

THE
WESTMINSTER
REVIEW.

JANUARY AND APRIL,
1858.

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

SHAKESPEARE.

Wahrheitsliebe zeigt sich darin, daß man überall das Gute zu finden und zu schützen weiß.
GÖTTE.

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THE
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ART. I.—AFRICAN LIFE.

Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa; including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa.
By David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L. London: Murray.
1857.

MISSIONARY zeal, trading enterprise, and love of sport, together with the native restlessness and spirit of adventure animating the Anglo-Saxon race, will soon bring us acquainted with the whole habitable surface of our globe, and with all the varied forms of human society—savage, semi-civilized, and civilized. We are gradually mapping the whole earth; and our children may live to see railroads across the desert, unless some new method of locomotion, as superior to railroads as railroads are to coaches and caravans, should arise meanwhile. Africa, in the last few years, has been explored with great energy and great success, by missionaries, geographers, and hunters. Besides opening new prospects for commercial and missionary enterprise, these explorations have furnished a mass of precise information which materially modifies our previous conceptions of the African races; and conspicuous among all these works stands the admirable narrative of Dr. Livingstone, the missionary who is an honour to our country. He is a man with keen eye to see, and large heart to sympathize—a man of unaffected modesty, energy, courage, and sweet unobtrusive piety. There is not a superfluous page in his volume, which is a perfect repertory of valuable observations on natural history and human manners. He calls up vividly before the reader the aspect both of the lands traversed and of

the people met there. He sees and understands the characters of the races with whom he comes in contact, and we are made to understand them also. With these primary requisites for all literature—namely, matter to communicate, and a direct vivid manner of communicating it, we are amused to find him, with his accustomed modesty, apologizing in the preface for the want of “greater smoothness of diction,” which many persons absurdly imagine to be *the* requisite of literature, instead of seeing that it is really the least important of all qualities. One perpetual charm in this volume is its directness, its freedom from anything resembling literary slang, the penny-a-liner’s eloquence and amplification. Whenever we see a writer more solicitous about his manner than his matter, we instinctively distrust his matter, not feeling assured that he may not be arranging *that* also for effect. In Dr. Livingstone’s pages we feel perfect confidence that what he narrates really did present itself to his mind in the way he mentions; his interpretation may be erroneous, but his evidence is trustworthy, as far as it goes.

And a strange story he has to tell. From first to last it has the interest of romance. The sturdy Highland lad begins his career low down in the world—a mere factory boy; but, like many other energetic factory boys, resolute to carve a pathway for himself. With a part of his first week’s wages he buys Ruddiman’s “*Rudiments of Latin*”—a strange book, and having, it may be thought, no practical bearing on his occupation: for what could a factory lad do with Latin? Nevertheless, he studied it with unabated ardour, both at the spinning-jenny, to which he attached his book, glancing off sentence after sentence while his nimble fingers moved amid the threads, and also at the evening school, where, from the hours of eight to ten, he toiled in class. Even that did not suffice for his ambition. “The dictionary part of my labours was followed up till twelve o’clock, or later, if my mother did not interfere by jumping up and snatching the books out of my hands.” So studious a youth would of course never confine his reading to Latin. Young Livingstone read everything that came in his way, except novels and religious books. The former exception is less intelligible than the latter: he probably considered novels to be useless, because they did not instruct him; and the religious books he found equally barren. Nothing was to be got out of “*The Cloud of Witnesses*,” or the “*Fourfold State*;” nothing but weary words, and this boy hungered for knowledge. In vain did his father advise, threaten, even punish—the boy was stubborn, and the last application of the rod was on his refusal to read Wilberforce’s “*Practical Christianity*.”

This seems an unpromising commencement for a missionary;

Sensations under the Lion's Grasp.

yet in due time a change came over his spirit, and he resolved to devote his life to the alleviation of human misery and the spread of Christian principles. China was the field his imagination selected for his labours, and he began to *train* himself for this career, attending medical as well as theological lectures. No better training could have been devised than that which made him alive to all natural phenomena, and initiated him into the mysteries of diseases and their cures. His botany, zoology, and geology were amusements which hereafter were to become important advantages. His knowledge of medicine not only found beneficial application in his own person, and in that of those dear to him, but greatly strengthened his usefulness and importance among the savages.

By the time he had completed his studies, theological and medical, and was equipped for missionary labours, the opium war had broken out, and completely closed China against him. Through the influence of his father-in-law, Mr. Moffat, the African missionary, he directed his thoughts towards Africa, and in the service of the London Missionary Society, set out for Kuruman, the farthest inland station from the Cape. He thence proceeded to the Bakwain country, where, in order to attain an accurate knowledge of the language, habits, laws, and modes of thought of the Bechuanas, he isolated himself from all European society during six months. Returning to Kuruman, thus enriched, he selected the beautiful valley of Mabotta as the site of a missionary station. This was in 1843; and "here an occurrence took place concerning which I have frequently been questioned in England, and which, but for the importunities of friends, I meant to have kept in store to tell my children when in my dotage." It is not often that the importunities of friends lead to the publication of anecdotes so interesting as the one which follows. Of all the stories we have read of encounters with lions, it is by many degrees the most valuable. An alarm of lions had called him out with his men, and on returning unsuccessful to the village he saw a lion sitting on a rock behind a bush, at a distance of about thirty yards. He aimed deliberately, and sent the contents of both barrels into the animal's body.

"The men then called out, 'He is shot, he is shot!' Others cried, 'He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him!' I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and, turning to the people, said, 'Stop a little till I load again.' When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a

African Life.

terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. *It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening.* It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakatla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcase, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm."—pp. 12, 13.

Dr. Livingstone adds another detail which is not without its value, namely, the poisonous influence of the lion's tooth, which makes its bite approach in a minor degree to that of the mad dog. The wound made by a lion's tooth is generally followed by sloughing and discharge, and pains are periodically felt ever afterwards. The man who was bitten on the shoulder, in this affair, showed the wound actually bursting forth afresh on the same month of the year following. But Livingstone's wounds healed without having produced any of these symptoms; and he attributes the difference to the fact, that he wore a tartan jacket, which must have wiped off all the virus from the teeth. That he is correct in this supposition is the more probable, because the bite of a mad dog, which is fatal on the hand, is often harmless on the clothed leg; the teeth passing through trousers and woollen drawers are wiped clean of their virus.

Dr. Livingstone attached himself to the tribe of Bakwains. Their chief, Sechele, embraced Christianity and became an assiduous reader of the Bible, the eloquence of Isaiah being peculiarly acceptable to him, and he was wont to say "He was a fine man, that Isaiah; he knew how to speak." But his people were not so ready for conversion, although he calmly proposed to have them flogged into faith: "Do you imagine," he said,

Christian and Heathen.

"these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them; and if you like I shall call my head men, and with our hitpa (whips of rhinoceros hide) we will soon make them believe altogether." As this was declined, conversion did not extend.

"In the hope that others would be induced to join him in his attachment to Christianity, he asked me to begin family worship with him in his house. I did so; and by-and-by was surprised to hear how well he conducted the prayer in his own simple and beautiful style, for he was quite a master of his own language. At this time we were suffering from the effects of a drought, which will be described further on, and none except his family, whom he ordered to attend, came near his meeting. 'In former times,' said he, 'when a chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs and became fond of hunting too. If he was fond of dancing or music, all showed a liking to these amusements too. If the chief loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink. But in this case it is different. I love the Word of God, and not one of my brethren will join me.' One reason why we had no volunteer hypocrites was the hunger from drought, which was associated in their minds with the presence of Christian instruction; and hypocrisy is not prone to profess a creed which seems to ensure an empty stomach."—p. 17.

One of the climatal curses of Africa is drought, and one of the most deeply-rooted superstitions is the belief in the gift of "rain-making." In every tribe there is a rain-doctor. * Andersson, in his "Lake Ngami," gives a humorous account of the cheats the rain-doctors practise, and the shifts they are put to when their efforts fail. Livingstone says that Sechele was a rain-doctor, and found it more difficult to relinquish his faith in this power than in anything else which Christianity commanded him to abjure. In the following dialogue, Livingstone graphically, and with his usual truthfulness and candour, exhibits the state of opinion on the subject, which in a country like ours, where rain is still prayed for in churches, cannot be undeserving of attention:—

"*Medical Doctor.*—Hail friend! How very many medicines you have about you this morning! Why you have every medicine in the country here.

"*Rain Doctor.*—Very true, my friend; and I ought; for the whole country needs the rain which I am making.

"*M. D.*—So you really believe that you can command the clouds? I think that can be done by God alone.

"*R. D.*—We both believe the very same thing. It is God that makes the rain, but I pray to him by means of these medicines, and, the rain coming, of course it is then mine. It was I who made it for the Bakwains for many years, when they were at Shokuane; through my wisdom, too, their women became fat and shining. Ask them; they will tell you the same as I do.

"*M. D.*—But we are distinctly told in the parting words of our Saviour that we can pray to God acceptably in His name alone, and not by means of medicines.

"*E. D.*—Truly! but God told *us* differently. He made black men first, and did not love us, as he did the white men. He made you beautiful, and gave you clothing, and guns, and gunpowder, and horses, and waggons, and many other things about which we know nothing. But toward us he had no heart. He gave us nothing, except the assegai, and cattle, and rain-making; and he did not give us hearts like yours. We never love each other. Other tribes place medicines about our country to prevent the rain, so that we may be dispersed by hunger, and go to them, and augment their power. We must dissolve their charms by our medicines. God has given us one little thing, which you know nothing of. He has given us the knowledge of certain medicines by which we can make rain. *We* do not despise those things which you possess, though we are ignorant of them. We don't understand your book, yet we don't despise it. *You* ought not to despise our little knowledge, though you are ignorant of it.

"*M. D.*—I don't despise what I am ignorant of; I only think you are mistaken in saying that you have medicines which can influence the rain at all.

"*E. D.*—That's just the way people speak when they talk on a subject of which they have no knowledge. When we first opened our eyes, we found our forefathers making rain, and we follow in their footsteps. You, who send to Kuruman for corn, and irrigate your garden, may do without rain; *we* cannot manage in that way. If we had no rain, the cattle would have no pasture, the cows give no milk, our children become lean and die, our wives run away to other tribes who do make rain and have corn, and the whole tribe become dispersed and lost; our fire would go out.

"*M. D.*—I quite agree with you as to the value of the rain; but you cannot charm the clouds by medicines. You wait till you see the clouds come, then you use your medicines, and take the credit which belongs to God only.

"*E. D.*—I use my medicines, and you employ yours; we are both doctors, and doctors are not deceivers. You give a patient medicine. Sometimes God is pleased to heal him by means of your medicine; sometimes not—he dies. When he is cured, you take the credit of what God does. I do the same. Sometimes God grants us rain, sometimes not. When he does, we take the credit of the charm. When a patient dies, you don't give up trust in your medicine, neither do I when rain fails. If you wish me to leave off my medicines, why continue your own?

"*M. D.*—I give medicine to living creatures within my reach, and can see the effects though no cure follows; you pretend to charm the clouds, which are so far above us that your medicines never reach them. The clouds usually lie in one direction, and your smoke goes in another. God alone can command the clouds. Only try and wait patiently; God will give us rain without your medicines.

"*E. D.*—Mahala-ma-kapa-a-a!! Well, I always thought white

'The Drought.

men were wise till this morning. Who ever thought of making trial of starvation! Is death pleasant then?

"M. D.—Could you make it rain on one spot and not on another?

"R. D.—I wouldn't think of trying. I like to see the whole country green, and all the people glad; the women clapping their hands and giving me their ornaments for thankfulness, and lullalooing for joy.

"M. D.—I think you deceive both them and yourself.

"R. D.—Well; then, there is a pair of us (meaning both are rogues)."—pp. 23—25.

Not have we any ground for contempt on hearing that the Bukwains attributed the continued drought to 'the presence of "God's Word" in the country; for did we not attribute the famine in Ireland to the endowment of Maynooth? and the cholera, to the omission of the words *Defensor Fidei* on the new coin? Is the one superstition less barbarous than the other?

Instead of making rain, Livingstone suggested to Sechele that he should make a canal from some never-failing river, and irrigate the gardens with it. The suggestion was adopted, and the whole tribe moved to the Kolobeng, a stream some forty miles distant. The experiment succeeded admirably during the first year; but when a second, a third, and a fourth year of continuous drought followed, the Kolobeng itself ran dry, and the grain could not be brought to maturity. In vain they dug down in the bed of the river, deeper and deeper; as the water receded, the supply gradually diminished, and no rain fell. Needles lying out of doors for months did not rust. The leaves of indigenous trees were all drooping, soft, and shrivelled, though not dead; and the leaves of the *mimosa* closed at mid-day just as they do at night. In the midst of this dreary drought, where a thermometer three inches under the soil at mid day stood at 132° to 134°—a temperature which killed all beetles—the ants were as active as ever.

"Where do these ants get their moisture? Our house was built on a hard ferruginous conglomerate, in order to be out of the way of the white ant, but they came in despite the precaution; and not only were they in this sultry weather able individually to moisten soil to the consistency of mortar for the formation of galleries, which in their way of working is done by night (so that they are screened from the observation of birds by day in passing and repassing towards any vegetable matter they may wish to devour), but, when their inner chambers were laid open, these were also surprisingly humid; yet there was no dew, and, the house being placed on a rock, they could have no subterranean passage to the bed of the river, which ran about three hundred yards below the hill. Can it be that they have the power of combining the oxygen and hydrogen of their vegetable food by vital force so as to form water?"—pp. 21, 22.

We do not think it necessary to recur to an extremely hypothe-

tical combination of oxygen with hydrogen, by means of the "vital force," to explain this phenomenon. The chemists who endeavour to reduce all physiological processes to those of simple chemistry, are, it is true, accustomed to talk of this direct formation of water in the organism by combustion; but without turning from our path to discuss so intricate a question, we may suggest that the ants get their moisture from a very obvious source, namely that of the vegetable matter on which they feed. However severe the drought, it cannot have robbed plants of all their moisture, or the plants would have utterly perished; and the ants feeding on them of course removed the moisture from them.

Dr. Livingstone notices the indigestion which follows an exclusively vegetable diet, and finds it to arise from the absence of salt. The native doctors, aware of the cause, prescribe salt in their medicines. Either meat or milk has the same curative effect as salt, only not so rapidly. On two occasions, when deprived of salt for nearly four months, Livingstone says he felt no desire for salt, but a great desire for milk or meat, which continued so long as the diet was exclusively vegetable; and on procuring a meal of flesh, although boiled in perfectly fresh rain water, "it tasted as pleasantly saltish as if slightly impregnated with that condiment." Nay, even a small quantity of milk or meat, removed entirely the excessive longing and dreaming about roasted ribs of fat oxen, and bowls of cool milk gurgling forth from calabashes.

A very unfavourable account is given of the Boers, who are really the greatest obstacle to the success of missions among these tribes; but we cannot pause to consider what is here said of them, as we have to accompany our traveller across the desert. Before quitting the Bakwains, however, let us hear one more notable fact recorded of them:—

"It is noticeable that the system of espionage is as well developed among the savage tribes as in Austria or Russia. It is a proof of barbarism. Every man in a tribe feels himself bound to tell the chief everything that comes to his knowledge, and, when questioned by a stranger, either gives answers which exhibit the utmost stupidity, or such as he knows will be agreeable to his chief. I believe that in this way have arisen tales of their inability to count more than ten, as was asserted of the Bechuanas about the very time when Sechele's father counted out one thousand head of cattle as a beginning of the stock of his son."—p. 36.

The exact position of Lake Ngami (pronounce Ingami) had been correctly indicated by the natives for at least fifty years; but no European had ever reached it. Dr. Livingstone determined to do so, and accompanied by his wife and children, Mr. Oswell, and Mr. Murray, succeeded in the attempt. The great

The Kalahari Desert.

Kalahari Desert, which they had to traverse, has been called a desert simply because it contains no running water, but only wells. Instead of vast sand plains, it is covered with grass and a great variety of creeping plants, with here and there patches of bushes and even trees. The whole region is remarkably flat, intersected at different places by the beds of ancient rivers. Prodigious herds of the antelope, which require little or no water, roam over the trackless plains; and tribes of Bushmen and Bakalahari prey on the game, as well as on the countless rodents, and small species of the feline race which prey on these.

"The quantity of grass which grows on this remarkable region is astonishing, even to those who are familiar with India. It usually rises in tufts with bare spaces between, or the intervals are occupied by creeping plants, which, having their roots buried far beneath the soil, feel little the effects of the scorching sun. The number of these which have tuberosous roots is very great: and their structure is intended to supply nutriment and moisture when during the long droughts they can be obtained nowhere else. Here we have an example of a plant, not generally tuber-bearing, becoming so under circumstances where that appendage is necessary to act as a reservoir for preserving its life; and the same thing occurs in Angola to a species of grape-bearing vine, which is so furnished for the same purpose. The plant to which I at present refer is one of the cucurbitaceæ which bears a small scarlet-coloured eatable cucumber. Another plant, named *Leroshúa*, is a blessing to the inhabitants of the Desert. We see a small plant with linear leaves, and a stalk not thicker than a crow's quill; on digging down a foot or eighteen inches beneath, we come to a tuber, often as large as the head of a young child; when the rind is removed, we find it to be a mass of cellular tissue, filled with fluid much like that in a young turnip. Owing to the depth beneath the soil at which it is found, it is generally deliciously cool and refreshing. Another kind, named *Mokuri*, is seen in other parts of the country, where long-continued heat parches the soil. This plant is a herbaceous creeper, and deposits underground a number of tubers, some as large as a man's head, at spots in a circle a yard or more, horizontally, from the stem. The natives strike the ground on the circumference of the circle with stones, till, by hearing a difference of sound they know the water-bearing tuber to be beneath. They then dig down a foot or so, and find it."—pp. 47, 48.

There is also the water-melon, which in a rainy season literally covers the plains, and rejoices the heart of almost every animal as well as of man. The elephant and the rhinoceros, vegetable feeders, revel in this fruit, but so also do the animal feeders, lions, hyenas, jackals, and mice. It is the only fruit we ever heard of the lion eating.

The inhabitants of the desert are Bushmen and Bakalahari. Respecting the Bushmen, Livingstone dissipates many an error current in Europe. They have not the striking affinity with the

baboon which we have been taught to believe; nor are those specimens which have been brought to Europe to be considered as representing the race more accurately than the English race would be represented by the squalidest and ugliest specimens a Barnum might pick up for exhibition. They are often small, but not dwarfish; are exceedingly enduring; and their thin, wiry frames are capable of great exertion. An unconquerable love of independence makes them a nomadic, hunting race, feared by their neighbours on account of their warlike character. They are dreaded by lions as well as by men. When they observe evidence of the lion's having made a full meal, they follow up his spoor so quietly that his slumbers are not disturbed:—

“One discharges a poisoned arrow from a distance of only a few feet, while his companion simultaneously throws his skin cloak on the beast's head. The sudden surprise makes the lion lose his presence of mind, and he bounds away in the greatest confusion and terror. Our friends here showed me the poison which they use on these occasions. It is the entrails of a caterpillar called N'gwa, half an inch long. They squeeze out these, and place them all around the bottom of the barb, and allow the poison to dry in the sun. They are very careful in cleaning their nails after working with it, as a small portion introduced into a scratch acts like morbid matter in dissection wounds. The agony is so great that the person cuts himself, calls for his mother's breast as if he were returned in idea to his childhood again, or flies from human habitations a raging maniac. The effects on the lion are equally terrible. He is heard moaning in distress, and becomes furious, biting the trees and ground in rage.

“As the Bushmen have the reputation of curing the wounds of this poison, I asked how this was effected. They said that they administer the caterpillar itself in combination with fat; they also rub fat into the wound, saying that ‘the N'gwa wants fat, and, when it does not find it in the body, kills the man: we give it what it wants, and it is content’—a reason which will commend itself to the enlightened among ourselves.”—p. 171.

In curious contrast to these hunting savages are the Bakalahari, formerly belonging to the Bechuana tribes, and retaining even in the desert the peaceful agricultural habits of the Bechuanas. Although living on the same soil as the Bushmen, enduring the same privations, and subsisting on similar food for centuries, they have never lost their distinctive character. “They hoe their gardens annually, though often all they can hope for is a supply of melons and pumpkins; and they carefully rear small herds of goats, though I have seen them lift water for them out of wells with a bit of ostrich egg-shell or by spoonfuls.”

After discovering Lake Ngami, and being frustrated in his desires to push further, and visit Sebituane, the great Makololo chief, he returned to Kolobeng; and soon after made another

expedition, in which Sebituane came to meet him. An interesting account of this remarkable chief is given; and Livingstone then commences the narrative of his last and longest expedition with a view of finding some healthy district which might serve as a centre of civilization, and open a path to either the west or east coast from the interior. He sent his family to England, promising to rejoin them in two years. Five years elapsed before he saw them again, during which he saw and endured enough to furnish a whole tribe with adventures for a life. This journey extended from the southern extremity of the continent to St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of Angola, on the west coast, and thence across South Central Africa in an oblique direction to Kilimane in Eastern Africa. He thus describes the usual routine of the journey:—

“We get up a little before five in the morning; it is then beginning to dawn. While I am dressing, coffee is made; and, having filled my pannikin, the remainder is handed to my companions, who eagerly partake of the refreshing beverage. The servants are busy loading the canoes, while the principal men are sipping the coffee, and, that being soon over, we embark. The next two hours are the most pleasant part of the day’s sail. The men paddle away most vigorously; the Barotse, being a tribe of boatmen, have large, deeply-developed chests and shoulders, with indifferent lower extremities. They often engage in loud scolding of each other, in order to relieve the tedium of their work. About eleven we land, and eat any meat which may have remained from the previous evening meal, or a biscuit with honey, and drink water.

“After an hour’s rest we again embark and cower under an umbrella. The heat is oppressive, and, being weak from the last attack of fever, I cannot land, and keep the camp supplied with flesh. The men, being quite uncovered in the sun, perspire profusely, and in the afternoon begin to stop, as if waiting for the canoes which have been left behind. Sometimes we reach a sleeping-place two hours before sunset, and, all being troubled with languor, we gladly remain for the night. Coffee again, and a biscuit, or a piece of coarse bread made of maize meal, or that of the native corn, make up the bill of fare for the evening, unless we have been fortunate enough to kill something, when we boil a potful of flesh. This is done by cutting it up into long strips and pouring in water till it is covered. When that is boiled dry, the meat is considered ready. . . . Before leaving the villages entirely, we may glance at our way of spending the nights. As soon as we land, some of the men cut a little grass for my bed, while Mashauana plants the poles of the little tent. These are used by day for carrying burdens, for the Barotse fashion is exactly like that of the natives of India, only the burden is fastened near the ends of the pole, and not suspended by long cords. The bed is made, and boxes ranged on each side of it, and then the tent pitched over all. Four or five feet in front of my tent is placed the principal or kotla fire, the wood for

which must be collected by the man who occupies the post of herald, and takes as his perquisite the heads of all the oxen slaughtered, and of all the game too. Each person knows the station he is to occupy, in reference to the post of honour at the fire in front of the door of the tent. The two Makololo occupy my right and left, both in eating and sleeping, as long as the journey lasts. But Mashauana, my head boatman, makes his bed at the door of the tent as soon as I retire. The rest, divided into small companies according to their tribes, make sheds all round the fire, leaving a horseshoe-shaped space in front sufficient for the cattle to stand in. The fire gives confidence to the oxen, so the men are always careful to keep them in sight of it. The sheds are formed by planting two stout forked poles in an inclined direction, and placing another over these in a horizontal position. A number of branches are then stuck in the ground in the direction to which the poles are inclined, the twigs drawn down to the horizontal pole and tied with strips of bark. Long grass is then laid over the branches in sufficient quantity to draw off the rain, and we have sheds open to the fire in front, but secure from beasts behind. In less than an hour we were usually all under cover. We never lacked abundance of grass during the whole journey. It is a picturesque sight at night, when the clear bright moon of these climates glances on the sleeping forms around, to look out upon the attitudes of profound repose both men and beasts assume. There being no danger from wild animals in such a night, the fires are allowed almost to go out; and as there is no fear of hungry dogs coming over sleepers and devouring the food, or quietly eating up the poor fellows' blankets, which at best were but greasy skins, which sometimes happened in the villages, the picture was one of perfect peace."—pp. 243, 244—250, 251.

It would be impossible within our limits to give anything but the meagrest outline of this great expedition, and as the volume contains on almost every page information both interesting in itself, and easy of separation, for our reader's benefit we shall group together, according to subjects, such passages as may help the reader to some understanding of the races and animals of Africa.

And first of the people. His picture of the moral no less than the physical aspect of the various tribes is very different from what we had been led to expect. Some are warlike and marauding, others peaceful and agricultural, but all are unequivocally endowed with the same faculties and tendencies, and in the same degree, as Europeans. In intelligence they certainly equal that of any race known to us, if, instead of allowing our conceptions of the race to be exaggerated by the eminence of a few individuals, and by the immense superiority which an accumulated store of traditional knowledge gives even to the mediocre, we measure the intelligence of the race by that which is exhibited among the uncultivated masses. In virtue, they seem like the rest of the world, of a mingled yarn, good and evil, generosity and egoism.

At times Livingstone has to record cases of ferocity, selfishness, low cunning, and heartless indifference; but he has also cases of noble impulse, disinterested generosity, brave devotion, and unshaken attachment. He is by no means disposed to idealize the negroes, but his sagacity, truthfulness, and abundant experience enable him to detect and to present the character of these men in a very different light from that in which they have hitherto been presented. Nor does he even accept the ordinary physical description as accurate. With every disposition to pay due deference to the opinions of ethnologists, he feels himself unable to believe that the exaggerated features usually put forth as those of the typical negro characterize the majority of any nation of South Central Africa. "The monuments of the ancient Egyptians seem to me to embody the ideal of the inhabitants of Londa better than the figures of any work of ethnology I have met with." What he says on the colour and dialects of the various races is worth noting:—

"The people who inhabit the central region are not all quite black in colour. Many incline to that of bronze, and others are as light in hue as the Bushmen; who, it may be remembered, afford a proof that heat alone does not cause blackness, but that heat and moisture combined, do very materially deepen the colour. Wherever we find people who have continued for ages in a hot humid district, they are deep black, but to this apparent law there are exceptions, caused by the migrations of both tribes, and individuals; the Makololo for instance, among the tribes of the humid central basin, appear of a sickly sallow hue, when compared with the aboriginal inhabitants; the Batoka also, who lived in an elevated region, are, when seen in company with the Batoka of the rivers, so much lighter in colour, they might be taken for another tribe; but their language, and the very marked custom of knocking out the upper front teeth, leave no room for doubt that they are one people.

"Apart from the influences of elevation, heat, humidity, and degradation, I have imagined that the lighter and darker colours observed in the native population, run in five longitudinal bands along the southern portion of the continent. Those on the seaboard of both the east and west are very dark; then two bands of lighter colour lie about three hundred miles from each coast, of which the westerly one, bending round, embraces the Kalahari Desert and Bechuana countries; and then the central basin is very dark again. This opinion is not given with any degree of positiveness. It is stated just as it struck my mind in passing across the country, and if incorrect, it is singular that the dialects spoken by the different tribes, have arranged themselves in a fashion which seems to indicate migration along the lines of colour. The dialects spoken in the extreme south, whether Hottentot or Caffre, bear a close affinity to those of the tribes living immediately on their northern borders: one glides into the other, and their affinities are so easily detected, that they are at once recognised to be cognate.

If the dialects of extreme points are compared, as that of the Caffres and the tribes near the Equator, it is more difficult to recognise the fact, which is really the case, that all the dialects belong to but two families of languages. Examination of the roots of the words of the dialects, arranged in geographical order, shows that they merge into each other, and there is not nearly so much difference between the extremes of east and west as between those of north and south; the dialect spoken at Tete resembling closely that in Angola."—pp. 338, 339.

They are superstitious, of course, and the northern tribes have sanguinary superstitions. But although they have certain funeral rites, and vague ideas of a future state, not intelligible because not yet formulated in any doctrine, they seem to have nothing like a *cultus*. They have rain-doctors, and diviners, but no priests. When Livingstone upbraided a chief for selling and killing men, and asked him if he did not know he would be judged in company with those he destroyed by a Lord who is no respecter of persons? he replied, "We do not go up to God, as you do; we are put into the ground." Nor could Livingstone ascertain that even those who have a distinct perception of the continued existence of departed spirits had any notion of heaven; "they appear to imagine the souls to be always near the place of sepulture."

On the Zambesi, the tribes seem to have a distinct idea of the soul's continued existence, and visit the graves of departed relatives, bringing food, beer, &c., as offerings. They also believe in a Supreme Being, the Maker and Governor of all things, to whom they make sacrifices after deliverance from any danger. When undergoing the ordeal, they hold up their hands to heaven as if appealing to God to assert their innocence. Apropos of this trial by ordeal, which it is curious to meet with among these savages, Livingstone gives the following statement:—

"When a man suspects that any of his wives have bewitched him, he sends for the witch-doctor, and all the wives go forth into the field, and remain fasting till that person has made an infusion of the plant. They all drink it, each one holding up her hand to heaven in attestation of her innocency. Those who vomit it are considered innocent, while those whom it purges are pronounced guilty, and put to death by burning. The innocent return to their homes, and slaughter a cock as a thank-offering to their guardian spirits. The practice of ordeal is common among all the negro nations north of the Zambesi. This summary procedure excited my surprise, for my intercourse with the natives here had led me to believe that the women were held in so much estimation that the men would not dare to get rid of them thus. But the explanation I received was this. The slightest imputation makes them eagerly desire the test; they are conscious of being innocent, and have the fullest faith in the muavi detecting the guilty alone;

hence they go willingly, and even eagerly, to drink it. When in Angola, a half-caste was pointed out to me, who is one of the most successful merchants in that country; and the mother of this gentleman, who was perfectly free, went, of her own accord, all the way from Ambaca to Cassange, to be killed by the ordeal, her rich son making no objection. The same custom prevails among the Barotse, Bashubia, and Batoka, but with slight variations. The Barotse, for instance, pour the medicine down the throat of a cock or a dog, and judge of the innocence or guilt of the person accused according to the vomiting or purging of the animal. I happened to mention to my own men the water-test for witches formerly in use in Scotland: the supposed witch, being bound hand and foot, was thrown into a pond; if she floated, she was considered guilty, taken out, and burned; but if she sank and was drowned, she was pronounced innocent. The wisdom of my ancestors excited as much wonder in their minds, as their custom did in mine."—pp. 621, 622.

It is very note-worthy, especially for those who maintain that morality must necessarily be dependent on religion, and that unless men believe themselves to be under the eye of God, and under the fear of hell, they will never subdue their native tendencies to evil, that all these tribes have not only some of the highest moral qualities, but also the most jealous desire to be always justified in their acts. The warlike Makololo were always restrained from violence by the consideration that the guilt would be on their side if they began the strife. "This," says Livingstone, "is a favourite mode of expression throughout the whole country. All are anxious to give explanation of any acts they have performed, and conclude the narration with 'I have no guilt, or blame; 'They have the guilt.' I could never be positive whether the idea in their minds is guilt in the sight of the Deity, or of mankind only." One chief is always anxious to have his conduct explained to any other chief; and it was purely owing to this fixed idea of right that Livingstone was enabled to pass through countries of hostile tribes, with a party of the very men who had destroyed villages and massacred inhabitants, but who now came on no hostile intent, and would not allow a quarrel to be fastened on them.

The Makololo who accompanied him to Loanda were in ecstasies of wonderment at the marvels of the white men's houses, ships, and all the accessories of civilization, but they seem to have been less impressed by the religious ceremonies:—

"On the 15th there was a procession and service of the mass in the cathedral; and wishing to show my men a place of worship, I took them to the church which now serves as the chief one of the See of Angola and Congo. There is an impression on some minds, that a gorgeous ritual is better calculated to inspire devotional feelings than the simple forms of the Protestant worship. But here the frequent

genuflexions, changing of positions, burning of incense, with the priests' backs turned to the people, the laughing, talking, and manifest irreverence of the singers, with firing of guns, &c., did not convey to the minds of my men the idea of adoration. I overheard them, in talking to each other, remark that 'they had seen the white men charming their demons;' a phrase identical with one they had used when seeing the Balanda beating drums before their idols."—p. 392.

Polygamy is of course universal. The notions of the conjugal relation are very curious, and we know not what Europeans will say to the following glimpse of injured husbands and their feelings. On returning from the expedition to Loanda—

"My men were exceedingly delighted with the cordial reception we met with everywhere; but a source of annoyance was found where it was not expected. Many of their wives had married other men during our two years' absence. Mashauana's wife, who had borne him two children, was among the number. He wished to appear not to feel it much, saying, 'Why, wives are as plentiful as grass, and I can get another: she may go;' but he would add, 'If I had that fellow, I would open his ears for him.' As most of them had more wives than one, I tried to console them by saying that they had still more than I had, and that they had enough yet; but they felt the reflection to be galling, *that while they were toiling, another had been devouring their corn.* Some of their wives came with very young infants in their arms. This excited no discontent; and for some, I had to speak to the chief, to order the men, who had married the only wives some of my companions ever had, to restore them."—p. 496.

The marriage and funeral ceremonies are thus described:—

"The chief recreations of the natives of Angola are marriages and funerals. When a young woman is about to be married, she is placed in a hut alone and anointed with various unguents, and many incantations are employed, in order to secure good fortune and fruitfulness. Here, as almost everywhere in the south, the height of good fortune is to bear sons. They often leave a husband altogether, if they have daughters only. In their dances, when any one may wish to deride another, in the accompanying song a line is introduced, 'So and so has no children, and never will get any.' She feels the insult so keenly, that it is not uncommon for her to rush away and commit suicide. After some days, the bride elect is taken to another hut, and adorned with all the richest clothing and ornaments that the relatives can either lend or borrow. She is then placed in a public situation, saluted as a lady, and presents made by all her acquaintances are placed around her. After this she is taken to the residence of her husband, where she has a hut for herself, and becomes one of several wives, for polygamy is general. Dancing, feasting, and drinking on such occasions are prolonged for several days. In case of separation, the woman returns to her father's family, and the husband receives back what he gave for her. In nearly all cases a man gives a price for the wife, and,

in cases of mulattoes, as much as 60*l.* is often given to the parents of the bride. This is one of the evils the Bishop was trying to remedy.

"In cases of death the body is kept several days, and there is a grand concourse of both sexes, with beating of drums, dances, and debauchery, kept up with feasting, &c., according to the means of the relatives. The great ambition of many of the chiefs of Angola is to give their friends an expensive funeral. Once when one is asked to sell a pig, he replies, 'I am keeping it in case of the death of any of my friends.' A pig is usually slaughtered and eaten on the last day of the ceremonies, and its head thrown into the nearest stream or river. A native will sometimes appear intoxicated on these occasions, and, if blamed for his intemperance, will reply, 'Why! my mother is dead!' as if he thought it a sufficient justification. The expenses of funerals are so heavy, that often years elapse before they can defray them."—pp. 412, 413.

This reminds us of a dramatist, who, on Jerrold's asking him why the public had seen none of his blood and thunder of late, replied, "Oh, I'm comfortable now; my mother's dead."

Apropos of mothers we learn:—

"All the Makalaka children cleave to the mother in cases of separation, or removal from one part of the country to another. This love for mothers does not argue superior morality in other respects, or else Intemese has forgotten any injunctions his mamma may have given him not to tell lies. The respect, however, with which he spoke of her, was quite characteristic of his race. The Bechuanas, on the contrary, care nothing for their mothers, but cling to their fathers, especially if they have any expectation of becoming heirs to their cattle. Our Bakwain guide to the lake, Rachosi, told me that his mother lived in the country of Sebituane, but, though a good specimen of the Bechuanas, he laughed at the idea of going so far as from the Lake Ngami to the Chobe, merely for the purpose of seeing her. Had he been one of the Makalaka, he never would have parted from her."—p. 309.

Andersson in his work on "Lake Ngami," does not give so favourable a picture of the moral character of the tribes he visited; yet he describes the Ovambo as a perfectly honest race, which appears to regard theft with horror, and to punish it with death. "Without permission the natives would not even touch anything, and we could leave our camp free from the least apprehension of being plundered." As a proof of this honesty he relates that some of his servants left a few trifles behind them, on departing, yet these were actually sent after them by messengers to a very considerable distance. No pauperism is in the country, and the crippled and aged are carefully attended to. The people are very hospitable and generous.

Besides the moral characteristics already mentioned, we may add [Vol. LXIX. No. CXXXV.]—New Series, Vol. XIII. No. I. C

that Livingstone only once during his long residence among the Bechuanas saw a man strike another, except when armed; and the religious truthfulness of the Makololo is indicated in their trials:—

“No oath is administered; but occasionally, when a statement is questioned, a man will say, ‘By my father,’ or ‘By the chief, it is so.’ Their truthfulness among each other is quite remarkable; but their system of government is such that Europeans are not in a position to realize it readily. A poor man will say, in his defence against a rich one, ‘I am astonished to hear a man so great as he make a false accusation;’ as if the offence of falsehood were felt to be one against the society which the individual referred to had the greatest interest in upholding.”—p. 182.

Although a missionary, and a man pious as well as benevolent, Dr. Livingstone has none of the missionary delusion that savages will welcome the Gospel, and be converted by eloquent preaching. That they need the teaching of Christians, he fervently believes; but he is too sagacious and too candid to believe that this teaching will ever effect anything worthy of the labour, unless the tribes are prepared by some civilization; and the basis of civilization he sees to be commerce. Unhappily, commerce is in the most rudimentary condition, and the means of commerce are scanty. The first step is to find pathways to the coast. The second will be to establish a currency. At present the universal system is one of barter, a system to which some fanciful theorists during 1848 wished to reduce European commerce. If the reader happen to remember *La Noire aux Idées*, that gigantic buffoonery of the Palais Royal Theatre, in which Proudhon and the *libre échange* were ridiculed, he will laugh once more as memory recalls the ludicrous figure of Ravel, after having his hair cut, presenting the coiffeur with a crocodile as payment, sublimely asking for the “change!” This is somewhat the state of things in Africa. Dr. Barth, in his “Travels in Central Africa,” describes, in several passages, the fatigue and vexation of marketing, even in the capitals. You wish to buy corn; if you have only dollars you must first buy shells with them; with the shells you may buy shirts; and after a good deal of bartering, you may exchange your shirts for corn. “The fatigue to be undergone in the market,” says Dr. Barth, “is such that I have often seen my servants return in a state of the utmost exhaustion.” Unhappily, your shirts are only exchangeable in some districts; and Dr. Barth thus describes his difficulty:—

“In order to employ my leisure time, I took a walk to Búgari, the village above mentioned, it being market-day: and I was glad, considering the little civilization which is to be met with in these regions, to find a good deal of traffic going on in the market. There were

about twenty head of cattle, between sixty and eighty sheep, and about a dozen asses to be sold; there were, moreover, a good assortment of black and white tobes, a tolerable supply of butter and honey, besides millet, beans, and ground-nuts; the latter, especially, were very plentiful, and bore ample testimony to the fact, that in these regions, also, this valuable article of commerce grows in great quantities, and forms a considerable portion of the diet of the natives; but as for cotton, the supply was rather limited.

"The staple commodity of the market were tobes, half-tobes, and single strips of cotton, or fārda, about three inches wide, and from three to four dra in length. Unfortunately, I was destitute of this kind of money, the people rejecting with contempt those miserable little shirts, or dōra, which I had brought with me from Bōrni; so that, notwithstanding the good supply of the market, I might have remained unprovided. I however succeeded in buying a few fārda for some needles, paying four needles for each fārda. I bought also a little butter for some beads."—Vol. iii. pp. 334, 335.

Even among those tribes which have so far approximated to money as to have a fixed standard, in cowrie shells, the operation of counting is described by Barth as very tedious in Central Africa, where the cowries are not fastened together in strings of one hundred each, as in some regions near the coast, but are separate, and must be counted one by one. Even those sacks made of rushes containing twenty thousand shells each, which are packed up by the governors of the towns, will not be received without counting the shells one by one. When to these difficulties we add the extreme ignorance of the people of anything like value, it will be seen that commerce is as yet but in a rudimentary condition. Such explorations as those of Livingstone and Barth, however, by pointing out the available paths by which the various countries may be reached with safety, and goods transported with profit, will ere long introduce active trade into these districts, and with trade the rest will follow.

