be discussed and examined from various points of view, and to present itself in different lights and hues in the sequel of years. Indeed, may it not be said that, as it is one of the characteristics of a great soul, that it lives within itself the lives of many men; so it is the variety of phases which a name, an epoch, a nation, or an institution presents to succeeding generations that constitutes one of the standards of historical greatness? Like great books, new eras find something new in them, and they grow on mankind. Christ became man; as such, the greatest man, and his name presents itself in endless phases to generation after generation. Timour and Attila did vast things for the times, but there is but one unchanging aspect in which they can be viewed. They were nothing but conquerors. Greece is studied with intenser zeal as our race advances, and always with the relish of a newly-discovered subject. Even the middle of the nineteenth century has produced important and elaborate histories of that brilliant star in history. Portugal had a brilliant period, too; but it is like one flash of light, and there it ends. No successive ages present it in a new aspect. The institutions of the Anglican race are an inexhaustible theme of reflection, and would be so for all ages to come, even if this day the Americans and English were swept from the face of the earth. Russia is a vast empire. Describe it once with accuracy and truth, or, when it will have crumbled into dust, let its rise and fall be carefully chronicled, and all is done that mankind stand in need of, or will care for.

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[1] Written in 1854, at Bordentown, New Jersey, in the former home of Joseph Bonaparte, and printed (anonymously) in Putnam's Magazine, January, 1855, under the title "Was Napoleon a Dictator?" A part of the Essay was modified and reprinted in 1864 under the title "Washington and Napoleon." The modifications are inserted in their proper places.—(G.)

Napoleon was a great man. Whether that whole phenomenon comprehended within the one name, Napoleon Bonaparte, will have in future ages the polyphasial character which has just been spoken of, cannot be decided in our times, whatever the anticipations of present historians may be, according to the different bias of their minds. But the period is arriving when his history may be written. We are daily receding from his time, and ascending the summit from which the historian may calmly look around. It is not the contemporaries that can write the history of a man or age. They can only accumulate materials. Niebuhr wrote a wiser history of Rome than Livy; Grote, a deeper history of Greece than Thucydides or Herodotus. In the mean time, separate questions are to be answered; distinct subjects belonging to the great theme are gradually to be treated with more and more of that character with which, ultimately, his whole history must be handled. One of these questions is—and it is a vital one—was Napoleon a dictator? Did he consciously concentrate immense power, compress freedom of action in France, and conquer the European continent, merely to prepare a nobler and a permanent state of things? Did he sow and plant, or did he merely concentrate power, and, in doing so, destroy the germs of freedom? Did he treat liberty as merely in abeyance, while, nevertheless, he was fostering its germs, or did he induce a state of things, which, in the same degree as he succeeded, extirpated freedom, and which in turn must be undone in the same degree in which liberty would struggle into existence? The Roman dictator was no annihilator. He received extraordinary, not absolute, power, for a limited period, in times of danger and difficulty, to help the wheels of the state through a miry pass, and when the days of his power were over, he was responsible for his stewardship.

The admirers of Napoleon, those that served him, and those who now worship his name, have ever striven to present him in this light. They felt instinctively that this was the only way of reconciling his acts with the great aim of our times. We are well aware that there are two other classes of Napoleonists. There are those who boldly assert that Napoleon actually ruled France in a liberal spirit, and that freedom really was enjoyed under him; and there are those who, with still greater boldness, maintain that France did not struggle for liberty in her first revolution, nor that she yearns for it now; that all she ever wanted is equality. This opinion was proclaimed at the time when the present emperor of the French was forging a new crown for himself, and new gyves for bleeding France. We have nothing to do with this species of Napoleonists. They are void of the shame of history, or else, not knowing it and its sacred character, they merely write to say something new and startling. "We leave them and pass on."

The elder brother of Napoleon was not of their opinion. In many of his letters, written from his exile in the United

States, he expresses the idea that Napoleon was a dictator—a real lover of liberty, forced by foreign enemies to assume the sole power of the state; a power developed by the wars into which he was driven to such an extent that in a measure it overpowered himself. Joseph Bonaparte has repeatedly expressed this idea, especially in an elaborate letter to Count Thibaudeau, who had stated in his history that Napoleon had caused France to retrograde in the path of liberty. But we must confess that the idea of a dictatorship in Napoleon seems not to have been very clear in the mind of that able, benevolent, and otherwise clear-headed and liberal brother of the emperor;[1] for, in the same letter to Count Thibaudeau, he shows that the dire idea of the "Cæsars," successfully revived with its blighting associations in our own times, was also floating in the mind of Joseph. He says: "He (the emperor) has succumbed in the struggle. It is impossible to say what he would have done after Actium. I say what I know. Impartial men, who have seen nothing but the internal facts, will say that probably Napoleon would have been as superior to Augustus as he had been to Octavius; that a man of such a genius would not have desired anything but what was meet for the French people; and that, if he were living now, he would make France as happy by her institutions as the fortunate country which I inhabit—a country which proves that liberal institutions make nations happy and wise."[2] Yet this very Napoleon used to repeat: Everything for the people, nothing by the people.

That same letter to Count Thibaudeau contains the remarkable sentence: "Napoleon isolated himself much in France; people ended with no longer understanding what he was after."

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[1] General Lamarque, in a letter to Joseph, in which he enumerates all the good the latter had done to Naples, has this observation: "Unable to establish political liberty, you endeavored to let your subjects enjoy all the benefits of a municipal government (a government of incorporated cities and the self-management of communes), which you considered as the foundation of all institutions." To have seen and done this is, for a king and Frenchman of that time, and for a brother of Napoleon, more reputable than the gain of a victory. Every statesman will admit that this redounds to the highest honor of Joseph's mind and character.

[2] The letter is dated Point Breeze, 19th May, 1829.

The studious reader will find this letter on page 320 of the tenth volume of the Memoirs and Correspondence, political as well as military, of King Joseph.

Joseph expresses similar views in a letter to Francis Lieber, which follows in the mentioned volume, immediately after that to Count Thibaudeau. Indeed, he enclosed a copy of the latter in that to the former.

We consider these two letters of great interest, if they are not important in point of historical facts. We shall give the translation of the one to Mr. Lieber in this paper, feeling assured that its perusal will prove the propriety of inserting it. (See page 436.)

When Lieber had resolved to write the Encyclopædia Americana, he wished to turn the presence of Napoleon's brother in this country to good account with reference to some disputed facts in the great period which had just ended, and regarding which Joseph Bonaparte had it in his power to give him light. He wrote, therefore, at once to Count Survilliers, asking whether he would allow him occasionally to apply to him for information concerning important facts in his own or his brother's life. The answer was friendly and liberal, and produced a correspondence, of which a number of letters are now in the hands of Lieber. Possibly they may be published. It seems that Joseph retained copies of all his letters; at any rate, a copy of the letter which has been mentioned must have been among the papers of the man who, twice king, lived among us an esteemed and beloved citizen, full of unpretending and genuine kindness.[1]

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[1] The writer well remembers with what simplicity Joseph would relate events of his life at the dinner table, often prefacing them with the words: "When I was King of Naples," or "Spain." One day Mr. ——, an old convention-man, who had left France, where he had been well acquainted with the Bonapartes, when Napoleon made himself consul for life, and had lived ever since in South America, dined at Point Breeze. He called Joseph, Thou, in the old republican

The emperor himself was desirous of having his reign considered a dictatorship. This was at least the case in his exile, where, as it is well known and was natural, he occupied himself with his own name, as it would be judged by posterity. On that distant rock where he died in exile he existed, though still in this life, yet removed from the living generation over which he had ruled; no man, like him, has stepped, still living, into the past. Everything was extraordinary in this man—his end no less than his life. From the island in the southern hemisphere he could look upon his career, which filled so large a portion of the northern, as a thing of history, completely closed; and of no historic magnate have we records, official and private, so full as of him.

Napoleon alluded, on several occasions, to Washington, and on one of these he observed that some people had said that he ought to have made himself a French Washington. "All that I was allowed to be," he said, "was a crowned Washington. For me to imitate Washington would have been a *niaiserie*." He intended undoubtedly to convey the idea that the circumstances in which he was placed, and France, as he found her, did not allow him to become a second Washington. This is obvious, but it is equally true that under no circumstances whatever would Napoleon have been a man like Washington —never could he have parted with power.

There are no two men in the whole compass of history more unlike than these two. There is, indeed, a double star in the firmament of history, the one component star of which is Washington, but his fellow-star is not Napoleon; it is

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style; he spoke freely of Napoleon, and the courtesy of Joseph, sometimes, as it seemed to us, fairly tried, appeared most charming. When, that evening, we bade Joseph good-night, he said: "Un moment," took the candle, and showed us to our bedroom. We have often said, and mean it literally, that the two old men, personally most courteous and putting a visitor most at ease, that we have ever known, were Joseph Bonaparte and General Jackson. It used to be a great enjoyment at Point Breeze to walk up and down the room with Joseph Bonaparte, and to hear from him those delightful anecdotes, which are, to the philosophic historian or statesman, like little delicate touches in a historic picture, or the nicely-modulated accents of a great speaker on a great question.

William of Nassau, the founder of the Netherlands Republic, whom his countrymen did not attempt to call the Great, but who is named to this day Father William. Bonaparte, crowned or uncrowned, never was, and never could have been, a Washington. They were differently fashioned. The minds and souls of Washington and Napoleon differed no less than their bodies. The one was wholly Anglican or Teutonic, the other essentially of the modern Southern European type—not Latin, as the favorite phrase now goes. There was nothing Roman in Napoleon. The one was great and noble as a calm and persevering man of duty; the other impetuous, flashing, full of brilliant genius. Washington has ever appeared to us as the greatest historic model of sound common sense and sterling judgment, coupled with immaculate patriotism, patient, just, and persevering, even to tenacity. Washington was not brilliant, but sound to the inmost recess of his large heart, and endowed with the Fabian genius of unyielding firmness under circumstances which would have sickened most men. Washington would forget his own self and had the divine gift of waiting. Napoleon, on the other hand, is probably the most brilliant character of modern times. Glory was his very idol. When his first laurels encircled his brow, and Europe stood amazed at his Italian victories, his saying, often repeated in despatches and addresses to his soldiers, was: "We shall do greater things yet." *Grandes choses*—things of great renown for all ages formed the constellation by which he shaped his course.

Washington was throughout his life a self-limiting man; Napoleon was ever a self-stimulating man. The fever of grandeur—grandeur of name, grandeur of deeds—consumed him. Washington was modest; Napoleon came to ruin by untamable pride. Washington was obedient to the law—a law-abiding man if ever there was one. Napoleon constantly broke down the law when it appeared necessary to him, and it appeared thus often. Washington aided in creating a new empire; Napoleon aimed at creating a "new system"—a "new state of things." Washington helped politically to form a new nation, and gladly accepted the aid of his compeers; Napoleon stepped in when France had long been politically nationalized, and when a fearful internal convulsion had intensified pre-existing centralization. Washington sought eagerly the advice of his friends and companions—such as Hamilton and Madison. Napoleon looked upon himself as Destiny. Louis XIV. had said: "L'état c'est moi." We almost hear Napoleon say: "L'histoire c'est moi." Napoleon compared his career and his relation to his followers—the marshals and others—with those of Christ and Mahomet.[1] He ended, indeed, with repeating the self-deification of Alexander as closely as it could be done in the nineteenth century.

Washington arose out of a struggle for independence—a severance of colonies from a distant mother-country. Napoleon arose out of a fearful internal revolution. The former belonged to a revolution which consisted chiefly in the disavowal of allegiance to the crown of England, and left intact all the elementary institutions of political existence inherited from the mother-country; the latter succeeded to a revolution which rooted up the whole preceding polity except centralism.

Washington is daily growing in the affection of history, and there is a remarkable uniformity of opinion regarding his character at home and abroad; there is the greatest difference of opinion regarding Napoleon's character, and, however many may admire him, no one can be said to love his memory, except some survivors who have received acts of personal kindness at his hands. No one loves power merely because it is power. Could we even love God were He only almighty?

Yet Washington was not personally popular; his power consisted in the universal conviction that he could be confided in; an almost unlimited trust in his integrity and wisdom, by soldier and by citizen, was his strength; but no endearing name was bestowed on him by his soldiers, or if it ever was done it did not adhere, and has not become historical. Napoleon was worshipped by his soldiers, and received the soldierly nickname of the Little Corporal, as Old Fritz, Marshal Forward, and Old Hickory were bestowed on Frederick the Great, on Prince Blücher, and on General Jackson, and adhered to them, so that the names passed over into history and into the songs of the Bérangers and the Arndts. Yet again, while Washington was universally trusted, even after a party had arisen which embittered the later years of his second presidential term, Joseph writes of his brother Napoleon, when endeavoring to make out that the emperor was, with all his absolutism, but a dictator arrogating all power in order to establish peace abroad and quiet at home: "Napoleon isolated himself much in France, and the people ended with no longer understanding what he was after."

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[1] For this statement we have two proofs: one in the Memoirs of the Duke of Ragusa, and the other in the Memorial de St. Hélene, which admits of no extenuating interpretation.

Washington seems to us to have been free from jealousy in a degree very rare in public men, and almost unknown in distinguished captains. Jealousy was active in Napoleon's mind, and signally shown on several occasions. Washington was eminently truthful, a point in which Wellington resembled him. Napoleon readily discarded truth when it served his purpose, and laid it down even as a rule that his generals should misstate facts on occasions which he pointed out. Washington declined his pay as commander-in-chief, and allowed Congress only to refund his actual expenses in the field, for which purpose he kept conscientiously minute accounts. Napoleon always drew largely on the public treasury. Washington, to the end of his life, wrote a remarkably free, bold, and legible hand; Napoleon's handwriting became more illegible with every rising step, until some of his letters or directions embarrassed his ministers to such a degree that, after consultations, they had to recur again to the emperor, who was by no means put into an amiable mood on such occasions. Indeed, Washington's handwriting shows the calmness of the writer and a proper regard for his fellow-men. Napoleon's later writing, although he wrote originally a legible hand, betrayed impetuous haste and an utter disregard of the intended reader.

Washington never persecuted; he imprisoned no personal opponent, banished no personal enemy, and when he died his hands, like those of Pericles, were unstained. Napoleon banished, imprisoned, and persecuted, and developed a system of police which must be called stupendous on account of its vastness, power, and penetrating keenness—a system pressing to this day on France like an Alp, and which makes all that Aristotle wrote on the police of usurpers appear as a feeble beginning of that essential branch of despotism. The Dionysian " sycophant" is a poor bungler compared to an agent of the French secret police, and this gigantic police system, with the whole gendarmerie and all the thousand ramifications in the different spheres of society, with a counter secret police, was developed with its stifling comprehensiveness under Napoleon, and is, unfortunately, more truly his own than the Code which bears his name.

Washington was strictly constitutional, and *institutional*, in his character; he never dreamed of concentration of power, however active and ardent he was in changing the inadequate congress under the Articles of Confederation into a positive national government, under a national constitution, and however exalted opinion he had of a cherished nationality. He called state sovereignty a monster, but he had no inclination whatever towards centralism—representation by one house, or an extinction of self-government in any sphere, high or low. If Satan ever showed to him the glory and power of an earthly kingdom, it remained buried in his noble breast, and no act, no word of his, has betrayed even so much as a struggle to beat down the tempter. On the contrary, when malcontent officers intimated to him that he might rely on their support should he resolve to disperse congress and make himself king, he promptly knew how to blend the sharpest rebuke with a gentlemanly forbearance towards his misguided and, perhaps, sorely-tried comrades. Napoleon, on the other hand, expresses his surprise that nothing ever indicated a desire in Wellington to carve out a sovereignty for himself in the Peninsula. How astonished would he have been at our Scott's refusal of a Mexican chief magistracy, and a feudal establishment of his army in the country.[1] Napoleon had no institutional instinct, no sympathy for self-government, no conception even of civil liberty. The highest idea of liberty he seems ever to have conceived of is an appeal to universal suffrage for the grant of unlimited power. Absolutism thus granted, the executive thus established, was in his mind the real representative of the people. He hated "parliamentarism"; representative government was odious to him, and he called it aristocratic. True democracy was, according to him, to be found in absolutism based on an act of universal suffrage. This fundamental idea of Napoleon—now again paraded before the world—is given at length and with great precision and clearness by himself in a somewhat long exposition, forming one of his letters to the minister of foreign affairs, in the Correspondence of Napoleon I.[2] Instead of thinking how he might become one of the great institutors gratefully recorded by history, how he might sow the seeds of self-ruling institutions, which would survive him because the principle of self-government was inherent in them, he meditates how he can strike out new paths of brilliancy to make him and his people more glorious abroad, and how he can establish a polished despotism at home. His model of a policy was enlightened absorbing centralism—"all for the people, nothing by the people" (his early motto), with a strictly systematic administrative branch—claimed even now by his successor, in throne speeches, as one of his uncle's most legitimate titles to undying glory. Napoleon seems to have been the representative and finisher of a period distinguished by aggressive criticism and demolition of past forms, rather than the beginner of an era of new institutions and fresh ideas.

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[1] See for an account of this interesting incident Lieber's Civil Liberty.

[2] On page 313, vol. iii.

Washington was a citizen, a statesman, a patriot, and also a soldier; Napoleon was a soldier above all other things, and gloried in being *un homme d'épée.* To be the greatest captain in history was the object of his greatest ambition. He compares himself to Cæsar, to Alexander. We think of citizens like Thrasybulus, Doria, or William of Nassau when we seek for examples similar to Washington.

We Americans acknowledge that Washington plainly served his country, to which he bowed as the great thing above him and all others. The greatest admirers of Napoleon say that "soldiers, money, peoples, were in his hands but means to establish *un système grandiose.*"[1] Washington never was a dictator, and never aimed at a dictatorship. Napoleon occasionally claimed the title to explain or excuse his despotism or stringent centralism. Washington never compared himself to any one. Napoleon compares himself occasionally to him. Washington's policy was strictly domestic, and in leaving public life he urges the completest possible abstaining from foreign policy as one of the most important points of American statesmanship. Napoleon's policy became from year to year more foreign, until it ended almost exclusively in conquest and the revival of the obsolete idea of a universal monarchy, or at least of the absolute preponderance of France in Europe. The idea of a commonwealth of nations, linked together by the great law of nations—one of the most comprehensive ideas of modern civilization, and which is the application of the idea of self-government to the intercourse of nations—was spurned by him, and he tells us that had not the Russian disaster befallen him, he would have carried a long-cherished plan of his into execution. According to this plan, the princes of all the dynasties under the influence of France should have been educated at Paris, under his eyes, and returned to their homes as what all the world probably would have called fit prefects of France, but what he called aids in his great system. Peace, according to him, was to be maintained in Europe only by the decided predominance of one power, and this power of course must be France, because far the most enlightened of all.

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[1] Words of the editors of Memoirs and Correspondence of Napoleon I., quoted here because they express what thousands say, and what pervades the whole ten volumes of the imperial correspondence.

Washington and Napoleon were both men of strong will, as all great men must be, but Washington had also a correct heart, without which a strong will and fiery energy become only multipliers and co-efficients of evil. If we designate by the word "character" a combination of will and principle, Washington was a man of a great character. Napoleon may have had a stronger will than Washington. He certainly had a bolder will, while Washington had greater tenacity; but had Napoleon also goodness of heart and purity of purpose? A strong will without a good heart is even worse than keen logic without sound judgment.

Washington loved his country as an upright patriot, but we recollect no case in which his patriotism dimmed his conscientiousness. Napoleon placed, or pretended to place, France above all else. He did not think like Montesquieu, who said: "If I knew something useful to my country but injurious to Europe and to mankind, I should consider it a crime."

Washington was one of the beginners of the revolution; Napoleon steps in when the revolution of his country had already developed immense national forces. We believe Washington never changed his political convictions; Napoleon commenced his career strongly tinctured with Jacobinism, and ended it as the embodiment of autocracy. He wrote, as a young officer, a very hot democratic paper, the copies of which were carefully suppressed at a later period.[1] If Washington's public acts were reduced to those of private life, that is to say, if the same motives were applied to the latter sphere, he would appear as an honorable, loyal, useful, and excellent neighbor and citizen. Napoleon would appear as an aggressive, restless, and difficult neighbor. Washington aimed at no elevation of his family, and dies a justice of the peace. Napoleon writes to Joseph: "I want a family of kings (*il me faut une famille de rois*)." Washington divests himself of the chief magistracy voluntarily and gracefully, leaving to his people a document which after-ages cherish like a political gospel. Napoleon, in his last days, is occupied with the idea of family aggrandizement and with the means by which his house may be prevented from mingling again with common men. He often spoke of it during his closing illness, and directs General Bertrand to advise, in his name, the members of his family to settle chiefly in Rome, where their children ought to be married to such princely families as the Colonnas, and where some Bonaparte would not fail to become Pope. Jerome and Caroline ought to reside in Switzerland, where, chiefly in Berne, they must establish themselves in the Swiss "oligarchy" (he uses this term), and where a landammanship would be certain to fall to the Bonapartes; and the children of Joseph should remain in America—marry into the great families of the Washingtons and Jeffersons, and so a Bonaparte would soon become president of the United States.[1]

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[1] A letter, addressed on September 6, 1795, by Napoleon to Joseph, in which he speaks of their brother Louis, has this characteristic and attractive passage:

"C'est un bon sujet; mais aussi c'est de ma façon: chaleur, esprit, santé, talent, commerce exact, bonté, il réunit tout." When Louis was King of Holland Napoleon spoke differently of him.

May we continue after this passage? We wish, however, before closing this paper, to direct attention to a few points more.

Washington is one of the fairest instances of the gentleman, in the military as well as in the political, and in the international sphere. The character of the gentleman was at no period before the eyes of Napoleon as a distinct type of modern humanity. Washington was appointed to the chief command by civilians, who had learned to honor his character as a fellow-member in the continental congress; Napoleon made each step towards the consulate and throne by the aid of the army and his military glory. Washington was great in not destroying, and brought back nothing that the people had abolished; Napoleon destroyed much that had been sown by the revolution, and re-established much that had been carefully destroyed. He boasted that he had maintained equality, yet he re-established nobility; he gloried in having made stable all the good which the revolution had tried to introduce, yet he tried to abolish again the trial by jury.[1] When Americans speak of Washington, they call him always a great and good man. Great and good have grown, regarding him, into one word, similar, in psychologic grammar, to the Kalokagathon of the Greeks, and his name as a good man has spread so far that we meet with it to this day in the belief of our Indians that he is the only white man who ever went or ever will go to heaven.[2] Transcendent genius is nearly all the French ascribe to Napoleon. Washington was all that the emergency of his country called for. Thus he was and remains a blessing to his country. Was Napoleon all that France required, and was he no more? Did the desires of his genius and personal greatness not present themselves to him as those of France? Even Louis Napoleon has acknowledged on his throne that it must be owned his uncle loved war too much.

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[1] It cannot be said that this extraordinary advice was owing to a failing mind. On the contrary, Bertrand, Montholon, and the other companions of Napoleon at St. Helena, state that his mind remained remarkably clear to the last day, and Bertrand says that the emperor spoke repeatedly of these desired family settlements.

Both Washington and Napoleon have been men of high action, and some points of similarity between them must necessarily exist; but to find them is the work of ingenious research rather than of inquiring candor.

In writing this comparison of the two heroes, we have not felt guilty of undue boldness. To judge of a Napoleon and a Washington does not require a mind equal to either. The faculty of appreciating and enjoying is happily far greater and more common than that of producing and inventing. Goethe says: "It does not require an architect to live in a house." Were it otherwise, did it require a mind like Shakspeare's to appreciate his works, or a Mozart to enjoy a Mozart, or a Paul to be taught by a Paul, men would not stand in need of one another, and, unable to form a society, could have developed no genius or talent among them, could have no history, and our species could not have advanced.

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[1] See Memoirs of Count Miot.

[2] Mr. Schoolcraft, on page 230 of Notes on the Iroquois, Senate Document 24, 1846, states that this belief of the red men exists to this day—not very complimentary to us, but unfortunately only an exaggeration of that for which there is good ground. The ancient *væ victis* must be changed in the white man's modern history into "Woe to a different color." The white man has shown little sympathy with the other races, and sympathy is the first basis of all idea of justice.

If Napoleon really was a dictator, forced by France, or by foreign combinations to assume that character—if the establishment of liberty was a merely suspended work with him, we would find the element of freedom in his character and psychological configuration at some time or other in his life. But the more closely we examine the character of that gigantic man, the more we become convinced that, as we expressed it before, he was eminently destitute of a civic character. There was no ingredient of freedom in the brass of that colossus. He was bred a soldier; his youth was imbued with Rousseauism, as it has been called; his early manhood, when his ideas became, to use one of his own favorite expressions, *bien arrêté*, and "his soul ripened," fell in a period at which popular absolutism was revelling in anarchy; all his instincts were towards the grand, the effective in history, without any reference to the solemn meaning of the individual, without which liberty cannot be imagined. We find, secondly, that in no case did he lay the foundation of institutions in which liberty may be said to have lain undeveloped, as the whole organism of the future independent individual is foreshadowed in the fœtus, dependent though it be, for the time, upon the mother. We find that wherever he changed laws or institutions, established by the revolution, he curtailed or extinguished liberty in them, substituting everywhere an uncompromising centralism. When Napoleon was liberal, we believe it will be generally found that it amounts rather to this—that he was not small, not mean. He was too great a man to be puny in any sphere; but we do not know that he ever acknowledged freedom of action as a substantive thing, and independent of himself. Lastly, if Napoleon really aimed at ultimate liberty, we must necessarily find some indication that his measures were purely provisional in his abundant correspondence with his brother Joseph, as given in the work repeatedly cited.