The government of these tribes is patriarchal. The chief is father of his people. They build their huts around his, and his importance increases with the number of these huts. Hence children are looked upon as blessings, and large families mean greater wealth and importance. Near the centre of each circle of huts there is a spot called the "kotla," which has a fire-place, and serves the purpose of forum and café: it is here the people work, sit, eat, and gossip. The poor man attaches himself to the "kotla" of a rich man, and is considered as a child by the latter. An under-chief has a number of these circles round his, and the collection of "kotlas" around the great one in the centre of the whole which belongs to the principal chief, constitutes the town. The circle of huts immediately around the "kotla" of the chief belongs to his wives and his blood-relations. He attaches

the under-chiefs to him by marrying their daughters or inducing his brothers to marry them.

The country is almost everywhere luxuriant in vegetation, and in animals of all kinds, not always the most agreeable to man. Not to speak of serpents, scorpions, and the destructive *tsetse*—a fly which kills all cattle, and of which Livingstone gives several interesting details—there are two toe-eating insects whose acquaintance one would respectfully decline. The first of these is the *tampan*, a kind of tick, which Livingstone describes as selecting the inner parts of the toe or finger for the infliction of its bite; in size it ranges from a pin's head to a pea, and is common in all the native huts in Ambaca. It sucks the blood until quite full, and is then of a dark-blue colour, and its skin is so tough and yielding that no amount of squeezing with the fingers will burst it. The effects of its bite are a tingling sensation of mingled pain and itching, which commences ascending the limb until the poison reaches the abdomen, where it causes violent vomiting and purging; where these effects do not follow, fever sets in, and sometimes death is the consequence. The second insect is described by Dr. Barth as a tick which takes up its abode in the little toe, and eats it gradually away, beginning at the joint, so that the limb has the appearance of being tied up with a thread. Scarcely one man in ten has more than four toes in the districts where this insect appears.

We do not mention lions, because, although they are very numerous, Livingstone speaks with contempt of any danger from them. It is only when they are wounded, or in the last exasperation of hunger that they attack men. So also the lordly elephant, the unwieldy rhinoceros, the stupid but impetuous buffalo, and the timid hippopotamus, run away before man, and are only terrible when wounded, or when their young are menaced. It must be a grand sight to look upon a broad plain on which vast herds of elephants, buffalos, elands, and antelopes are quietly feeding; and it is piteous to think how these noble creatures are gradually vanishing from the face of the earth, as firearms are introduced among the savages. To those who are interested in these animals, Dr. Livingstone's pages will be found full of delightful matter; and we feel some embarrassment in choosing extracts, so numerous are the passages which invite us. What he says of the horse-sickness (*peripneumonia*), which renders it difficult to keep horses anywhere between 20° and 27° S. during December and April, is noticeable, although his conclusion may be questioned. It is only during the winter (which begins in April), that horses can be preserved, and there is danger of their all perishing before December. This disease is almost always fatal, though one attack, if survived, prevents the occurrence

of a second. Cattle are also subject to it, but in a less degree, and at intervals of some years.

"When the flesh of animals that have died of this disease is eaten, it causes a malignant carbuncle; which, when it appears over any important organ, proves rapidly fatal. It is more especially dangerous over the pit of the stomach. The effects of the poison had been experienced by missionaries who had eaten properly cooked food, the flesh of sheep really but not visibly affected with the disease. The virus in the flesh of the animal is destroyed neither by boiling nor roasting. This fact, of which we have had innumerable examples, shows the superiority of experiments on a large scale to those of acute and able physiologists and chemists in the laboratory, for a well-known physician of Paris, after careful investigation, considered that the virus in such cases was completely neutralized by boiling."—p. 102.

The fact here brought forward is assuredly of great importance, but Dr. Livingstone seems to us hasty in concluding from it that the experiments of physiologists are untrustworthy; because although this particular virus may poison those who eat flesh tainted with it, nothing can be better established than the fact that many other kinds of poisoned meat are innocuous, *not*, as he implies, because roasting or boiling destroys the virus, but because the mucous membrane of the stomach will not absorb it. Horses that have died of the "glanders" have been frequently eaten with perfect impunity. And those savages who kill their game with poisoned arrows, eat the poisoned game without ever suffering from it. The reason is simply this: the very poison which, when injected or absorbed into the blood, produces death, may be swallowed or injected into the intestinal canal with impunity: it is not absorbed from the stomach, and passes away harmless.*

Dr. Livingstone calls attention to the dislike of springbucks and cattle for tall grass, which seems to fill them with a vague terror. "When oxen are taken into a country of high grass, they are much more ready to be startled; their sense of danger is increased by the increased power of concealment afforded to an enemy by such a cover; and they will often start off in terror at the ill-defined outlines of each other." The springbuck, possessing this feeling in an intense degree, becomes uneasy as the grass grows taller, and the Bakaluhari tribes take advantage of it, and burn away large patches of grass to form spots for the springbucks to range over.

The following will be especially interesting to physiologists—and mothers:—

"I have examined several cases in which a grandmother has taken upon herself to suckle a grandchild. Masina of Kuruman had no

* The reader may see this subject treated in detail by Claude Bernard. *Leçons sur les Effets des Substances Toxiques.* Paris. 1857.

children after the birth of her daughter Sina, and had no milk after
 * Sina was weaned, an event which usually is deferred till the child is two
 or three years old. Sina married when she was seventeen or eighteen,
 and had twins; Masina, after at least fifteen years' interval since she
 last suckled a child, took possession of one^{of} them, applied it to her
 breast, and milk flowed, so that she was able to nurse the child en-
 tirely. Masina was at this time at least forty years of age. I have
 witnessed several other cases analogous to this. A grandmother of
 forty, or even less, for they become withered at an early age, when
 left at home with a young child, applies it to her own shrivelled breast,
 and milk soon follows. In some cases, as that of Ma-bogosing, the
 chief wife of Mahure, who was about thirty-five years of age, the child
 was not entirely dependent on the grandmother's breast, as the mother
 suckled it too. I had witnessed the production of milk so frequently
 by the simple application of the lips of the child, that I was not there-
 fore surprised when told by the Portuguese in Eastern Africa of a
 native doctor who, by applying a poultice of the pounded larvae of
 hornets to the breast of a woman, aided by the attempts of the child,
 could bring back the milk. Is it not possible that the story in the
 'Cloud of Witnesses,' of a man, during the time of persecution in
 Scotland, putting his child to his own breast, and finding, to the
 astonishment of the whole country, that milk followed the act, may
 have been literally true? It was regarded and is quoted as a miracle,
 but the feelings of the father towards the child of a murdered
 mother must have been as nearly as possible analogous to the maternal
 feeling; and as anatomists declare the structure of both male and
 female breasts to be identical, there is nothing physically impossible
 in the alleged result. The illustrious Baron Humboldt quotes an
 instance of a male breast yielding milk; and though I am not con-
 scious of being over-credulous, the strange instances I have examined
 in the opposite sex make me believe that there is no error in that
 philosopher's statement."—pp. 126, 127.

The mystery of the ants is one which baffles all philosophy. Those persons who are content to accept a phrase in lieu of an explanation find no difficulty in accounting for the marvels exhibited by these insects; they call the acts "instinctive," and discussion is closed. But those who do not see that any light whatever radiates from such a phrase, and who want to detect the organ which performs each function, must feel themselves at a complete standstill after examining the tiny nervous thread with its knots, in the body of the ant, and then reading any of the observations of the ant's habits and procedure, such, for instance, as the following account of the black soldier-ants, returning from their marauding expedition:—

"These I have often noticed before in different parts of the country; and as we had even at Kolobeng an opportunity of observing their habits, I may give a short account of them here. They are black,

with a slight tinge of grey, about half an inch in length, and on the line of march appear three or four abreast; when disturbed, they utter a distinct hissing or chirping sound. They follow a few leaders, who never carry anything, and they seem to be guided by a scent left on the path by the leaders; for happening once to throw the water from my basin behind a bush where I was dressing, it lighted on the path by which a regiment had passed before I began my toilette, and when they returned they were totally at a loss to find the way home, though they continued searching for it nearly half-an-hour. It was found only by one making a long circuit round the wetted spot. The scent may have indicated also, the propriety of their going in one direction only. If a handful of earth is thrown on the path, at the middle of the regiment, either on its way home or abroad, those behind it are completely at a loss as to their further progress. Whatever it may be that guides them, they seem only to know that they are not to return, for they come up to the handful of earth, but will not cross it, though not a quarter of an inch high. They wheel round and regain their path again, but never think of retreating to the nest, or to the place where they have been stealing. After a quarter of an hour's confusion and hissing, one may make a circuit of a foot round the earth, and soon all follow in that roundabout way. When on their way to attack the abode of the white ants, the latter may be observed rushing about in a state of great perturbation. The black leaders, distinguished from the rest by their greater size, especially in the region of the sting, then seize the white ants one by one, and inflict a sting, which seems to inject a portion of fluid similar in effect to chloroform, as it renders them insensible but not dead, and only able to move one or two front legs. As the leaders toss them on one side, the rank and file seize them and carry them off.

"One morning I saw a party going forth on what has been supposed to be a slave-hunting expedition. They came to a stick, which, being enclosed in a white-ant gallery, I knew contained numbers of this insect; but I was surprised to see the black soldiers passing without touching it. I lifted up the stick and broke a portion of the gallery, and then laid it across the path in the middle of the black regiment. The white ants, when uncovered, scampered about with great celerity, hiding themselves under the leaves, but attracted little attention from the black marauders, till one of the leaders caught them, and applying his sting, laid them in an instant on one side in a state of coma; the others then promptly seized them and rushed off. On first observing these marauding insects at Kolobeng, I had the idea, imbibed from a work of no less authority than Brougham's Paley, that they seized the white ants in order to make them slaves; but having rescued a number of captives, I placed them aside, and found that they never recovered from the state of insensibility into which they had been thrown by the leaders. I supposed then that the insensibility had been caused by the soldiers holding the necks of the white ants too tightly with their mandibles, as that is the way they seize them; but even the pupæ which I took from the soldier

ants, though placed in a favourable temperature, never became developed. In addition to this, if any one examines the orifice by which the black ant enters his barracks, he will always find a little heap of hard heads and legs of the white ants, showing that these black ruffians are a grade lower than slave-stealers, being actually cannibals. Elsewhere, I have seen a body of them removing their eggs from a place in which they were likely to be flooded by the rains; I calculated their numbers to be twelve hundred and sixty; they carried their eggs a certain distance, then laid them down, when others took them and carried them further on. Every ant in the colony seemed to be employed in this laborious occupation, yet there was not a white slave-ant among them. One cold morning, I observed a band of another species of black ant, returning each with a captive: there could be no doubt of their cannibal propensities, for the 'brutal soldiery' had already deprived the white ants of their legs. The fluid in the stings of this species is of an intensely acid taste.

"I had often noticed the stupefaction produced by the injection of a fluid from the sting of certain insects before. It is particularly observable in a hymenopterous insect called the 'plasterer' (*Pelopæus Eekloni*), which in its habits resembles somewhat the mason-bee. It is about an inch and a quarter in length, jet black in colour, and may be observed, coming into houses, carrying in its fore-legs a pellet of soft plaster, about the size of a pea. When it has fixed upon a convenient spot for its dwelling, it forms a cell about the same length as its body, plastering the walls, so as to be quite thin and smooth inside. When this is finished, all except a round hole, it brings seven or eight caterpillars or spiders, each of which is rendered insensible, but not killed, by the fluid from its sting. These it deposits in the cell, and then one of its own larvæ, which, as it grows, finds food quite fresh. The insects are in a state of coma, but the presence of vitality prevents putridity, or that drying up, which would otherwise take place in this climate. By the time the young insect is full grown and its wings completely developed, the food is done. It then pierces the wall of its cell at the former door, or place last filled up by its parent, flies off, and begins life for itself. The plasterer is a most useful insect, as it acts as a check on the inordinate increase of caterpillars and spiders. It may often be seen with a caterpillar or even a cricket much larger than itself, but they lie perfectly still after the injection of chloroform, and the plasterer, placing a row of legs on each side of the body, uses both legs and wings in tralling the victim along. The fluid in each case is, I suppose, designed to cause insensibility and likewise act as an antiseptic, the death of the victims being without pain."—pp. 537-539.

We have no space to quote from the various botanical and geological passages liberally scattered through these volumes, but must restrict ourselves to what is said of the vitality of the Baobab-tree, which seems the nearest approach to indestructibility yet discovered. The natives make a strong cord from the fibres of the

bark of this tree, consequently the whole of the trunk, as high as they can reach, is often quite stripped. With any other tree this would be inevitable destruction, but on the Baobab it has no other effect than to make it throw out a new bark, which is done in the way of granulation. This stripping of the bark is repeated again and again, so that it is common to see the lower five or six feet of the trunk smaller in dimension than the parts above. Even portions of the bark which have been broken in the process of tearing off, and are separated from the roots, though connected with the upper part of the tree, continue to grow as vigorously as ever.

“No external injury, not even a fire, can destroy this tree from without; nor can any injury be done from within, as it is quite common to find it hollow; and I have seen one in which twenty or thirty men could lie down and sleep, as in a hut. Nor does cutting down exterminate it, for I saw instances in Angola in which it continued to grow in length after it was lying on the ground. These trees called exogenous grow by means of successive layers on the outside. The inside may be dead, or even removed altogether, without affecting the life of the tree. This is the case with most of the trees of our climate. The other class is called endogenous, and increases by layers applied to the inside; and when the hollow there is full, the growth is stopped—the tree must die. Any injury is felt most severely by the first class on the bark—by the second on the inside; while the inside of the exogenous may be removed, and the outside of the endogenous may be cut, without stopping the growth in the least. The mowana possesses the powers of both. The reason is, that each of the laminæ possesses its own independent vitality; in fact, the baobab is rather a gigantic bulb run up to seed than a tree. Each of eighty-four concentric rings had, in the case mentioned, grown an inch after the tree had been blown over. The roots, which may often be observed extending along the surface of the ground forty or fifty yards from the trunk, also retain their vitality after the tree is laid low; and the Portuguese now know that the best way to treat them, is to let them alone, for they occupy much more room when cut down than when growing.”—p. 163.

Compare this with the ephemeral existence of the Kalomo snow-drop, which suddenly starts into life and whitens the whole sward for a few hours. Every morning a fresh crop appears, and when the day is cloudy they do not expand till the afternoon. In an hour or so they droop and die. The variations in the vitality possessed by animals is not less remarkable; and to these variations must be added those of withstanding wounds, which is by no means commensurate with ordinary length of life.

“Antelopes, formed for a partially amphibious existence, and other animals of that class, are much more tenacious of life than those which

are purely terrestrial. Most antelopes, when in distress or pursued, make for the water. If hunted they always do. A leche shot right through the body, and no limb-bone broken, is almost sure to get away, while a zebra, with a wound of no greater severity, will probably drop down dead. I have seen a rhinoceros, while standing apparently chewing the cud, drop down dead from a shot in the stomach, while others shot through one lung and the stomach go off as if little hurt. But if one should crawl up silently to within twenty yards of either the white or black rhinoceros, throwing up a pinch of dust every now and then, to find out that the anxiety to keep the body concealed by the bushes has not led him to the windward side, then sit down, rest the elbows on the knees, and aim, slanting a little upwards, at a dark spot behind the shoulders, it falls stone dead.

"To show that a shock on the part of the system to which much nervous force is at the time directed, will destroy life, it may be mentioned that an eland, when hunted, can be despatched by a wound, which does little more than injure the muscular system; its whole nervous force is then imbuing the organs of motion: and a giraffe, when pressed hard by a good horse, only two or three hundred yards, has been known to drop down dead, without any wound being inflicted at all. A full gallop by an eland or giraffe quite dissipates its power, and the hunters, aware of this, always try to press them at once to it, knowing that they have but a short space to run before the animals are in their power. In doing this, the old sportsmen are careful not to go too close to the giraffe's tail, for this animal can swing his hind foot round in a way which would leave little to choose between a kick with it and a clap from the arm of a windmill.

"When the nervous force is entire, terrible wounds may be inflicted without killing; a tsessebe having been shot through the neck while quietly feeding, we went to him, and one of the men cut his throat deep enough to bleed him largely. He started up after this and ran more than a mile, and would have got clear off, had not a dog brought him to bay, under a tree, where we found him standing."—pp. 256, 257.

But we must cease before we have half exhausted the delightful store of information contained in this work. The brig at last reached Kilimane, and bore our adventurous traveller away from these lands he had so successfully explored. His faithful Makolelo wanted to cross the sea with him; one petitioned so hard that Livingstone had great difficulty in refusing. "You will die if you go to such a cold country as mine," said Livingstone. "That is nothing," replied the faithful negro; "let me die at your feet." One of them he did consent to take with him, and the others are still awaiting "their father" at Zete, to take them back, when he returns, to their chief. The one he selected was Sekwebu, a very intelligent and affectionate man, who had been of great service to him.

"When we parted from our friends at Kilimane, the sea on the bar

was frightful even to the seamen. This was the first time Sekwebu had seen the sea. Captain Peyton had sent two boats in case of accident. The waves were so high that, when the cutter was in one trough, and we in the pinnace in another, her mast was hid. We then mounted to the crest of the wave, rushed down the slope, and struck the water again with a blow which felt as if she had struck the bottom. Boats must be singularly well constructed to be able to stand these shocks. Three breakers swept over us. The men lift up their oars, and a wave comes sweeping over all, giving the impression that the boat is going down, but she only goes beneath the top of the wave, comes out on the other side, and swings down the slope, and a man bales out the water with a bucket. Poor Sekwebu looked at me when these terrible seas broke over, and said, 'Is this the way you go? Is this the way you go?' I smiled, and said, 'Yes, don't you see it is?' and tried to encourage him."—pp. 682, 687.

Sekwebu's delight and astonishment at the ship and all he saw may be imagined. The sailors and officers made much of him, and he said, "Your countrymen are very agreeable; what a strange country is this—all water together!" But alas! the excitement was too much for him. To understand the following it is necessary to know that "Ma-Robert" means Mrs. Livingstone, and Robert her son.

"The constant strain on his untutored mind seemed now to reach a climax, for during the night he became insane. I thought at first that he was intoxicated. He had descended into a boat, and, when I attempted to go down and bring him into the ship, he ran to the stern, and said, 'No! no! it is enough that I die alone. You must not perish; if you come I shall throw myself into the water.' Perceiving that his mind was affected, I said, 'Now, Sekwebu, we are going to Ma-Robert.' This struck a chord in his bosom, and he said, 'O yes; where is she, and where is Robert?' and he seemed to recover. The officers proposed to secure him by putting him in irons, but, being a gentleman in his own country, I objected, knowing that the insane often retain an impression of ill-treatment, and I could not bear to have it said in Sekwebu's country that I had chained one of his principal men, as they had seen slaves treated. I tried to get him on shore by day, but he refused. In the evening a fresh accession of insanity occurred—he tried to spear one of the crew, then leaped overboard, and, though he could swim well, pulled himself down head under head, by the chain cable. We never found the body of poor Sekwebu."—p. 683.

The importance and variety of the information which Livingstone has amassed during his sixteen years' labour in these lands cannot easily be estimated, but the main results of his work may be stated in few words. First, we have the most explicit testimony to the fact which every philosophical mind must, *a priori*,

have deduced—namely, that missionary enterprise is futile unless based on a commencement of civilization. The Africans must be civilized before they can be christianized; and for civilization there must be commerce. But Livingstone has not only proved the necessity of commerce, he has also proved its practicability. And this leads us to the second result of his labours, which is the discovery of a water-path from the eastern coast into the interior. The Zambesi river—a magnificent stream, which permits navigation all the year round—during five months of the year for large vessels, and during the low-water months for smaller vessels of about the size of our Thames steamers—and which extends six hundred miles, with only one rapid as an interruption, is certainly as fine a path into the interior as commerce could desire. The highlands are healthy, and the tribes friendly. A chain of stations might be formed on the Zambesi, having communications with the coast. The country is well adapted for cotton, and by distributing seeds of a better kind than is found indigenous, there is every reason to hope that the natives would be stimulated to cultivate it, if certain of a ready market. “We ought to encourage the Africans,” says Dr. Livingstone, “to cultivate for our markets, as the most effectual means, next to the Gospel, of their elevation.” The slave-trade would then be no more, and England would have gained the object for which she has made so many sacrifices.

ART. II.—SPIRITS AND SPIRIT-RAPPING.

1. *Modern Spiritualism: its Facts and Enigmas, its Consistencies and Contradictions.* With an Appendix. By E. W. Capron. 1855.
2. *Experimental Investigation of the Spirit Manifestations, demonstrating the Existence of Spirits, and their Communion with Mortals. Doctrine of the Spirit World respecting Heaven, Hell, Morality, and God. Also the Influence of Scripture on the Morals of Christians.* By Robert Hare, M.D., Emeritus Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, Graduate of Yale College and Harvard University, Associate of the Smithsonian Institute, and Member of various learned Societies. Puttridge and Brittan. New York. 1855.
3. *The Healing of the Nations.* By Charles Linton. With an Introduction and Appendix, by Nathaniel P. Tallmadge, late United States Secretary, and Ex-Governor of Wisconsin. Third Edition. Published by the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge. New York. 1855.
4. *A Discussion of the Facts and Philosophy of Ancient and Modern Spiritualism.* By S. B. Brittan and Dr. B. W. Richmond. Puttridge and Brittan. New York. 1853.
5. *The Great Harmonia: being a Philosophical Revelation of the Natural, Spiritual, and Celestial Universe.* By Andrew Jackson Davis, Author of "The Principles of Nature, her Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind." Benjamin C. Mussey and Co. New York. 1853.
6. *Spiritual Telegraph.* A Weekly Paper, devoted to the illustration of Spiritual Intercourse. Puttridge and Brittan. New York.
7. *Christian Spiritualist.* A Weekly Newspaper, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge.
8. *Review of Spiritual Manifestations.* A Paper read before the Congregational Association of New York and Boston, at its Session, in April, 1853. By Charles Beecher, Pastor of the first Congregational Church, G. P. Putnam. New York.
9. *Observations on Mental Education.* A Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By Professor Faraday, F.R.S. J. W. Parker and Son. London. 1854.

10. *Superstition and Science.* An Essay. By the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D.D., F.R.S., and F.S.A. Rivington. London. 1855.
11. *Yorkshire Spirit-rapping, Telegraph.*
12. *Spiritualism.* By John W. Edmonds, and George T. Dexter, M.D. With an Appendix, by Nathaniel P. Tallmadge. 8vo.
13. *Table-moving Tested and Proved to be the Result of Satanic Agency.* By Rev. N. S. Godfrey, S.C.S. London. 1853.
14. *Table-talking; Disclosures of Satanic Wonders and Prophetic Signs; a Word for the Wise.* By Rev. N. S. Godfrey. London. 1853.
15. *Table-turning, the Devil's Modern Masterpiece; being the Result of a Course of Experiments.* By Rev. E. Gillson, M.A. London.

ALL who inhabit this vast metropolis—the high table-land of civilization—will remember the extraordinary exhibitions which distinguished it in 1853. An epidemic had spread through all classes—at least all those classes which had leisure to be affected by it,—and the higher the class the more fiercely did it rage throughout it. In calling it an epidemic we do not necessarily prejudge the character of the phenomena; for truth as well as falsehood often manifests itself in an epidemic form, spreads irrespective of its evidence, and gets itself established through that sympathetic sensibility by means of which one mind passes on its impressions to another. An opinion, formed nobody knows where, spread by nobody knows whom, will suddenly, like a wave, overflow society, and before we have recovered from our astonishment, will as suddenly recede, leaving sometimes few or no vestiges of its influx, sometimes very sad ones. The particular instance we are referring to was that singular and widespread epidemic which bore the name of table-turning. Suddenly, and without previous agitation, it swept over the country, and seized upon every class, until it was as rare to find a man who had not spun tables, as in the railway mania it was to find one who had not fingered scrip. Among the distinguishing differences of classes, none are more characteristic than their pleasures; but now great and little, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, professional and non-professional, cleric and laic, peer and proletaire, were brought to the same level of enjoyment,—all absorbed in one universal pastime.

But while the harvest was thus rapidly ripening and giving such great promise of a varied and rich abundance, there suddenly came over it a blight, in the shape of a letter from Professor Faraday. Not more suddenly did the *verbosa et grandis epistola*,

as Juvenal calls it, which came from the tyrant at Caprea, cast down the worthless imperial favourite from his bad ascendancy, than did Professor Faraday's letter, in 1853, arrest and reduce almost to nothing the ascendant marvel. The two capital features of this famous letter were these: first, it indicated a mechanical test, whereby the operators might discover whether the movement of the table originated by unconscious pressure from themselves, or was due to some other cause; and, secondly, it expressed a strong opinion that the real source was such a pressure, and conjoined with that opinion a solemn rebuke of the national ignorance which allowed "educated" people to rush to conclusions utterly inconsistent with their uniform experience and most certain knowledge. The letter produced immediate results: of the serious inquirers, some applied the test, and were convinced that their tables moved from unconscious pressure; others disdained to use it, and persisted in attributing the movement to some mysterious cause; but the masses, too idle to use the test with which they were furnished, awed moreover by the Professor's authoritative remonstrance, and began to think they were doing something foolish, as they before had thought they were doing something wise, and abandoned their new pursuit with the same precipitancy with which they had embraced it. But among those who continued faithful, many were the murmurs and much the scorn. Of these, a gentleman, much versed in theological criticism, the Rev. S. R. Maitland, D.D., F.R.S., and F.S.A., has been one of the most conspicuous. For reasons derived from professional views, this gentleman has a nervous antipathy to anything that abridges the prerogative of faith. He revels in believing on hearsay; he especially delights in believing anything that puts science to rout and confounds the philosophers; to believe a thing because he has seen it with his own eye, is a sad necessity and sordid satisfaction; to receive it on the authority of another, is a blessed operation and a supreme delight: he eagerly believes Dr. Elliotson, when he says that he had a patient who "could predict numerous things relating to others;" he believes a Mr. Prichard, who says "he has witnessed several tables taken off their legs and mounting into air;" he believes the Rev. Chauncy Townshend, and the Rev. Mr. Godfrey's wonders,—anything, or anybody, if he be not a philosopher with his apparatus, which he regards as an appeal to the lowest form of evidence, the evidence derived from the senses. He does not pretend to assert that Professor Faraday's test did not meet the facts known at the time of its invention; but he sneers at it, for affording no solution of much more wonderful facts, such as Mr. Prichard's, at that time unknown. How a gentleman who reasons in this way should have got among the philosophers and

be entitled to write F. R. S. after his name is no concern of ours: why we allude to it at all is, partly to call attention to that aversion to positive science, and that exaltation of evidence, at second-hand, which abounds among men who, unfortunately for us, are in the position of teachers; but principally, to note that we shall be much in error if we suppose that table-turning, or that group of asserted phenomena which, in this country, is embodied under that name, and which in America assumes the loftier title of spiritualism, in ceasing to occupy the attention of the public generally, has also ceased to occupy the attention of every part of it. The fact is very much otherwise. Our readers would be astonished were we to lay before them the names of several of those who are unflinching believers in it, or are devoting themselves to the study or reproduction of its marvels. Not only does it survive, but survives with all the charm and all the stimulating attractiveness of a secret science. Until the public mind in England shall be prepared to receive it, or until the evidence can be put in a shape to enforce general conviction, the present policy is, to nurse it in quiet and enlarge the circle of its influence by a system of noiseless extension. Whether this policy will be successful remains to be seen, but there can be no doubt that, should ever the time arrive for a revival of the movement, the persons at its head would be men and women whose intellectual qualifications are known to the public, and who possess its confidence and esteem.

In Partridge and Brittan's *Spiritual Telegraph*, published weekly at New York, there is a letter from a gentleman who signs himself J. Jones, and who, under the date of September 23rd, 1856 (by an amusing misprint, 1756), writes from "Peckham, (London, England)," on the state of spiritualism in England. According to this authority, "there is a strong under-current of wish and anxiety to witness the phenomena of spirit power among thousands of the community, and before long that wish must be satisfied. The American spiritualist newspapers are beginning to be read, but are complained of as abounding in generalities, and deficient in facts. But what is wanting is facts." Meanwhile great efforts are being made. Mr. Jones gives an instance which corroborates what we have said, which we have no doubt, from what has reached us, is perfectly true. He was present, he tells us, on the evening of the 4th of September, at the house of a Professor belonging to one of our Colleges. The party consisted of nine persons, six of whom were mediums. The object of the meeting was to convince the Professor of the existence of spirit power. The means taken were these: first, the arms of one of the mediums began to rotate like a wheel; then, a medium, laying hold of a Bible, pointed to a passage, and

on going to the light it was found to be Ezekiel x. 1, 2. Mr. Jones then proceeds to show how the prophecy was applied :

“As the Professor is the occupant of a scientific throne at one of our universities, and knowing the powerful hold he has upon the minds of the scientific portion of Great Britain, I asked, ‘Does this mean that the Professor is to go into the difficulties of the circle and spirit power, collect facts, and *‘scatter them as coals of fire’* over the heads of the people?’ At once the Bible-medium beat a *ran tan* joyously with his hands on the table, *so as to cause a hearty laugh* from the circle.

“The wheel-motion was given to one medium, the Bible-passages to another, and, all being correctly done, seemed much to please the power acting on the mediums.”

Mr. Rymer, in his “Spirit Manifestations,” has also named a group, or circle, consisting of “Sir David Brewster; Mrs. Trollope, the authoress; her son, Thomas Trollope; my brother, a man of intelligence; a friend, a collegiate; Mr. Home (in whose presence wonderful physical manifestations took place); and the members of my own family.” Sir David Brewster had quite enough of it in one sitting, and could not be prevailed upon to come again; but Mrs. Trollope was of a more teachable spirit, as she has taken the pains to show in two or three unlucky chapters of her last novel. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Rymer, while he had pen in hand, did not favour us with some short notice of his relations with the famous medium Home, *alias* Hume—now, alas! sunk into obscurity—instead of giving us some forty pages of that trashy talk which is in so marked a way the vernacular of the spirits as to have excited in the minds of some of the most enthusiastic believers the suspicion of their being for the most part idiots. For, if the stories in circulation be correct, his infatuation with respect to that dexterous person, Mr. Hume, was so extravagant, that an account of it would have been a useful illustration of the state of mind to which many of the adepts in these mysteries are almost inevitably reduced, and, consequently, of the value that should be put upon their testimony.

It is manifest, then, from these extraordinary communications, that the movement in this country continues, and in very good company too. But even were it otherwise, its importance can never pass away. Call it a hallucination, and it is still of its class one of the most precious facts ever contributed to mental science. We should study the absent table-turning as we study the absent cholera, with a view of discovering why it came, and how it may be prevented; we should study it to ascertain if the special causes of the disease, which has in this instance attracted attention by its exaggerated development, may be not very frequently acting when least we suspect it, and entering largely into those moral and intellectual disturbances to which, now in

a variety of forms, and sometimes on a larger scale, society is exposed. It may never re-appear in this country—it may die out in America—but the conditions of mind which permitted and developed it will survive, like the physical conditions favourable to cholera, to perpetuate old mischief under old forms, or produce new mischief under new forms. Assuming it to be a great intellectual malady, we put its symptoms on record, either for present admonition, or for future study and instruction.

Puny offshoots from the great American stem, the European manifestations soon dwindled away, presenting in this respect a remarkable contrast to the fate of the parent plant. Free to grow, neither overshadowed by authority, as everything in old countries is, nor kept in check by that concentrated opinion, which in Europe is ever ready to issue from governing centres, to reconnoitre, to criticise, and too often to browbeat new ideas, the American rapping, as it was first called, or spiritualism, as it is now called, has extended with a rapidity and maintained itself with a tenacity that is astonishing. In America it has been no mere pastime of society—no mere evening diversion of elegant Know-Nothings or Do-Nothings—no welcome resource of people who, having pretty well exhausted the pleasures of this world, have a very strong interest in getting any new amusement they can out of any other world. There, among the busy, bustling classes of the most active workshop in the world—among its proverbially sharp, keen, wide-awake citizens, the new movement computes its believers, not by hundreds or thousands, but by millions. There it numbers among its advocates and practical illustrators, men who have filled honourable public offices, professional men of character, scientific men, lawyers, physicians, clergymen of various denominations, and a considerable portion of the newspaper press. We find such men as Judge Edmonds—a judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, and a lawyer of high reputation: and Professor Hare, highly esteemed among his countrymen as a man of science—not only giving in their adhesion to the asserted truth of the phenomenon, but coming before the public with elaborate expositions of their new faith, and with a large body of evidence derived from their own experience. This movement has also its own peculiar literature, histories of its progress, controversies as to its nature, philosophic developments of its views, and periodical records of its manifestations. A list of no less than sixty works, published in New York and Boston alone, lies before us, including such periodicals as the *Shekinah*, a monthly journal, and the *Spiritual Telegraph*, a weekly publication. Of these works, some, like the revelations of Davis, the famous Poughkeepsie seer, profess to have been dictated by spirits to persons in a magnetic sleep, and by them communicated orally to scribes,

—the fact of the person being in such a sleep, and uttering the matter which is published, being attested by numerous witnesses, whose names are given, and whom we must presume to be persons entitled to be believed. Not less remarkable than all this, and what seems justificatory of the faith which so extensively prevails, is the very striking circumstance that some of the principal persons who oppose the movement, either regarding it as dangerous or denying its high spiritual pretensions, such as Dr. Mahan, the Resident of Cleveland College, Dr. Butler, the Rev. Mr. Beecher, or the severest of its critics, Dr. Richmond,—all admit the truth of the phenomena, some attributing them either to Od-force, or the devil. Even the *North American Review*, of April, 1855, apologizes for its tardy notice of the movement, and in an article entitled “Modern Necromancy,” accepts the facts, bears witness to the intelligence and social standing of those who accept them, and endorses the statement made by its advocates, that they number nearly two millions in the States. It is of opinion that the phenomena are sufficiently curious to demand a profound investigation from scientific men. With such a conviction it is much to be lamented that it did not itself institute a more critical inquiry.

In relying for our information exclusively, as we shall do, on the evidence furnished by the advocates of the movement, we have the advantage of Mr. Capron's book, “Modern Spiritualism, its Facts and Fanaticisms, Consistencies and Contradictions,” which we find described by Professor Hare as “a matter-of-fact and business-like publication,” and which is advertised in the spiritual newspapers as Mr. Capron's “great work.” Taking him as our principal guide, we find that it is the little town of Arcadia, in the State of New York, about seventy miles from Rochester, which has the honour of being the Nazareth of the new faith. In it was a cluster of houses, called Hydesville, and one of them, which bore unmistakeable evidences of age, and which had been the abode of many families in succession, was tenanted in 1847 by a family of the name of Fox. That the accommodation was scant may be gathered from the fact that the Fox family, consisting of a man and his wife, and two daughters, the eldest fifteen, and the youngest twelve, occupied two beds in the same room—a curious proof that the inauspicious overcrowding which excites the displeasure of English philanthropists, and baffles the skill of English legislators in an English hamlet, has its counterpart in an American forest-village, called, in the parlance of the country, a town. The house, it seems, had but an indifferent reputation when the Fox family took it. The tenants had been disturbed by rappings, and one of the family deposed to seeing a “man in the kitchen, in gray pants,

frock coat, and black cap," whom she declared at the time, and is still convinced, was a ghost. Indeed, there was every reason why there should be one, but, contrary to what usually happens in affairs of this kind, the mysteries of the house were not talked of; and the Fox family entered upon possession without a suspicion of them. But in less than three months afterwards, Mrs. Fox was disturbed by peculiar raps, which continued for four or five nights, to the great annoyance of the family, when at length the youngest girl, who was destined to play a conspicuous part in the movement, found that, "by making her hand go, the spirit would reply by corresponding raps." Through this great discovery, a mode of communication was established, it being agreed on that an affirmation should be one rap, and that no rap should be a negative. It was thus elicited that the spirit was a man who had been murdered in the house, and that his body was buried in the cellar, where it was immediately sought for, but not found. The wonder was great; the neighbours flocked in; communication by means of the alphabet was devised; Methodist ministers gave their sanction, and the movement got fairly afoot. These, in outline, were the preliminary occurrences at Hydesville. The parentage of the movement is therefore humble enough—a haunted house—an unfortunate spirit, eager to disclose his murder by disagreeable or descriptive sounds—"as the splash of clotted blood, the dragging of a body across the floor, the nailing of boards, as if of a coffin, and the shovelling of dirt, as for a grave." Such were the humble and apparently worn-out materials out of which a splendid edifice was raised.

The scene now changed to Rochester, where an elder sister, Mrs. Fish, and the youngest, Kate, soon attracted notice. They arrived in April, and by November they had met with the most signal success. Several Methodist ministers—attracted perhaps by the rappings, as confirming Wesley's story of the rappings which, as he learnt from his father's letters, had happened at the house of the latter at Epsworth—joined the movement. Committees were appointed by public meetings to inquire into the subject—these committees reporting favourably to other public meetings, whose adverse verdict was but a slight impediment in the way of the triumphant cause. While the two elder sisters were thus successfully employed in Rochester, the youngest, Kate, was staying with Mr. Capron's family at Auburn, where she obtained a great accession of adherents to the new faith, and thus was the cause of a group of manifestations which are unparalleled in the whole movement. Between the autumn of 1848 and the spring of 1850, numbers of believers and mediums sprang up in a variety of places, and, at the latter date, the Fox family, now grown famous, made their first appearance in New York,

at Barⁿ in France, and auspicious name, suggestive of shameless, but successful fraud. They had soon the honour of being brought out by the Rev. Dr. Griswold, and introduced to a distinguished company, of which Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Fenimore Cooper, Mr. Bryant, Dr. Francis, Dr. Hawks, and others of general or local reputation, were part. The performances were confined to thought-reading and rapping, the latter of which would probably appear to these gentlemen as the remarkable part of the affair, the former being doubtless known to them as one of the phenomena which it is alleged mesmerism exhibits and mystifies, and hypnotism exhibits and explains. At all events, satisfied with this ceremony of reception, their names disappeared, and are never heard of again in connexion with the movement. It certainly was not for want of having their attention called to it. Adhesion to the new faith proceeded from that time with astonishing rapidity. "Circles"—so the circularly-sitting companies are called, which, in different houses, receive manifestations through some person styled a medium, who has the power of eliciting them—sprang up in every part of the very feverish and excitable "empire-city." A gentleman of the name of Partridge was particularly active; "a man of wealth," says Mr. Capron, "though too independent and high-minded to be fashionable," a form of expression which is either a pouting way of saying that he is not admitted to the sphere of "the upper ten thousand," or an artful way of recommending him to ultra-democratic sympathies, by ascribing to him a noble disdain for it. To him, personally, the matter can be of little consequence, since by his spirited patronage of spiritualism he has been, for a long time past, in the choicest company of the other world. For two years and upwards he has been holding circles in his house, and his name, with that of Brittan, is most conspicuously associated with the phenomena. They are present in the titlepages of much of the affluent corroborative literature to which this movement has given rise, by authors and public men. Mr. Brittan is the great literary controversialist of spiritualism, as well as editor of a weekly paper, the *Spiritual Telegraph* (also published by Partridge and Brittan), devoted to its propagation. Mr. Partridge, we shall find connected with some unexceptionably attested facts that have not very successfully borne the test of investigation: he is introduced to us as a cautious observer, and will furnish us with the means of estimating the amount of sagacity and prudence displayed by the most critical believers in the new science. The public press, we may be sure, was not idle, a portion denouncing it as the grossest fraud, another portion asserting its genuineness. No opposition, however, could impede its progress, as is evident from the fact, that in July, 1854, an associa-

tion was formed, which took the name "The American Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," with Miss Fox as the society's professor, and Mr. Tallmadge, the ex-governor of Wisconsin, as president, supported by forty other respectable gentlemen of various professions, belonging to different States, as vice-presidents, trustees, or committee men. Such was the success in New York. In Boston, where it appeared in force about the same time, it also spread with rapidity. Providence, R.I., supplied some of its most extraordinary devotees. In Philadelphia, though its progress was slower, it required four months of incessant meeting in the first-formed circle, before the medium could be favoured with a single faint rap, and its demeanour, more in unison with the staid character of the quaker city, being chiefly confined to intercourse with spirits, yet the result was the formation of an association called "the Harmonial Association of Philadelphia," in 1852, for the purpose of dispensing charity and collecting evidence; but what have been its fruits nowhere appears. The same year saw it spread through different parts, even to Mrs. Trollope's city of Cincinnati, in the Far West. Such was the rapid growth of the mustard tree which had sprung "from the smallest of all seeds," the ghost appearance in the old house at Hydesville.

It is much to be regretted that neither of the societies should have attempted to reduce to some order the show of facts which their science exhibits, and to lead us to something like a critical appreciation of the evidence on which it is based. In the presence of this hopeless confusion we shall endeavour, first, to group the facts in such a way as to give a distinct impression of their general character and of their diversities (we shall be helped but little by any of the works we have met with, all of them being remarkable for a strange want of precision and absence of analytic arrangement); secondly, we shall present what have been called the fanaticisms of the movement, respecting which the acceptors of the facts imply the agency of delusion, and even fraud, and thus, confronting the facts and fanaticisms, we shall discover what is the test, if there be any, by which they are distinguished from each other; lastly, we shall glance at the adverse evidence, as far as we have been made aware of it through the writings of the believers—thus giving a sufficiently distinct outline of the whole state of the question.

In his excellent and highly interesting report to the French Academy, on a memoir by M. Rondet (ed Var), "on the divining-rods employed for the purpose of discovering subterranean waters," M. Chevreul has an incidental notice of table-turning. He had himself seen the phenomena as they generally were ex-

hibited in France, and had no hesitation in ascribing the impulse communicated to the table to that unconscious muscular movement, of which he had given an account in a letter to M. Ampere in 1833. He shows this to be the determining cause in the action of the divining-rod, and, by careful experiments, he has proved it to be the cause of the oscillations of the exploratory pendulum, or magic ring with which most of us are familiar, and whose vibrations, until explained, may sometimes very well pass for the result of an inherent intelligent action. He agrees, consequently, with Professor Faraday, in attributing the table-turning, as it had met his observation, to the unconscious muscular action of the assistants, and furnishes one or two curious and well-known illustrations of the power of effecting motion in a body whose bulk seems to be out of all proportion with the moving force, by a series of efforts, each excessively feeble, but uninterrupted and multiplied in one direction. The destruction of a suspension bridge by the steady regular tramp of a regiment marching over it is an instance. We may add that, among the severe crucial tests to which the galleries of the Crystal Palace were submitted, the marching through them of the sappers and miners, in regular military step, was regarded as one of the severest. Having, then, like Mr. Faraday, seen nothing of table-turning but in the humble form of its ordinary European manifestation, he has not attempted—for satisfactory reasons connected with the official character and limits of his report—any solution of the higher phenomena, as they exist in America, satisfying himself with a general notice of them by means of a classification, which we shall use as a convenient framework wherein to set and arrange the principal facts. We shall therefore group the phenomena under the various heads of the phenomena of acoustics, of optics, of transference or abnormal movement, of spiritual manifestation, and of mediumship.

Phenomena of Acoustics.—Music, by invisible means, is frequently heard. Guitars and other instruments, but especially guitars, become extremely restless, pass rapidly over or around the heads of the persons composing the "circle," as it is called, occasionally touching them. A guitar and a house-bell, being laid on the table, and another guitar under it, sometimes the latter is suddenly struck as if by human fingers, and moves slowly from under the table to the centre of the room; the guitar on the table then rises and joins it, and they both play together for a moment, after which one flies up to the ceiling, playing first an unknown tune, and then "Yankee Doodle;" accompaniments come from them to various songs sung by the company, the guitars marching sometimes in double-quick time, from one end

of the room to the other, and occasionally touching the company "in the most familiar and loving manner;" after an hour the bell would be taken up and rung violently, also passing rapidly from one spot to another. Then the handle of the guitar would give out sounds, "more or less correct," of sawing boards, driving nails,* planing, boring, and filing. "Occasionally"—we quote from a "Memorial to Congress," to which thirteen thousand signatures were attached, the first being that of the ex-Governor Tallmadge, President of the Association for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge—"occasionally there are sounds resembling the hoarse voices of wind and waves, mingled with the creaking as of the masts of a ship labouring in a rough sea. At times powerful concussions, not unlike distant thunder or the discharge of artillery, causing surrounding objects, and floors, and even houses to shake. On other occasions, *harmonic* sounds are heard, as of human voices, but more frequently resembling the tones of various musical instruments, such as fife, drum, trumpet, guitar, harp, and piano; sometimes instruments being present, and sometimes not." Now and then the sounds are so "tremendous" as to attract crowds—the noise resembling the blows of a sledge-hammer, struck by a strong arm. These performances take place in the dark.

Phenomena of Optics.—Mrs. Whitmore, a celebrated medium, mentions a case where electric lights of great brilliancy filled the upper part of the room, remaining visible for several minutes to three or four persons. Sometimes a phosphorescent light gleams over the walls, or shoots, meteor-like, through the apartment. Mr. Brittan having gone to sleep during some experiments at Mr. Partridge's, was aroused by a powerful shock, and saw two balls of fire proceed towards a table and move it. The experiments, of course, were performed in the dark. Mr. Fowler, a member of the chief New York circle, saw luminous currents from what appeared to be a box of electrical apparatus. One of the company, says Mr. Brittan, citing Mr. Fowler, laid a piece of paper, pen and ink, on the lid of this box (or what appeared to be one). "The luminous currents now centred round the pen, which was immediately taken up and dipped in ink, and without any other force or instrument, as far as I could perceive, the pen was made to move across the paper, and the communication was made which I have since learned was in the Hebrew language." (This remarkable communication, vouched for by the entire circle, met with some very sharp criticism, as we shall by-and-by see.) At the house of Mr. and Mrs. Porter, of Bridport, a remarkable manifestation occurred: a circle being formed round a chair, a blank sheet of paper and a pencil were placed upon it; presently luminous currents burst in from the four corners of the

room, converged to a focus about the chair, and then expanded to a disc of about two feet diameter, extremely brilliant and dazzling, in the midst of which appeared the radiant form of a venerable old man, with long white hair and beard. With a benign expression he took the pencil in his hand, and rapidly traced a line on the paper. The light then vanished, and the pencil was heard to fall. The paper, on being examined, had written upon it, "Mrs. Minor, Lichfield." But who was "Mrs. Minor?" Nobody knew. It evidently could not be the venerable old gentleman's address. But the next day came a stranger to inquire for Mrs. Porter; his name was Minor; the paper being shown to him, he said, "Mrs. Minor, of Lichfield, can be no other person than my deceased wife." It is proper to explain that Mrs. Porter, whom we presume to be a professional medium, being in an entranced state, was informed by the spirits that they would make an effort to write without human hands, "and it was for this purpose they performed the singular but highly interesting feat" we have just described. But one more instance under this head. Mrs. S. S. Smith, who Mr. Brittan informs us has contributed some beautiful verses to the *Shekinah*, had the misfortune to lose a sister, who on departing promised to return from the spirit land. Months had passed away, when one night, "it was of that pitchy darkness peculiar to a slow drizzling rain," of that peculiar rain "which falls silently to the ground without making a single sound," that Mrs. Smith, being in the act of going to sleep, having turned upon her side, with her face towards the wall, all at once felt a bright, clear light penetrating through and beneath the eyelids, which grew brighter and brighter until the room was illuminated, when sounds of gently gliding footsteps were heard coming from the opposite window; then came the rustling of a gown, and then the consciousness of a spiritual presence—that of her much-lamented sister, the late Miss Smith.

Phenomena of Transference, or Abnormal Movement of Inanimate or Animate Objects.—At the head of this group stands the air-floating of men and tables. A medium of the name of Gordon is mentioned as endowed with this faculty. At the sittings of the New York circle he was sometimes taken up bodily and conveyed about the room in the air for several minutes, his head and hands striking against the ceiling. At Dr. Gray's house he was carried through different apartments a length of sixty feet. "Many credible witnesses," Mr. Capron says, "will depose to the facts." He mentions two—Mr. Partridge and Dr. Gray. Governor Tallmadge informs us that once, being at the lodgings of the Fox family, he got upon a table, which, though kept down by the three women, first raised two of its legs, and then pulled up its two others to a level with them, until the whole was sus-

pended in the air *about* six inches from the floor, the Governor feeling a gentle *vibratory* motion, as if floating in air. In Springfield, Massachusetts, Mr. Hume, known in this country, being the medium, "a table rose clear from the floor and floated in the atmosphere for several *seconds*, then poised itself on its two legs for thirty *seconds*. The manifestation was accompanied by a powerful *shock*, causing the floor to vibrate. There was also a sound like the motion of distant thunder, causing tables and chairs, and other inanimate objects, and all of us, to tremble from head to foot, in such a manner that the whole effect was both seen and felt." The room, on the occasion, was well lighted. Among the witnesses to this was Professor Wells, Professor of Electricity and Chemistry at Cambridge. On another occasion, Hume was suddenly and repeatedly taken up a distance of three feet, "palpitating with the contending emotions of joy which choked his utterance." It is not said if the room were darkened, but of course it was, as the persons present "touched his feet to satisfy themselves;" and the narrator says, "I *felt* the distance from the soles of his boot to the floor, and it was nearly three feet."—Witness, the Editor of the *Hartford Times*. We may here observe that Mr. Hume has since, to the great scandal of the *Christian Spiritualist*, gone over to the Church of Rome, and is spoken of by the *Spiritual Telegraph* as becoming weak-minded, and a little insane. The former rather comforts itself with the possibility of his being the means of making the Pope a spiritualist, but does not reckon much upon it.

But in addition to this air-floating, the movements of tables are of the most surprisingly varied kind. Sometimes their motion is grave and thoughtful, sometimes frolicsome, if we may so speak, and fantastic, and sometimes not unlike the noisy hilarity of a man in liquor. Mr. Charles Partridge's conversion, under the auspices of Miss Kate Fox, was effected in this way:—After Kate had displayed her rapping powers, she and the persons present retired to the window, about ten feet from the table; presently, the chairs at the end of the table having made room for it to pass, the one whirling off to the right, the other to the left, it moved out slowly, and advanced with the greatest steadiness, not stopping until it had reached the group at the window. What it did next we know not. The miracle was irresistible. Judge Edmonds, who boasts of a large experience of tabular manifestations, has seen a table rise up from the midst of several people, turn upside down, and in this fashion resume the spot it had left; at other times it would rear to an angle of forty-five degrees, the lamp upon it remaining unmoved; or, sometimes, when having only a centre leg, he has seen it lifted a foot, in spite of the persons present, and shaken violently as a man would

shake a goblet, the lamp on it remaining in its place, while its glass pendants rang again. Of a table's occasional extravagance of deportment, owing partly, doubtless, to its sensibility to song, the following is an instance. At High Rock, Mass., an Irish servant girl, who had begun "to have the raps," having gone to bed, the family were awoken by a tremendous noise in her room. Going there, they found her in a cloak on the floor, singing at the top of her voice, accompanied by raps on the table and everywhere. As she went on singing, the mattress caught the infection, rose in the air, keeping accurate time, until it finally fell to the floor. But now the bedstead took up the dance, first one leg, then another, then all, keeping time to the singing, and with such violence as nearly to demolish itself. Dr. Richmond explains it by supposing that "the Irish Od-force had charged the bedstead and mattress," and is satisfied with the single testimony of A. J. Davis; but Mr. Brittan, who sees in it a brilliant proof of spirit-power, though thinking Mr. Davis's testimony quite sufficient, is happy to be able to state, that there is abundance of indisputable evidence to support it.

With respect to other material objects, we can do little more than say that there is hardly a piece of domestic furniture that does not perform the most extraordinary and equally well-attested feats. Tongs and pokers leave their places, and pile themselves on the tops of beds; plated candlesticks, bent upon suicide, beat themselves to pieces on the floor; in a bedroom, to which no one is supposed to have access, lay figures are found made up of articles of clothing, stuffed to represent men and women in different positions, some with bibles in the attitude of prayer; brushes and tumblers of water rise from their places, dash through the window-panes, and fall in the street. Such movements, in many cases, are quite spontaneous, no one demanding or expecting them. Sometimes they seem to arise from mere superabundance of energy, as when a lamp jumps from the mantelpiece to the middle of the floor; sometimes from a love of practical joke, as when pitchers full of water pass through rooms, and empty themselves into beds, or when a tea-kettle goes and hides itself in a cellar; sometimes, as if from a frenzy of drunken violence, as when saucepans and broom-handles, without the slightest provocation, make desperate assaults upon bedsteads, not always a very gentle race, as we have just seen, and come off with fractured limbs for their pains. The facts here cited are, it must be observed, of the highest order, and are with great confidence put forward as evidence by the ablest of the believers, who will, no doubt, receive as a remarkable corroboration of the animated intelligence which they ascribe to tables and chairs, an interesting fact which we obtain from M. E. Chevreul. "The island

of Guadalupe," he says, "possesses a *chair* endowed with the faculty of composing in prose and verse, as is manifest from a pamphlet presented to the library of the Institute, of which the following is an exact copy:—

"**JUANITA**, a Novel, by a Chair, followed by a Proverb and some Select Pieces of the same Author, with a Preface by the Editor, on the Phenomena of Table-turning.

. . . . The literary productions of the Chair are merely the preface of a mystic book, which it will unroll, page by page, before the dazzled eyes of the believers.—*Epilogue*, p. 63.

"On Sale at the Government Printing Office, Basse Terre, Guadalupe.
"Government Printing Office, 1853."

Phenomena of Spiritual Personality and Intelligence.—The cases of *Visibility of Spirits* are few; but as well attested as the rest of the phenomena. Mr. Fowler, a member of the New York circle, and in very high credit with it, has seen a ruddy-looking gentleman with a box under his arm, who turned out to be Franklin; in company with him a smaller man, Hahnemann, the discoverer of homœopathy. He saw the former busily engaged for an hour in doing something to the box, which evidently, by some difficulty it presented, puzzled and disconcerted the Doctor and his friends; it was, however, finally got into order, and produced its results. A clergyman in Connecticut, Dr. Phelps, whose house was for a year and a half the scene of manifestations which form a conspicuous feature of the evidence, saw a spirit in a white sheet, which first appeared in the bedroom of his daughter, who called his attention to it. The spirit, on vanishing, left its sheet behind on a chair. Miss Phelps, on entering a room, was surprised to see three strange gentlemen, two sitting on the sofa, a third on a chair by the table, who took no notice of her. All had their hats on, and the one in the chair was reading a paper, with his legs thrown up on the table, very much at his ease. As the young lady came near him, he leaned over on one side, and falling, chair and all to the floor, instantly disappeared. What became of the others is not stated; but we presume they followed their friend. There was no illusion, we are assured, about this. But Mr. Capron says, with respect to some other instances, that the circumstances were not of a character to leave the matter beyond a doubt, and therefore no record was kept. Master Harry, a boy who had the misfortune of being the house medium, and of keeping the family in great discomfort for a year and a half, saw his father one night, also dressed in white, who gave him a silver watch. Another case is reported of a body, in a dissecting-room, appearing to two ladies engaged in medical studies.

Conversations and communications with relations and friends

are among the most ordinary of the phenomena, and require no special illustration. But illustrious historical personages, statesmen, men of literary or scientific distinction, philosophers, and poets, visit earth again. Professor Hare having received some most important information from his late father, Mr. Robert Hare, and other members of his family, respecting the organization of the spirit world, and feeling a delicacy in publishing it on the authority of his own relations, requested that certain distinguished spirits, who, as he had been told, had attended one of his lectures at Boston, would sanction a synopsis of the facts which he had learned respecting that world. Accordingly, on Monday, the 18th of February, 1855, the spirits in question having kindly consented to meet at Professor Hare's, Mr. Robert Hare reported himself and the following present:—

GEORGE WASHINGTON,
J. Q. ADAMS,
ANDREW JACKSON,
HENRY CLAY,
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,

W. E. CHANNING,
H. KIRKE WHITE,
ISAAC NEWTON,
BYRON,
MARTHA WASHINGTON,

Besides relations and friends.

Fifty-nine questions were addressed to these celestials, and answered by them through the alphabet, "controlled by the Professor's test-machine." The result was, the entire confirmation of the intelligence conveyed by the Hare family. Judge Edmonds has consigned, in three goodly octavos, to the public, the fruits of his communications with Swedenborg and Bacon, who are constantly passing an evening with him, and enlightening him through the able mediumship of Dr. Dexter.

We are indebted to Mr. Fenno, "one of the most distinguished of American actors," for a communication from Shakspeare, through Mr. Linton, the medium of the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge, in which the bard spoke very flatteringly of his acting: "You play well—you excel; were there more good judges, you would shine;" from which we infer that Mr. Fenno's merits are greater than his popularity. As a specimen of Shakspeare's American composition, we give what Mr. Fenno thinks a fine variation of Hamlet's advice to the players:—

"The eye! the eye!—without it man were blind" (here is another instance of the minute observation of Shakspeare), "and play would ne'er be acting.

"Thine eye speaks volumes. Silly mouths may mince and mawk; but with thy piercing eye thou'lt *dumb* them all."

The commentators will be glad to know that the vexed question about the bard's name is settled. He has himself declared it to be Shakspear. It is a pity that while Mr. Fenno had hold of him, he did not get him to settle some other things. It is neces-

sary to add, that this communication is thought so genuine and important, that Mr. Tallmadge has inserted it in the Appendix to the first work that has graced his spiritual presidency; and in spite of what must have done violence to his modesty, namely, the complimentary suggestion of Fenno, that Shakspeare himself, if on earth, might "pass an hour with Governor Tallmadge not unprofitably." We quite agree with Mr. Fenno in thinking that Shakspeare would turn it to very good account. We close the category with one of the Governor's experiments. At the lodgings of the Fox family, in New York, he had the pleasure of communicating with his distinguished spirit-friend, Mr. Calhoun. On the first occasion, the "power" (the battery by which some spirits act on some mediums,) not being sufficient for a "sentence" or sentiment, the illustrious statesman contented himself with giving a specimen of three or four lines of his handwriting, and appointed another rendezvous; but at the latter, the power being then sufficiently strong, Mr. Calhoun was enabled to do justice to himself by writing a "sentence" which Mr. Tallmadge assures us is "perfectly characteristic of him, containing his terseness of style and condensation of thought." The "sentence" was—"I'm with you still." Not only was the writing of this remarkable "sentence" a *facsimile* of Calhoun's, but the contraction "I'm" proves to demonstration that it could not be forged; for, argues Mr. Tallmadge, inasmuch as it was a contraction "habitually" used by him in his letters, it is preposterous to suppose that a forger could ever come to the knowledge of it; an inference we should not ourselves be inclined exactly to draw, but which, coming from such a source, we feel it our duty to state. We now pass to the higher order of spirits, of which one specimen will be sufficient. In a circle in Providence, a medium—in this case a man having his eyes bandaged—was placed before a black board, on which with a piece of chalk he wrote with great rapidity, the ends of his lines running into each other, so as to appear at a little distance as a mere mass of chalk. The medium then repeated what had been written, and each sentence was taken down by a scribe, for meditation. Most of the communications purported to come "from the Saviour." Here is a specimen of one:—

"I see you all—do not start;
God from his children never will depart."

Much similar doggerel was vouchsafed by other spirits, the members of the circle interjecting, "How beautiful!" "How heavenly!" Then a spirit drew something like a box (Franklin, of course—he is always known by his box), with a cross on the top of it, beneath which he wrote "the altar of your God." Thereupon the "spirit of the Saviour" says—

“Then call on me,
And you shall see
That the power of God comes down free.”

You can be pure—that will attract :
The invisible power will never go back :
It continues to rap all over the world,
And no being his power to control.”

And then more doggrel from other spirits, and ejaculations of joy from the company.

Having taken this general notice of the phenomena, we must say a word about the mediums through whom they are manifested. They are of different kinds.

1. *Rapping and Tipping Mediums.*—Of these two forms of spirit-language, rapping is much the rarest. It is the opinion of Mr. Capron, that the persons first commissioned to use it—the Fox family—are more successful rappers than any others, their sounds being louder and more distinct. It does not appear that any attempt has been made to account for the curious fact, of some mediums being associated with rappings, and some not; yet, on the hypothesis of the rapping being done by the spirits, and not the mediums, it is not quite obvious why the greater numbers of mediums should be unaccompanied by the rapping. The tippers, or those to whom is given the power to 'cause tables to tilt, are by far the more numerous class.

2. *Drawing Mediums.*—Mr. Tallmudge informs us that their productions are of exquisite style and finish—are rapidly executed, and “purport to be drawings of leaves, vines, fruits, and flowers of the spheres. Suffice it to say, they are unlike anything upon earth, and no botanist has ever been able to classify them.” Sometimes, however, as appears from the editor of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, flowers are executed which “*evidently* belong to the temperate latitudes of the earth's sphere;” others, again, “are not at all familiar, though they appear to be drawn from objects really existing,” resembling, as we conjecture, the attempts of people at drawing who are utterly ignorant of the art. We are informed of a case in London, where an artist, skilful in the ordinary state, produced, when under the influence of the spirit, a series of irregular figures, consisting of interplexing and convoluting lines, each of them, in fact, being a tangle of lines.

Musical, Singing, and Dancing Mediums.—A boy of twelve years old, the son of a Mr. Williams, of Washington, plays in a style equal to the most distinguished artists. His performance of “The Carnival of Venice” is pronounced equal to that of Ole Bull. The spirit teaching him is Paganini, who has requested the boy's father to buy him a better instrument, which Mr. Brittan

thinks is very reasonable, "especially as the Professor *gives* (the *italics* are not ours) his services in the capacity of teacher." What the father's objections are we know not; but it is clear they must soon come to an end, inasmuch as Paganini occasionally wrenches it from the boy's hand in a rage, and flings it across the room—a species of treatment which must speedily cause its demise. In singing, there are mediums who sing like Malibran; and in dancing, those who rival Fanny Elssler.

Seeing Mediums.—"I have witnessed," says Mr. Tallmudge, "mediums who see and describe, with perfect accuracy, spirits present whom they never saw or heard of before. Judge Edmonds declares he has this faculty."

Telegraphing Mediums.—Mediums of this kind communicate with spirits who pass in a short space of time from one place to another, bearing messages or tidings of events, generally of deaths. Mr. Brittan tells us that some people are sanguine enough to suppose that a comprehensive system of telegraphing might in this way be effected; but, in his opinion, the laws regulating the transmission of intelligence are not yet sufficiently understood to warrant us in expecting satisfactory results. It would no doubt be an economical arrangement, but for the highest speed it would seem that the electric spark would still be required.

Healing Mediums.—It is only necessary to say that they are described as most potent in their cures, which are effected by imposition of hands and exertions of the will. Many of these are now engaged in practice at New York and other places,—that is to say, the spirits that direct them are; but with what success we do not know.

Speaking Mediums.—These make orations sometimes surpassing, we are assured, any eloquence ever heard from human lips. When the New York Diffusion Society was preparing its address, the president asked the spirit-friends present to address them. Presently a medium was entranced, rose, and delivered from Webster, and with Webster's style of delivery, a speech which is found in the Preface to the "Healing of the Nation," p. 79.

Writing Mediums.—These are a numerous class. The most celebrated is Mr. A. J. Davis, once known as the famous Poughkeepsie seer, the author of the "Principles of Nature," asserted to have been written by him in a somnambulant state, when only nineteen, and then an illiterate young man; also several volumes, entitled, "The Great Harmonia." We have only seen the first volume, in which we are taught that all diseases are mere varieties of spiritual disturbance, and that this disturbance can be successfully treated with "the old drinks" and mixtures,"

which for each category he carefully prescribes. Mr. Davis, however, modestly informs us that he will not consent to be regarded as infallible, and declares that in his usual state he has not even the ordinary learning; a fact which, if true, would really make his books, what otherwise they certainly are not, astonishing. Unhappily, however, it is plain—first, that his fellow-spiritualists, for some reason or other, hold off him, and that, in spite of his marvellous gifts, they are by no means disposed to make a lion of him. In the spiritual literature in general, as far as we have seen, we find nothing which has not been much better said before; but what is really important is the presence of certain tendencies in it which we shall hereafter describe.

•Having thus presented what are called the facts of the movement, we have now to place by their side what are regarded by its most critical believers as fanaticism, extravagance, hallucinations, and inconsistencies. Where the admitted is so improbable it seems difficult to conceive what it is that can be inadmissible. Nevertheless, such things there are, and of such a nature, that we venture to say, ancient superstition has left on record no instance of a more abject credulity, the annals of insanity, no cases of a more extravagant hallucination, than are to be found in what Mr. Capron calls the fanaticisms and inconsistencies.

So completely had Kate Fox saturated Auburn with spiritual manifestations, that two years after, there were not less than a hundred mediums there. It so happened about this period that a man being hung for murder, a young lady of the place, at the time of the execution, had, in a clairvoyant state, been watching the process, for the laudable purpose of observing the separation of the soul from the body, and, if possible, its manifestations. For some reason or other the spirit of the executed man took a violent grudge against the poor girl for this, and began a series of frightful persecutions. He would bruise her against the back of the chair until her arms were black and blue, and at length, following up his fearful threats, made known through the unfortunate medium herself, the brute made a desperate attempt at strangulation, which lasted thirty-six hours, the poor girl, meanwhile, suffering the severest agony, her body being racked with spasms. Neither mediums nor magnetisers could, for awhile, give her any relief. At length, through the mediumship of a young lady, there came to her aid no less a personage than the Apostle Paul. Six minutes after he undertook the cure he accomplished it. Whether this was his first appearance in Auburn is not said; it was not the last as the following extraordinary story will tell. About this time, and for very good reasons, too, the Rev. James L. Scott, a seventh-day Baptist minister, also arrived. He had been called by spiritual

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directions, conveyed through Mrs. Benedict, a lady who was a medium. He was charged to preach and otherwise *operate* as he might be called upon to do by the spiritual powers. He at once applied himself to his duties, and lost no time in enlarging the Auburn circle, which now took the lofty title of "the Apostolic movement." It was in every way privileged to do so; the leader of the movement "from the interior" being Saint Paul (Mr. Capron will not call him Saint), assisted by a committee of the other apostles, prophets, martyrs, and many of Christian renown. Auburn was thus pretty well provided for. It needed, we shall see, all the protection it could get. Some time after Mr. Scott's arrival, came the Rev. T. Harris, of New York, to assist him. A publication was now established, entitled "Discourses from the Interior and Superior Care for Mortals." These "Discourses" came from the spirits. The two reverend gentlemen had been declared "by the Paul" of the movement, impressible writing mediums, through the mediumship of Mrs. Benedict. Here was one step; the next was to prevent opposition and dissent—always obnoxious to established authorities. It was accordingly announced that Mr. Scott had a "secret sign" by which he could distinguish the real Paul from any counterfeit, and that, consequently, no communication through any other individual was of any value, unless countersigned by him. Mr. Scott was now Pope. His Holiness's success was so great, that in a few months hundreds attended his meetings, and between two and three hundred became his declared followers, "amongst whom," says Mr. Capron, "were some of *the most respectable and intelligent people of Auburn.*" In fact, the "Apostolic movement" bid fair to be the principal religious denomination in the place. But about July, Mr. Scott had a dream, in which he was commanded to search for a new abode—in other words, he and his coadjutor Harris had agreed upon a scheme of persuading a number of people to embark their property in founding a new settlement, of which these holy personages meant to have the absolute control. By October, Scott and Mrs. Benedict, with several others, set out from Auburn, being spiritually led to a place called Mountain Cove, in Virginia. Farms were purchased, and in a short time more than a hundred were settled upon them. The new settlement was christened the "Holy Mountain," and professed to be the spot prophesied by Isaiah. Scott's aim speedily developed itself, and poor Mrs. Benedict's services were summarily dispensed with. His Holiness now took upon himself the character of an apostle, and declared himself divinely inspired. Received with enthusiastic fervour by his devoted followers, the apostle conceived that the time had come for the final stroke, and, accordingly, a divine communication appeared, reminding the faithful that while "spirits operate

from the interior, man in the clay demandeth external benefits"—thus pretty plainly intimating to them their duty of surrendering their property into the hands of "His stewards." But, unfortunately, such sacrifices have ever been sore to "man in the clay," and more churches than those of the Apostle Scott have been severely tried by similar attempts at ecclesiastical absorption, which are really sufficient to try the nerves even of men of bronze. Alarm was created; seceders increased; and though Scott fulminated with a force and tone worthy of the best days of the Vatican, no terrors of damnation were a counterpoise to the terrors of an empty purse. The scheme failed, but was again revived by the netting of a fresh shoal of dupes in 1852, and went through the same phases as before: "one after another," says Mr. Capron, "left the Cove to the few fanatics and credulous dupes of designing men, until the final dispersion of the whole community a few months after!"

The scarcely credible extravagance we shall next mention is so utterly incompatible with any notion we have of intellectual sanity, that we must suppose the epidemic had developed among those affected by it a vast amount of real but unrecognised lunacy. About the time of the construction of some mysterious mechanism at High Rock, Massachusetts, it was announced by spiritual intelligence to Mrs. — (a celebrated medium is here referred to), that she was to become a mother in a new sense—that "she would become the Mary of a new dispensation." The information was communicated with peculiar solemnity, and in a way that left in the minds of the persons present a clear conviction of the superior capacities and exalted moral attainments of the spirits communicating. Mrs. — had for some time experienced sensations indicating pregnancy; and the indications, as they increased, assumed more and more a peculiar and somewhat inexplicable character. At length a request from the spirit-world came, through the mediumship of the Rev. Mr. Spear, described as a person of high respectability, that on a certain day she would visit him at High Rock. No sooner had she reached there, when, totally unconscious of what was to happen to her, she was seized with the pains of labour, which, though differing somewhat from their ordinary character, inasmuch as "they were *internal*, and of the *spirit* rather than of the physical nature; they were nevertheless quite as uncontrollable as those of the latter, and not less severe." As the labour proceeded, so, it was observed, did the different portions of the mechanism previously mentioned begin to acquire movement, and to give signs of mechanical activity or life; and when, at the end of two hours, the difficult parturition had been brought to an auspicious close, motion, to the astonishment of

the beholders, had been communicated to the machinery throughout all its parts. The marvel was now explained—the lady had been brought to bed of a “MOTIVE FORCE.”

We entreat our readers to be grave. The infant, having been born, required nursing. For some weeks did the affectionate mother, “under a process precisely analogous to that of nursing (for *which preparation had been previously made in her own organization, while she was in utter ignorance of such design*),” suckle the young Force, and pour out the precious life-food from her maternal—we really know not what. For reasons undiscoverable by us, Mr. Capron is unwilling to give this marvel a corner in his capacious and miscellaneous faith: but he nevertheless candidly avows, “*That quite a number of persons of great intelligence, candour, and unimpeachable character, fully believed in this second edition of the miraculous conception and birth, and that the most unbounded enthusiasm was manifested by many.*” It was denominated “The New Motive Power; the *Physical Saviour*; Heaven’s Last Best Gift to Man; New Creation; The Great Spiritual Revelation of the Age; The Philosopher’s Stone; the Act of all Acts; the Science of all Sciences;—and various other extravagant epithets were applied to this wonderful new birth.” Mr. Capron, we perceive, is inclined to be satirical; but, for ourselves, assuming with him, Judge Edmonds, and Professor Hare, a moment, that it is true, that in the United States the usual physical laws are daily subverted; that tables, untouched by human force, rear and paw, scamper about rooms, and go up into the air with outside passengers upon them; that domestic furniture, entirely forgetting its place, wanders and even romps and riots about houses, as seems good to it, defying housewives and housemaids as a rabble does police; that ironmongery of all kinds, tongs, shovels, pokers, once a steady-going race, go, clattering about like troopers; that stair-rods, shooting madly from their fixtures, rattle down-stairs, endangering the limbs and breaking the pitchers of ascending women; that guitars go drifting about the room, finding their own music, over the heads of responding pianos, which though furnished with pedals, have not yet, we believe, begun to skip; that the loose bones of a skeleton parade round a room, the skull keeping its sockets fixed upon the medium; that spirit-hands can be seen beating tambourines like mad; that the French horn can hand over a fiddle, and on being asked for the bow, be heard to inquire, “*Can’t you get along without it?*” and that the same horn can name a tune, while fiddles are heard to play, accompanied by drums, accordions, and voices, all human agencies being absent;—if, we say, we assume these things to be true, which are gravely

related as true, or any portion of them, then, supported by as good evidence, we are ready to believe, and we defy anybody to show why we should not believe, that a lady can be safely brought to bed of a fine plump "Motive Power," and give suck to it by some peculiar spiritual apparatus with which she has been spiritually furnished. It is of no use Mr. Capron saying, in disparaging italics, that "*the new motor power would not move to any purpose,*" since its very uselessness is another confirmatory proof of its intimate connexion with the other phenomena. In a word, throughout the whole series of the marvels there is not a single one which rests on more positive, more weighty, and more unexceptionable evidence than this; and since the staunchest believers and most influential champions of the movement reject such testimony as inconclusive in this case, there is of course not the shadow of a reason why testimony, never better, in general incomparably worse, should be tendered, or accepted, as conclusive, or even worthy of attention, in any other. Could the spirit of the illustrious Hobson be consulted, he must inevitably answer in his old stern way, "This or none;" and since Mr. Capron ridicules the idea of our accepting *this*, we cheerfully submit to the other alternative of accepting *none*.

Utterly unable, then, to perceive any difference of degree of credibility between the acknowledged fanaticisms and the asserted facts, it is of some interest to inquire if there never has been any serious attempt to oppugn any of the leading phenomena. Mr. E. Fowler, a renowned writing medium, of the Partridge circle in New York, had produced, under the influence of Franklin's box, a paper, to which ten questions were appended, purporting to be those of the signers of the Act of Independence. Dr. Richmond examined the signatures, and demonstrated that they were clumsy imitations, written by the same hand. Hereupon the circle, in great excitement, sent a manifesto to Mr. Brittan, with their certificates as to the moral character of Mr. Fowler (the certificate power in these manifestations is as abundant and almost as curious as the spirit power); and, by way of proving his capacity for the disputed marvel, they state another and greater marvel beyond his power to invent. On a certain unlucky Saturday night, the spirits came into Mr. Fowler's room; and by aid of the battery, one of them—the prophet Daniel, we believe—wrote certain characters on a piece of paper, and there could be no mistake about it, as he *saw* them do it. What was written he knew no more than the man in the moon; for, though books in various languages have come into his possession since, he had none then. Being shown to Professor Bush, the Professor of Hebrew in New York University, he pronounced them to be Hebrew characters, and the matter of them. "a few verses

from the last chapter of Daniel." He is further reported to have stated, that they were *learnedly* written, with the exception of several arbitrary omissions, and one rather violent transposition from 'an upper to a lower line. Nothing could be more satisfactory — so satisfactory, that Dr. Richmond appeared to be effectually silenced. Not a syllable for some time did he breathe about it. At length, the reason came out. He had been submitting the spirit's Hebrew, Daniel's own Hebrew, to a German Jew, and two graduates of Yale College; and when he does return to the subject, it is to publish the smashing analysis of one of them, the Rev. W. Carter. Of this it is enough to say, that he proved it to be "an attempt to copy the Hebrew Bible by one ignorant that Hebrew reads from right to left, instead of left to right, as English does." Hereupon Prof. Bush explained away his certificate, and the exposure was complete. Another very signal exposure was that of one Le Roy Sunderland, the leading spiritualist of Boston, and one of the most distinguished ornaments of the new science. A writer in a New York paper, who, under the quaint name of Shadrach Barnes, had been waging fierce war against the spiritualists, resolved to submit Sunderland's medium power to a practical test. For this purpose he indited a letter to him, which seemed to be written by a very poor and illiterate woman, inquiring about the spiritual *status* of one Mary Newall, an imaginary person, represented as lately deceased. Enclosed in it was a dollar fee. Sunderland pocketed the fee, and in a few days replied, giving some very cheering particulars about Mary's condition—adding that "the sweet spirit of Mary was at his side." Mr. Capron accounts for the mishap by supposing that Sunderland suffered his imagination to delude him, and will not abate a particle of his respect for the great spiritualist. We may or may not accept this solution; but what strikes us as remarkable is, that Mr. Capron and his friends do not perceive its bearings on the pretensions of spiritualism in all its forms.

After such demonstrations of the fraud or madness of persons who have no *ostensible* motive for deceit, it seems almost superfluous to discover flaws in persons who, from their ignorance or their temptations, are more readily open to the suspicion of imposture. But to pass from educated people of social standing to others who are more liable, at least so it is commonly supposed, to delusion, and have a greater stimulus to deceit, is not in this case to descend, but on the contrary to ascend—to rise from the pupil to the teacher—from the proselyte to the prophet—from the initiated to the initiator—from the mystic to the mystagogue. That three obscure women, belonging to an indigent class, devoid of educational training and intellectual power, should at this moment have a right to class themselves amongst the originators of a new faith, and should be regarded as teachers

and benefactresses by two millions of one of the most enlightened nations upon earth, and that the pretensions of that faith should involve the renunciation of our past belief in those recognised and accepted laws of nature which experience and science have revealed, is one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of opinion. We naturally inquire, if no attempt has been successfully made to convict them of imposture. Thanks to the publicity which spreads these marvels, we learn in the same way the fact of their exposure, and become still more astonished that after it they should be able to maintain their position. The first unmasking took place in February, 1851. Soon after the arrival of Mrs. Fish and Margaretta, and their most successful *debut* in Buffalo, there appeared in a local newspaper a letter signed by Drs. Lee, Flint, and Coventry, the Professors respectively of Physiology, Materia Medica, and Practical and Clinical Medicine in the University of Buffalo, denouncing the whole affair as an imposture, and giving a description of the process by which a highly respectable lady of the place was able, by a peculiar action of the muscles of the leg, to produce the rappings. To ignore such a statement was impossible; and Mrs. Fish and her sister did exactly what they ought to have done—they challenged an inquiry. The Professors, on the other hand, had the great good sense to accept it, and so the matter was fairly brought to an issue. Whether the exhibitors thought the Professors would, from conceit or timidity, decline the challenge, or that they did not anticipate the tests to be used, can only be matter of conjecture. The examination did come off, and the Professors published their report of it. From this it appeared that when the women were so placed, as, for instance, seated on a chair with their heels resting on cushions, that the foot could not, by pressure on the floor, occasion the required displacement of the bones, no rapping took place. When, again, the younger sister was seated with her "lower limbs" (Anglice legs) resting on the sofa, and the elder seated in the ordinary way at the end of the sofa, no sound could be elicited, though the experiment was prolonged until it was announced by the sisters that it was useless to expect any manifestations.

The experiment, though the previous result had thoroughly satisfied the Professors, was varied by compressing the knees together, and catching and compressing them during the rappings. The effect of the first method was to prevent, that of the second to stop them. In the last two experiments, the examiners obtained more evidence than they had expected. They only anticipated they should feel the displacement of the muscle, without being able to interrupt the sound. [This was in 1851. In 1854, Dr. Scheff, of Frankfort-on-Maine, discovered the cause of the sound to be

the repeated displacement of the tendon of the *peroneus longus* muscle in the sheath which slides behind the external *malleolus*.] The triumph of the exposure was complete—so complete that Mrs. Fish, or some one for her, thought it requisite to make a counter statement, which made her case worse. She admits it to be true that when their heels were placed upon shavings, no sounds could be heard, though it was otherwise when they rested on the floor; but she gives this explanation: "It is just as true that if our friendly spirits retired when they witnessed such harsh proceedings on the part of our persecutors, it was not in our power to detain them."

In April following, there was another exposure. A Mrs. Norman Culver, a relation of the Fox family, who had been a rapping medium at Rochester, was induced by the Rev. Mr. Burr, a public lecturer, to reveal what she knew of the affair. She accordingly made a deposition; and from the extract from it given by Mr. Capron, it appears that she had been regularly instructed by Catherine Fox in the trick of the rappings, which, though hard work at first, she accomplished in about a week. The question of answering by the alphabet Catherine said was easy enough, and explained that the reason why they asked people to write several names on paper, and then to point to them till the spirit rapped at the right one, was to have a chance of watching the *countenances* and *motions* of the company; and that in this way they could nearly always guess right. She was also instructed how to hold down and move tables. Mrs. Culver gave illustrations of these tricks. It was also explained to her that all she would have to do to make the raps heard on the table, was to put her foot against the leg of the table when rapping. That to make the raps sound distant on the wall, they must be made louder, and the *eyes of the rapper earnestly directed to the spot where it was wished the rappings should be heard*; and that if the feet were placed at the foot of the door, the raps would be heard at the top. She further added that Catherine had told her that when the Committee had held their ankles at Rochester, the Dutch servant-girl rapped with her knuckles upon the floor. This declaration was made in the presence of "a physician and clergyman," who affirm that "Mrs. Culver is one of the most reputable and intelligent ladies"—we were really going to say shepheresses—of Arcadia; and that there is not the slightest doubt of the truth of the whole statement."