We certainly do not agree with the dictum, that a man necessarily shows his character in the truest light in his letters. Many a genial man writes arid letters; many a morose husband writes affectionately to his wife; many a liberal man writes as if he were penurious; but the many letters of Napoleon to his brother are written for the very purpose of imparting his system to the brother he had just made a king, of communicating his ideas of statesmanship to him, and of informing him of the great ends of what we will call Napoleonism. We think that these letters are invaluable as to a clearer understanding of Napoleon. The French editors justly consider them so; only, they and we differ regarding the opinions and ends of Napoleon, disclosed in this precious correspondence—a collection, the like of which is not to be found in all history. No emperor like him ever wrote letters under such circumstances to a cherished, though frequently abused brother of his. The historian cannot be sufficiently thankful that they have been preserved.

What, then, was it that floated as the great ideal over the depth of his soul? What was the fundamental idea of which "the honor of my crown," "the glory of France," "the grand nation," "the grand empire," "la grande armée," and all similar terms and things were but emanations? What was the "*grand système que la divine Providence nous a destiné à fonder*," as he calls it in the decree of the 30th of March, 1806, by which he recognizes his brother Joseph as King of Naples?

Throughout his proclamations, laws, letters, and whole administration we find a clear and determined hostility to the ancient system of feudal privileges, and of administrative corruption and mismanagement. We find a pretty clear idea of equality of all citizens before the law, and of their equal legal capacity to be called to the different public employments. Joseph generally adds the destruction of the influence of priests, but Napoleon took good care not to proclaim it, as indeed he often vaunts that he was the restorer of throne and altar.

These ideas Napoleon had received from the revolution, and gradually he came to believe that the destruction of feudalism and the establishment of legal equality had been the sole object of "*notre belle révolution*," as he called it on one occasion. The identical error has been expressed by Louis Napoleon, who, shortly before he ascended the throne, declared that there was not a single day during which he did not study the works of his uncle, and endeavored to mould all his ideas and measures in conformity with that great model. On another occasion, when he ushered in his new constitution, the imitative emperor spoke of the great "*génie*," which, as by inspiration, had brought the true and only national system for France, treating at the same time, in terms of derogation and ridicule, all those who were of a different opinion, thus forestalling every idea of self-development from below upward. We do not believe in political Mahometanism.

Napoleon's hostility to "Gothic institutions" extended to all institutions, if we understand by them legal establishments, with an independent organism of life and progress within themselves. He became the very apostle of absorbing centralism, the declared and uncompromising enemy of self-government in all its details, to self-development—in one word, to institutional, that is, to real liberty. We believe we are strictly correct in this opinion, and if we are, it is obvious that Napoleon was anything but a dictator. He was an absolute ruler—very brilliant, very great, and, for that reason, only the more absolute and dangerous, and he established and wished to establish absolutism, with unprivileged equality, in some degree, beneath it. "Everything for the people, nothing by it." Napoleon unfortunately represented, intensely and absolutely, the vanity of the French, which maintained that an entire new era must needs be ushered in through the French, forgetting to do the needful round-about, and that no introducer of a new era has ever said so of himself. Self-praise is ruinous in the individual; in history it is a proof of inefficiency regarding the object of self-praise.

It is unnecessary to show here, however instructive to the political philosopher it would be, how the very system pursued by Napoleon insensibly led him into many of the abuses of the decried feudalism, against which he set out. The military superiority, his re-establishment of fiefs, and of a nobility, chiefly founded on military merit, show this among many other things. Nor did his hostility to corruption remain more consistent. He hated the *voleurs*, the peculators; but he allowed his generals to extort money in foreign parts, and he repeats, time after time, to Joseph, that he should enrich the generals, and see before all to the greatest possible well-being of the army, for both which purposes he must *frapper le pays* with a heavy contribution, and raise the taxes of Naples from fifty millions to at least a hundred millions. This is repeated again and again, for Joseph was slow in oppressing.[1]

We do not believe that a candid and reflecting man can read the volumes of Napoleon's correspondence without coming to the conclusion, that with whatever ideas and intentions that extraordinary man may have set out, he ended as a worshipper of power, raising, as millions do in their different spheres, the means into the end—the great and ever-repeated fallacy of men and nations. The fundamental ideas that the people are the substantiative, and governments, systems, armies, nothing but means, wholly vanish from his mind. Force, power, glory, French glory, centred in him, came to be his idols; and soldiers, money, people, system, were mere means to serve them.

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[1] The imperial notions of political economy, which, as it is well known, were very uncouth, present themselves in this correspondence in a ludicrous light. Joseph constantly replied to Napoleon's demands of higher taxes and heavy contributions, that, so long as Sicily was not conquered, and peace established, all commerce was at an end, and the important products of the country, wine, oil, silk, and coarse cloth, would find no issue. Whereupon Napoleon answers that Joseph's reply amounted to nothing, for if the English blockade put a stop to all exports, it also prevented specie (*renumeraire*) from leaving the country; what reason, then, was there that the government could not get at this wealth? And he was in the habit of ridiculing political economists!

We do not recollect in all these volumes one expression about the melioration of the people. If there be, it has escaped us. The constant advice, iterated to the satiety of the reader, is: acquire *force*, so that the *méchants* fear, and the loyal esteem you. "Strength is what makes the people esteem governments, and love with nations only means esteem." These are his words.

At this stage it may well be asked, Was Napoleon a great statesman? Every one knows that he was a gifted politician; but was he a great statesman, taking this comprehensive term in the highest meaning which it has acquired?

Great statesmanship, in the advanced state of our race, consists, in our opinion, of three main elements—of being what Schlegel said the true historian must be, namely, "the prophet of the past;" secondly, of using the given means for the highest purposes; of evoking new means, and of effecting great things with small means; lastly, of so shaping all measures and organizing all institutions that by their inherent character they will lead to a higher future, which, in the political sphere of all nations belonging to the European family, is liberty, or a higher and higher degree of freedom. Every political measure, no matter how brilliant, that does not aim at this ultimate end, is but meteoric, passing, futile. The political destiny of all Europides is Freedom. It cannot be too often repeated; and, as we believe that it is the destiny of this peculiar race to cover the earth, so we believe that the gospel and liberty are destined to spread over the globe, or, which amounts to the same, as Christianity and liberty are destined to be preached and worshipped one of these days, over the whole face of the earth, we believe that the Europides will cover all lands.

Now, Napoleon was totally deficient in that element of high statesmanship of the white race, which has been mentioned as the third. He quieted France, he developed many resources, he established order in many cases, he concentrated, he stimulated, he ruled many minds, and attached them to himself, as Mahomet did, in a wonderful degree. Napoleon knew how to give the electric shock to large masses—a sure attribute of greatness. He was brilliant beyond any man of his and many other ages; but, with all this, he unfitted France for political self-evolvement, for a real internal productive life, for freedom, and, in exactly the same degree as he succeeded, so he made it necessary for her to retrace her steps, and to undo what he had done, would she attain to liberty. As a matter of course, the same is proportionally true of the present emperor, whose avowed object it is, as we have seen, to Napoleonize France once more. Napoleon's government was not, and never was intended to be, a mere bridge to a better state of things. If it had been, we must consider him a man much inferior to what we have been accustomed to consider him; for in that case he has chosen means contrary to his ends.

Was Napoleon a great statesman with reference to that characteristic which we have given as the first? Did he find the "blue thread" of French history? Our preceding remarks show that we do not believe he did.

And now as a last question connected with our theme, we may ask, Was, then, Napoleon not the greatest man of all history? Was he not, at least, the greatest man of modern times, or of the last five centuries? Not only many French, but even many others, consider him the greatest man of all ages. We believe that they are blinded by the magnifying power of historical nearness, or else they take the word greatness in a different sense from what we do.

What constitutes a great man?

Greatness implies elevation of soul and nobleness of mind, above common influences; but so soon as we apply the word great to individual characters—to the artist, the author, the captain, the statesman, or the religionist, we always mean conception and production on a large scale and of a high order, combined with masterly execution—we mean action, not merely vast, but high, wide, and of permanent effect. Erostratus was no great man, though his name is mentioned to this day.

He is a great man that produces with means insignificant in the hands of others comprehensive effects; that discovers a continent in a crazy craft. He is greater that becomes the representative of his age and utters forth clearly and boldly the unspoken and discomforting yearnings of his own times —who delivers his age of new ideas, and aids them to struggle into institutional existence and permanency; he is the greatest who adds to this the perfection of wholly new ideas, and instils them into his age, and who organizes for the advent of a new future. The greater a man is the more he impresses, with his stamp, not only the people of his own period, but through it all future times. The deeper you study history the surer you find the truly great man and his era like threads interwoven in the tissue of the whole successive history of their race or nation. There is yet Miltiades in the atmosphere we breathe in this country, and there is Alfred in our daily doings.

With reference to this subject, and speaking exclusively as historians, we call Christ the greatest man. His means were the smallest, his conceptions the greatest, his imprints the deepest, his effects the vastest, the changes he produced the most searching and essential. The merest deist, the total disbeliever in Christ's gospel, must acknowledge it as a historical fact, provided he be a candid and a studious historian.

If we apply these tests, it does not appear why Alexander was not at least as great as Napoleon, in conception as well as in doing comprehensive things with small means. As a captain, was Hannibal not as great? What, indeed, makes Mahomet less great than him? As a ruler over a new empire Charlemagne was greater. He was greater, too, as a seminator and preparer for new times. Aristotle, Pope Gregory the Seventh—that ecclesiastic Cæsar—Luther and Shakspeare were greater men in conceiving, imprinting, and planting. In taking either of them out of the history of our race, it would be far more changed than by striking out the name of Napoleon. They have tinctured all history; they have added elements which work and expand. Napoleon has not. Even if the renewed empire were to last, which assuredly it will not, what advancing ideas does it add to the cultural treasures of our race? what institutions? Absolutism is barren. It produces great battles and great palaces. The whole system of what is called Anglican liberty is actually expanding and spreading without any ingredient of Napoleonism. Where are the vaunted *idées Napoléoniennes?* The Frenchman may connect some idea of great enterprises with this term—an artificial harbor at Cherbourg, a road over the Simplon—noble undertakings, but not as great as our ideas of a ship-canal across the Isthmus or a railway to California; still they are worthy enterprises, but where does the impartial historian find something he can call *une idée Napoléonienne*, and put the mark on it so that it can be recognized by all? We fear it will be found that everything truly deserving the name of an *idée Napoléonienne*, relates to stringent centralism, uniting, with the utmost precision, the administrative and executive power of a vast country in the hands of one brilliant man—one of the weakest governments, as history has shown; and well may Count Thibaudeau say to Joseph, that, certain it is, Napoleon fell with his centralism, but it is not proved that the same would have befallen him with a truly representative government.

From all we have said it will amply appear that we no way agree with those who deplore the fall of Napoleon as an irreparable loss for the people. The conduct of the monarchs who dethroned him led the people to sigh for the absent one, for his oppression was not felt when theirs pinched; but the acts of the succeeding governments alter nothing in the deeds and tendency of the emperor. His brilliant, crushing despotism was worse, and, whether or not, his downfall was necessary if Europe was to march towards liberty. If new difficulties have arisen, they must be overcome, but they change nothing in the necessity of his downfall. We consider it pitiful to side in the present conflict with the Russians, because, forsooth, we do not like the Turks. The Turks will one day be driven from Europe, and ought to meet that fate, but Russian despotism and arrogance must not on that account be allowed to swell without repulse. The fall of Napoleon was simply a historical consistency and necessity.

The following is the translation of the letter promised to the reader:

Letter of Count Survilliers (Joseph Bonaparte) to Francis Lieber.

"POINT BREEZE,[1] 1st July, 1829.

"SIR,—I have only this day received your letter of the 22d of June, on my return from a journey of several days to New York. I have read the article which you have sent me; I return it immediately as you desire. The number of works on the Emperor Napoleon is so large, that the catalogue of them alone would be a work; you know many of them. I have under my eyes a work, entitled Commentarii di Napoleone, printed at Brussels in 1827, which is not mentioned in the list I return to you; nor is the work of Botta mentioned; both are written in Italian. Among the works enumerated in the note in question there are many which are evidently libels, paid for by the enemies of the revolution and the empire. There are others—works of passion, dictated by disappointment and spite. Those of the writers of St. Helena themselves contain details evidently false; but they represent, in mass, sufficiently well the general views of the Emperor Napoleon. When these authors speak of individuals, and when they write memoirs, they deceive themselves occasionally. I have the positive proof, regarding that which concerns myself, in several cases. I have sent such evidence at the time even to Mr. Las Cases. The work of General Petet is that which seems to me to deserve the greatest confidence. The younger Ségur has evidently had in view to reconcile himself with the new court; grandson of the Marshal Ségur who was minister of war to Louis the Sixteenth, his intention has been to make people forget how devoted he and his father have been to the Emperor Napoleon when powerful, etc. Walter Scott has written for the English government, from sources furnished by the government which followed that of the Emperor Napoleon. The Abbé de Montgaillard is an avowed enemy of the revolution and of Napoleon: the memoirs of Fouché are apocryphal, adjudged to be such by the courts of justice. Thibaudeau, convention-man and Thermidorian, strives to attribute to Napoleon steps the most retrograde, which the terror of the convention and the semi-royal terror that followed upon the 9th of Thermidor, had caused revolutionary France to make. Napoleon found France in a delirium; he endeavored to preserve her from the anarchy of 1793, and from the counter-revolution; he floated with France in the middle of the wrecks of all parties, seeking to avoid all the rocks, making himself the slave of no party, in order to avoid making himself the enemy of all the others; obeying that which in his conscience he believed to be the wants and wishes of France, which desired equality and liberty compatible with civilization. She felt, like himself, that these benefits (which we see nowhere but in this new world) would be enjoyed only with a general peace—at the end of that interminable war which had necessitated his dictatorship, never of a tyrannical character, but called by the foreign enemies and men of a superficial mind the imperial despotism. That Napoleon had well understood the national will is sufficiently proved to posterity by his miraculous return from Elba. But the English cabinet has always opposed the cessation of this despotism in fanning the war, which obliged Napoleon to adopt all possible forms to reconcile the governments of continental Europe with France. All that Napoleon has done, his nobility, which was not feudal, his family relations, his legions of honor, his new kingdoms, etc., he was obliged to do; the English have always forced him to do that which he has done, so that he might place himself in apparent harmony with all the governments which he had conquered, and which he wished to wrest from the seductions of England. The struggle has been long; England has derived advantage from the character of the Emperor Alexander, who gave way;[1] from that of the Emperor of Austria; and the oligarchy of Vienna, of Moscow, coalesced themselves with that of London. They triumphed at last over Napoleon, over France, in sacrificing the future interests of the peoples, and the reigning houses of Europe, who had ended[2] in accommodating themselves to the constitutions in which the peoples and the kings would have found their advantages. Some hundred aristocratic families alone would have experienced some loss for the moment; and they would have found a just indemnity in the favor of their prince, in the public welfare, which would have been the result of an order of things, ordained by the degree of civilization to which we have attained. The good people of Germany have been misled, and England, at the moment of succumbing to the continental system, rose again by throwing down her enemy through the hands of the nations and kings that ought to have considered Napoleon and France (as things then stood[3]) as the saviors, the moderators of the destinies of Europe, longing for legal equality, constitutional liberty, religious freedom, and a permanent peace, independent of the hordes of the north and the Gothic prejudices of the nobles and priests of the middle ages. Napoleon had taken the words to destroy the thing;[4] he often said to me: *I stand in need of yet ten years to give complete liberty.* He was the scholar of Plato and the philosophers, and yet he frequently repeated: 'I do not what I wish, but that which I can do; these English force me to live from day to day.'[5] He stood in need of ten years of general peace. But I perceive that my answer is becoming a book—I write to you without preparation, as I would speak to you. I send you, as to myself, the only documents which I acknowledge as true—the biographical articles published in Europe are dictated by ignorance or passion."

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[1] Near Bordentown, New Jersey.

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[1] The original is: *Alexandre, qui s'est fatigué.*

[2] The original has, *qui avaient fini par s'accorder.* Probably the writer of the letter meant *auraient.*

[3] Aux termes où elle (la France) en était.

[4] Napoléon avait pris les mots pour détruire les choses.

[5] Ces Anglais me forcent à vivre au jour le jour.

All the letters written by Joseph to the same correspondent contain the repeated expressions of the same views and the reiterated statements of Napoleon's words regarding the necessity of doing things which were not in his "system," because the English forced him thus to act. The sad necessity in which he considered himself placed, to *vivre au jour le jour*, seems to have been frequently expressed in these very words by him to his older brother. The reader will recollect the emperor's words when urged by the Poles, after the defeat of the Prussians, in 1806, to re-establish the independence of Poland. "I am no god," he said, "I am not doing that which I would, but only that which I can do." Joseph told us once that several times, when the emperor had severely and even passionately rated some persons, he would say, when alone with his brother, "I must thus always wear a mask. If I do not show myself *farouche* on such occasions, everything would go wrong." Another time Joseph told us that at dinner the conversation had turned on the subject of ambition and glory. Joseph had stoutly maintained that he cared nothing for all this, and that true happiness consisted in the peaceful enjoyment of life, remote from the anxieties of ambition. "What is it to me," Joseph had observed, "that people mention my name after I am gone?" Napoleon took umbrage at this, and after the company had dispersed, informed his brother that he did not desire him to repeat such discourse. All that Joseph had said might be very well for a philosopher, but that Napoleon's duty was to conquer victories, and that in accordance he must develop the most ambitious spirit. "I want men to consider it their highest glory to die on the battle-field," he said. "At some future period your views may obtain a proper place."

These things are mentioned here simply as facts. The historian and statesman must weigh and probe them, as, indeed, they must do with this entire letter, which at any rate is a remarkable document, even if it be taken in its narrowest possible limits; namely, as the expression of those views with which the brother of Napoleon, who had been the recipient of the emperor's confidence, desired to impress an individual with whom Joseph was pleased to correspond.

To examine and criticise this letter would require a work of commentaries on the whole career of the emperor. Nothing of the kind can be possibly expected here. We close our paper, adding but one remark on an expression of Joseph's, which, even in an off-hand letter, seems to be surprising. The writer says: Napoleon was the scholar of Plato and the philosophers (*était élève de Platon et des philosophes*). We do not understand this sentence, even if it were meant in the most hyperbolical sense. A scholar of Plato? Of what work of Plato? Of his Republic? Napoleon took, as is known, every occasion of expressing his *bonâ fide* detestation and hatred of the "*idéologues*," as he called, in a bunch, all philosophers; and Plato assuredly was *idéologue*, if any one was. In one of his letters to Joseph, then king of Naples, and which is published in the very collection from which the foregoing translation has been made, he distinctly and very positively enjoins his brother to discountenance all *hommes de lettres*, *gens d'esprit*, and philosophers; telling him that they are nothing but *coquettes*. Napoleon was so positive on this point, that he may be said to have established a sort of school in this sense. No one who has lived any time in France can have helped observing what a deep-rooted contempt for *légistes* (lawyers), philosophers, and orators pervades the army and all true Napoleonists. A common dinner conversation with an officer is almost sure to bring it out. It was so at the time of Napoleon, and has ever since been so. The complaints of the arrogance of the army were universal in the reign of Napoleon. It had become an intolerable military aristocracy. Napoleon ended with falling into an idolatry of power, and considering the profession of the soldier *le plus noble de tous les métiers*, as he calls it in one of his letters; he forgot or he had never a true perception of the simple fact, that of all the mighty things, the mightiest, the sovereigns of the earth, are Will, Love, and Thought.[1] He acknowledged the first. Did he acknowledge the two others of the triumvirate?

Louis the Fourteenth was, at least in the shrewdness of perceiving the power of the sword *and* the pen, his superior. He took great care to conciliate the latter.

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[1] Since this article was written the author has met with the following passage in Mr. Crowe's History of the Reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., London, 1854:

"But the more perfectly France became organized and disciplined for war and domination, the more unfit did it become to establish its influence peaceably and permanently over that Europe which it had conquered. For, thanked be Providence and civilization, there are no rights which have been so modified and curtailed as those of conquest. Of old the victor might make of the vanquished his slave, and partition his territory to new holders. But the days of exterminating a people, of enslaving or dispossessing them, are past. The race and the soil remain, and the victors must devise some means of satisfying the wants, and even the pride of the vanquished; for the rule of brute intimidation is far too ineffectual and costly. Had the French revolution achieved wide conquest, however turbulent and irregular its rule, in foreign countries, it would at least have found friends amongst the classes it emancipated, and by degrees it would have succeeded in the formation of allied states, republics like itself. But a military chief and an embryo emperor, commanding the French soldiers, and through them master of the state, saw or would see nothing in other nations but monarchs like himself. With these alone he would negotiate—these alone conciliate or court. Napoleon, from character as well as position, was fitted to enact this part of the mere crowned head. His early experience made him acquainted with all that was abhorrent and impuissant in Democracy. He thus learnt to ignore the existence of a people altogether. His political optics were so formed as exclusively to discern princes and courts and armies. He neither knew what the word *people* meant, nor the worth nor the power which it implied."

A PAPER

ON THE

VOCAL SOUNDS OF LAURA BRIDGMAN.[1]

COMPARED WITH THE ELEMENTS OF PHONETIC LANGUAGE.

LANGUAGE consists of signs, representing ideas. These signs are selected by the person who speaks, in accordance with the ideas prevailing in his own mind, in order to produce the reversed process in the individual spoken to; they are used for that process—the most wonderful and most important on this earth—of conveying ideas from one distinct individual to another; for the communion of mind with mind, through sensuous impressions, made in skilful succession, and in accordance with general laws. Why, then, do all languages consist of phonetic signs? There is no tribe known making exclusive use of ocular communion, conveying ideas chiefly by visible signs. Yet the eye conveys to the mind perceptions far more varied and enriching than all the other senses, and is an organ which, bating the developed phonetic language itself, contributes infinitely more to the formation of the mind than the sense of hearing. Even the word sign is used in common parlance for that only which is perceptible by the eye. Signal is used for visible and audible signs, but sign receives a general meaning only by the generalizing inquirer.

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[1] First published in the Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge, Washington, in the month of December, 1850. The present is an enlarged edition.

If persons who do not understand each other's languages, nevertheless must commune, a wrecked sailor, for instance, with an inhabitant of a foreign shore, they generally take, first of all, refuge in ocular signs. The Rev. Mr. Gutzlaff tells us that the Chinese accompany their speech with a great many visible signs, without which the audible ones cannot be understood.[1] The orators of all nations accompany their spoken words with signs intended for the eye, in a greater or less degree, voluntarily or impulsively, unconsciously or artistically. Why, then, we repeat, do we find nowhere a regularly or logically developed ocular language? It is no sufficient answer that the phonetic signs uttered by the infinitely pliable organs of the human voice present a greater variety than all those that can be produced by the other organs. We are, indeed, able to make this discovery now, when all the infinite blessings of a phonetic language surround us in our intercourse with fellow-men, and are spread before us, reduced again to visible signs in literature; but how was man led to develop these riches, when, as we have seen, he readily resorts to ocular signs, and stands in need of them even after he has been possessed of all the wealth of auricular language? Had God left it to the invention of man, before he could know to what amount of utility, enjoyment, refinement, affection, elevation, thought, and devotion his phonetic communion, and its representatives in writing, would lead, man could never have attained to the prizes of language and literature. But Providence, in this as in all other elements of civilization, has, by organic laws of our nature, forced men into that path by which alone their starting in the career of progress could be unfailingly secured—by laws which oblige man to set out in the right direction.

A clearer insight into the phonetic origin of human language is important both to the philosopher and the physiologist.

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[1] The Chinese have even the belief that there is a word expressive of all excellence, and so exquisite, that no one can pronounce it; but that it can only be written, or be perceived by the eyes. The sixth of Dr. Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres may be read, with reference to this subject, not without profit.

All appreciation of truth conduces to a purer state of the mind, a wider spread of knowledge, and, ultimately, to an intenser devotion to God. It is my object to give in this paper a contribution to this great inquiry, for which the vocal sounds of Laura Bridgman, a female endowed with a peculiarly active mind, but deprived from earliest infancy of sight and hearing, and nearly destitute of taste, seem to offer a singularly fit opportunity.