It is impossible to get any direct replies to critical exposures; thus Mr. Tallmadge, in the Appendix to the "Healing of the Nations," quotes some quiet remarks of one of our contemporaries on the exposure of Mrs. Haydon by Mr. Lewis, and on Dr. Scheff's explanation of the cause of the raps, in order to

indicate "its ignorance and folly, and gross stupidity, not to say superstition and bigotry." Mr. Capron also refers to his Appendix for a reply to Professor Page's *exposé*, and his reply consists of four lines of impertinence. Sometimes he has recourse to abuse, sometimes to banter. A clergyman, in a lecture, showed how the rappings could be produced by the action of the toe-joints; Mr. Capron takes contemptuous notice of it in this way: "Dr. Potts cracks his toes." No doubt the thing is supremely ridiculous. A Doctor of Divinity on a platform cracking his toes in refutation of a new religion, is certainly an unparalleled absurdity. But the ridicule is not with him; for surely where rapping is the holy language, it is not unreasonable that toe-cracking should be one of the sacred dialects.

We suppose there are few persons who have followed us thus far who are not by this time convinced that the believers in spiritualism have had evidence enough of a kind calculated to bring them to their senses, if they had been able or willing to profit by it. They will be satisfied, we think, that fraud, jugglery, actual insanity, excited vanity, and a morbid love of the marvellous, are the chief ingredients in the cauldron. Perhaps what will most surprise and puzzle them is, that men of education, divines, men of letters, should, while looking upon it with aversion, accept its reputed phenomena as true, and proceed to give their solution of their cause. But mischievous as the proceeding is, it is not a new one in the history of opinion. No fact is more frequent. When Van Dale, in his work "On the Oracles of the Ancient Gentiles," emphatically recommends all investigators not to commit the mistake of seeking the wherefore of things, or the *το διοτι*, before they had clearly settled the *το εστι*, or the what, inasmuch as more than one instance had occurred of wise men seeking for the explanation of the being of things which never had a being, he does so, *apropos* of that famous controversy about the "Golden Tooth," which produced many dissertations and considerable learned excitement in the sixteenth century. A boy in Silesia had lost a molar tooth, which was said to have been replaced by a golden one. People from all quarters went to see it, and came away convinced of the miracle. A pious physician took the matter up, and contrived to extract from it proof of the approaching downfall of the Mahometan Empire. A long and warm controversy ensued, which may still be read, one side explaining it on supernatural, the other on natural grounds, exactly as in the present case. Each side would have claimed the victory, had not a few sensible people, taking with them a jeweller, made a proper scrutiny, which led to the discovery that the whole thing was a trick, and that the tooth was an artificial one, plated with gold.

In the mode in which American spiritualism has been treated, we have the double of the fable of the Golden Tooth. A still more signal instance of epidemic belief, accompanied with a profusion of worthless testimony by respectable witnesses, weakly conceded statements, and equally marvellous solutions, is that exhibited by Rhabdomancy, or the exploratory powers of the divining rod. M. Chevreul, noticing the remark of a respectable writer, who says—"If tables do reply to questions touching the past, the present, and the future, it is a physical and moral phenomenon, as great and perhaps greater than that which Newton resolved,"—very shrewdly remarks, "I am quite of this opinion, too; but, before coming to a definite conclusion about it, there is an *if* to take away: consequently, I will draw no conclusion until that is effaced from the proposition." He too, like Van Dale, had been receiving his monition: he had been investigating with great care and skill the history of the "Divining Rods," which were as celebrated for a long period as tables are now, which were asked questions, too, and made replies which were attributed to a variety of causes, and, of course, to the Devil, which obtained almost universal belief, and were the subject of keen controversy, but which are now known to owe their supposed virtue to the facile credulity and unwary ignorance of those who attributed it to them. M. Chevreul had also made experiments with the magic ring, suspended from the fingers, and discovered that it "invariably owed its vibratory action to an insensible action of the muscles, determined by an unconscious operation of the mind." Hence, he perfectly agreed with Professor Faraday as to the efficient cause of table-turning, and refers to his own highly sagacious experiments as of some moment both to "psychology, and also to the history of science," by showing, first, how easy it is to mistake illusions for realities, whenever we are engaged with a phenomenon of which our own organs are a part, especially under circumstances that have not been sufficiently analysed; and, secondly, how men of good faith, and in other respects enlightened enough, are sometimes induced to furnish purely chimerical solutions of phenomena that belong entirely to the physical world.

But though the mental epidemic which we have described supplies abundant matter to the psychological student, its chief interest consists in the evidence which it affords of a wide-spread tendency in the United States towards the establishment of some new religious faith, and of the ease with which a man, through faith, sees miracles, believes himself inspired, and takes upon himself the character of an accredited messenger of God. Self-reliant, loving liberty even to the verge of pedantry, scorning the despotism of prescription which it has endured in religious

matters only, it need not surprise us that the American mind should show extensive symptoms of a desire to break loose from the dominion of Jewish speculations, and to settle on its own authority the conditions of its own religious belief. Nor can there be a doubt that the opportunity afforded by spiritualism of promoting this object has been a chief source of its attraction to such men as Governor Tallmadge and Professor Hare. The case of the latter, interesting in many respects to the student of ecclesiastical history, is a remarkable and very curious illustration of this. Though living in the very thick of the marvellous, he for a long while rejected them as worthless, endorsing Faraday's explanations as far as they reached, and regarding what was not explained by them as dexterous trickery. By-and-bye he is lured into a correspondence with a great adept in the mysteries, who, profuse of marvellous narratives, but carefully evasive of all demands for evidence, made no way with him until in one of his letters he skilfully let drop the following announcement—"It (spiritualism) is affecting the Churches seriously." To this the Professor replies by reiterating that he had seen nothing in the material phenomena worthy of attention; but adds, "it would be a glorious mercy if God would give some evidence which would settle the religious opinions of mankind." The right key had evidently been now touched, for no sooner does the idea of the possibility of turning spiritualism to an account in this way present itself than he becomes a believer in it. He is now easily persuaded that he has communications with spirits of a kind highly flattering to him [some of them announcing they had done him the honour to attend his scientific lectures] for the persons engaged in his conversion did not neglect to make as great use of his vanity as of his religious antipathies, and of his ambition to be a religious reformer. Of course, when he came to believe in the spirits he at once began to recognise the material phenomena to which he had been previously blind. Nevertheless, his scientific caution did not entirely forsake him. As spiritual communications are conveyed through mediums who express the replies by pointing to the letters of an alphabet, the Professor contrived a machine which, by obliging the medium to work the alphabet without seeing it, would, he flattered himself, put the "question of independency of intelligence to the test,"—that is, would determine if it were the medium or a spirit who framed the replies or messages. That he went honestly to work, and that his toy caused very serious difficulty to the medium, was made ludicrously manifest by the spirits actually threatening a strike if its use were persisted in. They declared they would have nothing at all to do with it, though what their difficulty was they do not themselves explain, nor can anybody do it for

them. In this dilemma, a compromise was effected; it was agreed that the perplexing instrument should never be used except on occasions of some momentous communication, the authenticity of which it might be highly desirable to ratify. One medium alone, a certain Mrs. Gourlay, seems to have been endowed with the faculty of working it. The engineer was now fairly "hoist with his own petard," but hoist precisely to the position that he coveted—for there soon came a communication from the spirits announcing their joy at numbering him among the supporters of "*a new and better Gospel*," and proclaiming him "a selected instrument of their own choosing, whom they are watching over and guiding to the good he seeks." The Professor gladly accepts the mission, invites the spirits appointing him to meet him at his house, from which, at his request, they courteously proceed with him to Mrs. Gourlay's, where he gets a certificate of apostleship, signed by Washington, Chalmers, and others, which having passed the ordeal of the spirit test, is, as the Professor declares, "beyond all question a pure emanation from the spirits whose names are attached to it." But who are these spirits? Let us not be misled by names. Whatever designations may be given to them, they are no longer men: they are supreme, celestial intelligences; they represent in this new gospel that mighty company of immortals who, under the titles of æons, archangels, and angels, possessing all the attributes of divinity save that of being uncreated, are acknowledged with homage by all who profess the religion of Moses and Christ. What, in celestial purity, intelligence, and proximity to God, the archangel Michael was held to be at Jerusalem, and still is at Lambeth, such is the spirit J. Q. Adams in New York. The divinely-appointed head of the new faith, having received his mission through angels, now ranks with the heaven-commissioned men of all ages; he rests his pretensions on more available evidence than any of them; for, besides an infinity of signs and wonders at his command, he can prove to demonstration, by the human agency of pulleys, alphabets, and tables, that his credentials are unquestionably divine. The Founder of the Christian faith, in his mental agony, said that if he wished it a legion of angels could be sent to him. The inspired head of spiritualism cannot only summon a legion, but make them follow him about at pleasure. The very suddenness of his conversion is in regular course. In five months he is sceptic, believer, prophet. At one moment the Saul, the next the Paul of the movement. On Feb. 24, 1854, he declares himself an unbeliever; and on the ever-memorable 4th of August following, he receives his divine commission. Thus accredited, are we to doubt that through his instrumentality the Christian religion will be superseded by

the Harean? What that is has been explained by Archangel Calhoun, who, in reply to Apostle Tallmadge, announced its object to be, "to convince sceptics of the immortality of the soul, and to draw mankind together in harmony."

Ridiculous as this is in the telling, it is painfully grave and humiliating in its bearings. That a citizen of the habitually placid city of Philadelphia should have been suddenly stricken with madness, after being infected by an epidemic which in the United States alone has, as we are able to affirm on reliable authority, sent two thousand persons to the mad-house, though not an unimportant fact, especially to those affected by it, would at least be of limited importance. But what is of universal, and we deliberately say terrible, interest is, that the society of which Dr. Hare is one, a society embracing Europe and America, is itself under conditions of belief and obligations of consistency which restrain it from thinking, or, at all events, from declaring him mad. Christianity, as believed by the majority of believers, does, and will call Hareanism horrible, blasphemous, diabolic, but not insane. Such, moreover, is the teaching which men receive, that there are thousands and hundreds of thousands of minds—educated minds, too—to whom such pretensions, even when they originate ridiculously, are never ridiculous. Here is a celebrated instance. In 1743 a foreign gentleman, of great acquirements and active life, was sitting in a private room in a London tavern, after dinner, which he had eaten with great appetite, when suddenly a mist overspread his eyes, and the floor became covered, as he thought, with reptiles, "such as serpents, toads, and the like." By degrees the darkness, for a certain time, increased, but when it had passed away, he heard a voice, saying, "Eat not so much." Had the voice come from his stomach he might, perhaps, under the circumstances, have explained it satisfactorily enough; but great was his alarm when he discovered that it proceeded from a man sitting in the corner of the room. Again his eyes became dim, but on recovering from this state, he was again alone. He hurried home in much perturbation, but that day nothing more occurred. The next night, however, the same man appeared to him, and addressed him thus, "I am God the Lord the Creator, and Redeemer of the world. I have chosen thee to unfold to man the spiritual sense of the Holy Scripture; I will myself dictate to thee what thou shalt write." From this time for very many years—to the close of a long life—he not only believed himself inspired, but that he was brought into personal relation with the Deity, and that he enjoyed an extensive personal acquaintance with the Beings and phenomena of the extra-mundane universè. The fruits of this experience have been consigned to us in a vast number of volumes

in Latin, of which many have been translated into different languages. To several of them is prefixed a portrait. Its expression—so says his able biographer, disciple, and translator, Dr. Wilkinson—has been pronounced by an eminent physician (Dr. Eliotson) to resemble that of an amiable lunatic; this assertion may perhaps suggest why it is his works bear the impression of amiable lunacy. This gentleman is now an inspired teacher, and his books are sacred books. His name is Swedenborg, his disciples Swedenborgians. They number, in this country alone, five thousand, and say, we have no doubt with great truth, that they have a large number of undeclared adherents nominally belonging to other creeds. Now, assuredly, if to be originated under mean or ridiculous circumstances be the fundamental requisite of a revelation, Swedenborgianism as well as Spiritualism is stamped with the true mintmark. That so to be originated is no bar to its reception, is evident from the fact that the former, though ignored and despised, and with the aid of no other charm than its capacity to gratify certain states of carefully instilled religious credulity, has been able to establish itself as the creed of a multitude of intelligent men. Very different and more promising are the prospects of spiritualism or the supernaturalism of which Professor Hare has been declared to be the head. It is neither ignored nor despised; crowds of theologians are pressing forward, accepting and asserting its miracles, and acknowledging its inspiration.

No doubt, the conviction that the miracles of the Bible rest on no stronger foundation than those of spiritualism is a powerful motive with these Christian theologians, but not the only one. It is almost in a tone of jubilee Mr. Beecher exclaims, "Conditions of spiritualism are being multiplied; and all things betoken that we are entering on the first steps of a demoniac manifestation, the issue of which no man can conjecture." Who does not remark here an expounder of that youngest child of the canon, the apocalypse, which, in its infinite capacity of giving out solutions, reminds one of the conjurors who extract endless yards of riband from their mouths? In England the same class of expounders have eagerly accepted the American phenomena as proofs of that approaching advent of demonism they require. The Rev. Francis Close, in his "Testers Tested," &c., has noticed this tendency, and has not only furnished a remarkable proof of it, but also of his own notable method of dealing with it. Mr. Godfrey, in the course of his experiments, had exorcised a table, "commanding the spirit, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, to come out of it, after which it was quiet." To show there was nothing unreasonable in this kind of operation, the Rev. Mr. Dibdin, Mr. Close tells us, solemnly warned him that the

second canon of the Church, which forbids a clergyman from casting out devils without licence from his bishop, under pain of being guilty of imposture, and of being deposed, fully admits the existence of such spirits—which it certainly does. Upon which Mr. Close somewhat tartly remarks, “if this canon be in existence, Mr. Godfrey ought to be brought into the spiritual court.” It is a thousand pities he should not be brought there, the table also appearing as a witness! Really, it sometimes seems as if the world stood still, and we were yet in the seventeenth century. When Bekker, in that noble-spirited work, “The Enchanted World,” after demolishing all ground for the belief in witches, went so far as to deny the personal existence of the Devil, he was deprived of his pastorship and his salary. When he was prevailed upon to admit the personal existence of His Infernal Highness, but without conceding to him the privilege of leaving hell, the pastor recovered his salary, but not his pastorship. For what, it was argued, was the use of a devil that had not the power to roam? and how could that be the veritable Christian Devil to whom omnipresence was denied? Two hundred years have elapsed since this spectacle of human folly, of imbecile persecution, was exhibited; yet so little has been the progress of the human mind in religious opinion, so little has it escaped from its long bondage to the wildest Oriental follies, that here in this England, in the nineteenth century, we have one clergyman believing that his table is possessed with devils, and another of great celebrity desiring not to send him to the mad-house but to put him in the spiritual court for exorcising his table—that is, exhibiting his madness—without licence from his bishop. What is there in Spiritualism, or Hareanism, or whatever it is to be called, more absurd than this? Surely the hero worship which converts great, and good, and useful men into archangels and angels, and then summons them to earth for council and advice, has in it something more ennobling and useful than the belief in that impure and disgusting demonism which is the doctrine of all, and the delight of many, of our divines. Professor Hare, consulting his spirit-test, may be as ridiculous, but he certainly is not as revolting as Mr. Godfrey hunting devils out of his table, as the Rev. Mr. Gillson gossiping with his, and gravely paying a tribute to the singular intelligence (expressed by the most “frantic” contortions) with which it signifies to him that “Satan’s head-quarters,” [or chief place of business,] are at Rome, with immense branch-establishments in France and Spain, and a few less considerable ones in England, with the exception of Bath, where his bagmen may be reckoned by hundreds, as the Rev. Mr. Close, who would punish a brother clergyman for unlawful sporting because

he happens to have had a devil chase without episcopal licence, or as the Rev. Mr. Beecher, on the other side of the Atlantic, who as complacently looks out for an impending irruption of demöns as General Walker would do for a promised irruption of filibusters. No doubt, the long and careful instruction in that doctrine of satanic possession and demoniacal agency which ravaged Europe for many centuries in different forms, as in the frightful persecutions for witchcraft, and which, passing to America, displayed itself, at the end of the seventeenth century, in the insane witch trials in Salem, Massachusetts, and in the Ohio jerkings, has given something of diabolism to the American manifestations; but certainly this is not, as in England, the characteristic of "spiritual" literature, nor the resource of the leaders of the movement. With whatever folly and rash assumption they are chargeable, it is certainly not with these. Mr. Beecher's account of their faith is, that they deny the authority of the Bible, but accept the spirit. If by its spirit he means whatever of its morality they consider pure, and whatever of its teaching they think capable of useful application in practice, then the expression is a just one. This is what Mr. Capron asserts to be the creed of the great majority of the spiritualists.

We learn, too, that the religious attitude is an antagonism to dogmatic Christianity, but not to Christ. In deposing Christ from his divinity, they do not deprive him of his primacy among men. True greatness, they affirm, consists in pure morality, in energetic action. In this sense they declare him to be the greatest of men, and think "that being so superior to common men, it was natural in those superstitious times to believe that the Deity had descended into him, and that something marvellous had happened at his birth." Their antagonism to Christianity is not a novelty; but the ground on which this antagonism rests is, in modern times, at all events, a perfect novelty. It is no longer reason assailing revelation at great disadvantage, but it is revelation opposed to revelation—supernaturalism to supernaturalism. Christianity is now to be opposed with weapons as celestially tempered as its own, and with pretensions as large, and in many respects the same, while many of its old official defenders acknowledge the supernaturalism of its new opponents. What course the struggle will take it is difficult to conjecture. The thought that Professor Hare is to be the head of a new faith, is as ludicrous as it is humiliating; but unhappily its absurdity does not disprove its truth: the landlord of the London tavern, in 1743, would have waxed very boisterous with mirth if any one had predicted to him that his quiet guest with the good appetite would one day hold the exalted position which he does. A Harean religion may therefore be in the cate-

gory of possible follies; but what is certain is, first, that in the United States, Protestantism, more unhampered by laws and institutions than in England, and not engrossed by the old duel with Romanism, being left free to act, is manifesting on an imposing scale a tendency to throw off its allegiance to Christianity: and, secondly, that they who do so, do it as a thing of course, without risk or inconvenience, or apprehension of annoying and insolent rebuke.

There is one peculiar feature of the movement which must not be entirely passed over. Mr. Beecher says that one of its objects is to "inaugurate a millennium." He alludes doubtless to certain views respecting a new industrial and social organization (such, for, instance, as the Fourierist experiment recommended in the writings of Davis), and partly to an undefined but frequently-expressed hope, that by suppressing the religious feuds which now distract society, and by supplanting dogmatic by moral instruction, it will be the office of spiritualism to increase the affinity of human sympathies, and to give unity to the human family. These, then, are the chief points of interest in the movement which has so long occupied us: it presents to the psychologist, or student of mental philosophy, a most remarkable assemblage of facts, illustrative of the power of fraud, hallucination, deception, and self-deception; furnishing him with another instance of those epidemic maladies of opinion, which merit more scientific treatment than they have yet received, which, though generally religious, are not necessarily so, as we have seen, on a large scale, in the famous Mississippi Scheme, the South Sea Bubble, and the Railway Mania, that swept through society like cholera or the plague, and frequently on a smaller scale, in politics, in which opinions without foundation, and excitement without cause, have suddenly sprung up and run their brief course, fainter and unrecognised, but equally unquestionable indications of mental disease: it is important to the theologian, as showing how readily the marvel grows out of the love of the marvellous, and is accepted as a marvel even by opponents, how easily some men persuade themselves they are in communication with celestial existences, and how easily other men believe it, warning him not to lay too much stress on that once famous argument which insisted that the wonders and pretensions which, in an enlightened age, and in an enlightened empire, were received as true, must therefore carry with them a strong presumption of their truth, and proving to him, on the contrary, how easy it is at all times, and in all places, for all descriptions of men to fall, as Bacon expresses it, "into that strange disease which a wise writer describeth in these words—*Augustus simul credentibus.*" Finally, it is full of solemn rebuke to that intellectual training

which is at the bottom of this strange disease—which, during the most impressionable years of our life, begets in us the practice of assenting without inquiry, and believing without proof—which makes credulity a virtue, and doubt a crime—which encourages some men to be impostors, by preparing the majority of men to be dupes—and which, to the grievous detriment of progress, continues to perpetuate the division of society into the two main classes so pithily described by Montaigne:—"Those who impose upon the world that they believe that which they do not; others, more in number, who make themselves believe what they believe, not knowing what it is to believe."

ART. III.—MORAYSHIRE.

1. *The History of the Province of Moray.* By the Rev. L. Shaw. New Edition. Brought down to the year 1826. J. Grant. Elgin. 1827.
2. *Registrum Episcopatus Moraviensis e pluribus codicibus consorcinitum circa A.D. 1406. Cum continuatione diplomatum recentiorum usque ad A.D. 1628.* Edinburgh. 1839.

A NEW series of county histories is very much wanted. Many of those which we have are excellent in their way, but they do not meet the requirements of an age so busy as that in which we live. We heartily sympathize with one of our contemporaries in its efforts in this direction. Whether or not a really good history of any single county can be written till we possess general histories of England and of Scotland which shall be not all unworthy of their themes, is a matter of grave question. Many years may pass by before we can see the class of works which we wish for beginning to multiply upon our shelves, but there are persons in every county in Great Britain who can help on the good work by recording what has been already done for the illustration of their respective districts. A single review article, devoted to each county, would be sufficient for this purpose, although it would be wholly inadequate to give more than the merest outline of the information which ought to be contained in a good county history.

The district of which we propose to attempt a sketch is fortunate in possessing one of the best of Scotch local histories. This sort of literature, however, has been less cultivated North than

South of the Tweed, and the work of Mr. Lachlan Shaw will not bear comparison with some of English growth. It is ill-arranged. The chapter which is intended to interest the naturalist is exceedingly meagre, and the historical part is filled with matter which has often no more reference to Moray than to Lanarkshire. The whole work, indeed, admirable as it was in its day, requires to be rewritten.

Mr. Shaw, and several other local writers, have undertaken to give an account of the whole province of Moray. We propose to confine our remarks to a small portion of that extensive district—namely, to Morayshire properly so called. The superficial area of that county is variously stated, but perhaps 840 square miles may be about the mark. Its population in 1851 amounted to 38,959. It is bounded on the north by Moray Firth; on the east partly by the Spey, and partly by an imaginary line which divides it from the county of Banff; on the south by Invernessshire, and on the west by Inverness-shire and Nairn. Its surface falls into three very well-marked divisions. The first is the strip of fertile land along the coast, very level towards the west, divided in the centre by several sandstone ridges, running parallel to the Firth, and broken into gentle undulations in the east. The second is a high moorland country, rising like a terrace to the south of the region just described. The third, still further inland, and nearer the central chains which form the nucleus of Scotland, has all the characteristics of a subalpine district. The only other geographical features which it is necessary to enumerate are the three rivers—the broad swift Spey on the east, the gentle Lossie in the centre, and the impetuous Findhorn on the west of the county—each fed by numerous tributaries, which partake to a considerable extent of the characters of the streams which they augment.

The beauty of Morayshire is not of that overpowering kind which seizes the attention and compels the praise of the least susceptible beholder. If its scenery remains, on this account, comparatively unknown, it escapes at least that Nemesis of beauty, the swarm of tourists who, with phrases of common-place laudation on their lips and utter weariness in their hearts, seem every autumn to rehearse the "Inferno" across the fairest scenes in Europe. Really to enjoy its many pleasant places we must wind along quiet river-sides, and traverse great breadths of unattractive moorland, and go down amongst dreary wastes of "bant," to the shores of the Northern Sea. Thus we shall come to know the terraced delta of the Spey, with its wide pebbly banks, its contorted channels, and the furze which does not fear to bloom midst the rush of its threatening waters; we shall wind up its open valley through rich cultivation and cheerful homesteads,

and rocks standing here and there among the trees, till a chiller air and its lessening waters tell us how far we have ascended, and Cairngorm, with the last snow of winter growing roseate in the July sunset, looks down on the gate of the Highlands. Or perhaps climbing up through the pine woods, or crossing the great peat mosses, which give an almost Irish character to the landscape, we shall reach the broad moor which spreads round Lochindorb, all purpled with the heather, and carpeted, as we see when we look close, with long twisted wreaths of the Alpine and the common deer's-grass, whose lighter greens contrast strongly with the dark leaves of the bearberry. Or else, in another and less cheerful mood, we may descend the dark gorge of the Findhorn. The fierce river, more terrible in its anger than any of the Scottish streams, is sweeping furiously past us through walls of contorted gneiss, whose grim blue masses seem peculiarly fitted to be the prison of its wild waters. But the Findhorn, beautiful at all times, is most beautiful perhaps in a calmer hour. It is a still, dank October day. The sun, which has been battling with the mists through all the early morning hours, has at last obtained a partial victory, and its beams glint warmly athwart the reddened oaks, through the showers of beech-leaves, which, nipped by last night's frost, are now the sport of every little breeze which trembles over the glimmering river. The yellow brake-fern, the first plant of the woodland to feel the approach of winter, is withering by our path, over which the gossamer has woven its countless threads, which breaking as we pass twist together and float through the air in long white filaments, the "fliegende jungfrau" of the Germans, the herald of the later autumn through Western and Central Europe. The salmon splashes lazily in the rock-pools, forgetful of the reign of terror which extends from February to September. The heron wings his heavy flight down to his home at Sluie; and the river, like a "harmless-natured serpent," glides quietly down to the level district, which sees the last ripple and hears the last fall of its mountain-born waters.

Many very striking views are also afforded by the long line of upland which runs parallel to the Firth. Perhaps none of these is superior to that from the old tower of Blervie, which extends over eight counties, from Benrinnes in Banffshire almost to the neighbourhood of Wick. At our feet are the plantations near the town of Forres, and the fertile lands which lie around the twice-rained ruins of Kinloss. Beyond them the eye catches that tiny sixth-century Venice, the village of Findhorn, and the bar where the ship of Hugh Miller's father perished, in the manner so well described at the commencement of "My Schools and Schoolmasters." Thence it passes on to the Guillian Bank, the El Derado of the herring-fisher, and that bold promontory

from whose heights the "diamond rock" of Cromarty used to shine through the night, as legends tell, a beacon to the mariner and a lure to the treasure-seeker. Or wandering over the woods of Cawdor, the glance falls on the inner reaches of the Firth, and follows its further side, along the ridge of Rosemarkie to Eathie, and the Southern Sutor, to the line of the Ross-shire coast and Tarbet Ness, to the wide opening of the Firth of Dornoch and the smaller one at the embouchure of the Fleet River, till the Highlands of Sutherland carry it on to the Pass of Caithness; and Fairweather Hill, that landmark of Northern sailors, stands up our last hold on reality, and abandons us to dreams of warriors and sea-kings who ruled of old upon our coasts, who sailed for sunny Vinland-across the Western sea, who harried the churches of Yorkshire, who colonized the mouth of the Seine, and poured new blood into the languid veins of Anglo-Saxon England; who, realizing the dream of the Latin poet, made their homes by the Bay of Tarentum, whose hand fell so heavily upon the Mistress of the World; who reared their palaces by the Middle Sea, where hills, even more beautiful than those on which we look, keep watch and ward over the "shell of gold" and the green orange-groves of Palermo.

The coast, too, has much to reward its explorer. The sands of Culbin are especially remarkable. A sudden irruption, as tradition says—a more gradual invasion, as many maintain—covered deep in sand a large extent of country which was once occupied by a valuable estate. Looking southward from the centre of this miniature desert, we survey both the lowland and the hills of Moray; looking northwest, we see the mighty mass of Wyvis uprearing its vastness over Ross and Cromarty; looking northward, we see the Firth darkling by contrast over the long sweeps of yellow sand, whose trifling elevations mimic to admiration the snow-fields which fall down towards Switzerland from the giddy heights of the Weisssthor. The aspect which these sand-dunes present to one who stands in the centre of them, is unusually picturesque; but a more distant view appeals perhaps to a deeper feeling, when the sun is setting beyond the further coast-line, and they lie like a border of gold on the edge of the purple hills.

The geology of Moray has been examined with some care. The principal work on the subject is one by Mr. Patrick Duff, published in 1842; and an admirable *résumé* of the more interesting geognostic phenomena of the county is contained in a long note, by the late Mr. Robertson, of Inverurie, in the last edition of Anderson's "Guide to the Highlands," a book which is not to be mentioned without honour. Of the sand-hills of Culbin we have already spoken, and the peat-bogs call for little remark. There is, however, a submarine forest to the west of Burchhead Harbour.

A very large portion of Moray is covered by sand and gravel, and the northern drift is extensively developed. Mr. Martin, of Anderson's Institution, published, in 1856, a most interesting paper upon that mysterious deposit. Nowhere, except perhaps in that wonderful valley which slopes amongst the hypersthene rocks of Skye to the dark waters of Obanish, have we seen more unequivocal traces of glacial action than on the surface of Carden Muir, about four miles from Elgin. Those who devote themselves to the comparatively recent changes which have given to the surface of our country its present aspect, will find matter for much musing in the terraces along the course of the Spey, more especially between Fochabers and the sea, and in the mighty masses of stones, sand, and gravel borne from the bosom of the high central ranges, through which the Dorbach and other tributaries of the Findhorn have forced their headlong way. The whole coast affords admirable studies of raised beaches; but those which are cut through by the railway between Elgin and Lossiemouth are of unusual interest. They are made doubly instructive by the contemplation of the process which is going on, at the moment at which we write, on the present coast-line to the west of the harbour at Lossiemouth. A vast accumulation of fragments of rock has been there cast into the sea, and piled up by the action of the waves precisely in the same manner as the old-world storm-beaches, which are now far inland. No one, not accustomed to examine very carefully into what he sees, would believe at first that the natural breakwater which runs west from the harbour of Lossiemouth was the work of other than human agency.

At Linksfield, near Elgin, wealden beds occur; but a mass of boulder clay is intercalated between them and the subjacent cornstone, and an atmosphere of doubt seems still to surround all their relations. A very ingenious explanation of this most remarkable geological phenomenon, an explanation which has obtained the sanction of Agassiz, is given by Mr. Robertson in the note already alluded to. The better opinion, however, seems now to be that these beds were deposited in their present position by a mass of floating ice. They form a hill of moderate size; and admirable sections of them are presented by a cutting which has been made to enable the quarrymen to reach the subjacent cornstone, the surface of which is rounded and striated as if by the grinding of an iceberg. If these were indeed borne to Moray by one of these wanderers of the deep, it is easy to understand how the much smaller masses of inferior oolite on the burn of Lhanbryde and at Invergie were brought to their present sites. A startling inquiry is suggested by the reptilian remains which are found in the sandstones of Moray. Are the coal-measures

really the witnesses to a state of things which once existed over all the earth, or are they merely local and exceptional? Did the great sandstone formation pass slowly from the old into the new red, while the plants of the coal period were flourishing on dank green islands and amongst steaming estuaries? However this may be, the best geological authorities seem for the present inclined to identify the rock in which the wonderful little creature called by Dr. Mantell the *Telerpeton Elginense*, and by Professor Owen the *Leptopleuron lacertium*, was discovered by Mr. Patrick Duff, with the quartzite which is so well developed on the western coast of Ross-shire, and on which Professor Nicol of Aberdeen published an elaborate paper in the *Geological Journal* for February, 1857. He believes the quartzite to belong to the lower carboniferous age. Hugh Miller, on the other hand, claimed it as a part of his acknowledged domain, answering to the "upper red sandstones of Dunnet Head." The geological traveller in Moray should not omit to visit the quarry at Cummingsston, not far from Burghead, where some of the more intelligent workmen will no doubt be able to point out to him slabs which bear the impress of reptilian feet. The yellowish sandstone which underlies the quartzite is extensively used for building in the neighbourhood of Elgin and elsewhere. In many parts of the cathedral it looks as fresh as if it could tell only of the disruption of 1843, not of the reformation of three hundred years before. The English tourist is astonished to hear the comparatively moderate price at which noble piles like Milne's Institution at Fochabers have been erected. On the *vexata questio* of the position of the cornstone of Moray we shall not enter, further than to say that Mr. Duff still adheres to the opinion expressed in his work, but that the majority of his fellow-labourers disagree with him. Elgin stands upon a mass of this rock. Passing by the grey sandstone of the Newton quarry, we descend upon the beds of Seat Craig, economically worthless, scientifically of deep interest. Those who do not mind a rough and rather wet walk should leave the Elgin and Rothes road at a smithy about five miles from the former place, and follow the course of a little stream towards the piece of exposed rock which is called more especially the Scat Craig. They will be unlucky if they are not rewarded by many scales, teeth, and bones of fishes exposed on the surface of the waterworn and crumbling sandstone. A chisel or a very sharp-pointed hammer is an indispensable companion in a ramble to this point. The lowest or dark red division of the Morayshire sandstone plays an important part in its geology. The larger part of it consists of the great conglomerate, a rock which often breaks into singularly picturesque masses. The fabled appears at Dippie on the Spey, but the famous sections of it at the burn of Ignet and at Le-

thinbar lie beyond the limits of the county on the east and west respectively. In the upland districts of Morayshire, gneiss and other metamorphic rocks prevail; but so far as they have been yet examined they offer little to interest. Mr. Duff directs attention to a quarry of gneiss in Califer Hill, near Forres, where the beds are disposed in a circular form. The only peculiarity furnished by the granite of Morayshire is, according to the same authority, its containing, in a section near Rothes, large plates of mica, of sufficient dimensions to be used as small window panes. Those who are anxious to inform themselves on the geology of this district may consult, in addition to Mr. Duff's work, which contains many pictures of the characteristic fossils, Miller's "Old Red Sandstone," and his "Schools and Schoolmasters," in which last there is a remarkable description of the sands of Culbin. The late Dr. Malcolmson wrote, but did not we believe print, a very important paper on the sandstones of Moray. The best collection of Morayshire fossils is Mr. Duff's cabinet at Elgin, which is ever open to his many friends; and the geological department of the Elgin Museum is rapidly improving.* Ere long we may hope it will become as perfect a local collection as any in the kingdom. Great things in geology, as in other branches of science, are hoped for in the county from an invasion of savans after the meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen in 1859.

The mineralogy of Moray, as distinguished from its geology, calls for little remark. Lead has been sought with more industry than success in several places. Deep shafts, still partially open on the shore near Stotfield, witness to one of the most energetic of the attempts to find it. Coal was supposed, in less scientific times, to lie hid beneath the *laigh* of Moray; but the gnomes have hitherto kept their own secret, and a search for the anthracite of Brora, on the southern side of the Firth, resulted in, to say the least, no pecuniary advantage to those who directed it. Iron, whence procured it is difficult to say, seems to have been smelted on the hill grounds of the county at a remote period, and this metal appears as one of the valuable products of lands not far from Forres in a very ancient charter which has been lately published.

The climate of Morayshire has been celebrated for many ages. The strong language of Hector Boece may not indeed be esteemed of much importance, but his praises are echoed by Buchanan, and even surpassed by the enthusiastic Bishop of Ross. There is something of exaggeration in all this; at the

* The directors of this Institution have reserved a portion of the space at their command for the productions and antiquities of the district; and keep a book, in which they enter, from time to time, extracts from newspapers and manuscripts illustrative of local matters.

same time the climate is, considering the latitude, an unusually mild one. The wind for about 260 days of the year "sets from some point of the west;" and the boles of the trees are observed, in exposed situations, to be flattened on the side which looks towards that quarter. In November and December there is frequently mild and agreeable weather, but the rest of the winter is, although not severe, broken by frequent and violent storms. Perhaps the least pleasant season is the end of spring, when a "dry parching easterly wind blows from the melting snows in Norway and Russia, blighting the first efforts of vegetation," and producing very disagreeable effects on all except the most robust. Mr. Leslie, in his "General View of the Agriculture of Moray," published in 1811, says that at the beginning of last century the heat is represented to have been excessive "throughout the whole summer." This is certainly not now the case. Several very careful meteorological registers are kept by gentlemen residing in Elgin. From extracts which have been kindly furnished to us we observe that the highest temperature registered between the years 1852-56 inclusive was 80°. This limit was reached both in 1852 and 1855. In the latter year the thermometer sank as low as 3°. In 1852 its lowest limit was 23°. The average rainfall may be about 24.30. The mean temperature for the year may be about 46°.

In common with many other parts of Scotland, Morayshire is not unfrequently deluged by prolonged and violent rains in the earlier part of August. The most remarkable of these Lammas Floods, as they are called, of which any record has been preserved, was that which occurred in the year 1829. Unusual heat and drought in the months of May and June had been followed throughout the north of Scotland by "windy and unsteady weather." On the 8th of August, the rain began to descend on the Mona Lia mountains, on the Grampians, and upon all the districts which stretch from them to the sea. It fell not in large drops, but in minute particles, which "filled the whole air, and penetrated even the most carefully finished windows." All the streams of north-eastern Scotland were soon in flood. The Dee rushed in a current five-and-a-half feet deep over the lawn of Mar Lodge, drove the visitors at Ballater to make a moonlight flitting, and poured past Aberdeen in a torrent nearly a mile in breadth. The Don, which was less affected than most of its brother streams, nevertheless spread far and wide through all its fertile valley, and rose as high or higher than it did in the memorable flood of 1768. The Deveron swelled "over bank and brae," and the rush through the narrow passage at the Bridge of Alvah was so great, that "several aquatic birds were actually dashed in pieces by it," while boats sailed from Palmer's Cove, near Mac-

daff, into the heart of the town of Banff. But all the mischief worked by these three rivers was trifling, indeed, when compared with that occasioned by the angry Spey, and the still more savage Findhorn. The damage done by the former river and its tributaries on the Orton and Ballindalloch properties was very great; and the loss of the Earl of Seafield was estimated at 28,000*l*. The bridge near Fochabers failed to resist the current, which rose more than seventeen feet above its usual level, although the water-way was three hundred and forty feet. The seashore near Garmouth was strewn with dead hares and rabbits; sheep, cattle, and horses were swept away; numerous mills were destroyed, and hundreds of acres of land carried off. The Findhorn ruined the exquisite grounds of Relugas, and all but undermined the new house of Dumphail. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, the historian of the Moray floods, saw a fine salmon caught fifty feet above the usual level of the river; and rabbits, strange to say, took refuge in the boughs of the larches. A space of twenty square miles was covered in the plain of Forres, and nearly the whole of the crop was washed down to the sea, or left in an utterly unserviceable state. The loss of property in that neighbourhood was calculated at about 20,000*l*., and the amount of misery caused throughout the whole country has given a sad prominence to the year 1829 in the annals of the labouring population.

The botany of the county of Moray need not detain us long. In the year 1830, Mr. Gordon, of Birnie, drew up and circulated a "list of the phænogamous plants and ferns in the province of Moray." Under the name of province of Moray, he included the whole of the country which is bounded on the north by the Moray Firth, and on the south by a line running from Loch Spey to Loch Monar, drained on the east by the Spey and its tributaries, and on the west by the Beaully.

The region to which his catalogue bears reference comprehends, therefore, a very large district, which lies without the limits of the country with which we are concerned. In the county of Moray we have no mountains which rise into the Alpine zone, and far the largest portion belongs to the "region of the plains," and the "upland region." A great number, therefore, of those plants for which the southern botanist repairs to Scotland will not reward his search in this district. Among the rarer species which are sufficiently common to be characteristic, it will perhaps be enough to mention the *Frientalis Europæa*, the favourite plant of Linnæus; the *Goodyera repens*, which, it has been observed, appears in the fir-woods in vast abundance, as soon as they have reached a certain age; the exquisite family of the *Pyrola* is represented by several species; and even the rare *Pyrola uniflora* is mentioned by Mr. Gordon as having been discovered

as well in fir-woods in the neighbourhood of Brodie House, as at the oak-wood near Aldroughtie. The crowning glory of the Morayshire Flora is, however, that little northern plant—"long overlooked, subject, flowering early"—which bears the name of the great Swedish naturalist. Nowhere, we believe, in our island does it spread its fairy wreaths and hang its delicate bells in such extraordinary luxuriance as in the great woods which stretch far and wide around Gordon Castle.

Dr. Innes, of Forres, has given a good deal of attention to the mosses of his neighbourhood, and may, perhaps, if professional engagements will permit, some day compile a list of them. The curious *Diatomaceæ* have recently shared his labours; and of them, as well as of their more dignified relatives, there seems to be no lack in the county.*

The agriculture of the lowland of Moray is in a very forward state, and more wheat is grown than home-keeping Englishmen would believe to be possible amongst "the outer barbarians." We are indebted to the courtesy of an eminent corn merchant in Morayshire for the following remarks:—

"I do not think that the London people properly appreciate our best Scotch wheats. With many of them it seems sufficient to know that wheat comes from Scotland to alter their opinion of its value many shillings a quarter. The great bulk of Morayshire wheat is now exported in the shape of flour. Our wheat exports go principally to Newcastle and the interior of Yorkshire, where the quality is much esteemed; and generally brings a price second to none of British growth."

The mild climate and good soil of Moray seem to have called forth a taste for gardening at an early period. The gardens of which we read in the "*Registrum Moraviense*," as early as 1398, seem to have been merely kitchen-gardens; but Abbot Reid, of Kinloss, brought over a French gardener, who seems to have been by no means unskilled in his delightful art. We hear of a gardener, apparently of some note, at Kilravock, in Nairnshire, as early as 1536, and of another at Altyre in 1672. The mantle of these worthies and their patrons has, with a double portion of their spirit, descended on the proprietor of the beautiful gardens of Dalvey. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that the modern inhabitants of Moray-land do not take half so kindly to horticulture as their countrymen of Aberdeenshire. It has been said that in that county "gardeners grow from cuttings."

In 1844, Mr. Gordon, of Birnie, who is fairly entitled to be

* Mr. Gordon, of Birnie, possesses a collection of the plants of Moray. The Brodie herbarium was not rich in illustration of the local Flora, and is not now in Morayshire.

called the northern White, of Selborne, commenced in the pages of the *Zoologist* a series of papers upon the Fauna of Morayshire. His first contribution was a catalogue *raisonnée* of the mammalia, and of the birds of the county. The list of the first of these is, of course, not numerous. It comprehends, amongst other commoner species, the Alpine hare, the red deer, the roe, and the cat-o'-mountain. The list of birds comprises about a hundred and fifty species. We are indebted to Mr. Gordon's paper on the ornithology of the county for the correct version and explanation of a rhyme very common in the north of Scotland—

“The Gordon, the guil, and the water craw,
Were the worst three things that Moray ere saw.”

The guil means the yellow corn-marigold, a very mischievous weed; and the water craw is the water ouzel, which does much harm by destroying the spawn of the sea-trout and the salmon. The hooded crow, which is often promoted to the place which is rightfully occupied by the water ouzel, is said to be a “comparatively late importation from the western shores of Scotland, which has only increased in consequence of the extended plantations of fir which afford it shelter.” The Gordon refers to Lord Lewis Gordon, whose evil repute is handed down in the distich—

“Gin ye wi' Montrose gae, y'ell' get wear and wae eneuch;
Gin ye wi' Lord Lewis gae, y'ell' get rob and rave eneuch.”

The reptiles of Moray are only six in number—the blind worm, the common viper, the common lizard, the frog, the toad, and the common eel.

The strong current which runs from the Pentland Firth towards the coast of Moray, is believed by Mr. Gordon to have been the chief agent in transporting to the waters of this portion of the German Ocean some of the rarer of their finny visitants. He enumerates, in the *Zoologist* for May and June, 1852, ninety-seven species of fish as having been found in the fresh and salt waters of the province of Moray. Of these, “about seventy have been observed in the Orkney and Shetland seas; seventy-six of the Morayshire fishes are also included in Parnell's ‘Fishes of the Forth.’” About eight additional species have been found in the Moray Firth since Mr. Gordon's list was published.

The cod and haddock-fisheries, which are chiefly pursued the one in summer and the other in autumn, occupy a large portion of the time of the dwellers on the Morayshire seaboard. The smoked haddocks of Stotfield do not yield the palm even to those of Finnan, which have enjoyed a high reputation for at least two hundred years. But the months of July and August, the period of the herring-fishery, bring the busiest hours to the fisherman of the

Moray Firth. Every evening the spectator who takes his stand upon one of the headlands of the coast may see the sails of many tiny fleets reddened by the setting sun. Findhorn, Burghead, Hopeman, and Lossiemouth, are the principal fishing stations within the county; but there are many commanding points from which the eye and attention of the stranger will be attracted to the boats as well of Banffshire as of Moray. Buckie, in the former county, may be called the metropolis of the herring-fishery in this part of the Firth, more especially if we consider it in connexion with Port Essy, Findochtie, and some other neighbouring villages. The fishermen of Scotland in general, and of the Moray Firth in particular, are a very remarkable body of men. They have little communication with the inland districts, and are often as unwilling to intermarry with strangers as were ever the patricians of ancient Rome or mediæval Germany. Hence we often observe a singular uniformity of feature running through one of their little communities. They hand down from age to age superstitions which have no hold upon the least enlightened of their neighbours—looking upon a hare's foot as the omen of disaster, declining to mention the word salmon, disliking to be asked whither they are going, and in some places keeping up old observances, such as burning tar-barrels on the last night of the year to keep away the witches—a custom which still exists at Burghead. It is much to be regretted that some person competent to the task does not put on record, before they pass away, some of the peculiarities of the fishermen of the Moray Firth. Hugh Miller's letters on the herring fishery, which appeared nearly thirty years ago in one of the Inverness papers, were indeed republished in the shape of a pamphlet, but it is so exceedingly difficult to procure, that it may be considered for most purposes as non-existent. What other information is to be found in print upon the subject, is to be sought chiefly in publications more or less fugitive in character, and not particularly well suited for general reading. A series of "Questions to Solve the Natural History of the Herring," has lately been sent by the Board of Trade, through the Fishery Board, to a large number of points along the coast. It will be a pity if some one does not take advantage of the interest which has been excited by these, and by the locally very important question of the "brand," to write some small substantive work upon herrings and herring-fishers. Those who know the fishermen best are most energetic in asserting that in their minute observations of nature, in their strange ideas and practices, there is a whole fund of interest, which has not as yet been made to contribute to the instruction and amusement of their countrymen.

Mr. Gordon, of Birnie, has also published a paper on the

molluscos animals as well of the land as of the seas of Moray, and another upon its crustaceans and echinodermata. These will be found in the *Zoologist* for 1854 and 1852 respectively. The "Synopsis of the Sessile-eyed Crustaceans," lately put forth by Mr. Spence Bate, has also been enriched by many contributions from the Moray Firth. A gentleman resident in Elgin is understood to be preparing a list of the zoophytes which he has discovered along the coast; and Mr. Gordon may, we hope, ere long find leisure to draw up an account of the insects of the district. But if much has still to be done towards cataloguing, for the use of the naturalist, the Fauna of the land and water of Moray, there is no lack of works which may pleasantly beguile the idle hours of the sportsman, or stimulate the interest in our *feræ naturæ*, which is so much to be encouraged in the young. Mr. St. John's "Field Notes," published along with his "Tour in Sutherlandshire," contain a sort of calendar of the sportsman's life in Moray, one section being devoted to each month in the year. That work, good as it is, was, however, only an after-thought, and the reputation of its lamented author will rest on his delightful "Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands," a very large portion of which is devoted to Morayshire. Mr. St. John lived long both in the neighbourhood of Forres and Elgin. He did not belong to that order of sportsmen which delight in simple slaughter, nor did he look upon shooting merely as a method of taking exercise. If it cannot exactly be said that he was "in league with the stones of the field," and that "the beasts of the field were at peace with him," we are strongly of opinion that a jury of wild cats and martens could not find it in their hearts to return a verdict of "guilty" against one who, if he slew, so pleasantly described the works and ways of their kindred. "The muckle Hart of Benmore" would plead for him; the Highland fox would, if necessary, bear false witness; and the wild swans would scream a malison upon the soul of the prosecutor. We are glad to hear that some papers by this most agreeable writer are in the possession of his widow, and may perhaps be given to the public.

Mr. Stoddart's "Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lakes of Scotland," contains useful notices of the waters of Moray. Another work which is largely concerned with the sporting of the county, and which has much in it to charm all educated readers, is the production of two gentlemen calling themselves John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart. Some particulars of their singular and rather painful history will be found in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 161. The work of which we speak is in two volumes, and is called "Lays of the Deer Forest." Of the first or poetical volume the less said the better. The second, which is in prose,

after all deductions have been made for affectation and other faults, must be pronounced a very charming book, redolent of all those qualities of mind and heart which enabled its authors to carry out what can only, we fear, be characterized as a long and discreditable imposture amidst general toleration and goodwill.

It would be a profitable and not a very difficult task to collect and classify the surnames of the county of Moray. German industry has done this for Hanover and Carlsruhe, and probably for many other cities. A list of the names of places in the county, with their derivations, would be a most desirable addition to such a work. There exists, so far as we know, no really reliable etymological catalogue of the names of places in Scotland. The lists in "Chalmers's Caledonia" are not, we believe, to be trusted; and nothing is more tantalizing than to know the meaning of a name here and there throughout a district, and to feel certain that whole chapters of forgotten history and accurate observation of nature are locked up in the familiar names of rivers, hills, or farms which lie around our own homes. In the "Survey of the Province of Moray," published in 1798, a list is given of the names which chiefly prevailed in the district which it describes from 1200 to 1400, and from 1400 to 1529. We can afford to wait for a work on the names of places in Moray, but not for such a classified list of surnames as we propose. Those who are acquainted with the north of Scotland know well how curiously the names now common in particular districts recall the local history of five centuries ago. The railway and emigration will in a few years make such a list far less interesting than it would be now. Of course these two works, or rather papers—for their length need not be great—are only preliminary to what we hope one day to see, a reliable treatise on the ethnology of this interesting district. Before that can be prepared, however, much must be done. The great doctors of the science must have finished all their disputes, so far as our island is concerned. The cairns which stud the hills of Moray must be systematically and judiciously examined, and the results must be carefully recorded, while such of the charter chests and burgh records of the county as have not yet been searched, must also contribute their share to our knowledge of past days.

We have already explained our views of the functions of an article like the present. It would be inconsistent with these to attempt to enter into any of the questions of primeval Scottish history. We must not even stop to inquire who were the earliest inhabitants of Moray who have left their bones in the *tumuli* along its hills. Suffice it to say that they belonged in all probability either to the Celtic stock, or else to one of those for the most part long vanished tribes, who dwelt in many parts of Europe

before the Celtic invasion. When the first uncertain light of what we can hardly venture to call authentic history falls on the shores of northern Scotland, we find Morayshire a part of the country of the Yacomage. While the Hill of Mermoud in Buchan disputes with the Knock in Banffshire the right to be considered the Mons Grampius of Richard of Caenocetes, and the Deveron and the Burn of Cullen are equally positive in asserting their claims to be the Celnius of ancient geography, the Morayshire stations of the great people appear to be pretty well ascertained. Tuessis lay near Fochabers, and took its name from or gave it to the river which we now call the Spey. Varis survives in the modern Forres, and the "Winged Camp" was undoubtedly Burghead.

The "darkness which may be felt," which succeeds to the "thick darkness" of the Roman period in northern Scotland, begins gradually to clear away as we approach the eleventh century, and we see in the grey of the morning men like trees walking. Moray is ruled by a race of princes connected in some way with the Royal House of Scotland. Christianity has been long established. St. Columba does not appear to have approached nearer than Inverness; but St. Gernadius, if tradition may be believed, was established in the heart of the lower district of the county; and St. Marnan has left the shadow of a great name beyond its eastern limits upon the banks of the Deveron. The inhabitants are a turbulent race. The land is clothed with dense oak-woods.* Even as late as the days of the English wars, we hear of the forests of Spey, of Elgin, of Lochindorb, of Forres, and of Langmorgan. The wood of Awne also lay on the border of the county; and Tarnaway could then, as now, rejoice in its myriad trees. The clearing of the forests, which formed so important an epoch in the history of Central Europe, seems to have taken place very much later in Scotland than upon the Continent. A large part of the lowland of Moray was under water. A considerable portion of the population was in a state of serfdom. Gaelic was in all probability still the prevailing speech, though soon about to yield to the North-Saxon and the Norman French. The ordinary houses were built of wood; nay, even the castles, and perhaps the churches, were of the same frail material. Amongst the first historical personages who presents himself to our view in connexion with Moray is the much-wronged Macbeth. There seems to be little doubt that the scene of the murder of the "gracious Duncan" was a place called Bothgowan, that is the smith's house, in the neighbourhood of Elgin, and that the guilt

* The huge planks used in the construction of the pit, or saltern, at Saller Hill, show how noble were the oaks of Moray.

of his successor in power was by no means of so deep a dye as Shakspeare has represented it. We gladly, however, make one step forward into a region where we enjoy a brighter light. Yet, faint after all is the light which is shed by Lord Hailes, to say nothing of more copious but less truth-loving historians, upon the years which intervened between the accession of Malcolm Canmore and that of Alexander III. from 1057 to 1249. It was a period of great importance for Moray. It saw the Saxonizing of the country, the substitution of a system of ecclesiastical polity closely resembling that which prevailed in the land of Lanfranc and Anselm for the effete and sadly corrupted religion which could trace its pedigree from the great Columba. It saw the establishment of Norman barons beyond the Grampians, the building of castles which were garrisoned for the King, the foundation of great monastic houses, and the beginnings of those early centres of civilization—the royal burghs. It saw the settlement of the Northmen at Burghead, and the many battles by which these fierce adventurers were driven from the shores of Scotland, the introduction of the art of draining by Berowald the Flandrian, of woollen manufactures by his countrymen, and the construction of the first roads and bridges. So vigorous was the spirit of improvement which was introduced by our Scottish Bertha, the sainted Margaret, and that grand line of kings who sprang from the union of the fierce Malcolm with the gentler daughter of the line of Alfred, that it has been said that Scotland was further advanced at the commencement of the English wars than at any period previous to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Of all these princes, William the Lion is the one who best deserves to be remembered in Moray. Several of his charters dated at places within its bounds are still extant, and he would appear very frequently to have resided in Elgin, engaged in securing and civilizing the territory which had, if we may believe the strange story of our ordinary historians, been filled by an almost entirely new population during the reign of his predecessor.

Our best guide for all the minuter history of the county, from the accession of William the Lion to the Reformation, is the vast collection of documents which are massed together in the volume which was edited by Mr. Cosmo Innes for the Bannatyne Club, under the title of "*Registrum Episcopatus Moraviensis.*" The bishopric of Moray was of great extent, and the bishop was very powerful. There is hardly a family or an estate within the county whose history is not illustrated by the records of the see. Incidentally, also, a vast amount of information may be gained from the "*Registrum*" about the manners and customs of the people. We learn, for example, with how much difficulty the early bene-

factors of the Church compelled the payment of tithes, and how hard the bishops found it to enforce the censures of the Church even in the days of Innocent III. We see how parishes were erected, how the various religious houses were maintained, and what legal questions arose about the right of this or that church dignitary to the produce of the soil. We are carried back to an age when the erection of a mill was a prodigious undertaking worthy of all encouragement. We observe the old reverence for "standing stones" lingering on amidst a population which had forgotten why they were raised. We see the Church "keeping its villeins still," after they had been generally enfranchised. We listen to the high debates about homage which are carried on between the bishop and his most powerful neighbours. We see the Church binding the fierce chieftains of the north to protect her, then falling before their sudden transports of passion, but rising again and prevailing in the end. Much more space, however, than we have at our command would be necessary to make a proper use of this most important volume. We must pursue the thread of the history of Moray, chronicling only its more striking, if not more important events.

The great armament of Haco the Norwegian, the armada of the thirteenth century, spent its fury on the western coast of Scotland; but we can well believe that the eclipse which enables us so accurately to determine the precise date of that expedition, filled the hearts of the men of Moray, already troubled by the news which was wafted over from Caithness, with no little sorrow and alarm. Not many years elapsed before they had experience of the evils of foreign rule. We find that an Englishman, Henry de Rye, was governor of the castles of Elgin and Forres when Edward I. gave his judgment in favour of Baliol. In 1296, the great oppressor was himself at Elgin. He marched, as appears from a curious diary printed in the appendix to Tytler's first volume, in one day from Fyvie to Banff, in another from Banff to Cullen, whence he crossed the Enzie to the Spey. In the summer of 1303 he returned to the north, stayed some time at Kinloss, and then marched to Lochindorb, where *partes boreales ad pacem cepit*. In 1336 this island stronghold was visited by the third Edward, who hurried thither to rescue his adherent, the widowed Countess of Athole, who was besieged by the Regent Moray. In 1360, when the terrible pestilence which then ravaged Scotland was at its height, the Court retreated northwards, and establishing itself at Kinloss, sought from the pure air of Moray that safety which the saints of the south were unwilling or unable to afford. The year 1390 is memorable, in the annals of Northern Scotland, for the sacrilegious attack on the Cathedral of Elgin by the Earl of Buchan, whose power had been allowed

by the negligence of the sovereign to become far greater than befitted a subject. A similar tragedy, as we have already seen, took place a few years later; and these two atrocious crimes were unfortunately by no means unparalleled in that most hideous period of Scottish history. Some acts of the Scottish Parliament in the reign of James I., which immediately followed on those days of misrule, "when a deputy was king," were of no small importance in succeeding times in the county of Moray. We allude to those which regulated the salmon and herring fisheries; and few districts of Scotland, we may fairly assume, received more benefits from the wise measures by which James I. curbed the insolence of the northern chiefs, than the narrow strip of fertile land between the central Highlands and the sea, that "laigh of Moray," in which it was said, in long after days, that "all men took their prey." During the reigns of James II. and James III., Morayshire appears to have been the scene of few very remarkable events. Its inhabitants tilled their soil and slew their wolves and caught their salmon in an obscurity which, if not happy, was at least not disastrous. Their repose, however, was the repose of a barbarous age. Feuds were common everywhere. In the year 1452, a part of the town of Elgin was burnt in a conflict between the Earls of Moray and Huntly. The foundation of King's College, in Aberdeen, in the reign of James IV., was of infinite service in extending into remote districts the rudiments of reviving learning. Florence Wilson was, perhaps, the first distinguished student who repaired thither from the banks of the Lossie. One of the strangest incidents in the life of Mary Queen of Scots was her warlike progress through Moray to Inverness, and her return to the Spey in the face of her rebellious vassal the great northern Earl of Huntly. The woods which then shrouded the most rapid of Scottish rivers narrowly missed being the scene of a conflict of an unusually chivalrous character. "What desperate blows," says the English envoy who accompanied the expedition, in a letter to Cecil, "would this day have been given when every man fought in sight of so noble a queen and so many fair ladies!"

The peace of Moray was sadly disturbed about the middle of the sixteenth century by the perpetual feuds of the Dunbars and the Inneses. Neither party regarded even the reverence due to sacred edifices in the prosecution of their murderous designs. The burghers of Elgin were grievously troubled by the endless inquests which were held about these matters. They found their duties of jurymen or commissioners very inconsistent with their trade, and we find several of them complaining that they were obliged to occupy themselves with a quarrel about which they knew no more than those "who dwelt in Jerusalem." A gene-

ration later the feuds of Huntly and the Earl of Moray threw the whole country into confusion. Accounts of the siege of Ballindalloch, the raid of Tarnaway, and other incidents of this disgraceful contest, may be read in Sir Robert Gordon's "History of the Earldom of Sutherland." Only a few years later the Dunbars quarrelled amongst themselves, the lairds of Burgie and Blervie being at the head of the two contending parties. After some fighting their differences were accommodated for the time, but twenty-seven years later we find a new quarrel springing up amongst several of those who were concerned in the former one; a circumstance which, as we learn from Sir R. Gordon, was considered a providential retribution for the blood that had been shed in the course of the original dispute.

From the pages of Spalding and other contemporary historians we glean many curious particulars about the state of Moray during the civil wars and the period which immediately preceded them. Amongst the many calamities under which the country then suffered, not the least distressing were the lawless proceedings of the bands of robbers who infested the districts lying between the low country and the Highlands proper. Several of the most daring of these were led by chiefs who belonged to the proscribed clan Gregor, such as John Dugar and Gilderoy, the hero of a well-known but vulgar and tasteless ballad. These two personages were most at home in Aberdeenshire and Banffshire. Moray was the chosen seat of a still more redoubtable freebooter. This was James Grant of Carron, a man of good birth, who seems to have been driven to his desperate trade rather by the consequence of a blood-feud than by a mere love of plunder. However that may be, he soon became a brigand of the worst kind, and passed a life full of violent deeds and hairbreadth escapes. Thus, in 1630, we find him ravaging Ballindalloch's property, and causing so much alarm, that a band of wild Highlanders had to be called in to capture him. After some detention in the castle of Edinburgh he contrived to break prison, coming "down over the castell wall upon towis brocht to him secretlie, to the gryt grief of the lordis of counsall." In 1633 a desperate attempt was made by some of the clan Gregor, who were in the pay of Ballindalloch, to seize James Grant, who was concealed, with only two companions, in a small house on Speyside. The assailants were about fourteen in number, in company with "ane cruell bloodie tyrant to their capitaine called Patrick Ger." We give the sequel in the quaint language of Spalding:—

"James Grant heiring the noyss and seeing himself so beset that he wes nather abill to keip that litle hous nor yit to wyn away, resoluit to keip the dur with the uther twa aless long as they micht, and shot

out arrowis at tua wyndois that few did venter to cum neir the dur except their capitane, who cam feirsleie forduard to persew the dur, quhilk the said James Grant perceiving and knowing him weill, quicklie bendis ane hagbut and schootis him throw both thies and to ground fallis he: His men leavis the persute and loopis about to lift him up agane. Bot as thay ar at this wark the said James Grant, with the uther tua loopis fra the hous and fleis, leaving his wyf behind him. Bot he is scharplie followit, and many arrowis wes shot at him, but he wan away saiffie to ane Bog neir hand by with his tua men."

But none of this worthy's recorded proceedings give a more melancholy picture of the insecurity of the country than one which is related by Spalding under the year 1634. On the 7th of December James Grant contrived to entice Ballindalloch into an ambush and carried him off:—

"Alwaies they travellit upon the night in obscure wayis, crossing and recrossing burnes and wateris that Ballindalloch could not suspect the wayis. And thairwith he is changzeit be the arme to the arme of another strong lymmar, and lokket fast togidder with his face musled that he nicht not sie."

After three weeks' detention and the greatest hardships he made his escape. James Grant and some others of the band being out of the way—

"Ballindalloch perceaving quyetness, he speikis vpon latein to Leonard Leslie, lamenting his miserie, cravcing his help and assistance to wyn away, and promesit him ritche rewardis for his panes. Now albeit this Leonard Leslie wes sone in law to Robert Grant, vncle to the killit Carroun, whose death this James Grant wes now seiking to revenge, and that Ballindallache wes speciallie intrusted into his keeping; nevertheless, hoping for reward, he tellis him in latein where he was, quhilk Ballindallache understood weill aneuch to be within thrie myll to Elgyn, thrie myllis to Spey side, and three myllis to the place of Inness. Then he schowis him that the morne being Sunday, and 28th of December, he sould seim to rax him self and schak himself looss of his arme, quhilk Leonard keipit, syne with all his strength to get his vther arme out of McGrymmonis gripis, then haistellie to get wp and to the dur of the killogie, quhilk he sould behald. Ballindallache followit his counsel, schuke him self looss and wyna the killogie dur. Leonard first followit and of set purpose fell efter him in the dur to stay McGrymmon to follow efter. Ballindallache to the get with all the speed he could rin. Leonard follouis and still is narrest to him. McGrymmon gives the cry and followis. Robert Grant and the rest gettis up and followis, bot Ballindallache wyna be speid of foot to the town of Urquhart, and Leonard with him, for he quyts his company. The rest durst not follow to Urquhart, bot went their wayis sad and sorrowfull for thair awin saiffie."

The case of James Grant was no uncommon one. Blood feuds appear to have very frequently been complicated with mere

turbulence and love of rapine. Thus the terrible tragedy of the "burning of Frendraught," which belongs to the history of Banffshire, seems to have drawn after it a whole train of woful consequences, which affected the neighbouring counties. Justice was still most easily obtained by the strong hand. Everywhere life and property were held on a very uncertain tenure. Even in the civilized "How of Moray," the "broken men," or "light horsemen," who owned a sort of allegiance to the head of the house of Gordon, were almost as much feared as the barbarous "Hieland lounis," or the "infamous byke of lawless lymmars" who followed James Grant. The state of things in Moray was not unlike that of some of the more disturbed parts of Italy or Hungary after the late wars. The attack on Keith by Gilderoy was a rehearsal, on a small scale, of the taking of Forlimpopoli, in 1851, by "Il-Passatore," and Rosa Sandor's proceedings, during the campaign of 1848-49, were curiously like some of those of Grant and Dugar.

Moray suffered less than many other districts in the great civil wars. Like almost every other province of Great Britain, however, it had its share of troubles. In 1637, the Provincial Assembly met at Elgin; and the bishop, Dr. John Guthrie, counselled his clergy to buy and use the new service-book; but "some toft" (*i.e.*, bought) says Spalding, "some took to be advysit, and some refusit." Shortly afterwards the Covenant was subscribed at Elgin. Many Morayshire gentlemen attended the great meeting held at Turriff, in 1639, by the party opposed to the Government, and some delegates from the county went about the same time to salute the army of the Covenant in Aberdeen. In 1640, the Royalist leaders in Banffshire and Aberdeenshire, fearing to be placed between the Northern Covenanters, who were assembling at Elgin, and the forces belonging to the same party which were making ready to march from Forfarshire, dashed across the Spey, and advanced to Lhanbryde, with a view of being beforehand with their enemies. They succeeded in surprising them, and in forcing them to an accommodation. Sir Robert Innes of Innes, says the Parson of Rothiemay, "who was esteemed as wyse and gallant a gentleman as any in Moray, was designed commissioner." He "gave them fair langwidge, and showed them that the only reason why they armed was to gwarde ther owne countrey; but meand for to molest none that belonged to the Marquess of Huntley, ther neighbour." Matters remained, however, in a very uneasy state till the rising of the Gordons in 1644, which was immediately followed by meetings of their opponents at Elgin, and ere long by the flight of Huntly, who "rydis the water of Spey, he being cled in cot and trewis, with ane black bonnet on his heid;" and at last, after

some difficulty, gets a boat at Cowsea, and sails for Sutherland. Soon after this, Argyle advanced from Turriff to Cullen, and from Cullen to Elgin, where he lodged in the Laird of Innes's house for the space of three days. Ere long, danger threatened from another side. Alaster Macdonald sent the fiery cross into Moray, summoning all to arm for the King. In the campaign which immediately followed, the men of Moray did their best to keep both Argyle and Montrose as far from their border as possible—a course of conduct for which Spalding very much commends them. They succeeded only very partially, however; and after the battle of Inverlochy, the full stream of war swept through their territory. When Montrose came to Elgin, many of the inhabitants took refuge at Spynie. The victorious general left the town unburnt, on receiving 4000 merks; but the soldiers, more especially those in the service of the Laird of Grant, "plunderit the town pitifullie, and brak down bedis, burdis, insicht and plenishing." No sooner had this calamity passed by, than a regiment in the opposite interest advanced from Inverness, harrying the lands of Coxton and taking away from Elgin some of those who had given in their adherence to the Royalists. After the battle of Auldearn, Montrose returned, and treated the town in a still more hostile manner. Many houses were burnt, and a party was sent to destroy the town of Garmouth. Other particulars about the operations in the neighbourhood of Lethen will be found in "Britane's Distemper."

Spalding, who was an arrant gossip, seems to have taken great interest in the adventures of the Bishop of Moray during these troublesome times. He tells us how great was the indignation caused by his preaching in his robes of office before the King, at St. Giles's Church, Edinburgh, in 1638; how he was deposed by the General Assembly some years afterwards; how he retired to Spynie, but afterwards surrendered his castle to Monro, without making any defence; how he was carried to Aberdeen, and at last lodged in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh; nay, the historian even informs us that "his wife all this tym remanit in Spynny, and never went to see her husband, in waird or out of waird." At length the poor man was liberated, and went to live in Forfarshire.

Many little incidents which are scattered through the pages of the "Memorialls of the Trubles," are interesting to those who take pleasure in calling up the picture of Morayshire in the seventeenth century. Such are the murder of Robert Tulloch, at Pans Port, in Elgin, in 1630; the arrangement made for the protection of the county against the Clan Gregor, in 1642; the death of Montrose's son, a youth of great promise, at the Bog of Gight, now Gordon Castle; and the changes which took place

in the city churches, according to the variations of ecclesiastical opinion. The description of the devastation of the Cathedral at Elgin cannot even now be read without pain.

“*Monunday, 28th December, Mr. Gilbert Ross, minister at Elgyne, accompaneit with the young Laird Innes, the Laird Broddy, and sum utheris, and but auchthoritie, brak down the tymber partition wall divyding the Kirk of Elgin fra the queir quhilk had stand sen the Reformation nar sevin scoir yeirs or above. On the wast syde was painted in exellent cullouris, illuminat with starris of bright gold, the crucifixing of our blessed Saueour Jesus Christ. This peice was so excellentie done, that the cullouris nor starris never faidit nor evanishit, bot keipit haill and sound as thay were at the begining, notwithstanding this colledge or chauswurie kirk wantit the roof sen the Reformation, and no haill window thereuntill to saif the same from storme, snaw, sleit, or weit, quhilk myself saw, and mervallous to conseder.”*

The curious book of Richard Francks, who made a fishery expedition into Scotland after the civil wars, contains very little information about the state of Moray, but is still worth turning to. He speaks highly of the beauty of Elgin, but is very uncivil to Forres.

Morayshire enjoyed the very questionable honour of welcoming Charles II. to that short-lived elevation which came to a disastrous close upon Worcester field. The vessel which brought the King from Holland was unable to enter the Spey, and a boat was sent ashore with him. He was carried through the surf by a ferryman named Milne, whose descendants retained to our own times the appellation of King Milne, and the small property of their ancestors. In a house, only recently destroyed, the clergy of Moray presented to Charles the Solemn League and Covenant, which he took and subscribed. During that dark age of Scottish history which followed the Restoration, Morayshire, although it did not enjoy the proverbial blessedness of states whose annals are silent, was at least less unhappy than most parts of the kingdom. The thunder-cloud of persecution burst much further south, and only the skirts of the storm affected Moray. In 1684, however, a commission was granted to the Earl of Errol and others over all the country between the Spey and the Ord of Caithness. The clergy were commanded to attend these officers, and to bring with them lists of suspected Presbyterians. Most of the proprietors throughout the country complied with the requirements of the government. Some were refractory. The great family of Brodie was severely punished—the Laird of Lethen, Brodie of Brodie, Brodie of Windyhills, and Brodie of Milntown being all heavily fined. Immediately after the Restoration there was a terrible outbreak of the witch-finding mania at

Auldearn in Nairnshire, which, as might have been expected, affected the neighbouring county.

The details of the investigations which were there carried on, a strange medley of silliness and horror, may be read in Burton's "Criminal Trials." A certain interest attaches to this hideous story, from the fact that the scene of the supposed devilries of the unhappy victims was the same district which tradition has connected with the meeting of Macbeth and the weird sisters. A high knot of trees, to the right of the road between Forres and Nairn, and close to the Hardmuir tollbar, marks the spot which was pitched upon by the imagination of long bygone readers of Shakspeare, as the precise place where the unearthly visitants stopped the doomed warriors on their way. It has been supposed by some that Shakspeare accompanied the English players to Aberdeen in the end of the sixteenth century. If so, it is just possible that some trials, which were then exciting attention in the north, and which were not unlike the Auldearn atrocities of a hundred years later, may have worked to some extent on the imagination of the poet.

Morayshire was destined to see the last struggle for James II.—if indeed it deserved the name—which was made on Scottish ground. The battle of Cromdale was fought, or rather lost without fighting, on May 1st, 1690. The belligerent parties were a body of Highlanders returning from a Lowland foray, and the king's troops, under Sir T. Livingstone. It resulted in the total defeat of the former. Few ballads, we may remark in passing, are more wild in their anachronisms and misstatements than the well-known one which celebrates this event.

The constant insecurity which was occasioned by the violent contests between opinion and power produced a very bad effect on agriculture towards the end of the seventeenth century. Many fields went out of tillage, and a succession of unfavourable seasons brought the horrors of famine. The magistracy of Elgin had to organize a police to bury those unfortunates who died during the night under the long and gloomy piazzas, which gave to the old cathedral city, until a few years ago, a look of Berne or Bologna.

One of the very last scenes of the tragedy of 1715, was also played out within the limits of the county. When the Chevalier de St. George had fled, when the army had broken up, and when all was lost except honour, a body of Jacobites, about one hundred and sixty strong, rode down from the hills into the level country, then in full possession of the Hanoverians, seized some boats at Burghead, and escaped to the opposite coast. There they obtained two larger vessels and sailed into the stormy Pentland to meet two French ships which were waiting for them. Some

were lost at sea, the rest got on board the French ships, and were conveyed to the Swedish coast.

About the year 1730, the York Building Company bought a large extent of forest in the upper district of the county. They carried on their operations on a very large scale, and did much to civilize the rude natives of Abernethy and the neighbouring parishes. It is said that Aaron Hill, the poet, who was employed in the service of the company, first taught the dwellers on the Upper Spey to construct rafts of timber. Another important step in civilization was made about the year 1740, when the potato was introduced.

In the sketches of Moray by Mr. Rhind there is a very interesting account of the state of the county about the period of the Rebellion of 1745. The land was divided into crofts and small farms, whose possessors had neither capital nor enterprise. The insecurity of the country obliged them to congregate together in villages, whence they went forth in the morning to till their fields. The flocks and herds pastured on open commons. Turnips and artificial grasses were unknown, and the cattle were supported throughout the winter with the utmost difficulty. Agricultural implements were bad, and manuring was ill understood. The farm labourers indulged during the heat of the day in a sort of *siesta*, and went about all their duties with the listlessness of men who had no hope. In 1743, "the dear year," thousands of people wandered about "devouring sorrel and other plants." Many familiar vegetables were as yet unknown in Moray. The nettle and the mugwort were still used in cookery. Milk was a rarity during many months of the year. Little attention was paid to fishing, and vast shoals of herrings appeared and disappeared every summer without bringing any benefit to the wretched population on the coast. Peat and heather were the most important articles of fuel. The linen was made from home-grown flax, and the light-blue or "hodden gray" cloth, which was the usual clothing material of the district, was also of domestic manufacture.

It was in the spring of 1746, that the army of the Duke of Cumberland, taking advantage of the dry weather in the spring of 1746, crossed the Spey without difficulty in three divisions. The rebels, who really seem to have been too weak to dispute the passage of the river, retreated as it advanced. The Duke marched through Elgin, and encamped on the moor of Alves. The suppression of the rebellion of 1745-46, and the consequent pacification of the country, inaugurated a new period. In 1775, Mr. Shaw's book appeared. We quote from him some passages which illustrate what we may be permitted to call the period of transition.

"I well remember when from Speymouth (through Strathspey, Badenoch, and Lochaber) to Lorn there was but one school—viz., at Ruthven, in Badenoch; and it was much to find in a parish three persons that could read or write.

"Such prevailing ignorance," he continues, "was attended with much superstition and credulity. Pilgrimages to wells and chapels were frequent. Apparitions were everywhere talked of and believed. Particular families were said to be haunted by certain demons. I find in the Synod records of Moray frequent orders to the Presbyteries of Aberloure and Abernethie, to inquire into the truth of Maag Moulach's appearing; but they could make no discovery, only that one or two men declared they once saw in the evening a young girl whose left hand was all hairy, and who instantly disappeared. Almost every large common was said to have a circle of fairies belonging to it. Separate hillocks upon plains were called Sighan, *i. e.*, Fairy hills. Scarce a shepherd but had seen apparitions and ghosts. Charms, casting nativities, curing diseases by enchantments, fortune-telling, were commonly practised and firmly believed. These effects of ignorance were so frequent within my memory, that I have often seen all persons above twelve years of age solemnly sworn four times in the year that they would practice no witchcraft, charms, spells, &c. It was likewise believed that ghosts or departed souls often returned to this world, to warn their friends of approaching danger, to discover murders, to find lost goods, &c. That children dying unbaptized (called Tarans) wandered in the woods and solitudes, lamenting their hard fate, and were often seen."

The history of Moray since 1775 has been, like that of most Scottish counties, the record of a constantly increasing prosperity. Old Pennant, if he travelled again between Fochabers and Elgin, would have to rewrite the passage in which he describes the cottages of Moray. Johnson would pronounce the inns improved, and the trees multiplied. Cordiner would find the antiquities to which he drew attention better cared for and better understood; and Sir John Sinclair would abundantly rejoice in the still increasing breadths of corn-land. The change which a single century has wrought in Northern Scotland can hardly be exaggerated. We shall not enter upon a subject which, to be treated usefully, must be treated in considerable detail. It remains to notice some of the historical monuments of Moray, and its more remarkable men.

Those mysterious sculptured stones about which so many conjectures have been hazarded, and which have been lately brought into increased notice by a magnificent work which was published in 1856 by the Spalding Club, are of frequent occurrence in the county of Moray. Far the most remarkable monument of this description which falls within its limits is the tall pillar near Forres, commonly called "Sueno's stone," from the very improbable tradition that it was erected to commemorate a defeat of the Danes under a general of that name. Inferior to it

in importance is the stone which is preserved in the Cathedral of Elgin, as well as others at Birnie and Upper Manbean, at Altyre and at Brodie. In the parish of Drainey there seems to have been a wonderful accumulation of stones of this description. Numerous fragments of these have been discovered and placed in the Elgin Museum. "Nothing," says Mr. Stuart, "is known of its early history which suggests any explanation of the great accumulation of sculptural stones on the spot. St. Gernadius, at the dawn of our ecclesiastical history, had an oratory or penance-cell in this neighbourhood." What these stones were remains still a mystery. Mr. Stuart shrinks from offering any opinion as to the source whence they were derived by the primitive inhabitants of the north-eastern districts of Scotland, although he seems convinced that they were peculiar to those inhabitants, and that they were used by them partly as sepulchral monuments. There appears to be little doubt that the early Christian missionaries, finding them the objects of reverence to the tribes amongst whom they laboured, endeavoured to connect them with Christian associations. Thus we are told that St. Patrick inscribed upon three pillar stones in Ireland the words—Jesus, Soter, and Saviour—respectively, a proceeding by the way which must, to say the least, have created some confusion in the minds of his converts. The record of the Christianization of Europe is, however, the record of such accommodations. The late Mr. Chalmers, in a letter to Mr. Stuart, has with great plausibility suggested that the intermingling of Christian and heathen emblems upon these monuments is analogous to that which is observed upon Gnostic gems. "What," he adds, "was Gnosticism, at least as connected with Christianity? Was it anything more, speaking generally, and not of the particular school whence it took its name, than a mixture of paganism, and especially of its emblems, with Christianity?" It is perhaps worth observing that one of the few sane inquirers into the strange and melancholy follies of spirit-rapping and its accompaniments, lately pointed out to us that some of the figures which present themselves to the sight or imagination of "seeing mediums," and which are figured by Mrs. Newton-Crossland in one of her works, correspond pretty closely with the spectacle and zigzag ornaments which so frequently occur upon these stones.

Of the great Cistercian Abbey of Kinloss, described in glowing and no doubt exaggerated terms by Hector Boece, only mere shapeless ruins remain. The Chapter House was used as a Protestant Church up to 1652; but in that year Brodie of Lethen, the proprietor, sold it and nearly all the rest of the building (some say unwillingly) for the erection of Cromwell's Fort at Inverness. Fuller particulars have been published about this religious house

than about any other in Moray. In the year 1528, Robert Reid, then Abbot elect of Kinloss, but afterwards better known as Bishop of Orkney, engaged at Paris one Ferrerius, an Italian born at Riva-di-Chieri, near Turin, to come over to Scotland and to teach the elements of polite learning to his rude brethren on the Bay of Findhorn. After some stay in the south, Ferrerius went to Kinloss, and worked there most diligently for some years, lecturing on "Cicero," on Latin translations of Aristotle's "Politics" and "Ethics," with much else. He composed also a history of the Abbots of Kinloss, which was printed some years ago for the Bannatyne Club. The earlier part of it is of no great value. The latter, which describes the abbey as it was just before the Reformation, is more important. Kinloss was founded by David I. in 1150, and planted with monks from Melrose.