I have always read with attention the annual reports of Dr. Howe on the education of this interesting being, by which he has acquired renown in both hemispheres. From year to year I have been in the habit of visiting Laura and her sagacious teachers, who have succeeded in giving language, the power of verbal thought, and the means of intellectual and moral development to a being that seemed to be shut up within the loneliest prison-house that our minds can conceive of; apparently walled up, without one means of communion with fellow-beings, and possessed of one solitary channel of distinct perception—the confined sense of touch. Laura herself has unwittingly uttered forth the praise of the patience, affection, and wisdom of her teachers, and Dr. Howe has unconsciously written down a lasting monument of his work and of the success of his assistants, when, in the eighteenth report to the trustees of the Perkins Institution (1850), he says: "Often in the fulness of her heart she says, 'I am so glad I have been created.' Laura, who cannot see the joyous light of the day, who cannot hear the sounds of life, and for whom the flower scents in vain, rejoices in her creation, and are we—but I am not writing on religion."

At length I passed three entire months in the immediate neighborhood of Laura, saw and observed her daily, while every possible facility was extended to me by Dr. Howe and his assistant teachers. Among other things, I paid attention to her vocal sounds.

In order to be better understood in the following pages, and to prevent misunderstanding on some material points, I would refer to a lecture of mine on the origin of the first constituents of civilization.[1] To what has been said there I would add the following observations:

The origin of all utterance is emotional. This applies to man and brutes; but utterance soon acquires in man a very different character.[2] With the animal it remains forever almost exclusively emotional; in some rare cases it approaches the character of language.

All emotion excites the nervous system, or consists in an excitement of the nervous system, which, so long as we remain in the body, is linked to the mind by such mysterious laws. This excitement becomes apparent by a variety of phenomena. A person in joyful surprise before a Correggio, exclaims "Ah!" and quickly brings both hands together: an irritable person says, "Come here, I say!" rapping the table in quick succession, beating repeatedly the floor with his foot, and knitting his brows with the contraction of impatience: a frightened dog runs howling away, and drops the ears and tail; or, however lazily he may be lying on the ground, he slightly moves the tip of the tail at hearing his master's footsteps: an orator winds up by saying, "But the people will suffer it no longer," opening wide his eyes, shaking his lifted right hand, moving his head with an inclination of his whole person, and pronouncing his words slowly, solemnly, and in a deep tone: a hungry cat, sitting by the table, utters plaintive sounds, and looks steadily at the child who is in the habit of feeding it, moving one of the forepaws, as if in the act of grasping something. The little girl, in Europe as well as here, returns from school with the dactylic hop, the rhythmical expression of graceful limbs, while in the brain the feeling of perfect contentment prevails (at least where savage fashion has not stultified the lovely childhood of the white race into premature stiffness, once peculiar to Asia, for Asia knows of no childhood); and vacant stupidity lets the lower lip drop until it almost reaches the chest. The cow, finding you have held out to her as pretended food something she cannot eat, shakes her head repeatedly, unconsciously as the lion lashes the ground with his tail, not because he intends doing it.

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[1] Published in 1845, and reprinted in this volume, page 205.

[2] If the theory of Dr. Hartley be correct, the first elements of all languages would be reducible to the utterances either of pain or pleasure, which indeed I include in the term emotional. They would be at least the starting-points, although the other utterances, later indeed, as to time, cannot be represented as developments of the first two. It is a striking fact that the child utters pain long before it gives sound to the sensation of pleasure. I do not now allude to the first cry of life, with which the lungs for the first time are filled and expanded; I mean the first emotional cries accompanying the desire for food. Pleasure continues to be silent for a long time. It is a fact worthy of notice, that with the exception of the birds, the utterance of pain seems strongly to prevail in the whole animal world, so much so that many beasts, when pleasure forces them to utterance at last, will break out in the cries of pain. A dog, wild with delight at seeing its master again, will bark and actually howl (as we weep with delight), and the cat, very much pleased by personal attention, has no other response than caterwauling.

Still farther, how does it happen that all play of animals consists in sham fighting and biting?

All these respective manifestations, and the utterances themselves, are phenomena arising in each case from one and the same cause. I would call them, therefore, symphenomena—a legitimate word, it seems, both in point of etymology and meaning. Our accent, our intonation, our gestures, the shrugging of the shoulders, the opening wide or half shutting of the eyes, the curling of the lip, the pointing involuntarily at objects, the rubbing the head in cases of perplexity, the accompanying our words by depictive signs, laughing, blushing, smiling, weeping, moaning, with hundreds of other phenomena, are symphenomena of the idea or emotion prevailing at the time within us, and affecting the brain and nervous system.

The human body has not inaptly been presented as the symbol of a commonwealth, but from the point of view from which we now consider it, it appears more like a system of centralism. The brain signals the received perceptions and evolved ideas alike to all departments and organs, and those that have the power of utterance, or the power of any other manifestation, *exteriorize* it accordingly. This is *sympathy*, and symphenomena are its manifestations.

A very common, yet equally important, observation is that persons with amputated limbs will feel pain or other sensations in the limbs that are no longer. It is the commonest complaint in hospitals, but a fact still more striking has been communicated to me by an officer on whose words I place the fullest reliance. We were comparing notes regarding that peculiar pain of wounded persons which consists in a feeling of numbness, heightened to a sensation of the utmost discomfort, frequently less easily endured than acute pain, when he informed me that after the amputation of his right arm this feeling of numbness in the *right hand*, no longer existing, frequently became so intolerable that he was obliged to submit his left hand to violent friction, in order to remove the pain in the amputated hand. The effect of friction was carried to the brain, where still the nerves felt the lost hand, and communicated a soothing feeling to it.[1]

The intimate connection of body and mind, and of the sensations of the former communicated to the latter, as well as of the affections of the latter communicated to the former, is constant, and forms a law of our very existence as human individuals so long as on this earth. The following is a fact so striking, and connecting itself so closely with our subject, that I must not withhold it. I guarantee the truth of the statement.

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[1] The following is copied from the Boston Medical Journal:

"It has been observed that persons who have lost a limb, or part of one, are at times very much troubled with an intolerable *itching*, or sometimes *pain*, in the fingers or toes of the extremity which is lost. A case of this kind lately presented itself to us for advice, which, being a little out of the common course, we have thought proper to give to our readers. A young man had his hand amputated just above the wrist, on account of having it shattered by the bursting of a gun. This happened some two years since, and the deficiency is supplied by a wooden hand.

"At times he tells us that he has the most intolerable itching between these wooden fingers; in fact, insupportable, and, to use his own words, he would give a hundred dollars for the chance of giving them a scratching. At other times he has much pain where the fingers should be, and he can only obtain relief by altering their position. When free from the pain or itching, he can discover no difference between that hand and the sound one. He can will the fingers of the lost hand to act, and they seem to obey. At times the ends of the fingers are quite numb and cold; being partly flexed, he feels that he has not the power to extend them. There are other phenomena connected with this case, which, with those we have given, would be very difficult to account for on physiological principles."

A public teacher had some artificial teeth, which, occasionally, he took out of the mouth before he went to bed, where he frequently delivered, in his dreams, parts of lectures which had occupied him shortly before going to bed, because he was going to deliver them in the morning. These dreamt lectures were purely mental, and not uttered in the sleep, yet whenever he came to a word not easily pronounced without the removed teeth, he mentally stammered and was obliged repeatedly to try the pronunciation, purely mental as it was, until he succeeded and could go on with his lecture, unuttered, yet mentally spoken.

The subject of symphany appears in its full importance when we consider the origin and extent of communion between men; for the simple symphenomena of emotions, which cannot be perceived, become symptoms for the beholder. Crying, wringing the hands, and uttering plaintive sounds are the spontaneous symphenomena of despair. He in whom they appear does will them; but he who beholds or hears them recognizes them, because they are spontaneous, and because he is endowed with the same nature, and he knows them as symptoms of despair.

The biographer of Margaret Gottfried, executed for having successively poisoned between twenty and thirty persons, informs us[1] that after one of the last interviews with the minister, in which she had feigned profound contrition, she was seen, so soon as left alone, and believing herself unobserved, to look sharply before her and rub her chin. When the police-officer rattled the keys, as if in the act of opening the door, she would stop, but resume rubbing her chin and her eager look when she thought the officer had passed. Why does her careful biographer mention it? Why did the police-officer report it to him? Why did the criminal stop rubbing her chin? No reasons are given in the book, but it is stated that her repentance was feigned, and that she hoped for pardon to the last. She knew that the symphenomenon of contrition is a relaxation, an utter *giving up;* and they knew that anxiously rubbing the chin is a symphenomenon of perplexity and nervous fretting. It became a symptom, and as such is noted down, because the writer felt that every reader would take it as such, and, consequently, as an appropriate and completing addition to the narrative.

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[1] The poisoner Gesche Margaret Gottfried, by Dr. F. L. Vogel, her Defensor. Bremen, 1831 (in German), containing her life and trial.

So soon, however, as the symphenomenon is recognized as symptom, that step is taken which leads to real communion. Its outward form is intentionally produced; it is imitated or indicated; the symptom passes over into the sign. Tears are the symptom of grief; the fingers drawn from the eyes over the cheeks where real tears flow, and a doleful expression of the face, become the sign of grief. Trace the history of such a word as sniveller up to its origin. There is no invention in the case; no conventional agreement upon an arbitrary sign; but there is, nevertheless, a development of a sign by rational beings out of that which they at first produced involuntarily as sentient creatures. The latter man has in common with the brute. The animal world is full of symphenomena. Man, however, is capable and stands in need of far more symphenomena, because he is susceptible of a far greater variety of impressions, and, as to the first—the transformation of the symphenomenon into an intentional sign—belongs to the defining, generalizing, and combining power of reason. The nursery, that spot where the history of mankind is lived over again in more than one respect, furnishes us with many instances of this important process.

The theory of symphany finds a wide and, I conceive, a fruitful application in many different branches of moral and physical knowledge; but we have to deal with it here so far only as it affects the origin of phonetic language and the vocal sounds of Laura Bridgman.

Symphenomena show themselves in all of us. Art even cultivates them, and draws them within the sphere of studied elocution. But they are most observable with untutored beings—with children and uncivilized tribes; or with the educated adult, when deep emotion breaks through the tranquil repose which is the general characteristic of cultivated life. Every one knows how vehement the expressions of grief, joy, despondency, love, or revenge are with savages, or how a sudden calamity produces all the symphenomena in their native and unrestrained variety in polished men or women. "Kiss me, Hardy—kiss me!" exclaimed Lord Nelson—a sailor and an Englishman, whose race abhors the kissing of men—when Captain Hardy had told him that the shout which the admiral had heard was that of victory, and he felt his life rapidly ebbing away. Language itself remains subject to all the laws of symphenomena. A willing language and ready speech have a soothing effect, while the unsuccessful struggle of the mind to give itself forth creates uneasiness and excitement. Savages speak loud; excited people are thrown into the highest passion, wholly disproportionate according to their own standard, when not possessed by the skill of expression, or when too much excited to find words. Petulance in many persons is in a great measure owing to the fact that they have never learned to arrange their thoughts and to marshal their feelings according to grammar. There is a native pleasure of its own in expression, which every good poet, every well-taught orator, and even every reader of a sound writer enjoys. It delights us to peruse a writer whose words convey, along with their meaning, the power to convince us that his words cover all his thoughts, and lap over nowhere. And there is equally an uneasiness produced by the consciousness of inadequate expression. I observed in my boyhood that the people in Germany, when Russian soldiers were quartered with them, would always talk very loudly with them, though the Russians could not understand a word; and they talked the louder the more they wished to be understood, and the less they were so. I observed this with the educated as with the uneducated. Persons of a lively imagination give frequently an answer in a rough tone, simply because they happened to think intensely, or to think of something exciting, when asked about something which did not induce them to reply sharply. The abrupt character of the answer is a symphenomenon which does not belong to the effect produced by the question. When the revolutionary movements of 1848 took place in Germany, I began to dream again in German, even of subjects unconnected with that which occupied my mind so much, and the inmates of my house observed that I fell more frequently into the German language, or gave German turns to my English.

As a matter of course, symphenomena appear strongly in Laura Bridgman; and, if unrestrained, will show themselves at times so forcibly as to be distasteful to others. They were therefore restrained by her teachers, for the same reason that we often check them in children. The object of Laura's education was to make her fit for social intercourse; and the vehement demonstrations of her feelings, voluntary or not, would have interfered with this laudable end.

I must here guard against a possible misunderstanding of the preceding words, and prefer the text to the foot-note, because I consider the fact of great interest to us and due to the unfortunate maid. Some readers may suspect that it has been difficult to restrain this blind deaf-mute on the score of decorum, because she can have conceived no idea of good breeding by constant and involuntary observation of the well bred around her, as we do from our earliest infancy. Yet, remarkable as the fact may be, Laura has at no time of her life failed against the nicest delicacy. We have the word of all her teachers for this surprising fact; and every one who has had an opportunity of observing her will agree with me that her conduct is marked throughout by a delicate feeling of propriety. I confess that this is very remarkable when we consider the offensive conduct of many savage tribes; but it only shows that delicacy of behavior and propriety of demeanor are natural to man, though they may not be always primitive. They require development, like most things which are essentially natural to the mind and soul of man. This development may be individual, or it may belong to the tribe, the race, and yet may have become more or less inherent.

Laura blushes and weeps, laughs and smiles, as we do. The morning rays of humanity broke upon her soul with all the spontaneous signs of emotion. The dawning of new ideas upon her; the anxiety to understand and the joy at having understood; the darkening difficulty before her mind, and the consciousness that her teacher was anxious to convey something to her, like a sweet fruit through a prison-window, which she could not touch, and the joy of having gotten it at last—all these emotions depicted themselves by her opening or closing the mouth, her blushes and her growing pale, her frowns and her laughs. These are what may be called direct or absolute symphenomena, requiring no more an act of aiding volition than the throbbing of the heart does; but I have seen her stamping with joy—an impulsive phenomenon which we observe in a more regulated form, brought under the influence of volition (as the original impulsive tone is at a later period voluntarily pronounced as a word) in the form of applause in large assemblies. When Laura was speaking to me[1] of a cold bath, the idea prevailing at the time in her mind produced the motion of shivering. This was for her purely symphenomenal; but it became to me, who was looking at her, a sign or symbol, because it expressed the effect which the cold water had produced on her system.

When Laura is astonished or amazed, she rounds and protrudes her lips, opens them, breathes strongly, spreads her arms, and turns her hands with extended fingers upwards, just as we do when wondering at something very uncommon. I have seen her biting her lips with an upward contraction of the facial muscles when roguishly listening at the account of some ludicrous mishap, precisely as lively persons among us would do. She has not perceived these phenomena in others; she has not learned them by unconscious imitation; nor does she know that they can be perceived by the by-stander. I have frequently seen her, while speaking of a person, pointing at the spot where he had been sitting when Laura last conversed with him, and where she still believed him to be, as we naturally turn our eye to the object of which we are speaking. She frequently does these things with one hand, while the other receives or conveys words. When Laura once spoke to me of her own crying, when a little child, she accompanied her words with a long face, drawing her fingers down the face, indicating the copious flow of tears; and when, on New Year's day of 1844, she wished in her mind a happy new year to her benefactor, Dr. Howe, then in Europe, she involuntarily turned towards the east, and made with both her outstretched arms a waving and blessing motion, as natural to her as it was to those who first accompanied a benediction with this symphenomenon of the idea, that God's love and protection might descend in the fulness of a stream upon the beloved fellow-being. This movement, though solemn, was as spontaneous with Laura as another of a ludicrous character was to a lively Italian, who told me, at Rome, that a friend on whom I called had just left the house on horseback, and accompanied the words by putting two fingers of the right hand astride on the digit of the left. He had no fear that I might not understand him, for he was freely conversing with me. With both, the gestures were simply symphenomena of the ideas entirely occupying their minds at the time.

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[1] For those wholly unacquainted with Laura's case I will simply state that Dr. Howe has succeeded in imparting to her a finger-language, or, to speak more correctly, finger-writing. She knows the value of words, and freely communes with every one who knows her finger-alphabet, which is formed in each other's hand. Her alphabet corresponds to our phonetic alphabet, although it represents no sound to her, but consists of signs of the touch, as the letters which the deaf-mute learns and reads are exclusively ocular signs, and have no phonetic value for him.

A young lady to whom Laura is affectionately attached has a short, delicate, and quick step, which Laura has perceived by the jar "going through the feet up to the head," as she very justly describes it. One day she entered the room, affecting the same step; and when asked by the young lady why she did so, she promptly replied, "You walk thus, and I thought of you." Here the question made her conscious that her imitative step was a symphenomenon, and nothing more, of the idea of that young friend of hers, then uppermost in her mind.

On page 37 of Dr. Howe's tenth report, we find the account of a conversation between Laura and one of her teachers on an insect. Laura asked, "Has he think?" touching at the same time her forehead—(for a reason similar to that by which Dr. Spurzheim explained the fact that Sterne's portrait represents him pointing unconsciously to the spot which the phrenologists believe to correspond to the organ of wit). Laura continued to ask, "Does he breathe much?" at the same time putting her hand on her chest and breathing hard. On page 44 of the thirteenth report, an account is given of Laura's relation of a dream. She said, "I dreamed that God took away my breath to heaven," accompanying her words with a sign of taking something away from her mouth. Who can help remembering here the fresco paintings of the Campo Santo, at Pisa, where, with an equally infantine conception of the removal of human souls, angels are represented drawing the souls out of the mouths of the dead? Or who does not at once recollect the many languages, ancient and modern, in which breath and spirit are designated by the same word?

In none of these cases does the remarkable girl, blind, deaf and dumb, as she is, intend to illustrate by gesture, or any other sign, the meaning of her words, no more than we do by most of our gesticulations, frowns, smiles, or other expressions, which, indeed, we often show unconsciously; so much so, that they actually betray us. In one word, they are, as has been repeatedly said, symphenomena.

But the symphenomena of an agitated mind, or of strong affections, show themselves most readily, and in the greatest variety, as effects of the respiratory organs, because these are most easily affected, being of a peculiarly delicate character; because the voice can be modulated almost without end; and because, in fact, comparatively few affections suggest images to be imitated by ocular signs. Strong emotion requires manifestation: it will out, to use a colloquial term, and utterance of some sort is the consequence. We have this process in common with the brutes; but the affections of the latter are circumscribed, and their organs of utterance infinitely more limited than those of man. Uncouth, or, at any rate, inarticulate sounds are uttered by man before his lip is blessed with the rational word, or his mind with verbal thought, and man falls back upon the inarticulate sounds when his emotion overflows the usual channels of expression—when unspeakable love or convulsive wrath, stunning fear or transcending admiration, overpowers him. A parent who clasps his lost child again within his arms; a person who beholds the sea for the first time; a man suddenly insulted to the quick by stupendous falsehood; a maiden to whom, unwarned, a hideous death presents itself—these are not apt to give utterance in words, but they breathe forth their emotions in primitive and inarticulate sounds. I once heard a colored preacher describing the torments of future punishment. He rose, not ineloquently, from the description of one anguish to another, when at last, carried away by uncontrollable excitement, he merely uttered, for more than a minute, a succession of inarticulate sounds.

Where, however, is the limit between articulate and inarticulate sounds? What is articulation?

I believe that, unconsciously, we generally consider sounds articulate when, while we hear them, the mind can spell or trace them with our accustomed alphabet. The clucking tones of some savages, the pure guttural sounds of others, and those sounds which we cannot even indicate by a name, appear to the missionary, who first hears them, inarticulate, because he does not hear in them the elements, called letters, to which he is accustomed. Yet these sounds belong to languages, however rude, and are undoubtedly articulate. Whistling is no articulate sound. It may never have become an element of human speech (except indeed as a sort of familiar interjection of mischievous surprise at finding an unexpected and somewhat ludicrous issue), because the human organ cannot readily pass over to it from other sounds, nor easily return from it to them; but if whistling had become part of a speech, and a missionary had invented a sign for it, would we not call it an articulate sound?

William von Humboldt says:[1] "The *intention* and the capacity of meaning something, not something general, but the capacity of designating *thought* by representation, in this alone consists the articulate sound, and nothing else can be given to designate, on the one hand, the difference between the articulate sound and the cry of animals, and, on the other hand, between it and the musical tone. It cannot be described according to its external character, but only according to its genesis, and this is no effect of a lack of skill or faculty in us, but it characterizes the articulate sound according to its peculiar nature, since it consists in nothing else than in the *intentional production* of our soul, and has only so much *body* as the external perception absolutely requires." The italicizing is Humboldt's own. The intentional production of a sign, or of a sign to represent something thought, are, therefore, according to that great comparative philologer, the essential characteristics of articulate sound.

I believe he is mistaken, whether he meant by "producing the sound," each particular utterance, or the first genesis of the designating sound—the word. Thoughts and feelings may be expressed without articulate sounds, although intentionally. Thieves agree upon a shrill signal of warning, which becomes unquestionably a sound intentionally produced to express something thought, but no one can call it an articulate sound; and mere ejaculations, neither intentional nor expressive of something thought, but as impulsive as a groan or the sound accompanying sobbing, may nevertheless consist in articulate sounds, as thousands of interjections in the different languages prove. The meaning of the term articulation must be sought first of all in the sound itself, and it seems to me that we can give no other definition of an articulate sound than that it is an *unbroken* emission of a sound which is composed of those elements for which we have not even a befitting name when uttered, but which, when written, are called *letters*, and which are, very nearly exclusively, belonging to the human organs of speech. Such sounds are called articulate, because their succession divides or articulates the human speech into one-sounded parts—into joints or single emissions, called syllables.[1] These distinct sounds, their combinations and repetitions, make it possible for man to have a phonetic language, or a system of sounds by which he can convey ideas, and, so far, there exists the closest connection between *reflection* and *articulation*, between *thought* and *word;* but there can be articulation without distinct thought or intended conveyance of ideas, as was the case in that remarkable instance of the sound *titnoss*, of which mention will be made in a future note; nor is it possible to deny that the parrot having learned to pronounce Pretty Poll as plainly as we can do it, utters, in this case, articulate sounds. If it were objected that these sounds are a mere imitation of sounds originally produced by the intention of expressing something thought, it would be equally erroneous; for the genesis of words does not consist in willed expression of thought. Yet neither these, nor any remarks contained in the present memoir, have been made to deny the close connection between thought and word. So soon as man has a distinct idea, he feels the yearning to speak it out, and if he has a distinct idea of a single thing he longs to name it. This seems to be the chief meaning of the 19th verse of the second chapter of Genesis. The necessity and longing to name animals is placed thus early in the history of the creation, and this implanted yearning is expressed in the remarkable line which says that the Creator led the animals to Adam "*to see what he would call them.*" By a natural transposition, words are ascribed to animals so soon as we imagine them with distinct thoughts similar to our own, as the early fable shows. I was looking lately at a negro who was occupied in feeding young mocking-birds by the hand. "Would they eat worms?" I asked. The negro replied: "Surely not; they are too young; *they would not know what to call them.*" A singular commentary, almost touching in its simplicity, on the passage in Genesis to which allusion has been made. His idea was, they would not know what to make of them, and imagining the unfledged birds thinking, the idea that they would not know what to call them was instantly produced. Thinking of the worms, and calling them, were convertible ideas in the negro.

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[1] Page lxxi. of his elaborate work on the Kawi Language on the Island of Java, 1st vol., Berlin, 1836.

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[1] It is a fact which will not be without interest to philologers, that twice in modern times, when intelligent men had received from our race the idea of the possibility to express thoughts by signs on some material, they invented syllabic alphabets for their tribes. Doalu Bukara invented for his tribe, the Vei nation, in the interior of Africa, syllabic writing, consisting of about two hundred signs. According to the statement of Lieut. Forbes, R.N., this invention must have taken place not very long after George Guest, a full-blooded Cherokee Indian in our country, invented his syllabic alphabet, about thirty years ago. He knew that the white man could send his thoughts to a distance without sound, and his analytic mind led him to the elements of language—the syllable. The phonetic syllabic alphabet is unquestionably the more natural, but by no means the most practical and useful. Had our race fallen on syllabic alphabets, as the Chinese on word-writing, our civilization must have been incalculably retarded.

Observation shows us that every emotion quickens the respiration, or causes an oppression of the chest, which seeks relief by violent inhaling. This is the origin of our sighs, laughter, moaning, and those exclamations of Ah, Eh, Oh, which are gradually cast into articulate sounds, and many of which become regular words, classified according to systematic grammar, such as alas, helas, pooh, bah, umph, pshaw, ototoi, ecco, ecce, halloo, huzzah, and of which we have so remarkable an instance in Sophocles, who makes Philoctetes exclaim—

> "Attatai, otottotoi apappapai, papa, papa, papa, papai!"

And in Dante's:

> "Pape Satan, pape Satan, alleppe!"

Laura utters a loud sound of *o*, with a strong aspirate, inclining almost to the sound *f*, which might be written somewhat in this manner, "Ho-o-ph-ph!" when she is highly excited by wonder. We do the same when the laws of propriety do not prevent us from giving vent to our feeling of amazement. And the actor of the broad farce accompanies his assumption of stupid surprise with the same exclamation, because, in his endeavor to caricature, he stands in need of the imitation of strongly marked symphenomena.