There were two priories in Moray. The first, that of Urquhart, was founded by David I. in 1125. It was dependent on the monastery of Dunfermline, and belonged to the Benedictines. Of the building scarcely a vestige remained even in the days of Shaw. The Priory of Pluscarden, which dates from about 1280, is, with the exception of the Cathedral, the most beautiful ruin in the whole county. It belonged to a branch of the Cistercians. Very valuable documents illustrative of its history exist, and will probably ere long be published. The "Redbook of Pluscarden," of which some local writers speak, seems to be purely mythical, or at most merely a copy of Fordun. A pleasant villa marks the site of the house of the Black Friars at Elgin, and the ruins of that of the Franciscans are still sufficiently conspicuous. They are enclosed in the grounds of a private house. St. Catherine's Crofts, a piece of land on the south side of the city, still recall to us that rapt Italian girl who in the streets of her native Sienna dreamt that she saw heaven opened and Christ sitting upon his throne. As we enter Elgin from the east, we pass on the left the site of the Maison-Dieu, an institution something between a poorhouse and an hospital, which was possessed of considerable property. An iron cross still marks a house of some antiquity which stands close to the church of St. Giles, and is said to have belonged to the Templars. An establishment similar to the Maison-Dieu of Elgin existed at Boat-of-Bridge on the eastern bank of the Spey. Wells, to which a certain sanctity was, perhaps in one instance still is, attached, exist at several points. Such are the abbey well in Urquhart, and the well of the Chapel of Grace at Orton.

But the crowning glory of Moray was, and is, her noble Cathedral. It was commenced in 1224, by Bishop Andrew de Moravia, a relation of the architectural St. Gilbert, the founder of Darnoch; but much of the building as it now stands, though not so much

as is generally believed, is subsequent to the days of the Wolf of Badenoch. Bishop Bur, in the letter he wrote to the King, speaks of it as "*Æcclesia mea quæ fuit speciale patriæ decus, regni gloria, et delectatio extraneorum, et supervenientium hospitum laus, et exaltatio laudis, in regnis extraneis, in multitudine servientum et ornatu pulcherrimo, et in quâ ut creditur Deus recte colebatur.*" A series of eight large, and two smaller views, in Billings's "*Antiquities of Scotland,*" will give a good idea of the Cathedral of Elgin to those who have not seen it. Like most of the celebrated ruins of Scotland, it did not owe its demolition to the preaching of John Knox. The avarice of some of the contemporaries of the great Scottish Reformer, and the violence of the succeeding generation, co-operated with the neglect and parsimony of a still later age, in destroying this noble edifice. A better spirit now animates its guardians, and its walls, robed in the beauty of a "calm decay," hardly need the colouring of the imagination, or the glow of the evening sky, to seem as lovely as that temple, the "*Tranquillitatis ædes,*" which, girt with myrtle and with terebinth, rose up near the very spot before the dreaming eyes of Florence Wilson.

The other antiquities of Moray are—with the exception, perhaps, of the well-preserved little Norman church of Birnie, and its "*Ronald bell*"—not of any very extraordinary interest. We may mention the old, but not architecturally important, stronghold of Duffus; its more modern neighbour of Spynie; Lochindorb, which, belonging to the Edwardian period, more nearly resembles the great English castles than most of the fortalices of northern Scotland; Rothies on the Spey, once the seat of the Leslies, but now represented by a mere fragment of wall; Coxton, to which Mr. Billings appears to attach a higher antiquity and importance than it deserves; and the great hall of Darnaway, with its memories of Randolph.

If we leave unreckoned those members of noble houses, more or less connected with Moray, who have from time to time made themselves conspicuous in public affairs, it will be found, we think, that the county has contributed rather less than her legitimate quota to the list of eminent Scotsmen.

Florence Wilson, whose scholarship seems to have been combined with a singular amiability of disposition, was born at or near the town of Elgin, about the year 1500. After studying for some time in his own country, he went to England, where he became known to Cardinal Wolsey, who sent him to France, as tutor to his nephew. The death of his patron left him to battle with the world, without friends, and in a strange country. He was fortunate enough, however, to attract the notice of Sadolet,

who obtained for him the situation of classical teacher at Carpentras. His dialogue, "De Animi Tranquillitate," was published at Lyons, in 1543. One passage in this work has no ordinary interest for northern readers. It is that in which the author describes the native county which he was fated never to see again, "et est sane ille extremæ Britanniæ angulus aspectu atque fructu multo jucundissimus, propter frondosos colles vicinos et lacum oloribus habitatum, haud procul ab Elgino oppido ubi templum est magnifice exstructum." Florence Wilson died at Vienne, as he was returning to Scotland, and Buchanan wrote his epitaph:—

Hic Musis Volusene jaces carissime, ripam
Ad Rhodani, terrâ quam procul a patriâ!
Hoc meruit virtus tua, tellus quæ foret altrix
Virtutum ut cineres conderet illa tuos.

Sir Robert Gordon, the historian of the Earldom of Sutherland, was a second son of the fifteenth earl of that name. He bought, in 1636, the lands of Drainie, in Moray, and changed their name to Gordonston. He was a prominent and dignified actor in the events of his day, although he is now best remembered as the author of a very useful if not a brilliant work. One of his descendants, Sir Robert the Warlock, took much interest in chemistry, or perhaps we should say in alchemy, and was locally believed to be a student of the black art. He brought a most curious library from the Continent to Gordonston, which was unfortunately sold some years ago far beneath its value, and has since been broken up. There is now no library of much importance in the county, but at Kilravock, not far from its borders, there is said to be a good collection of early editions of the classics.

Two Lairds of Brodie deserve mention—Alexander, who was one of the commissioners sent to treat with Charles II., at Broda, and James, who lived in our own times, and was well known as an indefatigable collector in various branches of natural history. Sir F. Grant, Lord Cullen, was, if not born in Morayshire, at least closely connected with it. Mr. Forsyth, whose excellent book on Italy still keeps its place on our shelves, between "Corinne" and "Ein Jahr in Italien," was born in Elgin; and Sir William Grant, who may fairly be called one of the greatest of English equity judges, was the son of parents who lived in humble circumstances on the estate of Elchies. Dr. Adam, the well-known rector of the High-school of Edinburgh, and the author of several works, which have only been superseded during the last ten years, was born in the parish of Rafford, and on the estate of Burgie. His early struggles were severe, even when

judged by the standard of a country which has for nearly two hundred years been a stepmother to her scholars. The story of General Anderson, the founder of the institution at Elgin which bears his name, has a certain romantic interest, from the fact, which seems well established, that he was brought up in extreme poverty amongst the ruins of the Cathedral.

The name of Mr. James Dick of Forres must not be omitted in any numeration of the worthies of Moray. He it was who founded that munificent bequest, which is steadily and not slowly raising the standard of education throughout the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray. The fund set apart by him to augment the salaries of the parochial schoolmasters in these counties now amounts to very nearly £120,000. The free annual revenue which is derived from this large sum fluctuates, according to the rise and fall of the interest upon land securities in Scotland. Between 1835 and 1854 it was as high as £5489 6s. 10d., and as low as £3326 17s. 3d. It is managed by a board of trustees, who distribute Mr. Dick's bounty amongst the parochial schoolmasters—not indiscriminately, but according to merit, obliging all those who desire to participate in the funds at their command, to pass an examination, and to maintain their schools in a state of efficiency. Those who are unacquainted with this admirable local charity, will find ample details as to its management and effects in the elaborate and most interesting report, presented to the trustees in 1854, by Mr. Allan Menzies, who was then their principal officer. Few who read it will hesitate to agree with us, that the name of Mr. Dick deserves to be remembered, not by Northerners only, but by all Scotchmen, with those of Bishop Elphinstone, and Pope Nicholas V., with "John Baliol and Devorguilla his wife."

ART. IV.—SHELLEY.

1. *The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* Edited by Mrs. Shelley. 1853.
2. *Essays; Letters from Abroad; Translations and Fragments.* By Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Mrs. Shelley. 1854.
3. *The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* By Captain Thomas Medwin. 1847.
4. *The Shelley Papers.* By Captain Thomas Medwin. 1838.

TO write well on any theme requires not only a knowledge of the subject, but a deep sympathy with it. The first requisite is more commonly fulfilled than the second. Men can, after a fashion, master a subject—know its bearings and its details—and still have no real attachment for it: men, too, if they are at all suspected of this indifference, will lash themselves into a spurious love, which may be detected by its very absurdity. But true love springs from the heart, can admire the virtues of its friend without exaggeration, and yet not be hoodwinked to his faults; has the sincerity to praise where praise is deserved, and the courage to reprove where reproof is wanted. Hence is it that true love is the same as thorough knowledge, for it sees both sides of the matter. Shelley's critics, as well as his biographer, have been of all kinds except the last. Captain Medwin should remember that as it is the fault of a bad logician to prove too much, so it is of an indiscreet friend to praise too much. He has, however, in his "Life of Shelley" contrived to fall into both mistakes. But he is also wanting in the higher qualifications of a biographer. It has now become, somehow or another, an established axiom that nothing is so easy to write as a biography. Jot down a few facts, reckon them up like a schoolboy's addition sum, and you have a Life ready-made. Nay, perhaps save yourself even this trouble, and, in these days of mechanical aids, take a "Ready Reckoner," and you will find it done for you. Another popular receipt is, to sketch in a few lines here and there—never mind if they are a little blurred—paint them in water-colours, and you have a portrait at once: the critics will clean your picture for you gratis. Perhaps nothing is so difficult as a biography; but of all biographies, a poet's most so. You have in his case not only to trace the mere river of life, but all those back currents and cross eddies in which his stream of poetry has flowed. Every little action has to be examined to see what effect

it has had upon his life and his poetry, for the two are interwoven as woof and warp: not only this, but the biographer must bring a congenial and a poetic spirit to the task—must show in what new realms of poesy our poet has travelled, what new beauties he has discovered, what new Castalian springs he has drunk of; should show, too, what new views of life he has opened up, how these views originated, and what their ultimate aim is—for this is the important point—and what real value they have in their practical bearing upon this earth; and how far they are likely to affect and improve it. But in Shelley's case the difficulty is tenfold increased. His character, in one sense one of the most simple, is in reality one of the most complex. So shy and reserved in many matters, yet speaking forth so boldly and uncompromisingly; so inconsistent at times, yet ever the same in the cause of truth; so impulsive in most matters, yet so firm in behalf of liberty; so feminine and so susceptible, yet so heroic and resolute, he presents a medley of contradictions. All this must be accounted for by his next biographer. Nevertheless, we are thankful to Captain Medwin for what he has accomplished; he has done it to the best of his endeavours, and with a certain species of enthusiasm which will atone for many defects. But a *Life of Shelley* is still wanted—so much remains that is still obscure about him. Any little facts, as long as they are genuine and upon undoubted authority, would be welcome; for it is these little facts and traits—little they are wrongly called—which help us to judge of a man's character, and give us such an insight into his life and poems.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," said Byron; yet, we suspect, without knowing why. The one is Nature's real infinite order of things; the other, only man's worldly finite arrangement. We talk of sober truth and wild fiction; but it is truth in reality that is wild, and fiction sober. "As easy as lying," says Hamlet, but truth is hard to imitate. Hence to thinking men the romance of history is more exciting than any novel; a biography more interesting than any fiction. Shelley's life, with all its pathos, is an example. The imagination of no novelist would ever have dared to have drawn such a character. It would have been scouted at once as impossible in the highest degree. Let us endeavour to give some sort of a brief sketch of it, trying to fill in, with what cunning we have, the lights and shades. Percy Bysshe Shelley was born at Field Place, in Sussex, on the 4th of August, 1792, related through his family to Algernon and Sir Philip Sydney, heir to a baronetcy and its rich acres. Novel readers would be delighted in such a promising hero; young ladies would have fallen in love with him at once, or with his ten thousand a year. He was brought up, it appears, with his sisters until he was

seven or eight years old, and then sent to an academy at Brentford; and subsequently, at thirteen, to Eton. At neither schools did he mix with the other boys, but like Novalis and many other boy-men, took no part in the sports. This shyness and reserve he never threw off during life. It appears even in his poems; they seem to shun the light of the common world, its din, its noise; they fly away to the realms of imagination for peace and quietness. We can fancy Shelley walking by himself with that delicate feminine face and quiet dreaming eye, glooming moodily over his supposed wrongs, which, by-the-bye, he might have easily cast away, had he but set to work and bowled round hand, or played at fives with the rest; they would have dropped off, as lightly as the bails, with the first wicket he took. But it was not so, and he ever afterwards looked back with pain upon those early days. Writing of them in the Dedication of the "Revolt of Islam"—

"I wept, I knew not why; until there rose
From the near schoolroom, voices that, alas!
Were but one echo from a world of woes—
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes."

At Sion House, Brentford, Shelley was a great reader of "blue-books," so called, says Captain Medwin, from their covers, and which, for the moderate sum of sixpence, contained an immense amount of murders, haunted castles, and so forth. When the "blue-books" were all exhausted, Shelley had recourse to a circulating library at Brentford, where, no doubt, as at all circulating libraries, plenty more "blue-books" were to be obtained; and where he became enchanted with "Zofioya, or the Moor," whose hero appears to have been the Devil himself. No doubt, to this source may we trace Shelley's love for the morbid and the horrible, which happily, under better influences, disappeared from his writings. Here at Sion House, too, was exhibited Walker's Orrery, which even surpassed "Zofioya" in its attractions, and which first turned Shelley's thoughts in a better direction than circulating libraries generally point to. At Eton, an old schoolfellow of Shelley's gives the following account of him:—"He was known as 'Mad Shelley,' and many a cruel torture was practised upon him. The 'Shelley! Shelley! Shelley!' which was thundered in the cloisters, was but too often accompanied by practical jokes—such as knocking his books from under his arm, seizing him as he stooped to recover them, pulling and tearing his clothes, or pointing with the finger, as one Neapolitan maddens another." We often look upon a school as an epitome of the world—a perfect microcosmos. And the above is as true a picture of the world's treatment of Shelley, as of Eton. A few more years, and it was the world itself, with stronger lungs

and with bitterer tones, crying out "Mad Shelley;" it was the world, a few years after, that seized his books with Chancery decrees; it was the world, that is to say, these same boys, now "children of a larger growth," that pointed at him with its finger. Shelley felt all this in after-life as much as he did now at school; not the mere insults, but that these boys, now men, should never have outgrown their weaknesses. One more point in his Eton career. He was there condemned to that most distasteful of all tasks to true genius, to write Latin verses, that poetry of machinery. Shelley, condemned to the Procrustean bed of longs and shorts, wishing to enter the promised land of science—Shelley, who hereafter should be the true poet, scanning with his fingers dactyles and spondees, asking for a short and a long, that great desideratum to finish a pentameter with, and all the time thirsting to drink from springs that might refresh his mind, is a pitiful spectacle, well worth pondering over. How many promising minds this insane custom, still continued at our schools, has blunted and sickened, cannot well be computed, we should say. We wonder boys have not yet been practically taught the Pyrrhic dance or the evolutions of a Greek chorus; they would be quite as mechanical and far more amusing. In one person alone at Eton did Shelley at all find a congenial spirit, a Dr. Lind, of whom Mrs. Shelley writes,* that he supported and befriended Shelley, and Shelley never mentioned his name without love and reverence, and in after years drew his character as that of the old man who liberates Laon from his tower-prison, and tends on him in sickness. This is touchingly like Shelley's nobleness, which never forgot a kindness. Most poets have ever looked back upon boyhood with joy; it is the storeroom of many an old affection, full of many dear memories. Shelley's was blank enough of all such things; this one old man, a green spot in its sandy wild. And now, since Eton would do nothing for Shelley, he betook himself to reading Pliny's "Natural History," puzzling his tutor with some questions on the chapters on astronomy. He next commenced German. The fires of such an ardent spirit could not easily be smothered out. Chemistry and Bürger's "Leonora" were now his two engrossing themes; and about this time he wrote, in conjunction with Captain Medwin, "The Wandering Jew," the little of which that we have seen is poor enough; but Shelley's ideas are described by the gallant captain as "images wild, vast, and Titanic:" in which remark we suspect that Captain Medwin is like the Jew, rather "wandering." And now we are approaching a great event in Shelley's life. A Miss Grove, a cousin of his, of nearly the same age, who is described as very beautiful,

* See Mrs. Shelley's note on the "Revolt of Islam."

captivated him. We like to dwell upon these two child-lovers. The frost of the world must have thawed away for the first time to poor Shelley; a spring, full of fresh thoughts and hopes, were springing up in his heart. He had found some one in this wide, wild world to love him, and to love. Upon his dark night now came forth the evening star of love, trembling with beauty and light. Surely it was not the same old world, with its haggard nightmares and its feverish dreams? The dew of love fell soft upon that wild brain of his. It was the first love—that first love which comes but once in a man's life. You may have it again; but, like many another fever, it is slight and poor in comparison. Of her and himself did he write in after years—

“They were two cousins like to twins,
And so they grew together like two flowers
Upon one stem, which the same beams and showers
Lull or awaken in their purple prime.”

To her, too, did he dedicate his “Queen Mab:”—

“Thou wast my purer mind,
Thou wast the inspiration of my song;
Thine are these early wilding flowers,
Though garlanded by me.”

And now, in conjunction, these two child-lovers wrote the romance of “Zastrozzi.” We would fain linger here on these happy days. But there is already a third party in the number—it is a skeleton. Shelley, now not much more than sixteen, went up to Oxford, engrossed with his chemistry. But Oxford did not, any more than Eton, encourage his pursuits. Acids and Alma Mater did not agree. Galvanic batteries and portly dons were not likely to be on the best of terms. Why, a Head of a College might mistake one for some infernal machine. So Shelley betook himself to philosophy; Locke was his professed guide, but in reality the French exponents of Locke, which is a very different matter. Hume, too, became his text-book; and the poet, now a convert to Materialism, rushed on to Atheism; and in a moment of enthusiasm conceived the project of converting Alma Mater herself. We don't well see what other course that venerable lady, with the means she possessed, could pursue but the one she adopted. So Shelley was expelled. It is worth considering, however, that there was no other weapon left against Atheism but the poor and feeble one of expulsion. On Alma Mater we need waste no reflections; but turn to Shelley in his utter desolation, for unto him it must have been an hour of great darkness. The old traditional guide-posts were gone, and he had to walk the road of life alone. New world-theories he must construct; the old eternal problems he must now solve

for himself. Other griefs from without pressed upon him. His cousin deserted him, or rather, we should suppose, was made to desert him. His treatise on Atheism had deeply offended his relations, though we are surprised at its preventing his marriage. An expected baronetcy in this world, like charity, can hide a multitude of sins. A baronet's blood-red hand could easily, we should have thought, have covered up even Atheism, since it generally can conceal so many faults. So Shelley left Alma Mater, and matriculated at the university of the world, where he should some day take honours, though from thence some would have expelled him too. He appears to have gone up to London, living with Captain Medwin, speculating on metaphysics, and writing letters under feigned names to various people, including Mrs. Hemans. To show in what a state of mind he was at this time, we may give the following anecdote in Captain Medwin's own words:—"Being in Leicester-square one morning at five o'clock, I was attracted by a group of boys standing round a well-dressed person lying near the rails. On coming up to them I discovered Shelley, who had unconsciously spent a part of the night *sub dio*." We read of him, too, sailing paper boats on the Serpentine, as he did years after on the Serchio, just as he describes Helen's son—

"In all gentle sports took joy,
 Oft in a dry leaf for a boat,
 With a small feather for a sail,
 His fancy on that spring would float."

("Rosalind and Helen.")

He returned home, where, however, he did not remain long, in consequence of his falling in love with a Miss Westbrook, a schoolfellow of his sister's. This was productive of another breach with his family, more serious than that caused by his Atheism. Miss Westbrook, it appears, was the daughter of a retired innkeeper; and Shelley's father, the baronet, with proper aristocratic notions on all points, had long been accustomed to tell his son that he would provide for any quantity of natural children, but a *mesalliance* he would never pardon. So when Shelley married the daughter of the retired innkeeper, his father very properly cut off his allowance. Anything in this world, we believe, will be forgiven, except this one thing. You may take a poor girl's virtue, and it passes for a good joke with the world; but if you make her the only reparation you can, you shall be an out-cast from society. Such doctrines are a premium upon vice, and do more harm to a nation than Holywell-street: and we are more inclined to place many of the griefs of Shelley's first marriage, with its sad results, at the front door of fashionable society, than to any other cause. The retired innkeeper and Shelley's uncle, Captain

Pilford, however, found the requisite funds, and Shelley and his young wife went off to live in the Lake District, where Mr. De Quincy gives us the following picture of them:—"The Shelleys had been induced by some of their new friends (the Southey's) to take part of a house standing about half a mile out of Keswick, on the Penrith road. There was a pretty garden attached to it; and whilst walking in this, one of the Southey party asked Mrs. Shelley if the garden had been let with their part of the house. 'Oh, no,' she replied; 'the garden is not ours; but then, you know, the people let us run about in it, whenever Percy and I are tired of sitting in the house.' The *naïveté* of this expression, 'run about,' contrasting so picturesquely with the intermitting efforts of the girlish wife at supporting a matron-like gravity, now that she was doing the honours of her house to married ladies, caused all the party to smile."* Ah! could it, indeed, have been always so; and we think of another poet who says of himself and his wife, "I was a child—she was a child;" and we sigh as we think over their tragic fates. Shelley did not stay here long. We find him flitting, spirit-like, about from place to place. We meet with him at one time at Dublin, which he was obliged to leave on account of a political pamphlet he had published. Soon afterwards we discover him in North Wales, helping to assist the people to rebuild the sea-wall which had been washed away. All this time, too, was he suffering bitterly in spirit—the struggle was still going on within. In addition to this, his wife was by no means a person suited for him, and after a three years' union they were separated. In July, 1814, conceiving himself free, we find him travelling abroad with Mary, the future Mrs. Shelley, daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft and William Godwin, well known for their anti-matrimonial speculations. They crossed the Channel in an open boat, and were very nearly lost in a gale. Shelley's chief enjoyment seems to have been on the water; and in this expedition his greatest delight seems to have been in sailing down the rapids of the Rhine on a raft. He is in this particular very like Schiller; in fact, a portion of Schiller's biography might be applied, word for word, to him:—"At times he might be seen floating on the river in a gondola, feasting himself with the loveliness of earth and sky. He delighted most to be there when tempests were abroad; his unquiet spirit found a solace in the expression of its own unrest on the face of nature; danger lent a charm to his situation; he felt in harmony with the scene, when that rack was sweeping stormfully across the heavens, and the forests were sounding in the breeze, and the river was rolling its chafed waters into wild eddying heaps."† And we find this love for water and

* "Sketches, Critical and Biographic," p. 18. † "Life of Schiller."

the storm in Shelley's poems. He now returned to London, where he suffered from poverty and absolute want. Nothing daunted him. He now betook himself to the study of medicine, and commenced walking the hospitals. Gleams and visions of liberty lighted him upon his path; but they were all mere will-o'-the-wisps, and went quickly out, leaving him in blacker darkness than before. Doubts still surrounded him on all sides. It is a picture worth studying—that delicate, womanly face, thoughtful and sad, with its long curling hair, and its genius-lighted eyes, brooding painfully in poverty over its woes. We look on him, and he seems as some flower that has bloomed by mistake in winter-time—too frail to cope with the blasts and the falling sleet, but yet blooms on, prophesying of sunshine and summer days. The year 1815, however, brought him relief. It was discovered that the fee-simple of the Shelley estates was vested in Shelley, and that he could thus obtain money upon them. The old baronet was furious at the discovery, but was ultimately persuaded to make his son an allowance. Shelley, now freed from his pecuniary difficulties, again went abroad in May, 1816, this time to Sécheron, near Geneva, where Byron was living; and here the two poets kept a crank boat on the lake, in which Shelley used “to brave *Bises*, which none of the barques could face.” How much Byron profited by his intercourse with Shelley let the third canto of “*Childe Harold*,” which was written at this period, testify; and let us at the same time remember Byron's own words—“You were all mistaken about Shelley, who was, without exception, the best and least selfish man I ever knew.” After an absence of more than a year, Shelley returned to England; and now perhaps the bitterest trial of all awaited him. His wife had drowned herself. Woe seems to have shrouded him as with a garment. How bitterly he feels it, these and many other verses tell—

“That time is dead for ever, child,
 Drowned, frozen, dead for ever;
 We look on the past
 And stare aghast,
 At the spectres, wailing, pale and ghast,
 Of hopes that thou and I beguiled
 To death on life's dark river.”

Nay, the strain on his mind was too much, and he became for a time insane, and so describes himself in “*Julian and Maddalo*.” And now, as if his bitterness were not enough, the Court of Chancery tore his children away from him. “Misfortune, where goest thou, into the house of the artist?” saith the Greek proverb. And still the struggle was going on within, embittered by woes from without. Life's battle-field is never single. We cannot stop to inquire whether trials and struggles may not be

in some way essential to the education of genius, and whether there may not be some as yet unrecognised law to that end. The old fable is certainly a true one of the swan singing only in its death-agonies.

But there must be an end; and now the scorching day was melting into a quiet eve: the stormy waves were subsiding. We have dwelt at some length on the previous details, but must now be more brief. We do not so much regret this. It is in the storm only that we care to see the straining ship brave out the danger—any day we can see plenty of painted toy-boats sailing on the millpond. Shelley now married his second wife, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, and led a quiet life at Marlowe, writing "Alastor" and the "Revolt of Islam," and endearing himself to the villagers by his kindnesses. He here contracted severe ophthalmia, from visiting the poor people in the depth of an unusually cold winter. About this time, too, he became acquainted with Keats, and nothing can be finer than the friendship between the two poets—nothing nobler in literature than Shelley taking up the gauntlet for his oppressed brother poet against the reviewers, and writing afterwards to his memory the sweetest of all dirges, the "Adonais." So dear did he hold his friend, that when Shelley's body was washed ashore, Keats' poems were found in his bosom. In 1818, Shelley left England, never to return. Life now was becoming unto him as a summer afternoon with its golden sunshine. He had found a wife whom he could love: that passionate heart, ever seeking some haven, had at last found one—little voices now again called him father. The mists of youth were clearing away; gleams of light were breaking in upon him. He had betaken himself to the study of Plato; and perhaps there was no book in the world that was likely to do him such good. In one of his letters he writes, "The destiny of man can scarcely be so degraded, that he was born only to die." But even now he had his troubles, as we all shall have, be the world made ever so perfect. He lost one of his children; was still troubled with a most painful disease; was still the mark for every reviewer's shaft. And now, when everything promised so fair and bright, on one July afternoon the waves of the Mediterranean closed over that fair form, still young, though his hair was already grey, "seared with the autumn of strange suffering." The battle of life was past and over.

We have thus given a hurried sketch of Shelley's life. Impulsiveness was no doubt the prominent feature of his character. Love for his fellow-men, hatred against all tyranny, whether of government or mere creeds, combined with his ardent and poetic spirit, hurried at times his as yet undisciplined mind away. No doubt he struck at many things without discretion. But it re-

quires older men than Shelley to discriminate what is to be hit. Strike at the immorality of a clergyman, and he screens himself behind the Church, and there is instantly a cry you are assailing Religion itself. Many stalking-horses, some of them with huge ears and broken knees, are there walking about on this earth, which we must worship, even as the Ægyptians did cats, and the Hindoos cows. Animal worship is not yet extinct. Shelley, too, was one of those whose nature is their own law; who refuse to be cramped up by the arbitrary conventionalities of life which suit ordinary mortals so well, which fact is such a puzzle to commonplace minds that they solve it by setting down the unlucky individual as a madman; an easy solution, in which we cannot acquiesce. One of those few, too, was he

" Whose spirit kindles for a newer virtue,
Which, proud and sure, and for itself sufficient,
To no faith goes a begging."

An isolation of spirit, too, he possessed, often peculiar to genius. He found no one to sympathize with him; hence his mind was turned in upon itself, seeking higher principles, newer resolutions than are yet current. He found himself, even when amidst the throng, quite alone; though jostled by the multitude, quite solitary. Society to such a one is pain; the very noise of human voices, misery. Hence, in his despair, he is tempted to exclaim to his wife, "My greatest content would be utterly to desert all human society. I would retire with you and our child to a solitary island in the sea, would build a boat, and shut upon my retreat the floodgates of the world: I would read no reviews, and talk with no authors. If I dared trust my imagination, it would tell me that there are one or two chosen companions beside myself whom I would desire. But to this I would not listen." That Shelley should have been misappreciated is only natural. To a proverb, the world likes its own, and Shelley was not amongst that number. High-minded, he despised the inanities of life; sincere and earnest, he hated the hollowness of the day. Too sensitive, he turned away to bye-paths. The flock of sheep herd together; he was sick at heart and wandered by himself. Poetic and ideal, he felt more than most of us the heart-aches and brain-aches of life, and ever seeking, ever hoping, found no cure for them. Speculative and philosophical, he felt the burden of the world-mystery and the world-problem, which he was ever trying to solve, and which every time lay heavier on his soul. Weak and physically frail, he felt life's pack more than others, and knew not how to carry it without its galling him. A loving, sympathizing soul, he found but little affection, little love in the world; for the most part a cold response and hard hearts, and so he uttered his wail of misery and then died.

He was slain accidentally in the battle of life—a mere stripling fighting manfully in the van. Still the army of life, like a mighty billow, rushes on; still the battle rages, still the desperate charge of the forlorn hope—here it gains, there it wavers, then is swept away—and still fresh ones follow on: the individual fighting in the first place for himself and his own necessities; and then, if a noble soul, doing battle for his fellow-creatures, helping the weak, raising up the down-trodden. The years sweep on like immense caravans, each of them laden with its own multitude, brawling, striving, fighting. We look out from the windows, and see behind us the earth covered with the monuments of mighty men, with nameless mounds where sleep the dead. Let us linger round the grave of him who lies beneath the walls of Rome, near the pyramid of Caius Cestius, “in a place so sweet that it might make one in love to be buried there;” and see what epitaphs have been written over him, and what, too, we have to say.

In plainer words, we will proceed to look at Shelley as exhibited by others, glancing at his religion, his politics, and poetry, by all of which we may be enabled to learn something more, and to form a completer estimate of him; and we would here remark that whatever censure or praise we may bestow on him, the one should be laid on, the other doubled by, his youth.

We have now passed away from the old reviewing times of Gifford, when difference of opinion was added to the sins usually recognised by the Decalogue, when it actually could taint the rhymes, and make the verses of too many or too few feet, according to the critic's orthodox ear. This old leaven has long since died out of all respectable Reviews, and can only be seen in its original bitterness in a few religious publications, where vituperation so easily supplies the place of argument. The world luckily sees with different eyes to those it did thirty years ago. Most people can now give Shelley credit for his noble qualities of generosity and pureness of moral character; and even those who may differ widely from his opinions, are willing to admit the beauty of his poems. Most people, we said; all certainly except those connected with a few religious publications, and the author of “*Modern Painters*.” Mr. Ruskin seems to be seized with some monomania when Shelley's name is mentioned. In the Appendix to his “*Elements of Drawing*,” he calls Shelley “shallow and verbose.” In a note in the second volume of “*Modern Painters*,” part iii. sec. ii. chap. iv. § 6, he speaks of Shelley, “sickly dreaming over clouds and waves.” As these objections are mere matters of opinion, we shall pass them by; it is hopeless to try to make the wilfully blind see. But in the third volume, part iv. chap. xvi. § 38, he talks of Shelley's “troublesome selfishness.” Facts are said to be the best arguments, and we will

give Mr. Ruskin, as an answer to his libel, the following pathetic story in Leigh Hunt's own words:—

"Mr. Shelley, in coming to our house at night, had found a woman lying near the top of the hill, in fits. It was a fierce winter's night, with snow upon the ground—and winter loses nothing of its severity at Hampstead. My friend, always the promptest as well as the most pitying on these occasions, knocked at the first houses he could reach, in order to have the woman taken in. The invariable answer was, they could not do it. He asked for an outhouse to put her in, while he went for the doctor. Impossible. In vain he assured them she was no impostor—an assurance he was able to give, having studied something of medicine, and even walked the hospital, that he might be useful in this way. They would not dispute the point with him; but doors were closed, and windows were shut down. Time flies; the poor woman is in convulsions; her son, a young man, lamenting over her. At last my friend sees a carriage driving up to a house at a little distance; the knock is given; the warm door opens; servants and lights put forth. Now, thought he, is the time; he puts on his best address—which anybody might recognise for that of the highest gentleman—and plants himself in the way of an elderly person who is stepping out of the carriage with his family. He tells him his story. They only press on the faster. 'Will you go and see her?' 'No, sir, there is no necessity for that sort of thing, depend on it—impostors swarm everywhere—the thing cannot be done. Sir, your conduct is extraordinary.' 'Sir,' cried Mr. Shelley, at last assuming a very different appearance, and forcing the flourishing householder to stop, out of astonishment, 'I am sorry to say that *your* conduct is *not* extraordinary; and if my own may seem to amaze you, I will tell you something that may amaze you a little more, and I hope will frighten you. It is such men as you who madden the spirits and the patience of the poor and wretched; and if ever a convulsion comes in this country, which is very probable, recollect what I tell you—you will have your house, that you refuse to put this miserable woman into, burnt over your head.' 'God bless me, sir! Dear me, sir!' exclaimed the frightened wretch, and fluttered into his mansion. The woman was then brought to our house, which was at some distance, and down a bleak path; and Mr. Shelley and her son were obliged to hold her till the doctor could arrive. It appeared that she had been attending this son in London, on a criminal charge made against him, the agitation of which had thrown her into fits on their return. The doctor said that she would have inevitably perished had she lain there only a short time longer. The next day my friend sent mother and son comfortably home to Hendon, where they were well known, and whence they returned him thanks full of gratitude."

This was an action worthy of a descendant of Algernon and Sir Philip Sydney, and may perhaps remind Mr. Ruskin of a certain parable of the good Samaritan. Again, in the same volume and part of "Modern Painters," ch. xvii. § 26, Mr. Ruskin calls Shelley "passionate and unprincipled;" and again, in § 41,

he speaks of his "morbid temperament." It is only charitable to suppose that Mr. Ruskin has never read Shelley's Life; and, again, in the same volume and part, ch. xvi. § 34, he writes, "Shelley is sad because he is impious." This sort of reasoning reminds us of a story told in Rogers's "Table Talk," which, as it affords us some further insight into Shelley's character, may be given:—"One day, during dinner, at Pisa, where Shelley and Trelawney were with us, Byron chose to run down Shakspeare, for whom he, like Sheridan, either had, or pretended to have, little admiration. I said nothing; but Shelley immediately took up the defence of the great poet, and conducted it with his usual meek yet resolute manner, unmoved with the rude things with which Byron interrupted him—"Oh, that's *very well for an Atheist*," &c. Byron, however, did not approach Mr. Ruskin's absurdity. Atheism here did not altogether spoil Shelley's defence; it only made it pretty good. Orthodoxy, we must suppose, would have rendered it perfect. But Mr. Ruskin boldly asserts, "Shelley is sad because he is impious;" or, in other words, because Shelley happens to differ from Mr. Ruskin's notions on religion. It is true that Shelley is sad—not, though, because he is "impious," but from mourning over the wrongs that he sees hourly committed—the day full of toil, the air thick with groans. A solemn tone of sorrow pervades his poetry, like the dirge of the autumn wind sighing through the woods for the leaves as they keep falling off. We are ashamed and mortified to find Mr. Ruskin using such a coarse and vulgar argument—he who is ever complaining of the unfairness of his critics. But perhaps Mr. Ruskin may find this out, that when he has learnt to respect others, his critics will be inclined to treat him more leniently; and, furthermore, whilst he deals so harshly and so uncharitably with Shelley, we would in all kindness remind him of the line, "who is so blessed fair that fears no blot?"

And now for our orthodox reviewers, and their treatment of Shelley. "Queen Mab" is generally selected by them as the *piece de resistance*. We are far from defending the poem as regards its tone and spirit, nor do we uphold Shelley in any of his attacks upon the personal character of the Founder of Christianity; he finds no sympathy with us when he calls Christ "the Galilean Serpent." Much more do we agree with the old dramatist, Decker, when he writes—

"The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil Spirit;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

Shelley himself afterwards thoroughly disclaimed the opinions

of this early and crude production. Upon an attempt being made to republish it, he thus wrote to the editor of the *Examiner*:—"A poem, entitled 'Queen Mab,' was written by me at the age of eighteen, I dare say in a sufficiently intemperate spirit—but even then was not intended for publication; and a few copies only were struck off, to be distributed among my personal friends. I have not seen this production for several years; I doubt not but that it is perfectly worthless in point of literary composition; and that in all that concerns moral and political speculation, as well as in the subtler discriminations of metaphysical and religious doctrine, it is still more crude and immature." And he goes on to say that he has applied for an injunction to stop its sale.* Shelley, in after life, was the last man to speak slightly of religion or religious matters—no true poet can ever do that; he, above all men, venerates religion. By him, as Shelley says in the Preface to the "Revolt of Islam," "the erroneous and degrading idea which men have conceived of a Supreme Being is spoken against, but not the Supreme Being itself." But why "Queen Mab" should ever be picked out as so peculiarly blasphemous by its assailants, we have ever been surprised. We are, we repeat, far from sympathizing in the least with Shelley's expressions; but we equally abhor the tenets of his orthodox reviewers. They are far more open to the charge of blasphemy than Shelley. It is they who degrade God, and God's creatures, by representing him as the God of vengeance, and all His works vile and filthy; this glorious world as the devil's world, and all the men and women in it chosen vessels of wrath, unable to do one good deed of themselves. They call Shelley an Atheist, indeed! Rather call all those Atheists who deny liberty and all rights to their poorer brethren; who would trample them still deeper in the mire of ignorance, who would desecrate God's Sabbaths with idleness, and who make God in their own images pitifully sowing damnation broadcast on his creatures. Call them, too, Atheists, yes, the worst of Atheists, who lead a life of idleness and aimless inactivity; for the denial of God (a personal God, in the common sense of the term) does not constitute Atheism; but spending a life as if there were no God, and no such things as those minor gods—Justice, or Love, or Gratitude.

Shelley was, at all events, sincere in his creed, which is more than can be said for most of his opponents. He suffered for it, and suffered bitterly; not, indeed, the tortures of the rack, but those more painful ordeals which we in this nineteenth century are so skilful to inflict. All ages have very properly allotted special punishments to their greatest spirits. The Greeks gave

* See also a letter to Mr. John Gisborne—"Shelley's Letters and Essays," vol. ii. p. 239.

hemlock to Socrates; the Jews rewarded Jesus with a cross. Galileo received a rack for his portion. But we English have found out the greater refinement of cruelty, which may be inflicted by hounding a man down by Reviews and Chancery-suits. Contrast Shelley, and his fervid eloquence, and poetry, and zeal, with his opponents. Go into an English church, and there you shall too often see but an automaton, now in white now in black, grinding old church tunes of which our ears are weary. It—for we cannot call that machine a living human being—finds no response in the hearts of its hearers. Not one pulse there is quickened, not one eye grows brighter. If it would but say something to all those men and women, they should be as dancers ready to dance at the sound of music. But no voice comes, unless you call a monotonous drawl a voice. The farce is all the more bitter, because that figure to our knowledge leads a life quite contrary to the words upon his lips. How few of these Automata in white or in black would, in days of darkness and of trouble, stand up for their Bible and their Gospel, and dare to pull off the surplice and gown, and wear the martyr's fiery shirt! One of them comes into the Church for the family living, and makes God's house a place for money-changers and traders in simony; the other, because he has not capacity enough for any other profession. And these are the men that are to lead us in days when science and knowledge are fast advancing in every direction! these the men to sing of God's wondrous works! Do they not rather dishonour God, and prostitute religion to the worst form of Atheism?

That Shelley, or any one else, should become wearied with our present religious condition, we are not surprised. Our wonder is, that there are not far more of the same class. We have for years been lying under a tree which is long past bearing—waiting, alas! for fruits, and not finding even a green branch, or a shady place. The once pure water of baptism is now turbid, the very sacramental bread mouldy. We must sorrowfully say with Jean Paul—"The soul which by nature looks Heavenward, is without a temple in this age." So the old religious roads of thought are being torn up; the old *via sacra* being levelled. As it has been said a thousand times, no one need fear that religion will ever die. While there is the blue unfathomable sky above us, in which swim golden sun and moon and stars, and the comets trail along like fiery ships, there will ever arise a sense of mystery and awe in the breast of man; and while the sweet seasons come round, there will spring from his heart, like a fresh gushing fountain, a psalm of thankfulness to the Author of them. The deep spiritual nature of man can never die. And it is no sign of the decay of religion, but quite the reverse, when men refuse to be fed on the

dry husks and chaff of doctrines. Yes, we will hope that a new and a brighter Reformation is dawning; that fresh Luthers and Melancthons shall arise, and that we shall have a Church wherein Science shall not fear to unfold her New Testament—wherein poets and philosophers, and painters and sculptors, may be its priests, each preaching from his own pulpit—when every day shall be equally holy—when every cottage shall be a temple, and all the earth consecrated ground—consecrated with the prayers of love and labour.

And now let us turn to Shelley's politics. Most poets have ever been the supporters of Liberty. And the reason is, as Wordsworth says, "A poet is a man endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, and a more comprehensive soul than are supposed to be common among mankind." They feel "the sweet sense of kindred" more than others, and cannot bear to see some of their brethren chained like galley-slaves to the oar of labour—earning their bread with tears of blood, without time for leisure, or meditation, or self-improvement; working like the beasts of the field, with this difference, that they are less cared for by their masters. As Milton says—"True poets are the objects of my reverence and love, and the constant sources of my delight. I know that most of them, from the earliest times to those of Buchanan, have been the *strenuous enemies of despotism*." The remark is true. Tyrtaeus singing war-strains, and the old Hebrew prophets rousing Israel from its sleep of bondage, are instances of what is meant. All poets have felt this love for Liberty. Even Mr. Tennyson can turn at times from his descriptive paintings, and give us such a lyric as "Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky," so full of noble hopes and sympathies. A little time ago we had a novel with a Chartist poet for its hero; and by-and-by a living poet, the son of a canal bargeman, rises up among us—no fiction this time—uttering strains of woe to that same often invoked Liberty. But the feeling is most vivid in early youth; the cares of the world soon grow round us, and many of us find out it is to our apparent advantage to remain silent; and we become to our shame dumb, ignominiously content to accept things as they are. Some even turn renegades, as Southey. But in Shelley the flame every day burnt brighter. Liberty with him was no mere toy to be broken and laid aside, but the end and aim of his life. He kept true to the dream of youth, and the inspiration of early days, when injustice has not yet clouded our vision. But, on the face of it, is there not something supremely ridiculous in the son of a wealthy baronet coming forward to delineate the woes of men about which he could really know nothing? Why not have written

odes of the Minerva-press stamp, which could have been read to aristocratic drawing-rooms? The answer is, that this thing genius is strong and earnest, and, luckily, will not bend like a reed before any fashionable breeze from Belgravia or St. James's. Society is a costly porcelain vase, wherein the poor plant genius is cramped and stunted, and artificially watered and heated, instead of living in the free open air, enjoying the breeze and the showers of heaven; it must either break its prison or wither. Shelley adopted the former course. Let us rejoice it was so—that there was one man who, though brought up in luxury, had the heart and the courage to pity the misfortunes of the poor. Let us remember, too, the days Shelley had fallen upon, when the nation was suffering all the distresses a long war could entail; when a Parliament of landlords enacted the Corn-laws for the benefit of their own rents; when prosecutions were rife for the most trifling offences; when Government actually employed spies to excite starving men to violence; when "blood was on the grass like dew." It was the dark night that preceded the dawn of a better day. Since then, schools have sprung up; free-libraries and museums have grown here and there; parks have been opened; baths and wash-houses built; crowded districts drained and ventilated; cheap and good books diffused. Within the last few months "The National Association for the Advancement of Social Science" has held its first meeting, and there is a general wish, except perhaps amongst a few, to improve the condition of the working classes. A man who, in Shelley's position, should now write as Shelley did, could simply be regarded as a misguided enthusiast; and we can only pardon Gerald Massey in some of his wild strains, by knowing how galling is the yoke, and how bitter the bread, of poverty. Still much, almost everything, yet remains to be done. The life of the labourer still, as Shelley would sing,

"Is to work, and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day."

Not even that, as the poorhouse in the winter's night can testify. But, after all, what is this image of Liberty which Shelley has set up for us? We can answer best in his own words:—

"For the labourer thou art bread,
And a comely table spread,
From his daily labour come,
In a neat and happy home—
Thou art clothes, and fire and food
For the trampled multitude:
No—in countries that are free
Such starvation cannot be,
As in England now we see."

This surely is rather a material view; no one can well see treason in the loaf, or impiety in the well-filled cupboard; and yet an important one. The soul of man can never be fed, while his body is racked with hunger; his mind can never be warmed with any spark of the higher life, while his limbs shiver with the cold; his spiritual faculties can never be raised, while he is sunk in physical uncleanness. But rising to a higher strain, Shelley proceeds:—

“To the rich thou art a check;
When his foot is on the neck
Of his victim, thou dost make
That he treads upon a snake.

Thou art Justice—ne'er for gold
May thy righteous laws be sold,
As laws are in England:—thou
Shieldest alike the high and low.

Thou art Wisdom—freemen never
Dream that God will doom for ever
All who think those things untrue
Of which priests make such ado.

Thou art Peace—never by thee
Would blood and treasure wasted be
As tyrants wasted them, when all
Leagued to quench thy flame in Gaul

* * * * *

Science, and Poetry, and Thought,
Are thy lamps; they make the lot
Of the dwellers in a cot
Such, they curse their Maker not.

Spirit, Patience, Gentleness,
All that can adorn and bless,
Art thou; let deeds, not words, express
Thine exceeding loveliness.”

(“The Masque of Anarchy.”)

This, we must confess, is superior to most of his delineations of Liberty. In a great many places he doubtless runs very wild in the cause of Freedom. He had not yet attained that true calmness which is requisite for any great movement. Youth has it not. The green sapling cracks and explodes in the fire, yet gives no heat; the seasoned log burns bright and quiet. It is not by fiery declamations, by mere impulse, that anything in this world is ever surely gained, but by calmness, clearness of vision, and deep insight. The still small voice makes more impression on us than the loudest shouts, for the latter are, through their very noise, quite inarticulate. Still the question remains to be answered,

how is this and other visions of Liberty to be realized? Was Shelley himself in the right way to bring about the desired reform? Certainly, as far as his hand could reach, he did his utmost. He poured what oil he could on the raging waters round him. But these attempts, and all others like them, are, it is very obvious, only palliatives, not real remedies. Shelley's views as to Reform and Liberty are very vague. He seems to have had some idea that with a *hey presto*, everything could be changed. Pantaloon had only to strike the floor three times, and the whole scene vanished; the old witches, who caused all the trouble, were to be changed at once into beautiful sprites; Columbine should come dancing on, and a general return to Fairyland, everybody paying for every one, and nobody taking anything. He himself was willing to make any sacrifice. In this respect he seems to have been like some innocent child, wandering into a garden, singing as he went, plucking with its tiny hands the flowers and fruits, willing to share them with any one—wishing, perhaps, that men could live upon them altogether, and not a little vexed and surprised when told that they would not bloom in the winter time—wishing, too, that the beds might be kept trim, and the grass might be out without human labour—and then sitting down, musing, melancholy, and sad, on the first falling leaf.

To us it appears that liberty and happiness—if it be liberty and happiness we want—depend upon no legerdemain, no shuffling of cards. Once let us learn that our well-being depends not upon external circumstances, but upon the riches of moral goodness, and that our mind, like a prism, can colour all events, and we shall then be on the true road to a higher reform than our politicians have yet dreamt of. To teach men their duty, and what love and what justice mean, seems to us just now the one thing needful. Gold, perhaps, is the medicine least wanted to cure human ills—the worst salve for human bruises. The mere kind look and the kind action will be treasured up with its own interest, not to be counted at any poor per cent., whilst the money will have been foolishly squandered—how much more the word which shall kindle a new idea, a fresh truth, another life. The mechanic earning his few shillings a week, enough to support himself, may find pleasure, if he has but learnt to take an interest in the few green grass blades beneath his feet, and the few opening flowers in his garden, which no lord in his castle can surpass. Nothing is so cheap as true happiness: and Providence has well arranged that we may be surrounded by ever-flowing springs of it, if we will but choose, in all humility, to drink of them. Shelley, unfortunately, fancied that there was some one specific to be externally applied to the gangrene of wretchedness,

and cure it at once and for ever; but we must go far beyond the surface, and the application must be made, not to the diseased part only, but to the whole body of society. And as to the sorrows and contradictions of life, we take and accept them, believing that there is a spirit at work for good, which will bring them out to a successful issue. And we are proud to be instruments in working out so grand a principle, believing that the pain and the loss to us will be gain to the human race; that these days of sorrow will be a gain to coming years; that this sadness of a part will be a gain to the whole. In this is our unfaltering trust; and secure in it we can go joyfully along, enduring patiently whatever sorrow or whatever conflict we may encounter, striving to help our weaker brethren, giving them what aid we can.

Painful as it may be to think of a number of fellow-creatures toiling early and late, yet labour has its own claims on our gratitude. Labour seems to be man's appointed lot here, and it is foolish to quarrel with it; still more foolish to call it a curse; the thistles and the thorns have been, perhaps, of more benefit to the human race than all the flowers in the Garden of Eden. They have called forth man's energies, and developed his resources. All those chimneys in our factory-towns—are they not as steeples, veritable church steeples and towers of the great temple of Labour, pointing, with no dumb stone fingers, up to heaven, saying, by us, by labour, is the road up there? Does not the flame and the smoke-wreath look as if it came from some vast altar, the incense of sacrifices—yes, of noble human sacrifices, daily offered up; and do not the clank and clash of a thousand hammers and anvils sound sweet upon our ears, as the music of bells calling us to our duty—trumpets sounding us to the battle of life, that battle against evil and wrong? So it must be: out of darkness cometh light, and from the cold frosts and bitter snows of winter, bloom all the beautiful flowers of spring; and from all this grime, and dirt, and sweat of labour, who shall prophesy the result? Even now are there giants in the land; even now may we see cranks, and wheels, and iron arms, tethered to their work instead of men; even now do we hear the music of the electric wires across the fields, telling us other things than the mere message they convey; even now may the hum of the engine, and the breath of its iron lungs, be heard in our old farm-yards, and the reaping-machine seen cutting down the golden wheat, and the steam-plough furrowing up the fields, taking away the heaviest burdens from the backs of men. Shelley would have hailed such a time with delight—when there should be some margin of the day given to the ploughman and the mechanic for rest and recreation—for re-

member, a man is ever worthier than his hire. Had Shelley ever seen a railroad, he would, perhaps, have exclaimed with Dr. Arnott, "Good-night to Feudality." It is curious to notice what an interest he took in endeavouring to establish a steamer on the Gulf of Genoa. But all the leisure in the world, all the instruction that can be had, will avail us nothing, if we do not build on higher principles than we are at present accustomed to—if we do not rest our foundations upon Love and Justice. "Ah!" sighed Shelley to Leigh Hunt, as the organ was playing in the cathedral at Pisa, "what a divine religion might be found out, if charity were really made the principle of it instead of faith." This, then, is a part of Shelley's creed—a creed which is beginning at length to be felt; the creed of Jesus and of Socrates; of poets of to-day and of yesterday; the law of laws; the doctrine of charity—that charity which Paul preached as greater than faith. Let our politics and our religion be built upon love and justice for their foundations, and once more will man live in harmony with the rest of the creation—will smell sweet with "his fellow-creatures the plants," and his voice will be attuned with the love-songs of the birds. He will then understand how he was made in God's image, for God is love; the world will then once more bloom a Garden of Eden, and Selfishness, that evil spirit—call it the devil if you will, for it is this world's devil—be ousted from our planet.

But it requires something more than a poet's strains to break the spells that bind us—to exhume the people from their present sepulchre of ignorance. A Tyrtæus is of no use, unless we will fight; his strains of no avail, unless we will work, man to man, shoulder to shoulder. The walls of prejudice and selfishness will not fall down by any mere trumpet-blast. If any one thinks us too ideal, let him know we are purposely so. The ideal is better than the real, and it is something to be ideal in these practical days of ours. "Equality" and "love" may perhaps never be known, as they should be, amongst men. Riches have been well compared to snow, which if it fall level to-day, to-morrow will be heaped in drifts. But surely there is an equality apart from money, and a love which knows not bank-notes; we will hope for, and aid forward, too, the day when there may not be the present gulf betwixt the peer and the peasant, and when that simple commandment shall be better observed, "Do unto others as you would be done by."

In a note to "The Prometheus Unbound," Mrs. Shelley thus writes:—

"The prominent feature of Shelley's theory of the destiny of the human species was, that evil is not inherent in the system of the crea-

tion, but an accident that might be expelled. This also forms a portion of Christianity. God made earth and man perfect, till he, by his fall—

‘Brought death into the world, and all our woe.’

Shelley believed that mankind had only to will that there should be no evil, and there would be none. That man could become so perfect as to be able to expel evil from his own nature, and from the greater part of the creation, was the cardinal point of his system.”

There is much truth in this. Our misery arises from the infringement of natural laws; and as long as those laws remain broken, our misery will still continue. But Hope is by our side, and she tells us, with the unmistakeable voice of truth, that men will some day grow wiser and less selfish than at present—when most of the present suffering shall pass away—when none need be long unhappy, except through their own fault—for the earth was created for a good and a happy purpose, though it take myriads of years to accomplish it.

And now let us not be one-sided, but view Shelley as a whole—the unripe as well as the sunny side of the fruit—the dark shadow on his orb as well as the sunlight. His impulsive character prevented him from laying enough stress on the grand principle of duty. Its infinite worth we cannot over-estimate. Duty is a pillar firmly fixed in rock of adamant, round which we climb heavenward; round everything else we only twine horizontally, crawling along the ground. How far a stronger sense of duty in Shelley would have saved him from the wretchedness which he suffered, and his first wife from the terrible catastrophe consequent on his leaving her, we shall not attempt to estimate; but certainly it would have impelled him, as it did Milton, to return from Italy when his country was in danger, and like him also, if need were, to support himself even by keeping a school. We have already noticed his want of a due appreciation of the importance of Labour. He forgot also that the energies of man are tempered to an iron hardness by adversity; that our strength springs up fresher and stronger under the clouds of trials and sufferings; that our souls are braced by the keen, cold winds of poverty; our faculties purified by the fire of affliction. Hence was he ever planning Utopias, where the idle should batten upon the earnings of the industrious—cloud-cuckoo-towns, where idleness and the take-no-thought-for-to-morrow principles should become the laws of our being, which are all of them impossibilities on this toiling planet. Again, too, Shelley erred in being too ready to pull down instead of to build up. Greater harm has been done, both in religion and politics, by men whose capabilities have been of the destructive order, without the constructive

faculty, than by all the bigots that ever breathed. It is worse than cruelty to take away the bread of life and the waters of life, however adulterated they may be, from a man, and offer his hungry and thirsting soul nothing in their place. But the grand mistake of Shelley's was the idea of revolutionizing the course of things by a simple change of institutions. The best form of government can do but little, unless the reform begins with the individuals themselves. Govern ourselves well, and we need not then talk so much about governing others. It is not the form of government, so much as the men and women, we must care for—not this or that institution, but the first principles of honesty and justice amongst ourselves, which we must regard.

That men should be severe upon Shelley we can well understand—good, easy people, whose skins are luckily so tough and insensible that the harness of life can make no raw on them—whose heads are but moulds for so many cast-iron opinions and creeds. That an over-sensitive poet should break away from all the rules of life, and betake himself to the wilderness of his own doubts and speculations, is to them a most incredible, not to say a most wicked thing. To leave a home fireside, with its six o'clock dinner and port wine, in exchange for a doubtful supper on bread and cheese, and a certain one on metaphysics—to form your own world-theory—to found a fresh morality—is to them the height of madness. They forget that the arrangements of society are made, and rightly too, for the mass—that is, for such people as themselves—and that a poet is something very different from themselves, and that these laws which operate so well for them, will in all likelihood work fatally on the poet. So the poor poet must be hooted and brayed at by all the chorus of human owls and quadrupeds. He plunges away madly into the darkness beyond, solitary and sad, endeavouring to steer by the compass of his own thoughts. The world looks on him in his struggles and his toils with the same quiet indifference, not to say pleasure, that a boy does at a cockchafer spinning in agony on a pin's point. That Shelley's views were often wild and crude, no one for a moment will deny. Enthusiastic and impulsive, he jumped to all sorts of conclusions on the most important points. The value of a young man's experience—and Shelley died at nine-and-twenty—is not worth much, and it is only by experience we can test anything in this practical world. He himself found this out at last. Circumstances also had a great effect in his case, as they have upon all of us. We perhaps can never rightly weigh the balance of any man's actions, because we never allow enough for the circumstances which should be placed in the other scale. Here was Shelley, the son of a man who was

entirely different in his whole nature,* sent to school where he was brutally treated and discouraged in his studies, marrying a person who was in no respects fitted for him. On the other hand, suppose that he had had a father who could have judiciously sympathized with him, been sent to a school where masters would have encouraged his studies, and have married a suitable wife, who shall say what Shelley might have been? But we are dealing with things not as they might be, but as they were and are. One small pebble in the way of a stream shall make the river flow in another direction, and water quite other lands and countries to what it does now. Yet man, perhaps, should not be a stream, as weak as water. Be this as it may, it is certain that before Shelley's death the mists that had long obscured the rising of his dawn were already melting, and his day was just breaking, all calm and pure; the bitter juices were all being drawn up, and converted into sweetness and bloom; the fruit of his genius was fast becoming ripe and mellow.

We have gone thus far into Shelley's life and opinions, without touching upon his poetry; for we think that if a person cared nothing at all about poetry in the abstract, he must be struck with that still higher poetry of kindness and generosity which so inspired Shelley. His written poetry, in our mind, is quite a secondary affair to that. There is a poetry of real life which is grander than any yet sung by minstrel. The man is greater than his poems.

The critics have plenty of stock objections to find with Shelley's poetry. The most common complaint is, that he is too metaphysical; that the air is so rarified in his higher regions of Philosophy, that ordinary beings can't breathe it; that his verse is like hard granite peaks, brilliant with the lights and the shadows of the changeful clouds, robed with white wreaths of mists, and touched with the splendours of the setting and the rising sun, but not one flower blooms upon it, not one living creature is to be seen there, only ethereal forms flitting fitfully hither and thither; and we must, to a certain extent, admit the truth of the charge. Shelley exhibited to a remarkable degree the union of the metaphysical and the imaginative mind. Philosophy and poetry prevailed over him alternately. For a long time he was doubtful to which he should devote himself.† It is from an overbalance of philosophy that there is such a want of concreteness in his poems. He was for ever looking at things in a meta-

* "As like his father, as I'm unlike mine."—Letter to Mrs. Gisborne.

† See Mrs. Shelley's note on the "Revolt of Islam."

physical point of view, projecting himself into Time and Space; regarding this earth as a ball, with its blue robe of air,

“As she dances about the sun,”

instead of paroled out into rich farms and sprinkled with towns, and solid three and four-storied houses, and walls fourteen inches thick, tenanted by Kit Slys, Shylocks, Iagos, Falstoffs, and the whole company of humanity, who play on alternate nights and days the tragedy or the comedy of life. That he should have taken this abstract view of life is not at all wonderful. All great minds are ever attracted by the problem of life. This world-riddle is of all things the most fascinating to the ardent and inquiring spirit. The reason why Shelley sang of the things he did, was simply that they both interested and pained him more than others. Living in an age, which gave birth to the French Revolution, which was agonized with the throes of all sorts of speculative theories, his verse naturally echoed them. Every true artist—whether by poetry, or painting, or architecture, it matters not—gives us the great questions of the day, with his attempted solution of them. Hence is it that Shelley is really a poet, because in his verse he truly sympathized with the wants of the day. Before a man can write well, he must have *felt*. It is not fine phrases, or similes, or fine anything else that make a poet, any more than fine clothes make a man. Shelley found out that the old-established customs, the old morals, the old laws, did not suit him. The every-day maxims of low prudence sounded to him very much like baseness; the common religion to him was synonymous with uncommon irreligion, and public morality looked to him merely a mask for private immorality. He felt all this, and felt it bitterly, and sighed after nobler aspirations; hence his poetry. His great failing is a certain amount of querulousness, instead of calmly reposing amidst all his conflicts in an eternal Justice, which, though it may be far from visible to common eyes, is still the foundation of the world. He had before his death passed through only one stage of the conflict which most great minds undergo. Before belief, there must be doubt; before the fire, the smoke. Shelley never attained that perfect repose which the greatest poets have possessed, and his poetry consequently does not rise to the highest order. Now, Shelley defines poetry as “the expression of the imagination,”* and he has Shakspeare on his side—

“The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.”

* “A Defence of Poetry.”

Strangely does that word "lunatic" sound now, as we think of that tale of "Mad Shelley." But this is exactly what Shelley's poetry really is—"the expression of the imagination," unmodified by experience, and any knowledge of this world of men and women. Imagination, though doubtless the first requisite of a poet, is far from all. As Novalis would say, "a poet is a microcosmos." The great poets are all of them many-sided. Their poetry is both *μύησις* and *ποίησις*. They illustrate both the Aristotelian and Baconian theory of poetry, as well as much more. They are like lands which bear crops of all kinds. They possess, in fact, the united faculties of all other men, and these faculties serve to check and balance one another. Every part working in unison, nothing unduly developed at the expense of another, are the characteristics of all great poets, and, in fact, of all great men, who are only poets in another way. Shelley's imagination, unluckily, galloped away with him, instead of his reigning it in. Take some of the most imaginative pieces that have ever been written, and we shall find how they are all of them more or less ballasted. There is that most fairy-like of all things, "The Birds" of Aristophanes, brilliant with imagination, yet still occupying our interest by its wit and humour. Again, "The Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest," with all their scenes from Fairyland, and their spirits, are balanced by the human creations, and the interest and incidents that arise from the plots. Shelley seems never to have anchored his imagination to anything. There was no clog to it. Nothing to tie it down. Hence his weak, shadowy drawings, his want of substance, an absence of reality. Hence his characters are too often mere personified abstractions; thoughts which have been only half-clothed in human bodies. For we cannot agree with Lord Macaulay in thinking that they cease to be abstractions, and interest us as human beings; for common experience tells us that they do not.* Shelley had in him none of the elements which made Shakespeare essentially popular. He was a vegetarian, a water-drinker. In philosophical moods he doubted the existence of matter; but then he was always in philosophical moods. He is, in short, too spiritual, too subtle for ordinary men with good appetites, who are not troubled by the theories of Berkeley. We cannot fancy him at one of those "wit-combats" at The Mermaid, drinking sherris-sack, and joining in the chorus of a song. He wanted the faculty of humour, though Captain Medwin assures us he possessed it strongly. We have looked in vain; we cannot find

* See some incidental remarks on Shelley, in the Essay upon "The Pilgrim's Progress."

a spark of it in his letters, which, on the contrary, are marked by his usual melancholy spirits. He was too metaphysical to be humorous. He had more of the Jaques and the Hamlet vein than Falstaff's in him. Hence his bitter outbursts of sarcasm. We must, however, turn to his Life to account for the peculiarities of his poetry. We find there that it took him only a few weeks to write "The Prometheus Unbound," whilst he laboured at "The Cenci" for months; that he forsook his drama of "Charles I." in disgust, for "The Triumph of Life," one of his most abstruse poems. A curious trait, which gives us no little clue in the matter, is mentioned by Captain Medwin, that Shelley was in the habit of noting down his dreams. "The first day," he said, "they made a page, the next two, the third several, till at last they constituted far the greater part of his existence, realizing what Calderon says, in his comedy of 'La Vida es Sueño—

'Sueño es Sueño.'

'Dreams are but the dreams of other dreams.'

What could be expected of a poet to whom dreams were the only realities of life? And yet there is something peculiarly pathetic in the story; to many of us, as well as to Shelley, probably our sleeping and our waking dreams are the happiest parts of our existence. We build our air-castles, those dreams of the day, and take refuge in them from the toil and uproar of the world. There are times when all of us become disheartened, when the spirit within us faints, when we sigh in our hearts—

"O cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?"

Shelley was, notwithstanding his sanguine hopes, subject to such fits of despondency; no wonder that he should write down his dreams. After all, we live far more in our world of thoughts, and fancies, and dreams, and spend a happier existence, too, in them, than on the real material world. Shelley, too, seems to have known that the abstract nature of his poetry would be a bar to his popularity, and says, in a letter to a friend, that there are not five people who will understand his "Prometheus Unbound;" and in his prefatory lines to his "Epipsychidion," he writes:—

"My song, I fear that thou wilt find but few
Who shall conceive thy reasoning."

And this might be said, with some limitation, of all his poetry. Again, when his wife complains of his want of human interest and story, he wishes to know if she, too, has become "critic-bitten." As he said of Keats, he himself can never become popular; his effect upon men will be, not to make them applaud;

but to think. Popularity and fame were not the things Shelley cared for. It would be well if our young poets would remember this. No great thing ever did become popular at once. The fact of its becoming popular at once, shows it is not worth much. If you care for popularity, then write songs which can be played on street-organs, and by sentimental young ladies in drawing-rooms, and which commonplace critics can understand. But if you respect yourself—and that's the only respect worth anything—never mind if only five people understand you; these five are worth five millions of others, nay, are worth the whole of the rest of the world. As to Shelley being difficult to understand, we apprehend that this is far more the reader's fault than the poet's. Plato, instead of saying "poets utter wise things which they do not themselves understand," should have said, "which their readers do not try to understand." We are not amongst those who look upon poetry as a mere amusement, as a light recreation. The office of the poet is the highest in the world. As Shelley finely says, "poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world;" and he himself was the Laureate of Freedom. The poet comes as spokesman between nature and the rest of his fellow-men: he is the true priest—the true prophet; extending the tent of our thoughts, enlarging the horizon of our ideas, teaching whatever is lovely, whatever is holy and pure, revealing the unseen things the common eye cannot see, and the melodies the common ear cannot hear, interpreting the mute symbols of flower, and cloud, and hill, drawing his inspiration from the depths within his own soul.

There is another point in connexion with this want of human interest in his poems—that though Shelley experienced at times all the hardships of poverty, yet he was not born poor. Unlike the Burns and the Shakspeares, he never mingled with the crowd, never learnt human life in that rough, coarse way, which tinges their poetry with common every-day experiences, and invests their characters with a flesh-and-blood reality. At school he was always reserved, and in after-life much the same. Hence it is that Shelley never draws upon our feelings, like the great masters, in his longer pieces; there is none of the pathos of life, except, perhaps, in the "Cenci." He is too cold; his characters are like statues of white marble; no warm blood flows in their veins, no tears trickle down their cheeks. They might be inhabitants of another planet, for what we know, giving us the benefit of their views on various social problems.

Again, as we are criticising, we must find fault with those *dulcia vitia* of overloaded imagery and similes. His verse too often flows not in a clear, deep, rolling stream, but more like a mountain current, swollen and impetuous from rain, jostling together

everything that floats upon it. His imagery is often so rich that, like the fruit on too luxuriant branches, it completely weighs the verse down and requires propping up. A very curious example of this may be seen in "The Skylark," where, after comparing the bird to all beautiful things, having said that its song is sweeter than the sound of showers, he closes by—

"All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass."

He cannot, in fact, heap simile on simile fast enough, though the verses are even now overflowing with them, like flowers overpowering with their sweetness. Again, we must notice an opposite vice—a love for unpleasant situations and things—

"At whose name the verse feels loath"—

as in "The Cenci;" and a disagreeable love for the details of madness and hospital-life, as in "Julian and Maddalo;" and we have finished the catalogue of his principal offences. We dare say there are plenty more minor faults, but we wont deprive other critics of the pleasure of exposing them.

Shelley's imagination was both his stepping-stone and his stumbling-block. It unfortunately mars his poems by its over-excess, yet it gave him wings, with which he could soar aloft above the grovelling views of our everyday life. The fault of the literature of the day is that it is too retrospective; thinks that the Golden Age is in the Past, and not in the Future. It has its eyes fixed in the back of its head, and if it ever attempts to look forward, squints most abominably. This is the worst sign of the day, or of any day. Let us, if we will, praise the dead Past, and crown its grey temples with a wreath of glory; but let us look forward to the Future as a happy youth, holding a cornucopia of all good things in his hand. Shelley, at times, when a film came across his eyes, sank into this wild sea of despair, but his imagination soon buoyed him up. There is a good Scottish proverb which it would be well for us to remember—"We maun live with the present, and no' with the past." Our duty lies with the present, and it is simply by making it as good as possible that we can mould the future. Shelley's imagination, too, prevented him from sharing in our English insularity. There was nothing local in his mind. It was as catholic as the universe. Hence he was ever looking forward with courageous hope. Golden gleams of the future flashed before him. He could conjure up new Edens, and see Liberty again with Justice walking hand in hand upon a new earth.

Shelley's poems will not bear studying as a whole, nor will his characters bear analysing. They are, in fact, all representations

of Shelley. The reason of this is that Shelley sought to give his own views to the world, and he had no medium to give it through but himself. He had no resources from experience to draw upon, no character but his own that he really knew. His life was a poem, his poems his life. Alastor sailing in his boat, is Shelley; Lionel in his dungeon-walls, Shelley; Laon, with his visions of Liberty, Shelley. So his female characters are only Shelley over again with long dresses and short sleeves. In one poem only, "The Cenci," does he make any effort to get behind the mask of his creations. But even here Count Cenci is only the reverse of former characters; he is only their antithesis, as impulsive towards evil as they were towards good. Shelley should have remembered an axiom of his favourite author, Plato—*κακὸς μὲν ἔχων οὐδέ τις*.

Turning to Shelley's poems, we perceive at once the instinctive feelings of the true poet. Thus he begins "Alastor" :—

"Earth, ocean, air, *beloved brotherhood!*
 If our great mother have imbued my soul
 With aught of natural piety to feel
 Your love, and recompense the boon with mine;
 If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast
 I consciously have injured, but still loved
 And cherished *these my kindred.*"

Mr. Leigh Hunt, in his "Recollections of Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries," speaks thus of Shelley—"He was pious towards nature, towards his friends, towards the whole human race, towards the meanest insect of the forest." But he was more than this. He felt that we are all akin, not men alone, but the cloud above our heads, and the flower beneath our feet. He felt that man is related to the world as a Part to the Whole. He felt how all things mysteriously influence us, and how to these influences we are akin. Such natural stepping-stones as these lead us to Heaven, to which also we are allied. This relationship it is, above all things, the poet's office to show. Dearly, too, does Shelley love Nature, who gives to us all alike her beauties, trying to read us the lesson—

"The simple life wants little, and true taste
 Hires not the pale drudge. Luxury to waste
 The scene it would adorn."—("Epipsychidion.")

How long it will be before we shall find out that we can live without our present costly tastes, that our food will be as sweet from clean earthenware as from silver dishes (many of them, by the way though, only plated), that our sleep will be quite as refreshing from a plain bedstead as one that suffocates us with its unpaid-for hangings, we cannot undertake to say. The sooner,

however, the better. Very fine is the old fable of Antæus, who, when he touched his mother earth, received fresh strength. Nature is the true corrective of the false bias which our minds insensibly contract from the present sordid state of the world. A walk in the woods acts as a tonic. A landscape fills the senses not only with mere material visions of beauty, but these react again upon us with a precious moral spirit.

We must not pass over Shelley's love for personification of inanimate objects, a result of his strong imagination. Take, for instance—

“Our boat is *asleep* on Serchio's stream,
Its sails are folded like thoughts in a dream,
The helm sways idly, hither and thither;
Dominic, the boatman, has brought the mast,
And the oars and the sails, *but 'tis sleeping fast*,
Like a beast unconscious of its tether.”

(“The Boat on the Serchio.”)

There is another well-known example in the “Cenci,” of the rock hanging over the precipice, clinging for support, as a dying soul clings to life. This propensity it is that leads him to humanize the objects of nature. He cannot see a stream, but he forthwith converts it into a personage, as the old heathen poets would have into a god or a goddess. He gazes upon Arethusa; it is no longer a stream, but a beautiful nymph with crystal feet leaping from rock to rock, her tresses floating on the wind, and wherever she steps, the turf grows greener and brighter. And then comes Alpheus, no longer a stream but a river-god, with his fierce beard and glaring eyes, chasing the nymph whom the earth tries to rescue from his embrace; and so they rush along in their mad pursuit. This is quite in the spirit of the old Greek mythology. In these prosaic days we are ever analysing the old Divinities; we put Venus into a crucible and melt her down, and look at Jupiter through a microscope like any other specimen of natural history. We will, however, continue our quotation, as it develops many of Shelley's characteristics in a few lines:—

“The stars burnt out in the pale blue air,
And the thin white moon lay withering there;
To tower and cavern, rift and tree,
The owl and the bat fled drowsily.
Day had kindled the dewy woods,
And the rocks above and the stream below,
And the vapours in their multitudes,
And the Apennine's shroud of summer snow,
And clothed with light of airy gold
The mists in their eastern caves uprolled.”

Shelley's love for the mountains amounted to a passion. Long before Mr. Ruskin wrote—who seems to arrogate for himself the priority of seeing any real beauty or use in them—had Shelley sung their praises. So fond was he of them, that Captain Medwin tells us he was continually sketching them in his books. A claim, too, has been put in for Wordsworth, that he first gave us the scenery of the sky, and all the glorious cloud-scapes and air tones, which earlier poets had so strangely neglected. Shelley may at least share this glory with him; though the critics have forgotten that Aristophanes has a still prior claim. Shelley is continually alluding to them. His lyric on the "Cloud" paints them as they move in their huge battalions across the sky, in all their colours, from red sunrise to crimson sunset; or as they come sailing along with their black wings, as if they were Titan ships waging war one with another; or in the night lying as if they were silver sands rippled by the waves of the wind, and lighted by the moon.

In all Shelley's pieces there is a strange melancholy feeling, which we have alluded to before; not the result, as Mr. Ruskin foolishly thinks, of any impiety, but from the poet's affection for Humanity, and his sorrow at its ills. Take this picture of "Summer and Winter":—

"It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
When the north wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon—and the stainless sky
Opens beyond them like eternity.
All things rejoiced beneath the sun—the weeds,
The river, and the corn-fields, and the reeds;
The willow leaves that glanced in the bright breeze,
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

It was a winter such as when birds die
In the deep forests; and the fishes lie
Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
A wrinkled clod, as hard as brick; and when,
Among their children, comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold;
Alas! then, for the homeless beggar old."

Shelley, with all his love for Nature, could no longer dwell upon the last scene. The wind sowing the flakes of snow on the earth, the frozen grass lying on the bald fields like grey hair, and the icicles hanging like a beard from the rocks, had no charms for him. He was thinking of all the frost-bitten, homeless, breadless wanderers. So through all his poetry he is ever musing

on the wrongs and sufferings of poor humanity. This gives it a peculiar melancholy tone, not morbidness, but a true, deep pathos. He writes more of the fall of the year, than of its birth. He sings the dirge over its bier, rather than the marriage-song of the Spring. The wild wind, "the world's rejected guest," moans among his verses, and there finds a home. Ever does he say, "the sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought." Another reason is there for this feeling with Shelley, his habit of looking at the world from a metaphysical point of view. The very grandeur and might of the Universe casts a shadow upon the heart of man. All great minds have ever known this profound gloom. Whether Œdipus interprets or not the world-riddle, he shall die. Mark how in "Alastor" Shelley writes—

"The thunder and the hiss of *homeless* streams."

How much is conveyed in that word "homeless." The streams wandering along, seeking rest and finding none, until they reach the haven of the sea, and then are snatched away again into the air, seeming to say, "we change, but we cannot die:" here we are condemned to be for ever, restless, shifting, changing. So with all things. And Shelley felt this strongly. The mountains which seem so firm, and "all that must æternal be," are after all but as changeful as the clouds which rest upon their brows.

Many minor points are there which we might discuss, such as Shelley's particular fondness for a certain class of images, and particular words. On one of these in particular, taken from the green fields, he seems to dwell with great affection. Thus he writes—

"Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms, or arts,
Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes tame."
(*"Sonnet on Political Greatness."*)

So he speaks of Arethusa "*shepherding* her bright fountains;" of Adonais, "whose quick dreams were his *flocks*;" and of the West Wind—

"Driving sweet buds like *flocks* to feed on air."

So, again, in the "Witch of Atlas," he calls the wind "the *shepherdess* of ocean *flocks*;" and he speaks of the earth itself as "the last of the *flock* of the starry *fold*."* Even in his prose

* It is curious to notice how the "one mind common to all individual men," as Mr. Emerson would say, repeats the same idea. Thus Edward Bolton, a poet but little known, writes thus:—

"Lo! how the firmament
Within an *azure fold*
The flock of the stars hath pent."—(*"Hymn for Christmas."*)

he returns to this metaphor, and calls Dante "the Lucifer of the starry flock."* And even in his translation he uses it, thus expanding

Ἰακώβη βαῖν, ἠγέρον' ἀνίστων
 Νυκτός, ("The Homeric Hymn to Mercury.")

into "a Shepherd of thin dreams, a cow stealing." Other favourite words, such as "winged," "islanded," will readily occur to every reader. Space fails us, and we must be brief. Much more is there that might be said about Shelley's poems, showing how, in the first place, they were inspired by his early reading, how they next yielded to German influences, how these developed themselves into Materialism, and how this, too, was merging into a sort of Spiritualism at the time of his death; marking each era accurately, and showing, too, what effects the French and Italian schools of poetry had upon him. Especially, too, should we like to dwell on some of his lyrics; nothing approaches them for sweetness and melody, except some of Shakspeare's songs, or some of Goethe's minor pieces. But we must turn to the man himself. Poetry he loved with a religious spirit. Noble was he in working at it as his profession. Noble, too, was he in his choice of life. On one hand lay ten thousand a-year and its game preserves, and its bright smiles of courtly women, its soft-cushioned and soft-carpeted drawing-rooms, its dinners with endless courses, its revenue of salutations and bows, its faithful army of faithless toadies; on the other, poverty with its bleak sharp rocks, where yet a man may find a cave to live in; its rude angry sea, yet to which if a man shall listen he may hear the eternal melodies; with its black clouds overhead, which, though so dense, will sometimes open out spaces of the clear, blue, unfathomable sky in the day, and the bright keen stars in the night. Shelley made no hesitation which he should choose; and nobly done, we say to him, and all such. Noble, too, was he that he wrote on fearlessly, and boldly in spite of party-reviews and party-critics. Fame was not his mistress. He worshipped not at the shrine of that most fickle of goddesses. Ever higher, was his motto. He was ever quoting this sentiment from the second volume of St. Leon—"There is nothing which the human mind can conceive which it may not execute;" and again, "Shakspeare was only a human being."† His face was ever upward—up the steep hill of poesy, whose rarest flowers bloom on the highest peaks. What he might

And every one will recollect how Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy" so naturally speaks of the stars as—

"The beautiful semblance of a flock at rest."

* "Defence of Poetry," p. 35.

† See Mrs. Shelley's note on "The Centi."

have been, had he lived, we can never tell. Dying at twenty-nine, we are judging him only by his weaknesses. What could we have told of Shakspeare or Goethe, if the one had only lived to write his "Pericles," and the other his "Werter"?

Let us not forget, too, the pureness of Shelley's morals. His life in this respect was as pure as crystal without one flaw, one stain on it. Many scenes are there in his writings, one especially in the "Revolt of Islam," which could have been treated by no other man with the same pureness of thought. Above all things, too, do we prize his letters to his wife; they are so full of genuine affection and kindness. Well was it that he should die in the great ocean, pure as he himself was, that ocean which he so dearly loved. Above all men, too, is Shelley religious, strange as it will seem to many readers. Love for all that is good and beautiful and truthful, reverence for all that is great and noble, a spirit of humility, had their roots deep in the depths of his soul. What matters it about names and sects? Let us hear no more about them; they are all but roads and lanes and paths, more or less straight, more or less wide, to the great Invisible Temple.

We must place Shelley amongst the world's Master-Spirits and Master-Singers; a younger brother of that grand blind old man, Cromwell's secretary. Shelley, too, was one of the world's Forlorn Hope; one of those generous martyrs who now and then appear at such rare intervals, and fill us with undying hope in the cause of Humanity; one of those who would willingly lay down his life in the trench, if his body would but bridge over the chasm for his comrades to pass. Such a man makes us prouder of our race; and his memory makes the earth itself a richer world. There is a light flung round Shelley's life, though so marked with griefs and disasters, which has never shone on the most victorious king or kaiser—a light that shall burn for ever as a beacon to all Humanity.

ART. V.—THE RELIGIOUS WEAKNESS OF PROTESTANTISM.

Signs of the Times; or, the Dangers to Religious Liberty in the Present Day. By the Chevalier Bunsen. Translated by Miss Susanna Winkworth. Smith, Elder and Co., London.