Frequently I have heard Laura expressing a feeling of satisfaction by a subdued tone, somewhat between chuckling and a slight groaning.[1]

Utterance, produced by increased activity of the respiring organs, and varied by the pliable vocal organism, and the great movability of the lips and tongue, is so direct and natural an effect of the excited nervous substance, that sounds of grief, pain, affection, disgust, contempt, despair, pity, fear, attention, admiration, mockery, surprise, wrath, entreaty, delight, approval, caution, or submission, are as natural even to us, tutored and trained as we are from early infancy, both by positive instruction and the ever active imitative principle, as are the wholly spontaneous symphenomena of growing pale or wringing the hands. Laura actually once, when reminded by one of her teachers that she ought not to indulge in her uncouth sounds, which resemble those made by deaf-mutes,[2] answered, "I do not always try not to make them." The teacher urged the reasons why it is desirable she should restrain them, and was answered, "But I have very much voice." Laura went farther, and added, "God gave me much voice;" thus strikingly pointing out a truth of elemental importance to the philosopher. Yielding, however, to the arguments against this "voice," she will at times go into her closet, and shutting her door, "indulge herself in a surfeit of sounds." (Page 27 of thirteenth report.) This seems to me not only very interesting and instructive, but also deeply touching.[1]

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[1] I would have said *grunting*, as more accurately expressing the sound, had I not felt reluctant to use this word in connection with that amiable and delicate being.

[2] A number of deaf-mutes, whom I accompanied to the top of a high tower, commanding a very wide and imposing view, uttered their surprise and delight in tones resembling those of some wild fowl—hoarse and chattering screams.

A missionary of my acquaintance, whose word I noways doubt, informed me that one day he was travelling in the distant west of our Union with a young man who was greatly pleased with something that had been said. Becoming excited, the young traveller asked his friend to excuse him for a moment, whereupon he uttered a tremendous yelling. This done, he declared that the indulgence had done him much good, and the thread of the conversation was resumed. Nor will any one feel disposed to doubt the truth of this account, who is acquainted with the shouts which the less educated of the thinly-peopled parts of the west and south set up on all occasions of any excitement; not only at barbacues, but even when a few persons are met, and something considered peculiarly laughable or "smart" has been said.[2] When poor Laura retires into her closet, freely to revel in her sounds, she only does what we ourselves do when we have checked our desire to laugh, but indulge in it so soon as we find ourselves alone, or in presence of those persons only before whom we do not feel obliged to repress the symphenomenon. Indeed, Laura does no more, although in inarticulate sounds, than we do when, thoroughly impressed with some feeling, we speak to ourselves where no one can hear us. And it may be remarked, that the least tutored are most given to these soliloquies. There are many negroes in the south upon whom it is utterly impossible to impose silence when they are in a state of excitement, though they may not speak to any one, and may not be actuated by any feeling of opposition.

I ask permission to mention here a fact, which has always appeared to me very remarkable, although I own it does not relate to Laura's vocal sounds. I may not have another opportunity to place it on record, and am convinced that it deserves being known. Laura constantly accompanies her *yes* with the common affirmative nod, and her *no* with our negative shake of the head. Both are with her in the strictest sense primitive symphenomena of the ideas of affirmation and negation, and not symphenomena which have gradually become such by unconscious imitation, as frequently may be the case with us. The nodding forward for assent, and the shaking of the head or hand from side to side for dissent, seem to be genuine symphenomena accompanying these two ideas. Assent and dissent are closely allied to the ideas of favor and disfavor, which are naturally accompanied by an inclination toward, or a turning from, the real or ideal object. The very word *aversion* points to this symphenomenal fact. When we signify assent or dissent with the hand, a similar sign is observed.

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[1] She will also, when deeply grieving, shut herself up, and seek comfort in unrestrained weeping.

[2] A reviewer of the passage given above has given the additional fact that he was present at a performance of Fanny Elssler in some southern theatre. After each successful pirouette and unexpected movement of that celebrated dancer a simultaneous shout, like a general war-whoop, was uttered forth by the excited audience.

The Italians move repeatedly the lifted digit from right to left, as a sign of negation, while the modern Greeks throw back the head, producing at the same time a clucking noise with the tongue. Laura makes at present these signs, even without writing a Yes or No in the hand of the person with whom she converses, having learned, but not having been told, that somehow or other we perceive this sign, or that it produces upon us the desired effect, although she is unable to solve the great riddle of the process by which this is done. Laura, far below our domestic animals, so far as the senses are concerned, but infinitely above them because she is endowed with a human mind, has attained to the abstractions of affirmation and negation at a very early age, while no dog or elephant, however sagacious, has been known to rise to these simple ideas, for which every moment even of animal existence calls, wherever reflection sways over the naked fact.

Laura, then, independently of sight and hearing—the two most suggestive senses in everything that appertains to language—felt an impulsive urgency to utter sounds as symphenomena of emotions, or vivid ideas, in common with all those human beings who have not attained to a language properly so called; but at the very outset she met with the following obstacles:

Laura cannot hear her own voice; nor can she perceive the tones of others. She could not, therefore, learn to modify, vary, and articulate them according to a developed language, which is the successive work of many and long periods of civilization. How much our tones, in their infinite and significant modulations, owe to the fact that we move in a speaking society from earliest infancy, becomes manifest, when we consider the uncouth, broken, and animal sounds of the lowest savages, and, on the other hand, that even the utterances of the brute are modified by their intercourse with man. Mr. Jesse, in his Anecdotes of Dogs, London, 1846, ascribes this effect of the never-ceasing and every-varying hum of civilization to these animals. "It is," he says, "I believe, a fact, and if so a curious one, that the dog in a wild state only howls; but when he becomes the friend and companion of man, he has, then, wants and wishes, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, to which in his wilder state he appears to have been a stranger. His vocabulary, if it may be so called, then increases, in order to express his enlarged and varied emotions." Of course Mr. Jesse cannot mean by the words "in order to express," anything like inventive purpose on the part of the dog, but he must mean a combined effect of the widened circle of emotions in the animal, and the multiplied sounds of civilization which surround it, especially of the master's language or other tones addressed to it.

The second great obstacle for Laura was, that she did not perceive the effect produced, in each case, by her sounds upon others. The idea of a specific force and value of a certain sound, which directly leads to the conception of the name or word, and facilitates all the means of designation, and of combining these means, could not easily, and never perfectly, appear to her. I shall presently dwell more at length upon this point.

Lastly, Laura was positively interrupted in the formation even of her imperfect and elementary phonetic language, as I have stated before, in order to make her a being of intercourse in our society—in order to attach her as a living member to the community of civilization. This could not have been done had she been allowed freely to indulge in the harsh and grating sounds which excited souls utter forth through a throat, untaught and unbred, so to say, by the harmony of developed civilization in which we move.

I have already alluded to the distinction which we ought to make between merely spontaneous symphenomena and those which may be called secondary; that is, such as have become involuntary symphenomena by habit. If there was such a word as *habital*, I would use it as a more appropriate term for secondary symphenomena.

The exclamation of sudden pain is one of the first class; speaking loudly with ourselves, when there is no one in our hearing, and when, perhaps, we would not wish to be overheard, and the speaking in our dreams, are instances of the second class. These secondary, or habital symphenomena, are also observed in Laura. She does not only frequently talk to herself with one hand in the other, waking or in her dreams, which is likewise seen with deaf-mutes who have been taught the finger alphabet; but Laura, who has, as will be presently shown, certain particular sounds for distinct persons—names, or nouns proper, if we choose to call them so—utters these name-sounds for herself when she vividly thinks of these individuals. Dr. Howe's tenth report, page 30, contains the following passage:

"Laura said to me, in answer to a question why she uttered a certain sound, rather than spelled the name, 'I think of Janet's noise; many times when I think how she give me good things I do not think to spell her name.'[1] And at another time, hearing her in the next room make the peculiar sound for

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[1] The tenth report was published in 1842. Laura speaks now far more correctly. The damsel has, even by this time, acquired a great relish for what we would call high-sounding words. *C'est tout comme chez nous!*

Janet, I hastened to her, and asked her why she made it. She said, 'Because I think how she do love me much, and I love her much.'"

It cannot be fairly objected that, if all that I have stated be true, it would lead to the inference that the deaf-mutes, and even the blind deaf-mutes, must be able to attain to a complete phonetic language. For, I have spoken only of the impulsive utterances which form the incipient elements of language, natural to the deaf and blind as they are to the hearing and seeing, and out of which words proper, with all their changes, combinations, and inflections, can be evolved only by constantly repeated and enduring vocal intercourse. Yet, it will be interesting carefully to inquire how far Laura Bridgman—blind and deaf, indeed, but endowed with a sprightly and delicate mind, and an affectionate soul—actually possesses the elements of our vocal language.

For this purpose we may classify the verbal elements of all phonetic language in the following manner:

Ejaculations, that is, primary phonetic symphenomena of the inner state of man. We have seen that Laura possesses them as a matter of course. The interjection is the articulate ejaculation received as legitimate part of human speech. If Laura has not the distinctly articulate interjections of developed languages, it is because her state excludes her from a share in our stock of articulate sounds and words. For, articulation is the combined result of a reflecting mind; of an acute ear, which hears the sounds of others and our own; of vocal organs, trained for many years; of the effect of continued traditional utterance; and of a skill, gradually acquired, unconsciously to analyze sounds which we perceive.

As the second class may be mentioned positive imitations, or copies of sound—the onomatopy of the grammarians. Man resorts to it at the earliest periods, partly led to it by the inherent imitative principle; partly because sound, wherever it is produced at all, is the most distinctive characteristic, and becomes the readiest sign for the being that utters it, inasmuch as the ear perceives a sound, and nothing more; while the eye perceives at once an object in all its visual relations, as an image which must be analyzed in order to be described. The eye perceives totalities, the ear single characteristics. It is incomparably easier to designate a sheep or a cataract, by imitating the bleating of the one or the rumbling noise of the other, than to describe them by words already existing, or by drawing outlines of these objects. All languages, therefore, are full of such words as sibilare, mutter, whiz, splash, bronte, claquer, knarren, lachen.

Men, naturally, take refuge in the onomatopy, when they must commune with one another without mutually knowing their languages. There is a very interesting paper by the late Mr. Gallatin in the second volume of the Transactions of the New York Ethnological Society, on the "Jargon," or Trade Language of Oregon. The reader will find there a long list of onomatopies, such as are frequently formed in our nurseries, where the dog is called *bow-wow*, or the cow *moo-moo.* Thus the words *tingting*, *he-he*, *mash*, *tumtum*, *poo*, signify in that Oregon Jargon, respectively, bell, to laugh, crushed or broken, the heart, to shoot. Onomatopies are all the time forming. Mr. Thackeray, in Pendennis, speaks of a boohoo laughter, and of the postman's rat-tat; Mr. Carlyle of the "titterings, teeheeings" of the French at the feast of the confederation; while the words rap and knocker are formed of onomatopies. Whole poems, such as Bürger's Lenore and Poe's Bell, are in a great measure formed on the onomatopy and that class of words whose sounds correspond, psychologically, with the ideas they express, a class of words which will be presently considered.

Laura not hearing any tones, cannot, of course, originate onomatopies.

Two other classes of words are at once formed from the two preceding ones. Interjections themselves are used at an early period as words (as I have heard children say, "This is fie," for this is naughty); but what is more important, interjections soon form the roots of other words. Thus the feeling of wonder seeks vent from every human breast in the symphenomenal sound of *o*, or one between *o* and *a* (the latter as in *father*).[1] The ideas of admiration and wonder again, and more of height, tallness, power, are closely connected in the human intellect; so that we find in original languages words designating height, elevation, derived from this interjection, as the German *Hoch*, for high, which is nothing but the interjection *o*, wrapt as it were in strong aspirates. Everywhere man cast shame upon others by an interjection sounding *Aih;* and αἰδώς means in Greek, actions of which we ought to be ashamed; and *Aetschen*, in German, means to call *aih* at a person, or strongly to deride him. Disgust, mingled with contempt, is expressed by all men by a symphenomenon, which consists of a sharp exhalation of the sound *f*, which is the combined effect of the lower lip being somewhat protruded, while the upper one is contemptuously drawn up, and the breath is strongly uttered—all, the effects of the prevailing feeling of disgust. This *f* sound leads to the universal interjection of *fie*, *pfui*, *fi*, or φεῦ—the vowel, the most liquid element of speech, changing in the different languages, as it would with different individuals, before usage has settled one vowel as the adopted one. This fie, or fi (in French), is the root of the word Fien, to hate, in Low-German and ancient Franconian, and of Fian in Anglo-Saxon; whence again the noun Fiend, in English, is derived, as likewise Fijend in Low-German, Feind in German, Fiende in Swedish, Fiant in ancient Franconian, and Vijand in Dutch, for hateful enemy, a malignant being. The Greek φεῦ indicates more an interjection of pain; but that which is the utterance of pain becomes that of dislike if exclaimed *at* an object. The two ideas are near akin. We have, therefore, φεύζω to indulge in sounds of woe, or to call φεῦ; and is not φεύγω, to flee (from that which makes us exclaim φεῦ, that is, from that which is painful, disagreeable to us), derived from the same root? *Ototoi* was the Greek articulated exclamation of grief, and ὀτοτύζω is to moan, to give vent to grief. The Greek language requires the addition of a termination which indicates the verb. The same would be the case in German. In English this necessity does not exist; and a leading article of a distinguished London paper lately said of the secretary for foreign affairs, "He will pooh-pooh such particularity;" that is to say, he will dismiss such particulars disdainfully as trifles, while uttering the interjection pooh! pooh!

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[1] Vowels are in early languages, and in many settled ones, a floating substance. The old Sanscrit had but one sign for the vowels A, O, and E (pronounced as in Italian), and English vowels shift very frequently according to different degrees of education or localities. James was pronounced in former times Jeemes, and Here is pronounced Hare in some places. I have frequently observed that those who thus speak cannot hear the difference between the two words when they are correctly pronounced for them.

A member of my own family showed, in early infancy, a peculiar tendency to form new words, partly from sounds which the child caught, as *to woh* for *to stop*, from the interjection *woh!* used by wagoners when they wish to stop their horses; partly from symphenomenal emissions of sounds. Thus when the boy was a little above a year old he had made and established in the nursery the word *Nim* for everything fit to eat. I had watched the growth of this word. First, he expressed his satisfaction at seeing his meal, when hungry, by the natural humming sound, which all of us are apt to produce when approving or pleased with things of a common character, and which we might express thus, *hm.* Gradually, as his organs of speech became more skilful, and repetition made the sound more familiar and clearer, it changed into the more articulate *um* and *im.* Finally an *N* was placed before it, *nim* being much easier to pronounce than *im*, when the mouth has been closed. But soon the growing mind began to generalize, and *nim* came to signify everything edible; so that the boy would add the words *good* or *bad*, which he had learned in the mean time. He now would say *good nim*, *bad nim*, his nurse adopting the word with him. On one occasion he said, *Fie nim*, for *bad, repulsive to eat.* There is no doubt but that a verb *to nim*, for to eat, would have developed itself, had not the ripening mind adopted the vernacular language, which was offered to it ready made.[1] We have, then, here the origin and history of a word which commenced in a symphenomenal sound, and gradually became articulate in sound and general in its meaning, as the organs of speech, as well as the mind of the utterer, became more perfect. And is not the history of this word a representative of many thousands in every language, now settled and acknowledged as a legitimate tongue?[2]

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[1] Since the lines above were written I found in No. iv. vol. i. of the Journal of the American Oriental Society, New Haven, 1849, p. 366, that *to taste* in the Susu dialect is *nimnim*. It is there called an onomatopeia, which is not quite correct. It is a word naturally (symphenomenally) produced by certain organs of speech nervously excited by the idea of tasting or of liking a taste, or *to* taste.

The *Susus* inhabit the coast of Senegambia between the Rio Nunez and the Kissi, and speak a language kindred to the Mandingo.

[2] This child made other remarkable words. Every one who has studied the languages of our Indians, and some other tribes, as, for instance, that of the natives of Burmah, is struck with their words which express a number of ideas, indicated in our analytical tongues by a series of words. William von Humboldt called this process *agglutination;* but as this term would indicate a joining of what has been separate before, which is by no means always the case, I preferred the term *holophrastic* words, in a paper on this subject which I published in the March number, of 1837, of the Southern Literary Messenger. It is for the same reason that I preferred the term to that of polysynthetic words, which Mr. Du Ponceau had proposed.

The child in question had become most impressed with the word *good*, when in connection with the noun *boy;* that is to say, when he himself had been called a good boy, which he pronounced *Goobboy*. It formed one word for him, so much so that his infantine mind could not separate the two parts, in this case actually agglutinated, to use the term of William von Humboldt. When the child, therefore, one day desired to express the idea good cow, he said *Goobboy cow*. He found the same difficulty of expressing *good cow*, which many of our missionaries have to contend with, when they desire to express Christian ideas by words which carry along with them numerous associated ideas of different things and relations. Father Sangermano, if I recollect aright, says in his work on Burmah, published by the Oriental Translation Fund, that he could not simply translate the passage in which it is related that a woman washed the feet of the Saviour; for, although there are ever so many words for washing in the Burmese language, yet each word carries along with it many conditions and relations of washing inapplicable in this case. So we find in Holden's Narrative (Boston, 1836) that in the language of Lord North's Island the numeral one is *yaht;* but when it refers to cocoanuts *one* is *soo*, and to fish, *one* is *seemul*.

We meet with articulated sounds which are yet in a middle state between a pure interjection and a distinct word, as the German sweet expression, Eiapopeia, pronounced i-a-po-pi-a—the endearing and lulling sound with which the German mother sings her babe to sleep. *Ei* and *Eia* (the *ei* pronounced *i*, as in fire) is the German symphenomenal sound of endearment which accompanies the patting of the rosy cheek of a child, and the maternal desire to bring down slumber upon the infant has drawn out this primitive sound into *eiapopeia.* Now, many cradle songs, as the Germans call the rhymes sung by the cradle side, begin with this—what must it be called, interjection or word? It is neither. At times, indeed, a "cradle song" is called an Eiapopeia. In this case it is a perfect noun. And is not the English lullaby much the same? The syllable *by* is the same sound *by*, which, in the gentle nursery idiom, means sleep, when the mother sings *by*, *by*, and *lull* is depictive of the act it designates. The French, when they desire to imitate the sound of the drum, say *rataplan*, for which we say *rub-a-dub*, and the Germans have *brumberum.* They are imitative sounds, articulated, yet in an undefined state, so far as grammatical classification is concerned, while *drum* has become a distinct noun.[1] It may be

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Similar, so far as the connection of ideas is concerned, was the case of a little girl who, in my hearing, said to a man, *Doctor naughty girl*, because he had teased her. Her mind had received the idea of *bad* chiefly in conjunction with girl, that is, herself, when rebuked for some fault. "Bad girl" was, in her mind, one term, or a holophrastic word.

Long as this note is, I cannot refrain from giving a bill, written by a Yorkshire hostler in Philadelphia, and given in Miss Leslie's Behavior Book, Philadelphia, 1853. The bill was written thus:

Anosafada	$2.50
tahinonimome	.37

The first meant *A horse* (an oss) *for a day*, the second, *Taking of him home.* This is not agglutination but pulmentation. To speak seriously, these two words, looking so oddly to us when written, are nevertheless a striking instance of the growth of one kind of holophrastic words, out of an analytic language.

[1] Thus I wrote; but Mr. Webster has since said, on July 17, 1850, "They have been beaten incessantly, every month, and every day, and every hour, by the din, and roll, and rub-a-dub of the abolition presses." He uses rub-a-dub as a noun,

observed, in passing, that this latter instance shows, in a striking manner, how different tribes view or perceive the same phonetic phenomenon (hear the sound of the drum) differently, according to the different genius of the nation; yet all may be equally correct in their own way. All persons who have been inmates of hospitals, soon after a battle in which different nations have fought, know how much even the inverbal utterances of pain differ according to the different genius of the languages.

Out of the second class, or purely imitative words, arises another very large one. It consists of those words which, so far as their sound goes, are derived from onomatopies, but have come to mean something which is only occasionally accompanied by the originally imitated sound, or is not so any longer at all. A pat of butter means a small piece of butter divided from the main body and shaped by the flat instrument which in doing so produced the sound pat. The English word grumbling, which originally indicated the physical sound of grumbling, now frequently means the mental act of petty dissatisfaction. A man may psychologically grumble in a phonetically clear voice. To the same class belong the French *gronder*, the German *kratzen* (to scratch, and pronounced kratsen), the Greek *κράω*, from which is derived *γραφειν*, to grave, to engrave, and, ultimately to write, as if we used *scratching* for writing; and, by a farther extension of the meaning, for composing, corresponding, and other significations, which the expansive word *writing* has received in the course of time. The German word *Schmecken* (of the same root with the English to smack), which now means to taste, both as an active and a neuter verb, is here in point. It is derived from the sound which is produced by a person eagerly tasting some

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as *din* had been used by others before him, and as *eiapopeia* has been used by the Germans as a substantive. What are the Latin clangor, clamor, the German Klang, but words of this sort? We might imagine a Hudibrastic writer using the expression, "*They rub-a-dubbed it all about.*" No dictionary, however, in my possession, has rub-a-dub; by and by the lexicographer will admit this, as yet, half-wild word.

substance—an action expressed by the French *claquer*, and the English smacking; the latter of which also signifies to savor of something. For, the active and the passive, the cause and the effect, the state of a thing and the action resulting from it, the perceiving and the causing of the perception, are ideas constantly passing over into one another in the human mind, and produce corresponding results in language.[1] But the German word extends its meaning still farther, for *Geschmack* is the term for taste, in all its meanings, as if the English *smacking* were used for the sense of taste and the cultivated æsthetical perception and judgment, or as if the French used *claquement* for their word *gout*, in the fine arts, though the very words *goût* and *goûter* are derived from the Latin *gustus*, which, with its guttural sound, belongs likewise to the present class. It was, originally, an imitation of the sound produced by the act of swallowing, or the reversed sound of *gulping* (also a word to be mentioned here). Smacking is doubtless an onomatopy of a sound produced by the the lips; but the word once produced, is used differently. I read this sentence in an English writer: "Napoleon used to delight his soldiers by smacking their faces." The negroes of the Carolina midland country use the word *ratching* for licking when speaking of cattle. Chattering when applied to the teeth is an onomatopy, but when it designates rapid and unmeaning talk, as in chatterbox, it belongs to our present class. Was not rolling originally an onomatopy, like rumbling? The German *plump*, now meaning clumsy, was suggested by the sound which the fall of a heavy and unelastic body produces. The Greek pneuma, meaning mind, but originally breath, is derived from the sound of breathing forth. The Chinese word gong means the instrument which produces the sound *gong*. The English *sly* means cunning, but is derived from the root of the word sliding, which, like the German *schlupfen,* is an imitation of the sound made by nimble bodies moving quickly on smooth surfaces. To clip, now meaning to cut off the tender ends of bodies, is derived from the noise made by the act of clipping. So is the English word to nip derived from a sound. In German *nippen* means to sip; both are, originally, of phonetic imitation.

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[1] One of the most striking instances is our "*I am told*," for "It has been told to me;" as if the Latin *narror* (they say of me) were used for "they tell me;" or as if the English "*I am reported*" did not mean "It is reported of me," but "It has been reported to me." He is a good shot, for a good shooter; it is grateful to me, for the thing is grateful, *i.e.*, full of gratification, to me.

The following is one of the most striking and interesting instances of words belonging to this class:[1]

The Latin *vivere* and the Greek *βιοῦν* are of the same root with the Gothic *quiujan,* which, etymologically, is the same with our *weave,* that is, to move to and fro, as the German *weben* actually means to weave, and to move as a living body or entity—a sense which *move* has in the great passage of the Bible: In him we live and move and have our being. The German is "*In ihm leben und weben und sind wir.*" Of the Gothic *quiujan* was formed our *quick,* which means both living and rapid, for the ideas of life and motion are closely united, so much so that we cannot imagine unalterable sameness without the idea of death, or lifelessness; while *quivering* has the meaning of trembling motion. But this original root is probably the same which we find in *live,* the German *Leben;* and these words originally mean to utter a loud noise, to cry. They are etymologically the same with the Low-German *Leuen,* the English to low. Hence the German *Leu* and *Löwe,* and the Latin *Leo,* for lion, that is the *roarer.* *To low* is a clear imitation of the sound, while the idea of tone, of utterance, is as closely connected with that of life as the idea of motion. Indeed, wherever life surrounds us we see motion and hear sounds—be it utterance or noise caused by motion. It is not maintained that men reflected on this close connection, but a noise, a cry, an utterance naturally suggested the idea of life, and the word or verbal sound indicating the one was necessarily taken for the other; as an anxious father, doubting the life of a new-born infant, will exultingly exclaim, *It cries!* meaning it lives. The Hebrew *Lév*, for heart, because it pulsates, moves, or *lives*, probably descends from the same root. It is not useless to remark here that, in common German parlance, the word *Leben* (life) has to this day the meaning of uproar or noise. Many a German schoolmaster says, admonishingly, to his pupils: "Boys, do not make so much *life*," when he suddenly breaks in upon them in the midst of youthful tumult. We have, then, here again a word which is originally an imitation or a sound evoked by sound, but which gradually comes to designate various, very different and vast ideas. Heightened vitality produces and delights in noise; the skipping filly neighs, and celebrations of half-cultured people consist in making noise. The modern Greeks, the Chinese, the Romans when Lent is at an end show it, as our "screaming with delight" does. Laura was very excited and uttered many noises when she enjoyed rain in the early epoch of her education.

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[1] The following etymological statements, like many other passages, require revision, but are left as the author wrote them,—for the object of this reprint is not to give the most recent philological views, but to reproduce Dr. Lieber's work.—G.

I have given a sufficient number of instances to illustrate this class of words. Whoever will direct his attention to it will no doubt be as much surprised as the writer has been, at the immense number of words reducible to this class. The onomatopy stands in a similar relation to human speech with that in which picture-writing stands to alphabetic writing.

Laura, of course, could not attain to these classes of designating sounds, because she could not even attain to those whence they are derived.

A division of words to which we may naturally pass over from the last, comprehends those which are produced by the activity of an organ of speech, and thus give the name to that organ. When we think of any organ or part of ours capable of movement, with great liveliness or distinctness, it will be symphenominally set in motion, as we point to those that cannot be moved, and if that organ is an organ of speech its movement implies sound. The German Gurgel, for throat, with which our gargling is connected, the word Lip, the Latin Os for mouth, are words of this division. Their number must be necessarily small.

Under the fifth class of words may be comprehended those which have never designated a sound, but whose sound, nevertheless, stands in a direct psychological connection with the object to be designated, or the idea to be expressed—as much so as interjections do. There is, indeed, a close affinity between the two. The words of this class are of a symphenomenal origin, and, for this reason, are easily understood when first uttered; almost as much so as the mere cry of pain or joy. These peculiar words always form a most enlivening and spirited part of human speech; I mean such as the English *Flash.* Every one feels at once that there is an affinity between the sound *flash* and the impression which sudden, vivid, and passing light produces upon our visual organ. The high sound, we might also say the *brightness* of the sound *a*, as it is pronounced in this word; the impression which the sound *sh*, at the end of the word, produces in this case, reminding us of *splash* and *dash;* the quickness expressed by the sound of *fl*, associated, as it is in our minds, with the words *fleet*, *flicker*, *fly*, *flee*, *flow*, *flare*, *flake*, *flutter*, always indicating motion—all these contribute to make the word *Flash* one which accurately paints with sounds (I cannot otherwise express it) the flashing light. Flash is derived from the same root from which our blaze, and the German blass (pale), which in Low-German means a red-glowing light (*Nord-Blüse*, Aurora Borealis), are derived. *Bl* changes early into *fl*, as we see in the German *Blick* and the Saxon *flicker.*[1]

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[1] The meanings of these two words stand in the same relation in which the English *to look,* active (to perceive), and *to look,* passive (to be seen, *i.e.,* to appear), stand. Indeed, the German smelters call the brief, bright appearance of silver when in the highest state of fusion *der Blick.* So does sight mean seeing, and a thing worthy to be looked at.

Many readers may not be aware that our words *bliss* and *blessing* come from the same roots from which *Blitz* and flash are derived. Yet all of them come from the root that passes through the Teutonic languages, meaning light, an idea closely connected with *shining,* and this with color. To blush, in Dutch *blozen,* and to flush; *blüse,* in Hamburg for lighthouse; blaze on the forehead of a horse, bliss, to bless (to shine upon), blossom, bloom, with many more, are all referable to the same root and to the same phenomenon, of a combined psychologic and phonetical character.

How close the affinity of impressions is made by sound and light, and, indeed, by many other causes, appears clearly from the fact that the same root has often produced in one language a word designating a phenomenon of sound, and in a cognate language a term for a phenomenon perceived by the eye. We have in English to Titter, and in German *Zittern*, both derived from the same root. Every etymologist well knows that *T*, *Z*, and *S* frequently pass over into one another. But the German word *Zittern* means to tremble, while the English Tittering means to laugh in an under-tone, with a tremulous voice. There is a close affinity between the two phenomena, which is indicated by the fact that the expression just used of *tremulous* voice is intelligible and legitimate.[1]

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[1] This is not a confusion of ideas, as little as there was confusion in the mind of the blind man, who was asked how he imagined, from all he had heard, red color, when he answered: "Like a trumpet sound for the eye;" or as there is confusion in the poet's mind when he boldly transposes words which belong to one sensuous sphere to another; Dante speaks of a *silent* sun—that is, of a sun not shining. In this poetic temerity lies often Shakspeare's greatest beauty and Milton's highest sublimity. If this transposition were not intelligible, human speech would hardly be possible; and if the mind did not perceive things and evolve thoughts in its oneness, they would not be intelligible. Expressions such as space of time, strong sound, cold or warm coloring, sweet voice, waving music, crying red, a clear tone, a heavy sound (and I have read, even, "an acrid sound"), high-minded, sharp taste, a flat fellow, an itching desire, *douleur sourde*, and a thousand others, would convey no ideas. The whole meaning of the metaphor and the trope must be explained upon the same ground. There is but one sensorium where all sensations centre, no matter which sense may have been the channel of perception, and whence all the urgency to breathe out the word proceeds. A most curious instance of this transposition from one sensuous sphere to another was once afforded me by a little peasant boy in Thuringia. He said to me: "Dear sir, buy this nosegay; the violets taste very loud"—meaning they smell very strong. Yet this double transposition is perfectly intelligible, nor was it for the boy a transposition. The expression proceeded entire from *one* indivisible mind, and radiated, as it were, into different spheres of perceptible objects of the world without. Schmecken (to taste) is the common Thuringian word for smelling; the boy had gone a step farther. Charles Maria von Weber says, in his published works: "I will not deny it in the least that everything within me must accommodate itself to musical forms. The view of a landscape is to me the performance of a composition." (See his Posthumous Works, Leipsic, 1828, vol. ii. p. 26.) Here the composer expresses on a large psychological scale the process which effected the apparent confusion in the expression of the Thuringian

The Greek *Lampas*, the German *Bltiz*, the Latin *Clarus*, seem to me to belong to this class; so the English *Whirl*, if it does not belong to those words which originally have actually indicated a sound, as the German *Schwirren*, which is of the same root, but means a sound similar to the word itself, seems almost to prove. Most original words designating phenomena of light belong to this class.

Properly speaking, the origin of these words must be referred to the first class—the primitive ejaculations and the interjections resulting from them, and so far we find

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child. Everything proceeds from the oneness of the soul; everything converges to the one undivided consciousness of the individual. When, many years ago, I lived with Niebuhr at Rome, I had the happiness of being acquainted with Thorwaldsen. I could not help observing that, when I was walking up and down, conversing with that greatest of modern sculptors, in his studio, so soon as he became deeply interested in a subject, no matter what it was—religion, patriotism, history—the thumb of his right hand, that finger which impresses the sculptor's immortal conceptions on the yielding clay, would symphenominally move with the otherwise clinched hand, as if it pressed and were drawing deep outlines in a plastic substance before him, and thus were carving his thoughts in the air. The more intensely he thought and felt, or the more attentive he became to what I said, the more marked would likewise be the modelling and pressing and shaping in the air. I could clearly perceive that the thoughts he uttered fashioned themselves, in his sculptural mind, into forms and sharp contours for his inner eye. I shall never forget with what a carving sweep of that projecting thumb he once accompanied the words: "Yes, Luther was a hero."

Our dreams go naturally still farther, and I well remember when I first learned chess-playing, how the history of many periods or scenes of Homer's epic appeared, in my dreams, resolved into a game of chess, and Achilles and Hector moved, not to save or destroy the city of Priam, but to cry victory in the Ilian or Hellenic shout of checkmate. Mr. Thackeray, in Pendennis, makes Foker, a *fast* youth of the town, say that the shirts were too "loud" in pattern. The word loud is in brackets, and seems to be a cant term of the London bucks at present. And why not? It is as good as *crying red;* nor can a term equally convenient be substituted.

As striking an instance of transmutation as Dante's silent sun is the French term *lanterne sourde*, a deaf lantern, for which we only say a blind lantern. The Germans call a walled-up window, a blind window, and we speak of blind ditches, for covered ditches. A deaf lantern (which the dictionary of the French Academy gives) is on a par with a loud-tasting bouquet. Mr. Mayhew, in his London Labor and Poor, tells us of a blind woman, who with touching and poetic simplicity would say, When I became dark, or, We dark people.

them in the case of Laura; but we cannot expect to hear them from her lips as actual words, purposely and logically uttered, in order to convey distinct ideas, for the reasons of which we have already spoken, nor can we expect in her those ejaculations, which are known to us only as ejaculated with intention to produce a certain effect. There is no word which has stretched its ramifications into more different spheres of meaning and grammatical formations, as the word *stare, stand,* with the long catalogue of words from state to stable, staple, statute. A glance at a Latin and English etymological dictionary will show what a migration has taken place from the mother-word *sto,* which had migrated itself from the Sanscrit sta, that is, from the root *st.* But is not *st* the ejaculation for arresting attention, for stopping? It is to this day the interjection by which we command silence, and by which the American waiters arrest each other's attention at the large table-d'hôtes.

There ought to be mentioned, in connection with this class, those curious alliterations which have acquired a very distinct meaning, and are, consequently, universally understood, but are derived from no ordinary words; or, if they are so, use is made of the original words for their exclusively phonetic impression upon the ear, rather than for the meaning conveyed by them; or, lastly, the alliteration consists of syllables without any separate meaning of their own, added to existing words. Some of these alliterations and rhymes are purely imitative, as the French *din-don, ping-pang,* the German *klip-klap.* Others have a symphenomenal connection with the idea they express; in English, for instance, fiddle-faddle, rip-rap, slip-slop, hodge-podge, namby-pamby, tit for tat, spic and span, hum-drum, higgledy-piggledy, and zig-zag.[1]

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[1] When the wife of Sir Thomas More exhorted him, in prison, to yield to Henry VIII., she replied to one of his noblest observations, "Tilly-valle, tilly-valle;" which Sir James Mackintosh, in his Life of that great man, calls "an exclamation of contempt, of which the origin or meaning cannot now be ascertained." The meaning seems plain; it is obviously the same with "fiddle-faddle," which means, "You talk stuff to no purpose; good enough on other occasions, but worth no-

In others, as indicated before, a symphenomenal sound is added, to a word, as chit-chat, see-saw, tit-bit, clap-trap, the German misch-masch, schnick-schnack, holter-polter, the French pèle-mèle. Others, again, seem to remind us of an original word, or actually do so, but have relapsed into a symphenomenal state, *painting*, as I said before, with sounds the idea within us, as the English nilly-willy (in which the Latin *nolens volens*, and the English *will*, have curiously relapsed into a primitive symphenomenal state), flibberdy-gibberdy, the American teeter-tawter (the English tiller-toller), hurly-burly, and a great many others. The German Hocus-pocus—an irreverent corruption of *Hoc est corpus*—belongs to this class. The English locofoco is said to be a farther corruption of these words. The American vulgar noun *slang-wangher*, for a boisterous and arrogant fellow talking loudly and rudely in private or public, belongs to this class.[1]

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thing on this." And as to the origin, it is purely symphenomenal; the sounds *paint* the impatient censure and low esteem in which the remark to which they apply was held by the worldly wife. The sounds *i* and *a* are taken, as generally prevailing in expressions of this, or a similar sort, in the English and other modern languages. A noble member of the house of commons, in the late debates on the admission of Mr. Rothschild, protested "against any farther *shilly-shallying*." He made a verb of the exclamation *shilly-shally*, which is quite as intelligible as Lady More's *tilly-valle, tilly-valle.* Shakspeare has "Tilly-fally, Sir John" (Second Part of Henry IV., Act 2, Scene 4), and "Tilly-vally, lady" (Twelfth Night, Act ii., Scene 3). Theodore Hook calls Seltzer water "wimbly-wambly stuff, enough to make a cat sick" (p. 213, Life, etc., of T. Hook). The vowels *I* and *A* are constantly used in this connection. A witness against the priest Gothaud, when tried in December, 1850, stated that Gothaud, being intoxicated, had carried the *bon dieu clopin-clopant. Cahin-caha* is another French expression for a slow motion, not very direct. I find that of a coach it is said, *elle débouche cahin-caha*, and *ménages de province vont cahin-caha.*

[1] There are in all modern languages, but especially, it seems, in the Teutonic tongues, certain names and adjectives used merely for the purpose of emphasis. Originally they signify something strong, fearful, awful; and this general sense, without any reference to the particular object they designate, remains when they are used in the connection here spoken of. The vulgar Germans thus use the word *murder*, merely to express the idea of *very much* in the strongest manner. They would say, for instance, "I like him murder well;" "I am murder busy." Thus we may hear in English, "He is a thundering fine fellow." The words devil, devilish, and d——d, are used in this emphasizing manner. Several times

In the sixth class may be ranged those regular words which are formed by the addition of a syllable of symphenomenal character—syllables, as have been mentioned in the preceding

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I have even heard the latter word used in the superlative, and as a noun, namely, in this connection: "You may do your d——dest, you will not succeed;" or, "He has done his d——dest, but it's all useless;" that is, his very utmost. Now, in these cases, the *weight* of the words, for which alone they are used, is derived from their meaning, indeed; still, most of them are unconsciously used because their sounds correspond to their weighty meaning. A negro finding me writing to one of my sons, who was a great favorite of his, said: "You must send him my love: you must write him reg'lar tyrannical from me." Is not *dead ahead* very similar? The German word for murder, for instance, is Mord (pronounced *mort*, with a strongly shaking *r*), and the vulgar would not use it as a mere emphatic, did it not express the awful idea of murder by a heavy and strong sound. But it is found that the vulgar, especially in Ireland and our western regions, form entirely new words in a similar sense. The final syllable *acious*, in the English language, has a peculiarly emphatic sound. The vulgar, therefore, frequently attach it to adjectives, merely to add a heavy weight to the word. I have thus heard the words *gloriacious*, *curiacious*, for "very glorious" and "very curious." The many Irish tales published in England contain numerous words of this sort. In one of them I lately found this expression: "You need not tossicate thus your head," for, you need not thus violently toss your head. Mr. Mayhew—I think I am not mistaken—gives *farricaronzing* as a London "cadger word," and every American has heard *twisticated*. A reverend gentleman lately told us at a public dinner of the character given to a certain Connecticut deacon by his neighbor, to this effect: "He is a very good man God-ward, but man-ward he is a kind of twisticated." A remarkable slang word of this sort is the adjective bodyacious, vulgarly used in the South, and meaning total, root and branch; for instance: "The hogs have broken into my garden, and destroyed it bodyaciously." Here the termination *acious* is made use of merely for its phonetic value, or weight; while the word body probably suggested the idea of totally—the entire body; for I have found, in an English book, "they tumbled him bodily into the canoe." The slang of the vulgar is interesting to the philosopher; because, in the uneducated, if they are of a sprightly mind, the same native, formative powers are at work, which are observed in the earliest tribes and in children. I think it is Lessing who, for a similar reason, says that intoxicated people sometimes invent most characteristic words. The state of intoxication reduces the individual to a state of untrammelled savageness, in which the impulsive power of the mind, as far as it goes in that state of mental reduction, resumes a proportionate degree of original, formative vigor, unconcerned about that which is already existing and acknowledged.

I cannot forbear relating here a droll anecdote connected with the German word for murder in the sense which has been indicated above. Soon after the war against Napoleon, in the year 1815, the Prussian government thought it paragraph, to some existing word. The German has the word *Bitten* (to pray, *i.e.* of man, not of God); of this he forms the frequentative *Betteln*, to beg, that is repeatedly praying, in a small way, for a small gift. It seems to be obvious that the affix *ln* has the same symphenomenal affinity to the ideas of diminutiveness and repetition that *flash* has to sudden, bright, and passing light. The Italian affix *accio*, or *one*, the one expressing badness to contemptibleness, the other indicating amplification, seem to me of the same sort. Whoever has heard an Italian using them, with his expressive enunciation, will at once understand their peculiar import. The Greek desiderative syllable εἰώ is probably of a symphenomenal nature; so are all diminutives which are not originally independent, but now faded nouns. The intensive *S* of the Teutonic languages ought to be mentioned in this place.

What has been observed of Laura with reference to the fifth class applies likewise to this set of words.

In the seventh class, I would comprehend those words, which, in the advanced state of a language, express a quality which is the cause of an effect that is accompanied by the sound which has suggested the word—a natural transposition or extension of the meaning. The following may serve as an example:

Mum is the English interjection for silence. How has it arisen? When we address erroneously a deaf-mute as a person able to hear and speak, and he desires to make us

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proper to institute prosecution against many persons who had fought for the country, on account of suspected liberalism. The writer of these pages, then a mere lad, was among them, and arrested on suspicion of having dabbled in liberal politics. All his papers were taken from him, and submitted to the searching eyes of the police. Among these papers was his journal, which contained, under the head of one day, this passage—expressed, it is now owned, in somewhat too familiar a style even for soliloquy—"All day murder lazy." This grave line was marked with the serious red pencil, and the writer was repeatedly teazed with the question whether he had not meant that he had been negligent in imagining (and compassing) the death of persons who, according to his opinion, stood in the way of establishing a constitutional government in Prussia—lazy in murderous thoughts! The inquiring judge considered himself, no doubt, very sagacious.

understand that he cannot speak, he compresses his lips and breathes strongly against the palate (so decidedly does thought or feeling animate the organs of respiration, and so phonetic or sound-seeking is the nature of man). This produces a humming sound—*um*, or *mum*. The same is observed if children play the mute, or if the actor in the vaudeville wishes to impress others that he is mute, or ought to be silent. *Um* is the root of the word Dumb; but in German *Dumm* now means stupid, that is, the cause of silence; as we, also, say for a dull person,[1] "He has little to say for himself." In ancient German poetry we find the expression, *Die Alten und die Dummen;* literally, the old ones and the stupid, and really meaning the old ones and the young, because the young ought to be silent, or have nothing important to say. This agrees with the views of all early nations, who, on the one hand, always connect the idea of old with wisdom and authority, and on the other, that of youth with the want of these qualities. We have changed all this, and have "young men's parties," "young England," "young France." But such was the view of those who made of the terms for old man, father, etc., the names of their highest offices—as γερων, senator, papa, abbot.

These words, as a matter of course, cannot be expected to belong to Laura.

As the eighth class of words, we may mention those which are derived from sounds which stand in an incidental, though natural, connection with the objects which they designate, and which are not therefore of a strictly symphenomenal nature. The simplest of all vowel sounds is *A* (pronounced as in Italian), or *Ha;* for it is the mere breathing forth from a mouth opened before the breathing began. If the mouth is closed again before the breathing wholly ceases, the sound *Am* is heard; if the breathing begins before the lips are parted, we have the sound *Ma;* if the breathing precedes and succeeds the opening of the mouth, we have *Mam.* What wonder, then, that children articulate, at the earliest period, the sound *Am, Ma?* What wonder that this sound is uttered so soon as mere animal crying gives way to articulation, and that the only want felt by the infant, that of nourishment, urges it, according to the general organization of all human beings, to breathe forth its desire in the sound *Ma?* What wonder if this first articulate sound comes to be attached to the being who furnishes the nourishment, or the breast which yields it? Has not even the bleating of the lamb the sound of *ma* or *maih* in it? Whenever this sound of the lamb is imitated, it is done by the prolonged and tremulous sound of *maih.* What wonder, lastly, if the sound *am* or *ma,* once having come to signify the being that gave birth, is surrounded, by her affectionate care, with all the dearest associations of love and holy disregard of self?

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[1] A mechanic of New Jersey said to me, when I asked him whether certain men would be able to make something not quite common for me, "No," he quickly replied, "they would be dumb about it."

In almost all languages the word for the female breast, the mother or the nurse, is derived from this sound. The Latin *mamma* and *mater,* the Greek μάμμα, the modern mama, the Hebrew *Emm,* the Persian and Hindoo *Ma* for breast, the Greek μήτηρ, our mother, the German *Mutter* and *Amme* (for nurse), the Gaelic *mam,* the Swedish *mamma,* the Albanian *mam,* the Wallachian *mama,* and innumerable others, are all in point. We meet with it again in the Polynesian languages, as the philological part of Captain Wilkes's Exploring Expedition shows.

I make no doubt but that Laura, too, has breathed forth this elementary and sacred sound in her earliest infancy, but it could not ripen into a definite word.

All other words are, probably, formed by composition, contraction, expansion, repeated transformation, and certain changes which gradually come to designate a general or peculiar relationship subsisting between certain ideas, or between the forms of words themselves in a purely grammatical point of view, the whole being affected by the peculiar formative spirit with which a tribe shapes its words, whether, for instance, it is analytical, whether monosyllabic, as with the Chinese, or holophrastic, as with the American Indians. *Facile inventis addere.*

This peculiar formative spirit need not be primordial, but may develop itself at a comparatively late period. Indeed, we do not know that it ever is absolutely primordial; certainly not in the sense in which some modern naturalists imagine it, when they designate the difference of languages as natural, necessary, and proceeding from the same causes as the different songs of the birds—a view very unphilosophical and directly against facts easily observed. We have an instance in our own language. The tendency of the Saxon was not, I take it, toward monosyllabic formation, although it favored brevity compared to other German dialects; yet such a tendency arose and aided in the formation of English proper—a tendency becoming more and more manifest down to Henry VIII. and later—a desire to truncate, to clip, and the consequent necessity to rely on juxtaposition for the grammatic value of words. As late as Henry VIII. *en* was added to the persons of the plural of verbs. The Low-German and Saxon were always briefer in their formations than the High-German. Still the Saxon was not monosyllabic, and showed no tendency of truncating. The English has thus not only become brief, but in some cases one might call it *curt.*

While changes are going on with the words already formed, their meaning alters according to the endless association of ideas, real or imagined affinities, the gradual expansion of the mind, the constant generalization and abstraction, or a retrogressive degeneracy, and many other causes, mental and physical. It will have been observed that I have spoken only of the origin of words and of their phonetic formation. The meaning which they acquire constitutes a different subject, which demands attention to all the laws of psychology, of the gradual progress of civilization, to the laws of intellectual and philological degeneracy (for this has its laws like all disintegration or corruption), to the changes of history, and, in short, to all the altering conditions and relations which take place within, under, and around man, individually and collectively, by tribes and nations, by concentration and tribal separation, by mixture, fusion, and by emigration—in politics, religion, the arts, and every advancement and debasement.[1]

In all inquiries into the origin of words and languages, we must remember this psychological fact of primary importance, that, in consequence of the force of the assimilation of ideas, the inquirer who sees a thing or institution in a defined and ordered state before him, is apt involuntarily to suppose a correspondingly definite and distinct origin from which it has sprung. Accordingly he seeks for this peculiar sort of origin, and is generally led into grave errors. When attention was first directed to the origin of governments, they existed already in a well-defined state, and forthwith an origin corresponding in distinctness was sought for and imagined. People dreamed of governments voted into existence as laws are now made. Agriculture, when first it became a subject of reflection, presented itself as a complicated system, far too wise to be supposed to have been invented by man—and its *invention* was silently assumed. It was, therefore, ascribed to the gods, by the Chinese as well as by the Greeks. Even the *invention* of bread has been sought for in the inspiration of some benign deity. The art of writing especially, was referred by the ancients to the inspiring gods, yet we know how our alphabetic writing originated. The origin of languages has naturally been exposed to the same error, and more so, perhaps, than any other subject.[1]

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[1] If, on the one hand, it is true that etymological inquiries may lead to very fanciful conclusions if they are not conducted with the utmost caution, it is no less true, on the other hand, that etymological connections may actually exist, which would appear as most extravagant could they not be proved; and no word in its present state can fairly be assumed to prove that its origin is not owing to one of the enumerated causes. Who would believe that the Hindostanee words, used by the native soldiers in the British dominions of the East, *Gourandile*, *Ordulram*, and *Tandellis*, are the corruptions of the words *grenadier*, *order arms*, and *stand at ease?* Yet such is the case. Many words change, in one transformation, their vowels, and in another their consonants, so that nothing of the original remains. The following is an instance: the Sard word for voice is Boghe, derived from the Latin, vox, vocis, of which the Italian word *voce* is formed. The *c* constantly changes into *g* (having first a slightly guttural sound), and *v* and *b* are equally related to each other, as every Spanish scholar well knows, so that at last the word *boghe* is formed. But in some parts of Sardinia the people pronounce this word very much like *baghe;* so that we have *baghe* from *vox*. Who but the sifting scholar would believe that the words *voice* and *baghe* are derived from the same original word *vox*, which, again, may be derived from an original sound, consisting merely in a strong breathing forth of *Ah*, or *Oh*, for *v* and *c* are but hardened aspirates, or solidified breathings. We know the meaning of Mac in McAdam, but I find that French writers use the word *mac* for the dirt peculiar to Macadamized roads in rainy weather. The word is floating at present in the newspaper region, but in time it will rise; at least this has been the road of many a word.

Although we can trace in the case of Laura words appertaining to only a few of the enumerated classes, her vocal sounds are nevertheless interesting even in this respect. I shall proceed, then, to give as accurate an account of them as I am able to do, founded upon personal observation, whenever the nature of the case allowed it. Where this was impossible, my remarks are founded upon information obtained from persons who have been in daily intercourse with her for a long time.

It has been stated that most of the sounds which are the symphenomena of Laura's emotions have been studiously repressed, because, being impulsive, they are more or less vehement. But sounds vehemently produced by organs over which the regulative power of vocal intercourse has no influence, are necessarily disagreeable or repulsive to others.[2]

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[1] See the Lecture on the First Constituents of Civilization, alluded to before.

[2] The admirable organs of speech, and the definiteness of thought, which is accompanied by an urgency to *name* the thing or utter the idea, lead men to articulate sounds; so much so, that articulation becomes natural to man, and will take place even where no definite thought exists and requires it. I knew a gentleman, bearing the name of one of our most distinguished men—both are now departed—who was in the habit of beginning every address of his, and every paragraph of speech, if I may use this expression, with the distinct word "*Titnoss*." For instance, "Titnoss, how do you do, madame?" If he was somewhat embarrassed he used to begin every sentence with "Titnoss." Upon inquiry, I found that originally he stammered a great deal; indeed, he was always liable to have his speech impeded by this unwelcome disturber. Now, *titnoss* is nothing more than the sound which the perturbed organs produced in a stammering person, before the tongue assumed its proper enunciating function,

Laura, however, was educated for her own sake, and not as an experiment for the philosopher. Sounds which she produces for persons—and she has a sound for every individual in whom she takes a peculiar interest—are not subject to the same vehemence; indeed, they are not at all disagreeable. The question whether Laura has distinct sounds for those persons only whom she loves, but none for those she dislikes, is simply answered by the fact that never a being has been more exclusively surrounded by attentive solicitude than Laura.

How these sounds for persons, or names, originate is very difficult to say. I was unable to discover any agreement between the sound—for instance, its strength or softness—and the character which Laura may ascribe to the individual, or with the peculiar influence which a person may have exercised over her.[1] This apparent want of agreement cannot be wholly ascribed to a want on her part of an appreciation of the difference of character. Laura knows the character of those who surround her very well indeed. She quickly per-

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viz., ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-s-s-s, gradually subjected, however, to the articulating process, until a regular *word* (titnoss) was formed. This word had no meaning, indeed; at least no more meaning than the *ach, ja,* with which the Berlin people and Saxons begin almost every first sentence, or than the δε of Homer; but if the original unarticulated sound had arisen from any specific emotion, *e.g.*, from fear, love, hatred, pleasure, or kindness, and if the utterer had been a barbarian, living with kindred, yet speechless, barbarians, it is clear that this sound—and, later, the articulated sound, *titnoss*—would have become a *phonetic sign*, a *word* in our sense of the term for that specific emotion, and titnoss would stand in the dictionary of that tribe as the *noun*, or *verb*, as the case might have been, for fear or fearing, love or loving, etc. There are many perfectly articulate sounds used in our language, which, nevertheless, have neither a distinct word-meaning, nor are interjections; for instance, the sounds which are added to some stanzas in singing, as la-le-ra-la, foll-de-doll, or Sterne's lilli-bullero.

In the above case a human being was forced by his own organization to form an articulate bisyllable of a mere sound of embarrassment; while a Newfoundland dog, with a most definite idea, cannot rise to articulation. What an elemental difference!

[1] I must refer the reader to the letter of Miss Wight, which I received when these sheets were passing through the press, and which will be found at the end. It will be seen that Laura actually does connect some of these sounds at least with the character of the persons whom they designate.

ceives whether a friend speaks to her with accustomed kindness, indifferently, or perhaps impatiently. For, as we readily perceive the temper of a person by his gentle intonation or hurried utterance, so is Laura perfectly able to feel any difference in the manner of imprinting words in her *listening* hand. Once she said in my presence to a friend of hers, "You are very sleepy; why don't you go to bed?" and when asked how she knew it, she replied, "You speak so sleepy." The fact was, that the person really was tired, and printed her converse slowly in Laura's hand, as our utterance becomes symphenomenally heavy when we feel drowsy. One day Laura expressed a desire to visit me; and when asked whether she liked to see me, she answered: "Yes, he speaks so funny" —imitating my slow and often incorrect finger-spelling. I was then learning her finger-alphabet, and used to spell as slowly and painfully as the urchin performs his first lessons in the primer. Now it is obvious that if Laura perceives single peculiarities, she likewise conceives the aggregate, especially as she is gifted with very keen perceptive powers. We have, indeed, her own sayings, which prove how well she appreciates those around her. But the reasons why there seems to be no natural agreement between her sounds and the persons designated, may be twofold. Laura has no ears to guide the modulations of her own voice, or, in fact, to evoke the proper sounds; and, which is perhaps the most important, Laura perceives that which to us is sound, as a common vibration of her organs only. It must be observed, also, that the loudest letters, for instance, a loud *R* (pronounced as in Italian), are not necessarily *felt* by the organs of speech as strongly as some guttural tones, which are far from resembling them in strength. Possibly, then, there may yet be the agreement of which we have spoken, according to Laura's own perceptions and impulses. One of her teachers told me that Laura once omitted to produce the accustomed sound indicating the person who related the incident, for a whole week; after which she uttered an entirely different name-sound, and said: "This is your name," which name the teacher retained at the time the account was given to me. It is clear that at the present advanced stage of Laura's education many causes which come into play when we make or give names must be active with her; but how her mind came first to settle upon the precise sounds which she has given to certain individuals may never be discovered.

I have given my view how the fact is to be accounted for that she has sounds for persons, and none or very few for things and actions. I think one more reason may be adduced, proper to be stated at this stage of our remarks. Every word whatever, except nouns proper, is the representative of an abstract idea, because it is generic, and the idea of a genus is an abstraction. This process of abstraction, accompanied by sounds, which must at all events have been in her very limited and laborious, was wholly stopped by giving her a full and developed, a ready-made language. It operated upon her native development of language as the superinduction of the Roman law foreclosed the further development of the German common law; or as the introduction of a fully-developed foreign architecture has cut short the native architecture of some countries which happened to be yet in the process of formation; or as, indeed, the influx of the Latin language often operated in the Middle Ages.

An individual, however, is something concrete, and his noun proper, of whatever sound this may consist, means the concrete individual, and nothing else. The names of persons which were given to Laura were no sounds or representations of sounds, but spelled digital marks. There was, therefore, no forestalling possible by a ready-made language, and all the original formative impulses retained their primitive vigor. A name was given her, but she could freely invent another of her own kind parallel with the first; or perhaps she had already given such a one.

Laura has near sixty sounds for persons.[1] When her teacher asked her, at my suggestion, how many sounds she recollected, she produced at once twenty-seven. Three of her teachers, Dr. Howe included, stated to me that she had certainly from fifty to sixty.

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[1] Here I must again refer to the letter of Miss Wight, at the end, from which it appears that she has forgotten many, and now uses but few.

It may possibly excite surprise that I do not speak with greater certainty. But it ought to be observed that these inquiries must be carried on with some degree of caution, so as not to cultivate in Laura a feeling of vanity, from which this little personage is by no means entirely free. She is already aware that she has attracted much observation and inquiry; and, being an object of uninterrupted solicitude, she might easily become selfish.

She indicates persons by oral sounds, and by no others. She never attempts to designate individuals by the clapping of her hands or by stamping. The reason seems clear. These sounds would be intentional in their origin; and how could she know that by bringing her hands violently together she would produce a sign? The uttered sounds were spontaneous in their origin; and finding that somehow or other they were perceived by others, they became signs or names.

Sometimes she produces these phonetic names involuntarily, as I have mentioned an instance when she affectionately thought of a friend. So, whenever she meets unexpectedly an acquaintance, I found that she repeatedly uttered the sound for that person before she began to speak. It was the utterance of pleasurable recognition. When she perceives, by the jar produced by the peculiar step of a person entering the room, who it is, she utters the sound for that person. At other times, when she is in search of somebody, she will enter a room uttering the sound belonging to the person; and receiving no answering touch, will pass on. In this case the sound has become a complete word—that is, a sound to which a definite idea is attached, intentionally uttered to designate that idea.

All the sounds of Laura now designating persons are monosyllabic. Not one of the names thus bestowed by her consists of a composition of two syllables, each of which separately might designate another person. Nor does she use the same syllable differently uttered, in the Chinese manner, for different persons. But this monosyllabic name is repeated several times; for instance, Foo—Foo—Foo; or, Too—too—too. She has no name Foo-Too. All impulsive utterance is probably at first monosyllabic, and the aid of the ear, as well as phonetic intercourse, may be necessary to connect different syllables in order to designate one idea. In the constant repetition, Laura resembles children and uncivilized tribes. Most of our nursery names for animals consist of repetitions of the same syllable, while the languages of savages abound in reduplications of the same sound. I observed the same when the different armies entered France and the soldiers of different nations came in frequent contact, so that a jargon was produced, intelligible, as far as it went, to all. In it repetitions, too, were frequent. When the paucity of language furnishes the speaker with but one meagre word, the idea, so to express it, is longer than the word, and an unconscious desire exists to make up for the want by repetition. We see a somewhat similar process in the orator, who repeats the same idea twice or three times in different words when the thought to be uttered is too pregnant to be despatched in one short sentence, which might indeed be sufficient in reading, but is not so for mere hearing; or in dull men, who repeat the same thing over and over, because they lack the energy of finishing, and cannot detach themselves from a thought which has once got possession of their sluggish intellect.

Reduplication enters at a later period into the grammar, as we all know. I do not speak so much of the reduplication of syllables (as in the Greek verb), but of entire words. The Chinese form the plural of any word by repeating it. Tree—Tree would mean *trees*. The Italian uses the repetition of adjectives to express a high degree; for instance, *grande grande* means very large; *staneo staneo*, very tired. But it is particularly natural to the human mind to repeat when especial attention is required to the word, and this is always done when persons have but very few words in their vocabulary.

We observe a parallel phenomenon in the fact that repetition or a double dash is very common in abbreviations, such as MSS., $ (which arose out of D, with double middle stroke), £ (which is *L* for Libra, with a double line across), or ℔ (the German for pound, and also derived from *L* for Libra, but with a double longitudinal stroke, as ours in $). The reason is the same which causes us to use the oblique case for the nominative of the pronoun when peculiar emphasis is desired; as, It is *me*, for it is *I*. Every one feels that the oblique case is weightier (or has something reciprocal in it). Many languages, such as the Greek and French, fairly adopt it. What the double stroke is for the eye, is the oblique case for the ear.

Very few of Laura's syllables can be written with our inadequate alphabet. This is natural. If missionaries among uncivilized tribes find the greatest difficulty in expressing words by alphabets which are even inadequate to their own languages—a difficulty of which the early christianizers of Germany complained—how much more unsuccessful must not be the attempt at writing many of Laura's unmodified and frequently inarticulate utterances. I think, however, I can say that the sounds of F, T, Pr, B, Ee (German i), and *Oo* (French *ou*), are prevailing, together with the sibilant *S*. The sound L, I discovered in one semi-guttural tone only, which might be approached by writing *Lull*. I also observed the sound Pa—pa—pa (for one of her best female friends); Fif—fif—fif (for a very lovely friend of hers); Pig—pig—pig (for a female teacher of hers); and Ts—ts—ts (for Dr. Howe). I have also frequently heard her utter a sound between F and T. When she did not like to be touched, for instance, by boys, who often did it in a sportive mood, she would repeatedly utter F—generally in an equally sportive spirit; for Laura is very fond of a joke, and greatly enjoys good-natured teasing.

Many of her sounds are gurgling, though not disagreeably so; others consist of a chuckling, and in general I would say that the throat and the lips seem to be the organs which she chiefly uses. The tongue is often pressed against the palate, producing a full, round, yet dull sound, which I cannot write. Vowels are very little used, and if so, generally indistinctly. The clear sonorous vowel in speaking and singing requires the ear and long civilization. Savages do not make frequent use of fine open vowels; and a bold singing from the chest succeeds to nasal singing at a very late period only. All Asiatics to this day sing in this twang-chant, and so do the modern Greeks.

While I am writing these words, a tuneful mocking-bird is pouring out its melodious song before my window. Rich and strong and mellow as is the ever-varying music of this sprightliest of all songsters of the forest, compared to the feeble and untuned sounds which Laura utters in her isolated state, yet her sounds are symbols of far greater import. She, even without hearing her own sounds, and with the crudest organs of utterance, yet has risen to the great idea of the Word. She wills to designate by sound. In her a mind is struggling to manifest itself and to commune with mind, revealing a part of those elements which our Maker has ordained as the means to insure the development of humanity. The bird, with all its power of varied voice, remains forever in mental singleness; Laura, in all her lasting darkness and stillness, and with that solitary thread which unites her with the world without—the sense of touch—still proves, in every movement of her mind and urgency of her soul, that she belongs to those beings who, each in a different indestructible individuality, are yet fashioned for a mutual life, for sacred reciprocal dependence and united efforts.

Oliver Caswell, the blind deaf-mute at the same institution with Laura, utters but very few sounds. He has the same opportunities which she enjoys; but, though of an amiable temper, he is not endowed with a sprightly mind. He has one distinct sound, which he always uses to attract attention. It might be translated by the French *tiens*, or the English *I say*.

Julia Brace, the blind deaf-mute at Hartford, in Connecticut, above forty years old, and to whom no idea of a word-language has ever been imparted, utters many disagreeable sounds, not unlike those of some wild fowl. When she is pleased, without being excited, she produces a humming sound.

Anne Temmermanns, whom I saw in the year 1844, at Bruges—she was then twenty-four years old—uttered some, not agreeable, sounds, but she has none for different persons or things. Her whole education is much inferior to that of Laura or Oliver Caswell. I am not aware that there is anything valuable on record regarding the vocal sounds which James Mitchell, the blind deaf-mute Scottish boy, may have been in the habit of uttering.[1] All these individuals were or are very different from Laura Bridgman, as well in natural endowments as in cultivation of mind and the developed state of the soul. I can never forget the contrast between the coarse and painful appearance of Anne Temmermanns and the intelligent Laura, as I have often seen her, seated by the side of a female friend, her left arm around the waist of her companion, and her right hand on the knee of the other, who was imprinting with rapidity in Laura's open hand what she was reading in a book before them. They thus represented the great achievement which Dr. Howe has gained over appalling difficulties, never overcome, and scarcely attempted to be overcome, by any one before him—the picture of a communion of minds in spite of the enduring night and deathlike silence which enwraps poor Laura—an example of the victories in store for a sincere love of our neighbor, combined with sagacity, patience, resolute will, and, what Locke calls, sound round-about common sense.

When the whole of this paper had been written many months, I read in the eighteenth report to the trustees of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, Boston, 1850, that Laura "often says, in the fulness of her heart, 'I am so glad I have been created.'" This psalm of gratitude, poured forth by her whom we pity as the loneliest of mortals—this hymnus of rejoicing in the possession of life—expresses infinitely more strongly and loudly what Dr. Howe has done for her than any praise of others could do.

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[1] The most complete account of James Mitchell with which I am acquainted is in vol. vi. of Chambers's Miscellany, published at Edinburgh. For more cases of blind deaf-mutes, and of a man who became blind and deaf, in Paris, see Anna, ou l'Aveugle Sourde-Muette de l'Institut des Sourds-Muets de Bruges, par l'Abbé C. Carton, Gand, 1843.

The character of this paper does not permit us to pass from a scientific inquiry to moral reflections, which are forced upon us by this girl, grateful in her state, which appears to us one of overwhelming destitution; and thus we conclude the whole, leaving it to others to enlarge upon this remarkable and great text furnished by Laura: "I am so glad I have been created."

While the foregoing paper was passing through the press, the writer received a letter from the untiring and able female teacher of Laura, answering a number of questions which I had made free to put to her regarding her pupil's mind, dispositions, and developments; and also one from Laura herself. The latter I mean to put here on record, as a remarkable document. Of the former I will give a very few extracts, interesting in reference to the subjects which have occupied us in this paper. Miss Wight writes to me:

"Before learning language, Laura used many signs to make known her wants, and, as you know, for a long time gave to many of her friends names which in some way were associated in her mind with the variety of their characters. She produces still the same sound for me that she made eight years ago, with this difference, that originally it was very soft and gentle; now it is louder and fuller, to correspond, as she says, with the change in myself. She no longer uses many of these names, and has forgotten a part of them. Mine she retains for its use" (calling, in the strict sense of the word, her teacher). "She uses gestures expressive of different emotions. When she is merry she often sings. When she says a humorous thing she is not satisfied if the person addressed does not laugh heartily. She often talks with herself, sometimes holding long conversations, speaking with one hand and replying with the other.

"Laura is now in excellent health; very good and very happy. Your letters give her much pleasure. When I read your last to her the color mounted to her cheek, she laughed, and clapped her hands."

The letter gives an interesting account of Laura's æsthetical feeling, her sense of symmetry, her conscientiousness, her affection for her mother, her religious state, sense of property, desire "to see this beautiful world," her love of power and strong will, yet ready submission to what is shown to her to be right, her skill in calculation, and of other subjects, all highly instructive, but not in close connection with the subject immediately in hand. It is to be hoped that a general account of Laura's education will not much longer be withheld from the public.

I now shall give Laura's letter, word for word. There is not one word misspelled in it. Indeed, spelling is her whole language. Sound and its representation are not at eternal war in her mind as in all our school-boys, and in the minds of not a few who no longer wear the jacket. The reader must know that Laura writes her own letters, and does by no means dictate them.

"SUNNY HOME, Aug. 15th, 1850.

"MY DEAR DR. LIEBER—I received your kindest letter with great pleasure last June in the P. M. I was very much interested in your account of the mocking bird. One very rainy tue. [for Tuesday] a very kind gentleman sent me 2 canary birds which looked very pretty and cunning. One bird died last June. The other bird seemed very quiet as if he missed his companion so sadly. He comforted himself by looking the glass, for he thought that he saw his companion there and used to sing to her. but at last he flew through the window which was opened a very short way, and left his cage desolate. A very kind friend promised me that he would send me a bird this week. I should be very glad to have you learn to talk with your fingers.

"I am highly delighted at the thought of going to Hanover to visit my dear Mother in Sept. Tell my dear Mrs. Lieber that I have got a little new Sister. It has not received a name yet. My Mother writes that her babe resembles me very much. I am making a very nice white dress for the baby. I remember that Mrs. Lieber is very fond of children.

"Next Thursday will be 5 years since Miss W. commenced teaching me. I should like to get much better acquainted with you. "Yours truly,

"L. BRIDGMAN."

I also append to this memoir the following letter from Laura to Miss Dix.

"SUNNY HOME, August 21, 1850.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, MISS DIX—I was very glad to receive a long letter from you the 7th of August.

"I thank you most sincerely for the card which you sent to me. I am very glad to think of your very pleasant acquaintance with Miss Bremer. I trust that she will meet with very good and pleasant people at Cape May. I prize my book very highly which Miss B. presented me with. I have not heard it all. I admire Franziska and her bear and Serena very much. I approve of Miss Bremer's taking her sea bath. I hope that it will be of benefit to her health. I do not doubt that the members of Congress would do much for the blind and deaf and dumb if they thought how much happier they are when they are educated.

"I grieve very much to inform you that my lovely teacher was compelled to give up teaching. She went home for the purpose of regaining her strength. She planned some very pleasant visits for me before she left the Institution. I was rather home-sick occasionally during Miss W's absence. She is much better now; I am very well and happy.

"I hope that you will write a letter to me again.

"I send my best love to you.

"Yours, truly,

"LAURA BRIDGMAN."

ON THE STUDY OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES, ESPECIALLY OF THE CLASSIC TONGUES.[1]

A LETTER TO HON. ALBERT GALLATIN.

My dear Sir,—When, a few years ago, I had the pleasure of rendering you some service in the pursuit of your ethnographic researches—a trivial service, indeed, for it consisted in nothing more than making some translations and extracts from German manuscripts on Indian languages written by early missionaries to Pennsylvania—I communicated to you a few of my views on the origin of languages, which appeared to be not entirely void of interest to you. This fact was brought to my mind, when I happened to read an article on the study of classic languages in one of the late numbers of the Southern Literary Messenger; it made me reflect on one of my favorite subjects, and, by a natural association of ideas, caused me to recollect my conversation with you. This is the reason why I have taken the liberty of inscribing this letter to you; there is no intrinsic reason, I own, but why should I not be permitted to direct my communication as I have done, were it only as an acknowledgment of my esteem for your labors in the field of comparative philology?

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[1] Originally printed in the Southern Literary Messenger for March, 1837. This postscript to the letter is given in the same magazine:

"Columbia, S. C., March 15, 1837.

"It was only to-day, my dear sir, that I received volume ii. of the Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society (Cambridge, Mass., 1836), which you had the kindness of sending to me, and for which I beg you to accept my sincerest thanks. I have had but an hour's leisure to glance at your Synopsis of the Indian Tribes of North America, but even this hasty view has sufficed to make me regret that this full ethnographic account from your pen came to hand long after the MS. of my Remarks on Comparative Philology had been sent to a place at a great distance from my residence. It would be in vain, at present, to attempt adding to them some farther reflections founded upon your researches, or some more illustrations drawn from them. For myself, I expect much instruction from your Synopsis, and know that I express but the feelings of all who feel interested in the advancement of general philology, if I thank you most cordially for this scientific production, which would do great honor to a scholar, yet '*nel mezzo del cammin*,' and who had spent his life exclusively in the service of science, not like yourself in the busiest scenes of politics and war, of the financial cares of your country, and of high diplomacy, until at last you were allowed to make for a port, and there you found only the quiet of Roscoe. May we see yet many such proofs of your energy exerted so successfully, though in the evening of your life, to the honor of our country! Once more,

"My dear sir, most faithfully yours,
"Francis Lieber.

"To the Hon. Albert Gallatin."

In the remarks alluded to as being contained in the Southern Literary Messenger, and which are not favorable to the study of classic languages, as a branch of general education, nothing surprising will be found by any one who is acquainted with the objections which have been made from time to time, against the general study of Greek and Latin, ever since the modern languages arrived at independence; by which I mean a settled character and a distinct literature of their own. There was but one assertion which I had not met with before, namely, that there exists in the United States a mania as to the idioms of classic antiquity. I confess experience has led me to believe the contrary. The utilitarian tendency has communicated itself most signally, I think, to our education, and it is a mistake but too common in our whole country, that the importance of a branch of education, and especially of school-education, depends upon the degree of its utility, by which, frequently, nothing more is understood than its applicability to the common concerns of life. Yet all individuals as well as nations, distinguished for mature reflection on education or experience in matters belonging to this important subject, are long agreed that the greatest possible development of the intellectual and moral powers forms the true aim of all education, that many subjects useful for practical life, are far from being conducive to this end, and that if this main object be obtained it is easy for the individual to apply himself to the different specific branches required for each career of practical life; nay, that this is the only safe way of obtaining in the most effectual and briefest manner these practical objects, and that it has long been found by manifold and repeated experience that the introduction of too specific and practical branches of knowledge into common school education is nugatory in a high degree, effecting only loss of time. For while the mind is but little developed by them, that knowledge which is actually acquired in these practical branches is rarely of a kind that can be applied at a future period, without unlearning a considerable part. I appeal to all educators here and in any country whether they will not bear me out in this assertion; nor would it be difficult in confirmation of my position to load this letter with quotations from all the first writers on education in Germany, France, and, I believe I am not mistaken if I say, from the most prominent English writers. I should have to mention many names of works and authors not generally known here, and thus give to my remarks the appearance of an essay or a dissertation, rather than of hints which only give some of my views, and which I desire to have read by many reflecting individuals, not by educators by profession only. I hope to offer a few original remarks or to present the subject in some new point of view, or I would not have attempted to write them down. But, it may be asked, is it really possible to say anything on the subject of the classical languages which has not been said before—on a topic which has been discussed by so many people, in so many countries, for so many years?

Antiquity, and with it its two most perfect idioms, forms a phenomenon of such magnitude, of such endless and variegated effects upon the most civilized race, that it is a subject of endless inquiry too. Will nature ever be an exhausted subject for the poet or the naturalist? Still less antiquity, in which the most important object in the creation—man, has developed himself in the greatest variety, in a high degree, in a most peculiar character, and under a combination of the rarest circumstances. The importance of the study of Greek and Latin in the present times is of a very different kind, indeed, from what it was when letters first revived. Whether it be still important at all we shall see in the sequel of these observations. Before I proceed, however, I must state, what in fact I have indicated already, that I shall offer a few remarks only. My chief object is to show on what I conceive the advantage of the study of the classics to rest. If this be well understood, it will be easier to settle how general this study ought to be.

If I begin apparently far off from the subject before us, I hope it will finally be found that the observations were not irrelevant, nor can I believe that they will be considered without a degree of interest in themselves.

Objects which strike our mind, and which it endeavors to name, to express, do not strike us in an analytic manner, that is to say, by their different qualities, effects, etc., but the impression they make on us, their image which our senses carry to the mind, is one and entire. If I see a young black horse, I do not receive the impressions of youth, blackness, and an animal belonging to the genus horse, separately, but the young black horse stands before me as one whole thing, and my mind receives but one whole impression. The natural consequence of this would be that the mind strives to express as one, entire whole, that which is, in fact, but one entire thing; in other words, it would be natural to have one single word expressive of a black horse. But the impression made on the mind is not only a young black horse, it extended farther. My eyes saw and my mind thought, in one moment, at once and not successively, a young black horse standing on a turf near an oak-tree, his head bent so or so, one of his feet lifted in this or that way, his tail at rest or not, his ears pricked or not, looking towards the door of a neighboring house. This house, again, appeared to my eyes at once, with all the different marks which make it this single specific house of so many millions of houses in the world—in short, the young black horse makes the impression on my mind with the combination of all the countless marks which designate it as this specific individual, in this specific situation. The mind receives an image, not a list of certain qualities in the shape of words, however rapid the process of the mind in transforming the entire impression, made by an entire thing, into separate impressions and in classifying them under certain general heads, may be with us, accustomed as we are from our earliest youth to an analytic language.

It is evident that if we possessed the faculty of making a word for each specific impression, therefore, to retain the above example, not only one word for a young black horse, but also for this specific young black horse in this specific situation, with these other specific marks, which together make it to my eyes and to my mind this very horse in this very moment, language would be at an end; for we would have a separate word for each thing in each particular moment. Each word would signify but one single thing in one single situation at one single moment. But how can the individual to whom we speak know that specific thing in that specific situation? Language is the representation, by the combination of known things (words), of unknown things (the thoughts of him who speaks). In this case, however, the word would be as unknown as the thing, for the specific thing to be named being unknown, the word, which designates but this one specific thing, necessarily must be so likewise. Language would amount to 0, for it would not designate anything.

We have a word for sitting, another, the word squatting, for a peculiar kind of sitting; there might, likewise, very well exist a separate word for sitting with one leg over the other. This posture is common with all nations which use chairs, and it would thus designate a certain species of sitting. Suppose, however, that there were a specific word for every possible sitting posture, how would we know what the word meant? The specific case can exist but once, and if we do not select from it that which occurs in it, indeed, but which occurs in other cases likewise, we should be unable to convey any idea by our words.

The mind then is obliged to resort to that process, which forms one-half of its whole activity—to analysis; for the mind is forever, and without interruption as long as we are awake, occupied in two operations—analyzing and combining. We have to separate certain impressions from the total impression; we have to dissect, which some minds will do skilfully, some not; so will some whole tribes analyze more skilfully, more successfully than others. In the above instance, we separate the idea of youth from the whole impression, that of black color, and that of a horse. As soon, however, as we have separated these impressions from the total impressions we have gained general or generic ideas—we generalize; for not all horses which are black are young; not all young horses are black; not all black, young animals are horses; not all black animals are young, and not all young animals are black. We have gained general ideas, which we may differently combine to designate different other objects. The question now arises, where is this analysis and consequent generalization to stop? We have the words to go, to walk, to march, to run, to ride, to drive, to waddle, etc. They signify general ideas, inasmuch as they do not signify *who* goes, walks, marches—*where* he goes, walks, marches, etc. On the other hand, they signify ideas which are capable of further analysis or dissection. They all mean movements from one place to another; to march, means to move from one place to another on foot, but *foot* itself is comparatively a very specific word, for it means the lower extremity of our body; but extremity and body, again, can be brought under more general heads, for extremity is the most outer part of a longitudinally extended thing; again, *longitudinal* and *extended* can be brought under still more general heads. To be brief, it is clear that if we continue infinitely this process of analysis and generalization, we again reduce language to 0. As in the first case of entire individualization we should have as many words as things, so we should find ourselves obliged in the second case to use momentarily all words of the language to designate one specific fact; or, if we can imagine an infinite analysis and generalization, we should, as a matter of course, at last have but *one* single word. Where, then, are the limits of individualization and generalization? The English have a distinct word for moving from one place to another on the back of a horse, or at least on the back of any animal—*i.e.*, *to ride*. The French have no such specifying word, but have analyzed the idea of *riding* into two—*i.e.*, *se promener* or *aller* and *cheval*. As I have said already, *promener* might have been dissolved further, and so *cheval*. Where, then, are we to stop? The answer is, that different languages incline more to the one or to the other process, and the intrinsic beauty of any idiom depends mainly on a just proportion of individualizing and generalized words, and upon its faculty of still continuing these processes. We shall resume this thread; for the present we have to turn, once more, to the process of analysis or dissection.

After an object has made an impression upon the mind, whole and entire, or after the mind has received an image of something that exists, and which we shall call a phenomenon, taking the word in its true and comprehensive sense, it becomes necessary, as we have seen, that we should analyze the phenomenon, separate parts of it, and imagine (consequently name) them, separately. The dissection can be done in different ways. The phenomenon used as an instance above was a young black horse. It strikes the mind as one image when our eyes see it; we do not, be it repeated, see youth, blackness, and that which characterizes a horse from other animals, separately and disjunctively; nor are these ideas conveyed separately into our mind, where, being joined, they might produce the entire and undivided image and idea of a young black horse. When thus the image of a young black horse stands in our mind, we may separate the idea of blackness, but leave those of youth and horse unanalyzed, and say: *a black colt;* or we may separate the idea of youth, and leave those of blackness and horse together, as the Germans have a word for *black horse*, namely *Rappe*, so that they would say: *ein junger Rappe* (a young black horse). Thus the Germans have a distinct word for a white horse; they have, however, also a word for colt, and may express the idea of the case before us precisely like the English; a black colt.

This dissecting of one image we best call the *division of ideas*—the most important subject, perhaps, in the whole province of the philosophy of languages. In the case I just used to illustrate this subject we have seen that different languages may proceed on a different division of ideas. They actually do so in most cases, and on this very point rests mainly the great advantage of studying foreign languages, as we shall see presently. I shall only add here a few more examples.

We might say the young one of a female of the genus *bos;* instead of which we say the calf of a cow. The English language has left the image of the calf and of the cow unanalyzed, and provides us with separate and distinct words for each. When we speak of a hare, we have no such specific words, because when the mind receives the image of a hare, it receives no striking sign along with it which would indicate whether the hare is male or female, young or old; but when the phenomenon consists of an individual of the genus hog, the marks of the male are striking, and we have a word for it—boar. In many cases, however, previous division of ideas has provided the mind with generic words, by the combination of which a more specific case, or an individual phenomenon, can be clearly designated. The English language has the words *old* and *man*, and the combination of the two words designates *an old man.* Yet other idioms have for this idea one distinct word, which, consequently, produces a more definite, compact, and vivid image in the mind of the hearer; for the one word is more energetic than the two, as in Latin *senex*, in German *Greis*, in French *vieillard;* and old woman is in German *Greisin;* in French *vieillarde.*

What is true with regard to the different division of ideas applied to phenomena of the visible world is applicable, likewise, to the phenomena of the invisible world, or to both jointly; it is, in fact, in a much higher degree so. *Langue* in French means *tongue*. As the tongue, however, is a most important instrument in speaking, the idiom from which the French derived the word *langue*, designated by the same word what we express by tongue and *language*, as we, too, use the word *tongue* for language. On the other hand, that which our word language designates in many cases is expressed by a separate word in French, namely, *langage*. The German word *Glaube* signifies both that which is expressed by the English word *faith* and *belief*, so that the Germans have but one word for that which to the English appeared as two different ideas; but the English word *faith* expresses often something for which the German has a different word, namely, *Treue*, so that here the German idiom has two words for the English one. These interesting inquiries into the division of ideas, and the difference of this division in different languages, by which we discover a different affinity and affiliation of thoughts and notions, a different perception of things, and a consequently different ramification of ideas; in short, a different logic of nations, may be continued without end. They show us frequently the most delicate affinities of thought and the acutest perception of the various phenomena within ourselves or without, uncover deficiencies, and disclose a blunt want of feeling or perception, where, previously, we had felt no want or suspected no barbarism, no looseness of expression. I will give but a few more instances of a different division of ideas, that, perhaps, I may induce one or the other reader to approach by this means the wonderful workings of the human mind, and to lift the veil which covers the subtlest organizations of language, and with it the delicate operations of our intellect; for language is the cast of the soul.

A father is, or ought to be, a friend to his child; friends feel, or ought to feel, for one another as tenderly as a father feels for his offspring; in short, between a father and his son, and between two friends, exists, or ought to exist, the tie of good will. The inhabitants of Lord North's Island, therefore, have but one word for *father* and *friend* (Vocabulary, appended to Holden's Narrative of the Shipwreck on the Pelew Islands, Boston, 1836). This is a representation of ideas, or, as we, accustomed to designate *father* and *friend* by different words, would say, a connection of ideas, which is not much more surprising to a German than that the English or Americans, disliking the words *lover* and *sweetheart*, apply the word *friend* to one who loves a girl with the view of marrying her; nor more surprising, perhaps, to an Englishman than that the uneducated Germans are in the constant habit of using the word friend instead of relation, though there is in German a distinct word for this idea. *Friendship* is thus used for all the relations in the aggregate.

It cannot be denied that this unanalyzed idea of *father and friend*, with those barbarous and forlorn Pelew-Islanders, is touching; while it will be admitted that it would be highly inconvenient with a tribe at all civilized, with whom the necessity of designating the two different relations frequently occurs. The law of inheritance alone would render this non-division of idea extremely inconvenient. Still, we are very apt to wonder how it is possible for nations to get along without certain words which in our own language designate quite distinct and different things, altogether forgetting that there are numberless deficiencies and even barbarisms in our own languages, with which we nevertheless contrive to get along, or which we have, perhaps, never felt before. That *father* and *friend* should be expressed with the Pelew-Islanders by the same word appears to a German indeed not so great a deficiency as that there are no separate words in the English, French, or any of the Western European idioms for the German *Mensch* (*homo*, the genus) and *Mann* (*vir*, the male of the genus homo), as in Greek ἄνθρωπος and ἀνήρ; so that *man*, *homme*, *ombre*, etc., designate both, man, inasmuch as he is contradistinguished to other animals, or to angels, and inasmuch as he is contradistinguished to *woman*, or *child;* and it must be left to the connection of the words to express which of the two very different meanings—the one indicating the species, the other the sex—it is intended to convey; and it *is* expressed by the connection in many or most cases with sufficient clearness. In fact, as long as one word designates two or three very different things or ideas little difficulty arises; but when the same word designates ideas nearly related to each other, or different shades of the same generic idea, then there exists a danger of losing the true meaning. If a Frenchman pronounces the sound of *sans*, which may mean *without*, *sense*, *hundred*, *he feels* (for *sans*, *sens*, *cent*, and *sent* are all pronounced in the same way), there is not much danger that he will be misunderstood; but if he uses the word *sentir*, it may be difficult, in some cases, to decide at once whether he mean *to feel* or *to smell.* If a German uses the word *sein*, it will cause no difficulty to distinguish whether he means *to be* or *his;* but if he uses the word *Farbe*, it may occasion some doubt whether he means *color* or *dye*, though he might have used for the latter the word *Färbestoff.* The Germans have one word to designate all the brothers and sisters of an individual, namely, *Geschwister*, as the English language has the word *parents* to designate both mother and father. The Germans have likewise a word expressive of the idea of *parents*, but they have none corresponding to *parent*, which means the male or female parent indiscriminately. The Arabians have one word for death, another for noble death—*i.e.*, the death on the battle-field or of pining love. We have no such word. We and most nations have a word for the idea of a child which has lost both parents or its father, *an orphan*, but the Swedes and Danes say fatherless child; and an orphan asylum in Swedish is *barnhus för faderlösa barn* (child-house for fatherless children). Μουσικός signified in Greece one who practised the arts sacred to the muses, especially those which had connection with the sound; hence, a musician, singer, poet, orator; and μουσική signified not only music, poetry, rhetoric, but also all scientific and artistic accomplishment. We have no corresponding word, and could not, by any possibility, call up by any expression in the mind of our hearer all and the same which presented itself to the mind of a Greek when the comprehensive word μουσικῆ was pronounced. They and we have started from different divisions of ideas. The corresponding English word to the German *Geist* is *mind*, to the German *Seele* is *soul;* still, though *Geist* and *Seele* mean in many cases precisely what the English express by *mind* and *soul*, they often mean things which cannot be expressed by *mind* or *soul.* We see, moreover, that the original division of the phenomenon *internal man* was different in German from what it is in English, for the Germans have, besides the words *Geist* and *Seele*, a third—*Gemüth*, which, so far from being superfluous, is one of the most indispensable words in the German idiom. This word may serve, also, as an instance how this branch of comparative philology often shows us deficiencies in our vernacular tongue, for as soon as the precise meaning of the German *Gemüth* has been understood the necessity of having it and the absolute want of a corresponding word, as well as of a corresponding division of ideas, will be felt. The number of instances might be indefinitely increased by simply looking at any dictionary.

Words describe a circle within which lies their meaning, and there can hardly be found in the different languages any two such circles which cover precisely the same space. The circle of one word may cover half of the circle of the corresponding word in another language, or the greater part, while part of its own circle is covered by another word in the first language, yet again by this same word may be covered part of the circle of quite another word, with an infinite variety of affiliation of ideas. The French word *souveraineté* signifies frequently what the English language expresses by sovereignty, but also something different, else the dictionary of the French Academy could not give, as an instance of the use of this word, the expression *souveraineté limitée.* Limited soverainty has no sense in a language in which sovereignty signifies that plenitude of power which draws from its own source and from no other. No more striking instance of the diversity of space covered by corresponding words of different languages, and at the same time of a different division of ideas, can, perhaps, be given than the Latin *res*, the English *thing*, for which the Germans have two entirely distinct words, *Sache* and *Ding*, and the Greeks πρᾶγμα and χρῆμα, which do not in all cases correspond to the two German terms.

If we take different groups of corresponding words in various languages (such as Force, Strength, Power, Might, Ability, Faculty, Opportunity, in English; *Vis*, *Potentia*, *Potestas*, *Facultas*, *Imperium*, in Latin; ʽρώμη, ἀλϰή, ἰσχύς, σθένος, ὑναμις, ϰράτος, ϐία, and the many words which express *opportunity* and *occasion* in Greek; *Gewalt*, *Stärke*, *Kraft*, *Macht*, *Herrschaft*, *Obergewalt*, *Zwang*, *Gelegenheit*, in German), two things become apparent at once: first, that it is impossible for the student, who observes for the first time these various groups, to penetrate their true meaning and correspondence with each other without deriving much benefit from it for the discerning faculty of his mind; secondly, that if his vernacular tongue is English, for instance, he must be led to perceive entirely new divisions of ideas, becomes, in fact, acquainted with new ideas for which some of the other idioms have distinct words, his own, however, not—ideas, therefore, which never represented themselves to his mind.

This difference of the division of ideas is greater the more independently of each other two languages have developed themselves—a circumstance still more increased by the fact that the words of all original languages designating phenomena of the internal world (intellectual phenomena), or abstract ideas, are, if not compounds, faded metaphors. Man is struck first by the sensual world; his senses must give him notions. At a later period he applies the words thus gained in a thousand different ways to invisible phenomena or abstract ideas. These metaphors carry of course certain associations along with them, and retain certain affiliations, which, in fact, coincides again with the different division of ideas.

From what I have stated so far I intend now to draw some conclusions.

It is this different division of ideas which renders a good translation of a work, transcending at all the limits of a bare statement of facts, so difficult. Had we words in one language which corresponded precisely to other words in another, nothing could be easier than translating; for no one would consider it a difficult task to learn a grammar and acquire an extensive vocabulary. It is this which renders the task of a lexicographer an extremely difficult one, and a labor which can be solved but by a truly philosophic mind. The more the two languages stand apart, the farther they are removed from each other by their origin and development, the greater the difficulty. Thus is a truly philosophic mind required to write a dictionary of an ancient language in a modern one; thus it is far more difficult to write a German dictionary for Frenchmen than an Italian; or to translate German into French, than Italian.

It is this different division of ideas which renders the study of foreign languages so salutary to our mind. We enter into a new logic, we gain from the point of view of a foreign language only, a perfectly clear perception of our vernacular tongue; we become better acquainted with the true meaning of certain ideas, and we sharpen and point our judgment and the discriminating power of our mind by entering into the new division of ideas and inquiring into the precise extent covered by one or the other word. And all this is effected in a higher degree the more distant the studied language is in structure and origin from our own; so that an Englishman will derive vastly more philosophical benefit from studying German or Greek than from the study of French. There is a deep meaning in the saying of Charles V., that we become new men as often as we learn a new language.

It is for this reason that the study of foreign poets becomes so necessary; for the poets use purposely the words with their various associations of ideas, in order to say much by few words, to call up feelings, reminiscences, ideas, with the wand of one word in the mind of the hearer or reader. On the other hand it is equally necessary to study the philosophic works of foreign literature, because the philosopher has to define distinctly and acutely. And hence we see the division of ideas of a foreign language with greater perspicuity. Thirdly, it is necessary to acquaint ourselves with translations of works in our own language into foreign idioms, because by them, too, we see how the foreign translator has been obliged to contrive by a variety of means to give with his words, founded upon a different division of ideas, the true meaning of our mother tongue.

It is the different division of ideas in the different idioms which affords us so great a pleasure in studying a foreign tongue, for we discover entirely new manifestations of the human mind. This pleasure is greatly enhanced when we succeed, at last, in making the foreign idiom our own, when we can speak it, write it, *think* it. It is a true victory of the human mind. Hence, too, the great attraction of the study of such languages as the Greek, or Sanskrit.

Hence, finally, the fact that some languages are more fit for one or the other purpose, one for description, another for lyric poetry, another for the intercourse of men, one for metaphysics, another for politics, another still for disquisitions of a scientific kind, and still another for commerce or technological terms.

I have shown the great advantage to be derived from the study of foreign languages, and that the advantage increases with the essential and original difference of the foreign tongue from our own. It is an advantage which cannot be supplied by any other study, for it has a peculiar and distinct character of its own. It remains to show what peculiar advantage there is for us, living in the nineteenth century, in studying ancient languages, especially the Greek and Latin. In order to show this I must recur to my previous observations on the fact that phenomena strike our mind as one whole and entire thing, —unanalyzed, undissected.

I said that if this is the case, the natural consequence would be that we had words for specific phenomena, and thus it is, in a certain degree, with all languages. We have the words bull, ox, cow, heifer, steer, calf; we have buck, roe, fawn; we have to smile, to laugh, to titter, to grin; we have speaking, talking, chattering, murmuring, muttering, screaming, stuttering, stammering, uttering, roaring, barking, lowing, cooing, pronouncing, singing, whispering, crowing, etc. All these latter words might be analyzed into more general or generic terms. Each of them is expressive of producing sounds by the mouth in different ways, for different purposes, with different effects, and by differing beings, which different ways, purposes, effects, and beings might be mentioned; and thus we would be enabled to express, by the proper combination of many generic terms, the specific idea of speaking, crowing, roaring, etc. With what trouble, what infinite tediousness, however!

We do not only find words, however, which express the main characteristics of the various phenomena in one word, but also the various relations in which a certain thing may stand, or with the expression of which we may be desirous of accompanying the idea of certain actions. *Patris*, *terræ*, express not only the idea of father and earth, but a certain relation in which they stand—relations which *we* have to indicate by separate words. And here again a difference of the division of ideas appears; for when the Roman wished to indicate that a certain thing—the subject—acted upon another—the object—he indicated this relation by a change in the object —*e.g.*, *pater amat filium*. There are, however, idioms which express indeed this relation; not, however, by a change in the object, but in the subject, as some of the South Sea Island languages do. They therefore show, not the being acted upon, as the Romans did, but the acting upon. They would show this relation in the above instance by an inflection of *pater*, not of *filius*. When the Greek wanted to express the idea of being about to strike, and that the individual about to strike is of the female sex, he said τύψουσα, in one single word. We want a number of words to express it, and only can arrive at the idea, in a very circuitous and a very conventional manner, which the juxtaposition of the words—to be *about* to strike—certainly is.

It is not necessary here to investigate whether those grammatical forms which indicate one whole phenomenon or relation with one word, whilst we are obliged to arrive at the same end by a combination of many words, were originally likewise a combination of several words, and grew simply out of their fusion. This inquiry, which has occupied many philologists, would lead us far from the object of these remarks; nor would it be pertinent in this place.

Of all the known languages, none, as far as I know, contain so many words expressive of an entire phenomenon, which appears to us, as soon as it strikes our mind, to be analyzed into various ideas, and which we express, therefore, by different words, as the languages of the North American Indians.

In the Mohegan language *netáchgan* means brother, but *gegapan*, an unmarried brother, as the French use *garçon* for an unmarried male adult; or the English *bachelor* and *spinster* for unmarried male and female adults respectively. The younger brother always addressed the elder one by *netachgan*, and him who is younger *chesem*, as the French have *aîné* and *cadet* for *elder* and *younger* among brothers. Thus the younger sister called the elder *mees*, but the elder sister called the younger *chesem*. *Tachamókku* meant to give something to eat, *nucktegchan* meant I have but one child. *Below*, *above*, *within*, etc., are in this language as in the other Indian idioms never to be found separate, but always as verbs,—*i.e.*, to be above, to be below, etc. The same is the case with regard to most adjectives and substantives. They could not say *good*, but must say *I am good*, or *he is good*, etc., the idea of the subject, and, consequently, of the pronoun, not having been separated by them. There is no verb for *to be*, but for *to be present*, *to be absent*, etc. In short, the verb is the main word of the language; it carries everything within its bosom. Nothing is imagined without the idea of action or of being, as, indeed, nothing can appear to us except in a certain state of being or action. They were not without some division of ideas, as we have shown that being without this would amount to being without language; still, so foreign is the division of ideas, of abstraction to the spirit of this language, that though a certain sound is regularly added to the idea of a verb, for instance, that signifying child to that of chastising, still this sound does not appear independently to designate the child, but is found only fused with some verb or other. Thus *sasametsháha* is punish the child, and *nucktegchan* I have but one child. It can be easily seen how great a difficulty was thus thrown into the way of those who endeavored to communicate to them things and ideas beyond the circle of their limited activity of mind, as, for instance, missionaries; for every object within was designated by a word intimately fused with another; all words had a specific meaning, designated, we might almost say, a concrete case. *Sasametshaha* is punish the child, and *nsasamtshana* we punish him. These instances are taken from MS. No. 1579, in the library of the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia; it contains a grammar, etc., written by Ioh. Jac. Schmick, a German, probably a missionary. Other Indian languages have arrived at a higher degree of division of ideas. I refer here to a highly interesting article on the Indian Languages of America, in the Appendix to vol. vi. of the Encyclopædia Americana, for which work my friend John Pickering, LL.D., of Boston, had the great kindness to write it. The article has met with due acknowledgment in France and Germany, where a translation of it has been published.

This way of expressing whole phenomena or entire relations of a very modified kind, by one word, has been called *agglutination*.[1] This is not a happy word—be it said with sincere reverence for that truly great philologer, equally distinguished for acute penetration and lofty, comprehensive views—if applied to these forms, for glueing together means fastening by glue things which were separated before. This, however, is taking a partial view of the matter; those words appear to us glued together, because our language designates the ideas contained in their words separately; but they do not appear so to Indians. It is but *one* idea which they express. *We* are the analyzers, not they the joiners; they would have the same right to call our process of expressing one idea, *e.g.*, *giving something to eat*, by four different words, *laceration.*

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[1] On the Variety of the Structure of Human Languages and their Influence upon the Intellectual Development of Mankind—an essay of the deepest interest, by William von Humboldt, first read in the Berlin Academy, and now reprinted in vol. i., 4to, of his philological essays, published by Alexander von Humboldt in 1836.

Still the word ought to be retained in comparative philology, but in order to designate that process by which expressions are formed, such as church-yard, horseman, *Löffelgans*, port-hole, heart-felt, bed-ridden, *respublica*, horse-radish, *roi-citoyen*, *pater-familias*, πυλυαρχία, *Weingeist*, inkstand, peaceful, *peuple-roi*, *Obstbaum*, womanlike, ὑπόπλεος, ἱπποπόταμος, εὐαγγέλιον, etc. In all these cases two separate words have been joined, in order to designate a third object. So it might be said that such words as *womanhood*, *dukedom*, *freedom*, were formed by agglutination, because *hood* and *dom* were originally separate words. Whether the two agglutinated words be written in one, as *horseman*, or in two, as *church-yard*, makes no difference. This has only reference to orthography, and is purely conventional; with regard to language there exists no difference whatever.

Mr. Duponceau, the venerable, learned, and successful philologer at Philadelphia, has named those peculiar words by which is expressed, what appears to us a complexity of ideas, by a far more significant term. He calls them polysynthetic words, and languages in which they appear frequently or of which they form the main body of words *polysynthetic languages.* The opposite extreme to polysynthetic idioms are languages which consist but of single words, without inflexion, or grammatical synthesis, and which contrive to express the different relations, which other languages show by inflexions or synthetic means, merely by the position in which the different words are placed, as, for instance, the Chinese language. We will call this process of expressing ideas by mere juxtaposition of words *parathesis*, and languages founded upon this process parathetic idioms. (The term *Parataxis* would not do so well, as it had already with the ancients a distinct and different meaning.) The English language has a strongly parathetic character, for it expresses very few things or relations by inflection or a change in the root or any other part of the word, nor does it allow extensively of the synthetic process. If I say: "When I shall go to the garden of my father in law," there are twelve words without any inflection whatever, and receiving their meaning from their position only. Many languages, *e.g.*, the Greek, would have expressed the whole of: *when I shall go*, by one word; "to the garden" would likewise have required but one word in many languages, and so would the whole complex of ideas: *of my father in law.*—Forms like "I'll," "I've," for I will, I have, are produced by the polysynthetic or, at least, by a dyosynthetic process.

In as far as the term first introduced by Mr. Duponceau applies to expressions—be they grammatical forms or not—which consist of several elements previously separated, it is not only correct but fully adequate to the object. It matters not whether these elements are ever used as having an independent meaning of their own, separate and for themselves, or always in connection with other words, yet always conveying the same meaning, as, for instance, the pronoun is in some languages of the American Indians always found not only connected by way of affix or prefix, but fused with the very body of the verb. Still the term polysynthesis expresses a composition of previously separate parts, and we cannot designate by it those words which express that which to others, accustomed to analytic languages, appears as a complex of ideas, or that which actually is a complex of ideas, that is to say, which formed itself originally in the human mind by the composition of several ideas. Words, then, which express a complex of ideas we will call holophrastic words—words which express the whole thing or idea, undivided, unanalyzed. I know well that all holophrastic words are, if compared to still more comprehensive terms, analytic in their character, but in all cases of a similar kind we must content ourselves with terms of comparative meaning. If we have seen that the Mohegans have a word for *giving something to eat*, I would call it a holophrastic word, though it has an analytical character, if we consider that it only expresses *to give something to eat*, and not *who* gives to *whom*, on *what conditions*, whether he who gives what was asked for gave it willingly, or was compelled to do so, and whatever else might be connected with the idea of *giving something to eat*. Words as the Latin *res*, the English *to beat*, the Greek λόγος, I would call polyphrastic.

Words may have an originally holophrastic character—they may be *archolophrastic—e.g.*, the Arabic word for noble death; or they may have acquired their holophrastic character by composition, and this composition again may have been effected by compounding words which had a meaning of their own, or by synthetically uniting or fusing elements which had no independent meaning of their own with roots which do have such a meaning. Or, finally, words may be holophrastic by way of inflection. The Sanskrit, Hebrew, Latin, and Greek verbs and declensions afford numberless striking instances of all these classes. It is sufficient to glance at a single paradigma in a grammar of any of these idioms to be struck with the complex of ideas, which they have it in their power to express by single words, modifying the meaning of the root in a variety of ways by adding to it the ideas of time, activity, or passiveness, desire (as the Greek *optative* does), number, whether one, many, or two act (as by the Greek and Sanskrit dualis), of praying (as the Sanskrit precative does), of ordering (by the imperative), of intensity (as by the Hebrew Piel or the Sanskrit potentialis), of reciprocity, reflectiveness, of the condition of the action itself, whether it has been brought to an entire end or not, whether it had come to a conclusion at the time we speak or not, whether it has come to a conclusion but produces still some effect, whether it relates to the grammatical subject or not, which is the sex of the person to whom it relates, or whether it has no sex. There may be farther added the idea of locality (as the Sanskrit *locative* does), of instrumentality (as the Sanskrit and Sclavonic *casus instrumentalis* or the Latin ablative do), of abstraction, of diminution or increase, of endearing or the contrary (as the Italian affix *accio*), of repetition (as the German *ln* added to verbs does), of absence or presence (as the Lena Lenape does), etc., etc. What a crowd of ideas is not expressed by a single brief word like ἐλιπόμην, or the word *devatabyarcanaparo* (*deorum-cultui-addictus*), which I take from an extract of the Sanskrit song of Nala (XII, 18), appended to Francis Bopp's Critical Grammar of the Sanscrita Language, Berlin, 1834.

With regard to the meaning of the words, therefore, languages have:

1. A holophrastic character; if they abound in holophrastic expressions, or
2. An analytic character, if analytic words prevail.

With regard to the means used to arrive at the expression of a complex or a series of ideas, languages are:

1. Synthetic,
2. Polysynthetic,
3. Parathetic, or
4. Inflective.

Shades exist between each of these classes, as several languages make use of several or of all of these means.

Both holophrastic and analytic words are more convenient for one or the other object of speech. And, again, archolophrastic and compound holophrastic words are each in their way preferable for different purposes. I will mention here but a few instances.

Energy of style requires holophrastic words, for energetic writing or speaking makes it sometimes necessary that we express briefly and promptly a whole complex of ideas, that we pour, as it were, a mass of ideas into the mind—the heart of the hearer; at other times, that we individualize with equal brevity one particular thing, excluding all others with a distinct, sharp line; that we force the mind of the hearer to one precise spot, concentrate it on one single point. Who would miss words like *clenching*, *plodding*, *quivering*, *clinching?* The Germans have a word *versiegen*, used for the gradual diminution and final stopping of any liquid which previously flowed freely, as the stream of a well. The syllable *ver* indicates the gradualness of the cessation of flowing, which will and must lead to final entire cessation. It will be easily seen with what energy this word may be used either directly and positively, or metaphorically—whether applied to faculties, powers, eloquence, affections, or the energy of nations; and that it can be used in a thousand cases where our *drying up* is inadmissible. Indeed, this latter word never expresses exactly the German *versiegen*, though we are obliged to use it as a corresponding term. Those nations which have distinct words for the different kinds of love—*e.g.*, for parental, filial, erotic, unhappy, happy, passionate love, and the love of animals for their offspring—can speak, sing, or write far more energetically and eloquently of love than others who are obliged to use the same word for the love of God towards his creatures, of the creatures towards God, for erotic love, pining love, for charity, etc.

The poet, of course, wants frequently holophrastic words; but polyphrastic terms are equally necessary at other times; for as it is sometimes highly poetic to shoot the word like an arrow to one single point with unerring aim, poetry requires, at other times, to keep, if I may use the expression, the mind pending between a number of thoughts, to allude and indicate instead of pointing and fixing, to throw with one word a vast association of ideas into the mind of the hearer, and let it work there for itself.

When we feel the want of being eloquent, the desire to speak with a degree of energy, yet on a subject of a decided or somewhat philosophical character, compound holophrastic words will be found peculiarly convenient, for they bring to our mind an assemblage of ideas with rapidity and yet allow us to view it as complex, without which the philosophical character would vanish. Take a word like ὑπόληψις, or the German *Rechtsfähigheit*, the capability of being a person with legal privileges and obligations.

The more our speech assumes the character of discussion, the more philosophical it is—the more we stand in want of generic terms, of analytic words; yet here again it is necessary that we may distinctly particularize the various genera, in other words, that we have an abundance of words. The French is a language of a decidedly analytic and generic character, still it is a very inconvenient means for metaphysical discussions; because it is a language which has not a very abundant treasure of words at its disposal.

A language must be rich in order to be energetic as well as delicate; if it be not, words which signify specific things or ideas must be used to express more general ideas; hence they lose the power of expressing quite specific objects or delicate shades. The French is delicate with regard to social intercourse; but in this particular it is a very rich language, far more so than English or German.

Hence the great beauty of languages which have not thrown away the privilege of forming and compounding, with the commencement of their written literature, and which have at no period considered themselves as finished, but have at all times continued to *act* as an organic, living thing, such as the German or Greek.

Elegance of language requires likewise analytic words, for it is the character of elegance not to be too positive or direct, to use, therefore, the general instead of the particular, the generic instead of the specific, the distant instead of the near, the circuitous instead of the direct (as we may say Mrs. B. instead of your wife, though Mr. B. may stand before us, and as politeness has introduced in many languages the third person, as if some one absent were spoken of instead of direct address). The French use *la glace* (the substance, the general) for *miroir* (the specific). Frequently it is elegant to use the general instead of the specific, because it shows a certain skill of generalizing something *recherché;* but for this reason, also, it becomes so easily affected and ridiculous. Suppose a man were to say: *an individual of the feline species*, instead of *a cat;* it would be ridiculous. Still, modern affectation has introduced many circuitous expressions of equal absurdity, which, nevertheless, are now quite common.

Delicacy, likewise, requires generic terms, that we may merely allude to unpleasant or offensive subjects, when obliged to touch upon, instead of directly pronouncing them. "During our late misunderstandings" would be more delicate if used by an American writing to an Englishman, than "During our late war with you," and circumstances might exist which would render a delicate expression in this case preferable to the positive.

There is also a peculiar energy in some cases, when we suddenly elevate ourselves from the specific to the generic or the most general possible; for instance, when the poet, having spoken of a vessel, so that we know what he means, suddenly says, "and now the mighty thing," etc.

These observations, to which many others might be added, show that a language is the more complete the more abundantly it is supplied and may, at pleasure, continue to supply itself both with holophrastic and analytic words, and the more archolophrastic and synthetic or inflective holophrastic words it possesses, that it may supply the continual wants of the mind to designate newly divided shades, new symplectic ideas, newly discovered things or newly produced notions. There exists, however, no language which, being otherwise intimately connected with our civilization, can at all be compared in perfection—applying this term to languages in the sense in which I have explained it—to the Greek, which to all the enumerated philosophic perfections unites that of great euphony and rhythm.

The Greek language, 1, possesses an abounding treasure of words, so that it can designate with ease generic as well as specific ideas, and is able to express the most delicate shades or the minutest connecting links between more definite or general ideas. 2. Its vocabulary contains a vast number both of holophrastic and sharply discriminating, analytic words. 3. The Greek has a great many archolophrastic, and hence most energetic expressions; it contains, 4, likewise an astonishing abundance of synthetico-holophrastic words, which afford a variety, unequalled in any other language, of discriminating terms for all philosophic inquiries, generalizing as well as analyzing the processes of the mind, and of peculiar convenience for all abstract purposes. 5. It is rich in polyphrastic terms. 6. Its faculty of compounding was so great that it rendered the idiom a pliable, fusible, and malleable material in the hands of any reflecting man, to whatever point he directed his researches or inquiries, or to whatever bold combinations or daring allusions the loftiest genius elevated itself. 7. The faculty of compounding extended not only to words, but to a great number of elements, which, together with the abundance of entire words, rendered it a peculiarly descriptive tongue, both with regard to natural phenomena and minute technical and mechanical descriptions. 8. The Greek has an extraordinary inflective character, which makes it concise, clear, definite, and logical, while it possesses at the same time such a wonderful abundance of particles, far greater even than modern European idioms, though they are not inflective, that there are few imaginable relations and conditions which cannot be expressed perspicuously by this admirable idiom, perhaps the most wonderful of all the creations of the human mind. 9. Though it is with regard to the composition of words of a decidedly synthetic and not unfrequently polysynthetic character, yet it does not disdain agglutination, and though it has, as to the construction of periods, a decidedly syntactic character, it does not disdain parathesis, and thus increases still more its manifold powers of expression, so that this idiom accompanies the mind to the minutest ramifications of reasoning like an ever-ready assistant. 10. As the Greek is thus beautiful and perfect with regard to its structure, its powers, and its pliability, it is not less so as to the exterior, and euphony forms one of its greatest ornaments. 11. It was cultivated and developed under circumstances the happiest imaginable for fixing the meaning of words and expanding the idiom itself as the element in which the human mind has to manifest itself, and by a race endowed with eminently acute and discriminating faculties, a most peculiar sensitiveness for the beautiful and the harmonious, and gifted with the loftiest genius—a race which, during the short space of two centuries, ran through all the fine arts, nearly all systems of philosophy, tried almost all forms of government, and fought its way through many combinations of political systems, and elevated itself to an admirable degree of perfection in all branches of poetry and eloquence, so that this very race has become the master race of civilized mankind in most branches, and has laid the foundation even of our more mechanic civilization; for darkness prevailed so long as never-ceasing wars and conquests bade history to be silent on this race, until the conquest of Constantinople scattered the degenerate sons of Greece over Western Europe and the light of knowledge was rekindled even by the mere remnants of former Greek civilization. So perfect an idiom proved this language that when Christianity changed the spirit of antiquity into something entirely different, and new systems necessarily arose, new views were to be expressed, and a new truth was to be proclaimed, even then this idiom was found to be a ready element in which the human mind could cast and form whatever it felt urged to express.

I trust that the objection will not be made that all I have said of the Greek being granted, it is, nevertheless, not our language, nor can we make it so. Why, then, shall we acquire an idiom which we cannot use as the means of communication, however preferable it might be in itself to our own idioms? I have shown how great the advantage is which our mind derives from the attentive study of a foreign idiom unconnected with the use we may make of this language as a means of communication; and I have likewise shown, I hope, why these advantages are to be derived from this study. If we apply what I said of the study of foreign idioms in general to this most perfect language, which, as stated, has been developed under a most propitious combination of circumstances by some of the greatest minds on record, and lies before us deposited in a vast, variegated, and rich literature, we shall find that of all foreign languages the Greek is by far the most superior in order to obtain these advantages for the development of our mind; the more so as it is a language of antiquity

—a period when different views prevailed, different principles were maintained; at which, therefore, the division of ideas was in many cases entirely different.

And this last observation leads me to make a remark on the different style of the writings of the ancients and ourselves. For reasons which it is impossible to develop here, but which are intimately connected with the whole spirit of antiquity and the mighty change produced by Christianity, elevating as it did the value of the individual, the style of the ancients is characteristically different from the style of modern nations. We can learn also in this particular much from the ancients without giving up in the least the advantages which we derive from modern civilization. It is but showing ourselves grateful to the great dispenser of nations if we duly appreciate what former generations gained and conquered, often at a dear rate, and make it a means of farther promotion of intellectual advancement.

Nothing, probably, characterizes the difference of the style of the classics and the moderns so strikingly as the fact that the ancients keep the object to be described or discussed strictly in view; the moderns make the subject who describes play a prominent part. The ancients describe the beautiful, we beautifully; they the horrid, we fearfully; they the graceful, we gracefully; they the fact, we the impression of the fact; they the thing, we the feeling caused by the thing; they discriminate, we try to be witty. Hence, among other things, the great advantage which individuals endowed with independent judgment have at all times derived from a careful study of the classics, for imitation is worth nothing; but patiently and attentively learning from master-minds is not slavish imitation or copying.

It has been often said, and it may be allowed with an appearance of plausibility if we glance only at the subject, "Why shall we study the ancients? whom did they study?" "Did the Greeks not develop their civilization from out themselves?" "What foreign Homer did the Athenian school-boy study?" First, this objection would apply to the Greeks only, for Roman literature is very decidedly founded upon the Greek; so was Roman science. With regard to the Greeks themselves I have only to say, if it was the plan of the great ruler to lead, by a combination of a thousand different circumstances, geographical, chronologic, religious, and political, a tribe to a high degree of civilization without foreign influence except in the first stages of its history, what right have we to murmur against his plan, or to throw aside the whole amount of this civilization because we have not acquired it? Surely it is possible that a nation may acquire a beautiful language without the influence of foreign literature—the very Greeks prove it; but are those who start the objection aware of the fact how dearly bought Greek civilization was? Their eloquence could not have risen to so eminent a degree had not Greece fought through all those many political struggles, nor without *their* peculiar liberty, which made the state everything and almost disowned individual right; it was, if I may use a paradox, the tyranny of liberty. Will they deny that the Greeks are, and ought to be, our teachers in sculpture and architecture? But could either have risen to so high a perfection without their religion —a religion which ascribed human shapes to the gods, and thus led to an idealization of this form? In history there is no such thing as living over old periods; a dream cannot be dreamt twice, and what is broken may be glued, but cannot form one whole again. It is folly to attempt to force back the great current of time, but it is wisdom to profit by what others have produced without paying the same high price for it. The Greek beautiful plastic style is closely connected with their whole view of life, which acknowledged in its fullest extent *reality*, the life that is, and nothing beyond it. Dreary indeed was their view of Hades—despondingly so. Who can read the visit of Ulysses to the lower regions without chilling sadness? But since such is the fact, since this view has produced so beautiful and perfect a style, is it not our bounden duty to profit by it? If a man were to squander his whole fortune in cultivating a garden, to the neglect of many other important subjects, shall his neighbor, who cultivates likewise his garden, but is wiser and does not ruin his fortune by it, decline to profit by the discoveries which the first may have made and may have been able to make only because he used up his whole fortune for horticulture? What should become of mankind if one generation is not to profit by the previous ones? It would never elevate itself above barbarity.

There is another reason, however, why we ought to study the classics, though the Greeks studied no foreign authors, founded in the character of our languages and that ancient idiom itself. Greek and Latin, whatever their origin may be, developed themselves as original languages—*i.e.*, they acquired their settled forms and grammar and the meaning of the words along with the progress of the respective nations. The languages of Western Europe, however, were formed by little civilized nations of the fragments of those idioms, mutilated, defaced fragments, so that all the beauties which are peculiar to original languages are necessarily excluded from these derivative and mixed idioms. They have not the capacity of formation (*Bildsamkeit*, in German) within them in any degree comparable to that of the classic languages. I shall say a few more words on this subject.

The Sanskrit is, I am well aware, far more perfect in its original structure and philosophic spirit than the Greek. Perfect regularity pervades the whole system of this wonderful and surprising idiom. With a given number of roots and numerous classes of affixes, prefixes, and other means of formation or change, and a richly-endowed declension and verb, it can express, compound, approximate, modify, where other idioms have to be silent, and exhibits to us a fabric which still more shows the senselessness of all those attempts at *inventing* a general language or pantagraphy, the great desideratum of small minds; for though Leibnitz may have started the idea, he soon gave it up, and we have now acquired a different view of the essence of language than that it is a thing arbitrarily invented, settled by conventional agreement, and might, therefore, be as well invented by one as by many. There was a time when people were very ready with inventions—inventing constitutions, inventing languages, inventing codes, inventing religions!

Reasons, however, exist why the Sanskrit cannot compete with the Greek in our systems of education. The Greek unites the two great advantages that it belongs to early times, when languages had yet a productive power, which we miss in the later ones, and that it is far later than the earliest Asiatic languages, and partakes, therefore, of the analytic character of later idioms. The literature of the Sanskrit, moreover, is chronologically too far removed from us; our civilization is not directly connected with that of the ancient Hindoos; their ideas moved in too different a sphere to lend to the study of Sanskrit that general advantage which we derive from the Greek, however interesting that venerable idiom once spoken on the shores of the Ganges may be to the philologist and the philosopher of the human mind by profession. In the Greek the student will find a new logic, a new division of ideas, nay, entirely new ideas with the new words which designate them, without being led into regions too distant.

What I have said of the Greek applies in a great measure to the Latin language and literature. I state it as a fact in which I firmly believe, having seen various confirmations of it, that it is impossible for any individual in modern times to read attentively and in a way by which he reads the work, not the words, a book like Cæsar's War with the Gauls, without deriving a decided benefit from it for his thoughts and his mode of expression.

The study of the Latin and Greek, however, becomes still more important for all whose native tongue is a language with little of a grammar, and which relies mainly on parathesis, as the modern idioms of Western Europe do. The reason why this is the case is simply, as I have stated already, because these languages rose out of a highly-cultivated language, the Latin, spoken, with admixtures from others, by barbarous tribes, which could not enter into the inflective and syntactic niceties, just as children or our negroes to the present day drop nearly everything which indicates anything more than the bare thing. No plural, no tense, no subjunctive, no nicety of any relation is generally expressed by them. Master-minds, as well as a highly-improved state of society, raised, at a later period, these jargons, and some, as the English, the Italian, etc., to an admirable degree of perfection; still they could not change their original character. A grammar could not be invented where there was none originally. The consequence is that those whose vernacular tongue is one of these modern idioms never have their mind directed to a variety of relations in which certain ideas expressed in a period stand to each other, if they do not learn a language with a fully-developed grammar, such as the Latin. As, however, some relations of the kind alluded to *are* expressed in these languages, and not the same by all, an acquaintance with the Latin or Greek will be always found of great service, even for the study of these modern languages. The mind of the student has been initiated into grammatic relations. I speak here from experience. This advantage is still more perceptible when a modern language, such as the German, is studied. I have invariably found that individuals acquainted with Latin derive the greatest benefit from this knowledge in studying German, while it is sometimes very difficult to make a student clearly understand so simple a relation as that of the accusative governed by a verb, if he know nothing but English, for instance.

My previous remarks will show what advantage is to be derived from the study of the classic languages, and how it happens that their study is recommended to us when the nations who spoke them have long left the stage of human events. It is not said that their study is absolutely necessary for every individual, though I do believe that it is absolutely necessary for all modern nations, if they are resolved to acquire the greatest possible degree of civilization and intellectual elevation.

From the fact that Greek is far more perfect than Latin, and Greek literature far richer and more elevated than the Roman, the one, moreover, being indigenous, the other in many points not, it would appear that Greek ought to be studied more than

Latin. This would be the fact did not other circumstances change the matter. Greek is more difficult, and requires, consequently, more time; and the Latin deserves, moreover, to be more generally studied, because it is the simplest key to all the Romanic languages. Surely, if Italian, French, Spanish, and Portuguese can be learned easily, so as to enable the student to *read* these languages, merely by learning Latin, in early life; and if, by a knowledge of Latin, we can enter at once so deeply into their spirit, it would be very strange if we were to throw away the very key to them. Latin besides has penetrated so many branches and sciences, from its having once been the language of universal communication and of an undivided church, that we can hardly get on in any scientific pursuit without some knowledge of it. And why *not* learn it? Is it too difficult? If properly taught, not.

Our country may be called decidedly Protestant, and it may be easily conjectured what Protestantism, founded upon the Bible, soon must become without a thorough knowledge of the languages (the Greek and, of course, Hebrew, the study of which will be found much easier by a student well trained by the study of ancient languages in general)—being kept alive among its professional teachers, when all inquiry, criticism, and conjecture is founded upon a translation, and a translation, too, from ancient languages into a modern, the spirit of which, therefore, is very different and the translation consequently difficult, a translation, moreover, made at a period since which the grammatical, historical, and antiquarian knowledge of the Scriptures have been infinitely extended. How many unfortunate misconceptions of religiously disposed people were founded upon a misconception of the Bible, to which the translation alone could have led!

Those who assail the study of the classic languages frequently do it because, say they, modern languages are more useful! I agree with them that the European family forms in our own times a community so closely connected that every individual of a liberal education ought to know at least two modern languages besides his own. It is easily acquired;

but let the assailants rest assured that there is no better means to obtain this object than the instruction in the classic languages.

I acknowledge that the importance of Greek and Latin is very different now from what it was when sciences revived. Then nearly all that our race had produced in literature was deposited in those languages; now modern literatures of great excellence exist, and numerous new sciences have sprung up, some of which must be taught in schools. Important as Greek and Latin is, I claim its study not for all; it cannot be, nor is it necessary; but do not strike it from the list of those studies which are generally pursued under the appellation of a liberal education. I hope I may safely refer to my Constitution and Plan of Education for Girard College to prove how far I am from a pedantic love of the classic idioms, or that I consider their study indispensable for all, when many things must be learned that are still more important to some.

If the study of the classic languages is frequently or generally pursued, in the United States, in an unprofitable way, if it is especially to be deplored that so little attention is paid to the subject of antiquities, which afford, after all, the true picture of antiquity, but which cannot be properly understood without a knowledge of the respective languages, and without which again it is vain to pretend the expounding of a classic author, let us correct the deficiencies, but let us not cut off this whole branch of education, from a want, perhaps, of a thorough understanding of what the study of language really effects.

Those who object to the study of the ancient languages on the score of morality I will only remind of the fact, that all the reformers were good scholars, some distinguished ones, and all and every one insisted upon the study of the classics as a branch of general education, and that philology has been most effectually cultivated in modern times by Protestant nations. Luther insisted most urgently on the study of Greek in schools, and his words on languages in general are beautiful. The mere fact that the ancient idioms have been studied for so many centuries, have always been the more studied the more refined nations became, have accompanied the European race into other parts of the world, and have been cultivated and loved by so many master-minds, many of them in practical life, as Fox and Canning, ought to make us consider the matter well. Facts of such magnitude are not arbitrarily produced. There is a power of victory within ancient literature which it must retain forever. We might as well say: let us have something else than gold and silver for our common currency, as deprive the civilized world of the classics.

What I have said can of course not convince; how could I *prove* that the Greek language really possesses all the excellencies which I have endeavored to indicate? The fact can be known only from a study of the language itself. But my remarks will at least suffice to show that the advocates of the study of Greek and Latin may rest their reasons on points which many of those who object to it never suspected, and which were never touched upon in their attacks. On whatever side the truth may lie, certain it is, that the question is to be tested and decided on far different grounds than the assailants of this branch seem to think of. Their real value in education, the true advantage of foreign languages in the formation of young minds, is not to be judged of by the inquiry into the direct and immediate practical use to which the one or the other idiom may be conducive. Moral and intellectual expansion is the true and essential object of all education; those so-called practical subjects in education have generally turned out of little use in practical life. Strengthen the mind, clear the intellect, and give it sound knowledge in the general branches—develop it philologically, never mind by what specific idiom; prepare it for clear and lofty historical views, never mind whether the history of every nation be known; imbue it with a true spirit for natural history, no matter whether the names of all specimens be known, etc.; give at the same time that preparatory knowledge without which neither these branches nor many subjects in after-life can be understood, such as geography (though differently pur-

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sued from what it is almost universally taught in our country), and you will prepare the student most practically for life.

My letter extends far beyond the limits which, when I began, I thought it would reach; I hasten, therefore, to conclude it.

I am very respectfully and faithfully,
Your obedient servant,
FRANCIS LIEBER.

SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE, February, 1837.

END OF VOLUME I.

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