FOR three centuries has Europe sensibly felt its division between Catholics and Protestants—a contrast as strong with us as that of Ionians and Dorians in old Greece. Since the peace of Westphalia, which ended the Thirty Years' War of Germany, the greater wars properly called religious came to their close on the Continent. But although in the later, as indeed also in the earlier period, Catholics have been seen fighting on the side of Protestants against Catholics, through the prevalence of State policy over ecclesiastical fanaticism, yet no step whatever has been made towards healing the deadly feud of the hostile religions. France, still Catholic, admits Protestants as Prime Ministers. Prussia, centrally Protestant, has long held in her administration the political scale even. In Hungary and Transylvania patriotic and free policy has always among the people overpowered ecclesiastical partialities. England for nearly thirty years has admitted Catholics into her highest legislature. But in spite of all this seeming liberality, the uncongenial elements become more and more adverse. Contact does not assimilate them, but generates mutual repulsion. Inter-marriages between the two faiths, which had become so common in Germany, and had diffused much mutual esteem among the laity of each side, are now less and less likely to cement the parts of the nation; for, through the high pretensions of the Romish party, the concessions of Austria to the Pope, and the perpetual increase of mere Italian policy in the whole Church, the Protestant parent will have to risk that all the children will be educated under the priest of the Catholic consort. In England itself we cannot help discerning that many Protestants, who in 1829 maintained the equal rights of Catholic British subjects, half repent or wholly repent of their liberality. In short, what had been thought a thing of the past, never to recur—a war of the two religions for religion's sake—to many thoughtful Germans no longer seems impossible. It may be, that such a reaction as we already see in Belgium will extend itself through the rest of the Catholic Church in time to save Europe from the calamities which the obstinate ambition of Rome threatens. The Catholic laity may not only refuse to be made mere tools of ecclesiastical bigotry, but may insist on reforming their Church from within; not, indeed, in a

Protestant sense, but in such a mode as to crush political bigotry and ecclesiastical injustice. Such a reform it is almost certain that Italy herself would carry, if once freed from the incubus of French and Austrian invasion; hence it is not to be regarded as a possibility too Utopian to be admitted into our contemplative hopes. But, unless initiated from Italy (an event to which the English aristocracy have shown as infatuated an aversion as if they were all devoted to Papal encroachment), the chances of such a thing do seem very remote. Even the Prussian dynasty, if mindful of its hereditary policy, will continue to dread too complete a victory over the Papacy; being haunted by the augury that Pope and King will both fall in the same day by the same influences. Whatever Catholic Belgium may venture against Ultramontane influence, Protestant Prussia could scarcely go beyond her present policy without exciting the anger and leading to the interference of Catholic Powers; which, unless pre-occupied by dangers menacing their existence, will always prevent any decisive and peaceable reforms of the Church.

With prospects so unpleasant, is it not humiliating to every Protestant to look on the map of Europe, and see the vast surface which is covered by Catholicism, and the numerical weakness of its nobler adversary? In less than forty years from its feeble origin, Protestantism made its widest European conquests; and thenceforward began to recede, nor ever again recovered the lost ground. Through the whole of the eighteenth century Protestant doctrine might have been preached with little molestation in the greater part of Europe, yet nowhere did it extend itself. Neither in Ireland, where a victorious Government was long bent to reduce Catholicism by severe and unjust law (in which they were far less successful than Catholic kings in their bigoted violences); nor in France, where unbelief laid the national religion prostrate and stripped the Church of its revenues; nor in the dominions of the Emperor Joseph II., who resolutely put down Romish pretensions, while remaining in communion with the Church; nor even in his kingdom of Hungary, where the two religions co-existed in much good will; nor under the Prussian monarchy, and elsewhere in Germany; nor in Tuscany, under the enlightened Leopold II.;—in short, nowhere at all has Protestantism, *even while she had a fair field and leave to speak truth*, been able to win anything perceptible on the field of history from her Papal antagonist. We submit, that this is a phenomenon too broad, too uniform, too decidedly marked, for any reasonable man to pass by as insignificant. And it is the more remarkable, because, side by side with this religious weakness, Protestantism has more and more displayed its political and social superiority. Notoriously the Protestant cantons of Switzerland are superior in

industry, neatness, and abundance to the Catholic cantons of the same land; while climate, soil, and race are the same. A similar distinction has often been observed between Catholic and Protestant farmers in Ireland. England, the largest Protestant State in Europe, is of all the world the richest and perhaps the best ordered country, certainly that which stretches its power farthest. Nowhere else, not even in despotic countries, is the executive Government more energetic through the prompt obedience and concurrence of the citizens; nowhere else, not even in Switzerland or the United States, do the citizens exercise their right to criticise and to thwart the Government with a more loyal submission of the ruling powers; nowhere is there less desire of violent revolution than there has been for two centuries together in Protestant Great Britain (for the ejecting of one Catholic king does not here concern our argument); nowhere is there a country which, in proportion to its millions, is fuller of all the elements, mental and material, which kings desire and patriots extol. In Canada, where the two religions come into equal competition, the superior energy of Protestantism in everything that constitutes the grandeur of nations, is manifest. Now, it is a familiar fact that such worldly superiority does in itself tend to the progress (at least to the superficial extension) of the religion in which it is found. It cannot be said that Catholics, like Turks, are so fanatically wedded to their creed as to be proof against all refutations; for it is notorious that in Catholic Spain, France, Germany, a disbelief in the national religion is very widely spread through the higher and middle ranks—a disbelief which sometimes pervades the ruling powers themselves. Yet, though they may cast off the Romish faith, they seldom or never adopt that of Protestants.

Probably all men who are thoughtful enough to abandon the Catholic Church, are also well informed enough to be aware what are the true causes of the energy, wealth, and intelligence of the Protestant nations; that it does not arise from the positive creed which they still hold, but from the private liberty which accompanies this creed, or from the energetic public administration which this liberty enforces and maintains. In fact, France, though nominally Catholic, vies to a great degree with England in all national developments; and the causes are evidently either purely political, or inhere not in religious faith, but much rather in religious scepticism. Out of that unbelief, which by the great French revolution of the last century broke down the power of the Church, has arisen much of the vigour of modern France; no part of it can be reasonably ascribed to the positive creed. Evidently, then, it is to the negative side of Protestantism that Protestant nations owe their energy and freedom, so far as the

cause is ecclesiastical at all. It will further be observed that Russia, having a creed which, from a Protestant point of view, is in its essence neither better nor worse than Romanism, and being without the individual freedom which is to us so precious, nevertheless is on the whole flourishing within and powerful without, because of the energy of its central executive; an energy which is upheld by summary proceedings of the Royal House from within to secure an able occupant of the throne. In short, on the very surface of history is a broad fact, which is perpetually overlooked by the panegyrist of ecclesiastical Protestantism—namely, that while all Europe was still Catholic, every State was prosperous in a near proportion to its freedom, and the freest displayed exactly those points of superiority of which England or Prussia may now boast. Look to the Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella—a nation profoundly Catholic; in fact, more Catholic than than now—for unbelief had not as yet pervaded its higher ranks, as in later days. The Parliaments of Arragon, of Castile, of Valencia were more spirited than those of England at the same time. The municipalities were as well ordered and as independent; the local authorities as active and as responsible to the local community; the public law as efficiently sustained; the industry was as intelligent, as persevering, and as highly rewarded by wealth: or rather, in all these matters Spain then took the lead of England. Her poetry and other literature was in advance of ours; she had a celebrated school of painting, while we were strange to such art. By the patriotism, high spirit, intelligence, faithfulness, and mutual trust of Spaniards, Spain then stood at the head of all Europe, and lent to her subsequent monarchs—Charles of Ghent, and his son Philip II.—an enormous power which their despotism first lessened and soon undermined. Spain has undergone no change of religion. Evidently, then, it is not Catholicism which in itself has been her bane; but the despotism which, to sustain the Catholicism, has crushed her intelligence and forbidden her activity. Nearly the same remarks may be made on Bohemia. Turning to another country, Belgium, we see a people which, although not without violence from its princes, was preserved to Catholicism in the struggle of the Reformation, has yet, on the whole, retained its local freedom with singular success under Catholic and despotic houses; and since 1830 has become a wholly independent State, with a free Royal Constitution. Thus, to speak roughly, we may say that Belgium has never lost either her freedom or her Catholicism. And she has all along been a highly industrious, energetic, prospering country—not, indeed, intellectually prominent, for this has been prohibited by the ascendant ecclesiasticism—yet her general state suffices to prove that the material well-being of England does not spring from that

Protestantism in which she differs from Belgium, but from that freedom which she has in common with Belgium. Thus, we cannot claim that Catholics will impute any of these exterior advantages of which we boast to our remaining ecclesiasticism, or regard them as an honour to the positive side of our national creed.

Nay, nor can we impute to this cause any part of our mental superiority to Belgium or to Sicily: and for this plain reason, that, on the one side, the ecclesiastical organs have done their worst to crush our intellectual vigour; and, on the other, our Puritanical school has done its worst to scold it down. For every stupid and mischievous error a hard fight has been maintained by theologians, in proportion to their "orthodoxy." Take, for instance, the superstition concerning witches and possession by devils. The truth of the latter is still guaranteed in the Canons of the Church of England, which regulate the casting out of devils by licence of the bishop. The reality of witchcraft was publicly maintained on Scriptural evidence alike by clergymen and by judges. Chief Baron Hale (a very religious man) not only argued for it Scripturally from the judgment-seat in 1665, but had two women hanged for witches. Education and free thought prevailed, against the positive evidence of the Bible; in favour of which the celebrated John Wesley still struggled.

"It is true," says he, "that the English in general, and indeed most of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it. . . . The giving up of witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible. . . . I cannot give up to all the Deists in Great Britain the existence of witchcraft, till I give up the credit of all history, sacred and profane."

His contemporary, the celebrated Dr. Johnson, a High Churchman and anxiously orthodox, was a believer in the "Cock-lane ghost" of those days. Certainly no one can think that the theory of "the Bible and the Bible only," &c., has led Protestants to resign the Witch of Endor.—Again, if there is any one national enormity which more than all others tends to repress mental energy, it is religious persecution. Of this there has been far less among the Protestant countries—to their undoubted benefit; and yet, certainly, we have not to thank Protestant theology for it. The practice of Calvin was substantially the theory of all the orthodox reformed Churches. If the hierarchy or Presbyterians of England and Scotland could have had their will, mental freedom would have been crippled in Great Britain as effectually as in France or even in Spain. The Independents won, by the sword of Cromwell, with political also a religious freedom before unheard of in these lands; yet, for heretics who went beyond

them, it was long before the law provided safety, much less gave them their natural equality. In every step of progress towards freedom, it is lamentable to say that English "orthodoxy" has always been found on the side of resistance. Not only were the Test and Corporation Acts sustained by the Church influence, and were abolished in 1828 by a lay Parliament, whose Protestantism had but few positive elements of the Reformed Theology; but even much later, when the Dissenters' Chapel Act was passed—an Act which, in its practical aim, did but hinder the Unitarian revenues, chapels, and burying-grounds from being taken from the hereditary possessors (often children or grandchildren of the donors), and given up to be scrambled for by strangers, with a certainty that the whole must be swallowed up in lawyers' fees;—in that crisis, when Peel and Lyndhurst, and even Gladstone, stood up for the Unitarians, all the "orthodoxy" of England stirred itself to resist this act of equity. It is to our laity, and to that part especially which has little ostensible religious character, that every successive victory over bigoted intolerance is due. Hence it is to the negative, not to the positive side of Protestantism, that we must ascribe our mental energy and intelligence.

Undoubtedly, these negative elements have been of vast national moment, by liberating the energies of individuals; whereby knowledge has risen into science, industry into systematic art, wealth and skill have increased, labour has organized itself, and an astonishingly large part of the nation has employed itself on fruitful thought and invention. But in all this there has been little or nothing of properly religious influence. The more Protestantism has been developed into its own characteristic prosperity, the more Atheistic is the aspect of public affairs. It has not known at all better than its Romish rival how to combine religious earnestness with tolerant justice, and has become just only by passing into indifference to religion. Its divines often attack Romanism by insisting on the vast spread of unbelief within the pale of that Church; while they are astonishingly blind to the very same phenomenon within all the national Protestant Churches. This is not a recent fact, as some imagine. Indeed, since the Restoration, it is difficult to name the time at which it may reasonably be thought that the existing English statesman had any grave and practical belief in the national religion. Montesquieu, who passed for a free-thinker in France, found that in England (about a century and a quarter ago) he had far too much religion for our great-grandfathers. Equally in the Lutheran Churches of Germany and of Sweden, also in the Calvinistic Churches of Switzerland and elsewhere, the same face of events has presented itself: the clergy tend either to lose all

spiritual character, or take refuge in Unitarianism; the laity, in proportion to their cultivation, have been prone to entire unbelief.

Under that measure of mental freedom which the great rebellion against Charles I. brought in, and by aid of the growing indifference to religion in France and elsewhere, physical science has in the last two centuries grown up. From this, more than from anything else, has proceeded the political superiority of Europe to the Turks, the Persians, the Chinese. It has given to us safe oceanic navigation—a vast command of the useful metals and all material of war—the steam-engine and all its developments—with a miscellany ever increasing of practical applications of chemistry. Indeed, the relative strength of different nations, which is ill measured by any religious test, such as Catholicism or Protestantism, and is not accurately measured even by a political test, such as freedom or despotism, yet (numbers being equal) is well measured by the development of physical science. Russia is stronger than China, though having but a quarter of the population; yet the form of government in China is as despotic, the people is as obedient, and far more conveniently situated, on the noblest rivers, in highly advantageous concentration, with a better soil and climate, and a splendid oceanic coast. Russia has but one advantage, and that one thing is all-important: she has introduced the physical sciences of the West, and has turned to Imperial service the skill of our ablest minds. Two centuries ago, before physical science had effected anything practical, the Protestant States had no perceptible superiority over the Catholic; now, they have on the whole a superiority, but it is proportioned chiefly to the development and application of science. Perhaps, then, in truth it is more to the science of matter, than to Protestant theology, that we ought to attribute whatever advantages we can boast in material strength.

Meanwhile, no one can overlook the portentous fact, that this physical science—to which we owe so much of what some would claim for the credit of Protestantism—is intensely repugnant and destructive to the theology of the Reformation, and constantly drives to results not only anti-Christian, but even Atheistic. Dr. Pusey and Mr. Sewell are forward to aver this. Mr. Sewell declares his aversion to the glaring light of science, and well understands its antagonism to the belief in miracles. It is not that many scientific men will go the full length of asserting that no imaginable evidence could be strong enough to prove a miracle; yet very many are forced to feel that no *such* evidence as is pretended by divines can ever prove *such* miracles as they allege. Science teaches us to study every question *à priori*,

with a view to judge how much *à posteriori* evidence will suffice for its decision. If a statement is beforehand highly probable, we need but moderate and ordinary testimony to create belief in it; if it be decidedly improbable, we want first-rate and clear testimony; if it be intensely improbable, we need testimony direct, conclusive, and unimpeachable. Let us pass from this principle to the two great miracles which lie at the foundation of orthodox Christianity; we mean, of course, the miraculous conception and the resurrection of Jesus; and let us calmly consider how they would be treated if they were now for the first time heard of, and brought to the test of ordinary scientific evidence.

We have said—Let us calmly consider:—yet we suddenly find our pen arrested. We had intended to bring forward some thoughts on the former of these miracles—such thoughts as were simply directed to the purpose of testing it: but upon consulting judicious friends, we are warned that the topic is too delicate; and that a clear argument, however popular and however carefully worded, would shock religious decorum; that the words of the Evangelist, however sacred from the reading-desk, become offensive and unendurable if dwelt upon in our pages. What a state of things is this! The public creed puts a doctrine forward to be rehearsed by young girls in the Catechism, and to be pronounced at church thrice every Sunday—twice a day by young men at the Universities; and yet, we are told, it would not be decent to discuss it. Though it is cardinal to the creed, though it must be taught to children, we tremble to explain to them what it means, and hope they will not ask too closely. While Protestantism bids us to believe upon proof, English decorum forbids us publicly to canvas the proof! Briefly, then, we will say, that the whole evidence alleged in the Gospel of Matthew is *a dream*; certainly not very satisfactory ground to a man of sense.

There are many persons so thoughtless or so unreasonable as, in a case like this, to assume that incredulity is more unsafe and less pious than credulity. As if for the instruction of such men, the Romanist steps in, to show them by his example to what results their easy faith leads. For centuries together Spain was eminent in the Romish world for its devotion to the Virgin, and ascribed to her the same prerogative as to her Son, namely, that *she also* was born of a virgin mother, St. Ann. Within the last few years we have seen this doctrine authoritatively raised into a dogma of the Church by the Pope. It is no longer peculiar to Spain, but is enforced upon Ireland, and must be accepted by her doctors of divinity. And what have we heard Protestants meanwhile cry out? That the dogma "is very disgusting." They say also, with truth, that it has no basis of proof; for of St. Ann "nobody knows anything." But why

does not the Protestant say equally of his own perfectly similar dogma, that it is disgusting? and what more does he know of Joseph and, of Mary than of Ann? Or rather, it may be said, accepting the Gospel history, we know that Mary was married to a husband, while we do not know so much as this of St. Ann; which, in the comparison of the two, is rather in favour of the Romanist miracle.

A curious story, not much known, is alluded to by Dr. Campbell, of Aberdeen, in the fourteenth of his celebrated "Lectures on Ecclesiastical History." So late as the pontificate of Clement XI., in the beginning of the last century, a preacher in Rome, intending to honour St. Ann, applied to her the title "Grandmother of God;" which, being new, appeared highly offensive, and was suppressed by the Pope; who doubtless foresaw that, if it were permitted, we should next hear of "God's grandfather, uncle, aunt, and cousins." "The second Council of Nice, in quoting the Epistle of James, do not hesitate (says Dr. C.) to style the writer God's brother (*ἀδελφός*)." "The sole spring of offence is in the first step," viz., the calling the Virgin Mary "Mother of God." For, he adds, to distinguish between "the mother of the mother," and "the grandmother," is impossible. As a Protestant, he of course disapproves of the received Romish phraseology; yet, clear as he generally is, he leaves us in doubt whether he disapproves of saying (p. 263) that the Virgin is "the mother of him who is God," equally with the other formula, that she is "the mother of God." He has just informed us that under Pope Hormisdas and some of his successors there was a fierce strife,* whether we ought to say, "One of the Trinity suffered in the flesh," or "One person of the Trinity suffered in the flesh." Unless such controversies are to be regarded as rightful and necessary, what are they but a *reductio ad absurdum* of Anglican orthodoxy?

We pass to the second great miracle, the Resurrection, to which the Ascension is a sort of complement. Here it is possible that men of science will admit (though we have no right to make concessions in their name), that evidence is imaginable adequate to prove facts of such a nature—which are not negative (as in the case of miraculous conception), but positive. Suppose a man's head were cut off, or his body burned to ashes; after either of these events, duly testified, no man of science could be incredulous of the real death. Again, suppose that after such

* "There were four different opinions. One set approved of both expressions; a second condemned both; a third maintained the former expression to be orthodox, the latter heterodox; and a fourth affirmed the reverse. In this squabble, emperors, popes, and patriarchs engaged with great fury."—Dr. Campbell.

death testimony were offered that the same person was still alive. Inasmuch as only from information and experience do we hitherto disbelieve that a man once dead ever resumes animal life in the same form, it would seem that an amount of first-rate testimony is *imaginable*, which might force us to modify the universality of this doctrine; nevertheless, the evidence needs to be very cogent. We must have decisive proof of the death, and decisive proof of the renewed animal life: a failure on either side would make the whole vain. If, for instance, a person fainted and seemed to die from exhaustion or loss of blood, and, after this, came overwhelming evidence that he was still alive; it would not have the slightest tendency to prove that he was risen from the dead, but only that the death had not been real. Now the very peculiar phenomenon in the Biblical narrative of the Resurrection is, that of the two propositions, both of which are equally essential, it is hard to say which of the two is less satisfactorily sustained: so that those who find it every way impossible to believe the miracle, are at the same time left uncertain whether or not the alleged death was real. Crucifixion was notoriously the most tedious of deaths, and was for this very reason selected by the Carthaginians and Romans as a mode of long torment and ignominy. The loss of blood endured by it is so trifling, that the victim dies only by exhaustion and thirst, or by the sufferings of muscular spasm. From the article "Cross," in the "Penny Cyclopædia," we extract the following:—

"As death (from crucifixion) in many cases did not ensue for a length of time, guards were placed to prevent the relatives or friends of the crucified from giving them any relief, or taking them away whilst alive, or removing their bodies after they were dead. . . . Even when it (crucifixion) took place by nailing, neither the wounds themselves nor the quantity of blood lost would be sufficient in all cases to bring on speedy death. During the reign of Louis XV. several women (religious enthusiasts, called Convulsionnaires) voluntarily underwent crucifixion. Dr. Merand . . . relates that he was present at the crucifixion of two females, named Sister Rachel and Sister Felicité. They were laid down, fixed by nails five inches long driven firmly through both hands and feet into the wood of which the crosses were made. The crosses were then raised to a vertical position. In this manner they remained nailed, while other ceremonies of these fanatics proceeded. Sister Rachel, who had been first crucified, was then taken down: she lost very little blood. Sister Felicité was afterwards taken from her cross. Three small basons, called *palette*, full of blood, flowed from her hands and feet. Their wounds were then dressed, and the meeting was terminated. *Sister Felicité declared that it was the twenty-first time she had undergone crucifixion.*"

The death being ordinarily so slow, it is of great importance to know *how long* Jesus hung on the cross: and here the narrators

are at variance. Mark says distinctly (xv. 25—34) that Jesus was crucified at the *third* hour, and died at the *ninth* hour. John as distinctly tells us that he was not yet crucified at the *sixth** hour (xix. 14). "It was *about the sixth hour*, and Pilate saith unto the Jews, Behold your King. And they cried out, Away with him, crucify him. . . . Then delivered he unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus, and led him away. And he, bearing his cross, went forth into a place called" . . . &c. &c. Thus, after Pilate's command, was the further process of carrying the cross out from Pilate's judgment-seat to Golgotha; which, for anything that appears to the contrary, may have delayed the actual crucifixion for another hour. In short, accepting the narratives, there is nothing in them to show that Jesus was longer than *two* hours actually on the cross. It is further manifest in them all, that Pilate most unwillingly consented to his execution, and was driven to it only by fear. He distinctly declares him to be innocent, and tries to save him. In Matthew he takes water, and symbolically washes his hands in sight of the multitude, saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it." A governor, who, after so humiliating a struggle, yields an innocent man to public death, is not unlikely to compromise with his conscience by giving secret orders to the executioners *not* to kill him, but to put him on to the cross for a short time, and give up his body, as if dead, to his friends, as soon as he appeared to faint. What might thus seem beforehand probable, is unexpectedly confirmed by John's information (xx. 32, 33) that the soldiers, knowing that the time was insufficient to kill, broke the legs of the other two who were crucified with Jesus (not a very effectual way of hastening death,† but at least a security against their resuming the trade of robbers);

* To save the Biblical infallibility, some divines hold that John had a *different way of counting the hours* from the other Evangelists. The learned Dr. Bloomfield, in his "Commentary to the Greek Testament," thinks such a theory too rash. He says (on Mark xv. 25), "Although such discrepancies [as this between Mark and John] are (as Fritz observes) 'rather to be patiently borne, than removed by rash measures,' yet here we are, I conceive, not reduced to any great necessity. For although the mode of reconciling the two accounts by a sort of *management* [Italics in Dr. B.], however it may be approved by many commentators, is not to be commended, yet . . ." in short, it is best to believe the text in John corrupt, and to alter *sixth* to *third*. Of course this is possible; but so is the opposite; and no one can rest a miracle on a voluntary correction of a text.

† Strauss has discussed this whole subject carefully; "Life of Jesus," Part III. ch. iv. § 134. He thinks the additions in John to be mythical inventions; but we here decline to discuss such possibilities, and (concessively) abide by the statements as given us.

‡ Strauss observes that the breaking of legs nowhere else occurs in connexion with crucifixion among the Romans. He thinks that the fractures would be sure to mortify, and thus cause death.

while they did not break the legs of Jesus. John adds, that they refrained *because* they saw him to be dead; which appears to be a mere surmise: the real reason may have been that they had secret orders from Pilate to spare Jesus. Curiously enough, John proceeds unawares to state what distinctly suggests, that Jesus was not dead when they began to take him down from the cross; for he adds, that a soldier "pierced his side with a spear, and forthwith came out blood and water: and he that saw it (whoever this was) bare record, and his record is true," &c. Some of the Fathers, as Strauss observes, strongly felt how opposed this is to common experience of death. Says Origen: "In all other dead bodies the blood coagulates, and no pure water flows from them; but the marvel of the dead body in the case of Jesus is, blood and water poured from his side even after death." So Euthymius: "For out of a dead human being, though you should stab him ten thousand times, no blood will come. This phenomenon is supernatural, and clearly proves that he who was stabbed is higher than man." We are too aware of the delicacy of such physiological questions, to speak so confidently ourselves. It suffices to say, that the flow of blood is most easily and naturally accounted for by supposing the circulation still to be active. Indeed, even swooning makes it hard to get blood out of a man. If he falls in battle from a sabre-cut and faints, the heart ceasing its normal action, the blood flows too feebly in the arteries to issue from the wound, which presently coagulates: and when death is complete, the stagnation must ordinarily be still greater. It is of course *possible*, that though crucifixion had not caused death, this spear-wound proved fatal; but the alternative is equally *possible*—that as he was still alive, neither did this new wound kill him. The narrative decides nothing either way. We however do learn from it that Pilate desired to save him, gave him up with a bad conscience, and subjected him to the shortest time of crucifixion which would obviate quarrel with the Jewish rulers; that Pilate's executioners favoured Jesus in comparison with the two robbers by not breaking his legs; allowed a humane person, when Jesus complained of the thirst accompanying that miserable torment, to moisten his lips with vinegar, which, diluted with water, was a well-known beverage of the Roman soldiers, and is a great relief to a fevered mouth; further, Pilate's officers took him down from the cross, and prepared to deliver him to his friends, while there were symptoms which strongly indicate life, and after an interval so short, that (as Mark asserts) Pilate "marvelled if he were already dead." With so very imperfect a proof of death, it is manifest that all pains in the second part of the story to prove a Resurrection are wasted; the more so, since, according to the ac-

counts, neither was he buried in such a way as could have tended to suffocation. His body was given over to the friendly hand of Joseph of Arimathea, who laid him "in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock;" that is to say, in a rocky vault, where a wounded man might receive surgical treatment and cordials.

The evidence offered in proof that Jesus after his burial was seen alive, has been many times ably discussed. English readers who desire to see what can be said against it, may consult Charles Hennell's "Inquiry on the Origin of Christianity," Strauss's "Life of Jesus," or W. R. Greg's "Creed of Christendom." From the last-named, we extract the following, p. 216:—

"A marked and most significant peculiarity in these accounts, which has not received the attention* it deserves, is, that scarcely any of those who are said to have seen Jesus after his resurrection recognised him, though long and intimately acquainted with his person. . . . (Mark xvi. 12.) 'After that, he appeared in another form to two of them.' Now, if it really were Jesus who appeared to these various parties, would this want of recognition have been possible? If it were Jesus, he was so changed that his most intimate friends did not know him. How then can we know that it was himself?"

The defence put in by our divines does nothing but show the shifting and untangible nature of their argument. They say, that the risen Jesus had a glorified body, which could pass through shut doors, and of course was sufficiently different from his former body to embarrass recognition. We began by avowing that human testimony was *imaginable* that might prove the restoration of a dead man to life. But we must modify the avowal, by adding, that no common testimony could ever prove the sort of resurrection here tendered to us: for if the risen body is not a body of flesh and blood, but "glorified" and ethereal, and so unlike the former body of Jesus that his friends identify him only by the symbolical action of breaking bread, as the two disciples at Emmaus (Luke xxiv.), their *testimony* is unavailing. To what do they affect to bear witness? They do not lay before us the results of their sight or hearing, but merely the inferences of their mind, that the person who broke bread in a certain way *must have been* Jesus, though he looked very unlike him. And this leads naturally to the important point, which Mr. Hennell has so well made prominent:—

"It seems probable (says he, p. 204, second edition) that the original belief among the Apostles was merely that Christ had been raised from the dead *in an invisible or spiritual manner*: for where we can arrive at Peter's own words, viz., in his 'Epistle,' he speaks of

* Hennell touches the topic in a short but decisive paragraph, p. 259, second edition.

Christ as being put to death *in the flesh*, but made alive *in the spirit* (1 Pet. iii: 18)—*συνεχόμενος πνεύματι, ζωογονητός ἐν πνεύματι*. That the last phrase signifies a mode of operation invisible to human eyes, appears from the following clause, which describes Jesus as preaching, also in the spirit (*ἐν πνεύματι*), to the spirits in prison. But some of the disciples soon added to this idea of an invisible or spiritual resurrection, that Jesus had appeared to many in a bodily form.

Men who have seen and heard another man, have a certain power of identifying him when they see and hear him again; and when by eye or ear they do identify him, we call their declaration concerning it *testimony* or *witness*, and assign a certain weight to it. But if they declare that they do *not* identify him by eye or ear, but only by the inferences of their mind, it is an abuse of language to call this testimony. If the glorified spirit of a deceased friend were to appear to one of us—whether in ecstatic vision or in what seemed to be our waking senses—we could not claim that other men should accept as “testimony” our statement that it was he: for though they have experience of the trustworthiness of sense to recognise and identify ordinary bodies in their ordinary states, they know nothing of the trustworthiness of sense when it pretends to identify a form now ethereal and glorified with what was once a human body. And as it is not only in Peter’s epistle, and in Paul’s vision (as, indeed, in Paul’s *doctrine* of the “resurrection-body”), that this idea of a merely spiritual resurrection of Jesus is suggested, but the same occurs in all the Gospels—partly in the difficulty of recognising Jesus, partly in his vanishing out of their sight or suddenly coming through walls and doors—the whole is removed beyond the sphere of testimony, even if the declarations were consistent and distinct, and were laid before us on the authority of the original eye-witnesses.

Thus those two cardinal events which Protestantism undertakes to *prove*, and recognises as its basis, when their alleged Scriptural evidence is examined fail of satisfying the demands of ordinary scientific reasoning; after which we need not wonder that Protestantism cannot win intelligent converts. For it does not, like Catholicism, tell people that they must not reason *at all* concerning religion. On the contrary, it excites their reasoning powers—bids them to examine—professes to give proof—lays before them the Scripture as decisive—talks high of private judgment—and yet gives no evidence which can bear the tests of ordinary historical and scientific inquiry. When hereto it adds unseemly *threats*, denouncing Divine judgment on all whose intellect rises against its imbecility, none can wonder that the freer-thinking Catholics say, they may as well remain under the old Church, as go into another which, while it affects to appeal to reason, is as essentially unreasonable as the old one. “My

child," said a Catholic bishop to a Protestant in his neighbourhood, "did I rightly hear that you called the sacred doctrine of Transubstantiation irrational? Oh, folly! If, in order to receive the doctrine of the Trinity, you have crucified vain reason, what avails to build again that which you have destroyed, by setting reason to carp at another doctrine which is too hard for it?"

Besides the miracles which inhere in the person of Jesus, there are two great classes of miracles wrought by him, and by or in his disciples, which may deserve a few words here. First, we have the casting-out of devils—a miracle very prevalent in the three first Gospels, though unknown to the fourth. No educated physician, Catholic or Protestant, can well listen with gravity to a truly orthodox discourse on this subject. Indeed, many well-informed divines are ashamed of it, and declare that popular ignorance *mistook* epilepsy, catalepsy, madness, and other diseases, for a possession by evil spirits. They are aware that the superstition was learned by the Jews in Babylon, and still exists in very ignorant countries; and they tell us that the Evangelists *accommodated their dialect* to that of the ignorant, but made no substantial error. Hence, according to them, as we accept the phrase, that "the sun rises," even if astronomically questionable; so must we tacitly interpret the "possession by a devil" into epilepsy, or some other disease. But such divines are rather well-informed than candid; for they cannot but be aware that it is *impossible* to get rid of the "devils" by interpretation. Divines more candid, but sometimes worse-informed, have far more cogently argued, that the discernment of Jesus, as Son of God, which is attributed to demoniacs—and still more decisively, the passing of a legion of devils from a man into a herd of swine—demonstrate the narrators to have had a definite belief in the personality and supernatural knowledge and power of the "devils" who dwelt in the demoniacs. Thus our Protestant theologians, episcopal critics and historians, reverend mathematicians, astronomers, geologists—men certainly who know what proof is—solemnly read out in church, for public edification, stories about devils, which they must know to be Babylonish frippery; and while thus glorifying fictitious follies, wonder that many who disdain hypocrisy rush headlong into the belief that all religious men are hypocrites.

The second class of miracles is the speaking with tongues, which so abounds in the book of the "Acts of the Apostles," and on which there is ample discussion in "Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians." We should in vain try here to abridge Mr. Greg's able summary of the phenomenon, in pp. 169—178 of the "Creed of Christendom." It is clear, both from the details given by Paul, and from many other considerations, that these "tongues" were

not real foreign languages, but were *gibberish*, such as used to be heard in the late Mr. Edward Irving's congregation—a gibberish which Paul felt to be "most probably nonsensical, unworthy, and grotesque" (Greg)—which he desired to repress, yet did not dare to forbid.

"We are driven to the painful but unavoidable conclusion, that those mysterious and unintelligible utterances, which the Apostles and the early Christians looked upon as the effects of the Holy Spirit, the manifestation of its presence, the signs of its operation, the especial indication and criterion of its having fallen upon any one, were in fact simply the physiologically natural results of morbid and perilous cerebral exaltation, induced by strong religious excitement acting on uncultivated and susceptible minds; results which in all ages and nations have followed in similar circumstances and from similar stimuli; and that these signs to which Peter appealed, and to which the other brethren succumbed, as proving that God intended the Gospel to be preached to Gentiles as well as to Jews, showed only that Gentiles were susceptible to the same excitements, and manifested that susceptibility in the same manner as the Jews."—*Greg*, p. 178.

There are other doctrines, common to the creed of all the national Churches, which, though too cardinal to omit, are too vast to discuss here in detail. We allude especially to the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement. These are rejected from Christianity by the followers of Dr. Priestley, who can fight powerfully against the "orthodox," when they go the full length of avowing that the Epistles of Paul were of no authority in the Church at large for two centuries, and that the fourth Gospel is full of profanities, which would have shocked the earliest Christians. But nothing can be so opposed to the creed of European Christendom as this avowal; and without disrespect to some great Unitarian writers, when we speak of Christianity or Protestantism, we do not and cannot mean *their* scheme of thought and religion. The accomplished and variously-gifted scholars who hold places as bishops or deans among us, will justify us in treating these difficult doctrines as essential to Protestant Christianity. But since they are aware that the laws of evidence are coeval with the human mind, and that the evidence strictly and rightfully needed to establish a marvel *now* was always strictly and rightfully needed, even before men's minds had ripened to discern it; we may fairly propose to one of these learned persons, in the calm retirement of his library, to put down on paper the kind of evidence which, if tendered, would satisfy his mind that the holiest and noblest man now living is the Eternal (or an Eternal) Divine Being, Creator of this world and of all worlds, future Judge of mankind, who will give eternal life to some, and award condemnation to others—a Being towards whom we may exercise

absolute trust and hope, and supreme adoration. If he seriously undertake the task which we suggest, we should not be greatly surprised if his meditation threw unexpected light on Edward Irving's apophthegm, "Intellectual evidence is the egg of infidelity;" or if it even reconciled him to the distinguished Mr. Keble's advice to his friend Arnold, as homely good sense, to "put down" his doubts concerning the Trinity "by main force," and take a curacy to get rid of them.

At the same time, nearly the same problem as the above rests on Unitarian Christians, whether their philosophy grovel or aspire; who after giving active aid to demolish the gorgeous fabric of magical ecclesiasm, now struggle to sustain its central shining minaret—the unapproachable, absolute, moral perfection of Him, whom they elaborately maintain to be merely human, and limited by human conditions. But we will vary our demand. Suppose the East and West so far to change places, that missionaries of Buddhism come to England to convert us to their religion. Let them proclaim, that Buddha—whom, by reason of his virtue, his followers unwisely have worshipped as God—was truly divine in goodness, the incarnate image of absolute divine purity: that as such, *his Person enters into the substance and obligations of human religion*; on which account they call upon us to listen, while they preach his life, person, and pre-eminence; and, moreover, thoughtfully to study the ancient books which record his sanctity. This hypothesis is, in fact, so closely akin to the real Buddhism, that it might on any day become a case of reality. Now, we ask of Unitarian Christians on what *prima facie* evidence should we be bound to explore the Oriental books, and listen with religious hope to the argument, that Buddha is the Head of mankind, and unique type of perfection? To reply that we have found such a Head already, and do not want another, may be practically good, but is scientifically weak; for it avails equally to *them*, and would justify them in exploding the perfect Christ, because they already believe in a perfect Buddha. Is the intrinsic unplausibility of a doctrine never a reason for exploding it, without sacrifice of valuable time and research?—or can any folly concerning an Apollo, who is physically a God and morally a libertine, be more unplausible than the Unitarian notion, that Jesus was mentally a dwarf and morally a God?

The present condition of theological "philosophy" among us (if the phrase be allowable) indicates that the old school is dying out. From fifty to thirty years ago the doctrines of Paley (as regards Christian "Evidences") were dominant in both Universities, and were acknowledged by High and Low Church alike. At Oxford they were especially upheld by such men as Cople-

ston, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff; Shuttleworth, afterwards Bishop of Chichester; Whately, now Archbishop of Dublin; Lloyd, Regius Professor of Divinity, and a little while Bishop of Oxford; Vowler Short, now Bishop of St. Asaph; Longley, now Bishop of Durham; besides others who never emerged from the University. They were able men, some remarkably able; they had the field to themselves, yet they could not keep it. They sincerely believed that by invoking "historical testimony" they could recommend to the assent of every unprejudiced and intelligent mind such doctrines as we have denoted; yet, against their learning, experience, and high authority, two young men in Oxford commenced an unexpected reaction—Pusey, Professor of Hebrew, and J. H. Newman, whose sole distinction consisted in being a Fellow of a most distinguished College, both of whom had evidently become aware that Protestantism could not possibly stand on its old basis. To prove by historical and learned evidence the postulate of the Evangelicals, that the Bible from end to end is infallible, they saw to be at once a hopeless and an absurd undertaking. To lay logic as the foundation, and make the doctrine of the Trinity the superstructure, they more than hinted, was very dangerous; indeed, some of the "Tracts for the Times" almost avow that no Protestant can prove the doctrine even from the Scripture. Dr. Newman (led on, we suppose, by polemical instincts) struck upon the method of assailing with logic all who appeal to reason (that is, common Protestants and "infidels"), while assuming that the true faith (his own), being founded on something higher than reason, is not bound to justify itself to reason. This gave to his school a delightful licence of attacking other people's want of logic, while reserving to itself the privilege of being illogical at pleasure. Oxford still boasted of able men, though some of those whom we have named were withdrawn. The new "Puseyism" soon reached the ears of the outer world, and interested all England. Hampden and Baden Powell rose to oppose it from within; Whately, and Arnold, and Julius Hare, and a host of Evangelicals, from without. At Cambridge, at least one man of vast and various powers, keen ambition, deep and original thought—Whewell, Master of Trinity College—would have started a rival philosophy of the Christian religion, if he had been able. In morals, Sedgwick and Whewell have repudiated Paley; but we have never understood that in regard to "Christian Evidences" they undertake to supersede him. Like the deep-souled Julius Hare, and the sprightly, eager Arnold, they proved unable to check the movement of Newman and Pusey, whose attacks on the vulgar Protestantism were very unshrinking. The Tractarians were, no doubt, in a false position. They overthrew their allies from within, and were debarred from

attacking their great enemy without; for Romanism, precisely on their ground, claims exemption from the task of reconciling its dogmas with reason: moreover, their doctrine of "Apostolic succession" presumes that a Romish bishop, however wicked, has a power of bestowing the Holy Spirit. In the result, Dr. Newman discovered and repented of the sin of assailing Rome. He has, nevertheless, done an effectual work in England, practically showing in what those must end who assume "High Church" axioms, and reason from them with consistent logic. Simultaneously, our knowledge of German theology has continually been on the advance. Dr. Pusey indeed himself, in his ardent youth, was the first person to expound at Oxford the deep Biblical learning and warm piety of German theologians, who had in some points unhappily been carried too far, but who ought nevertheless to be esteemed and honoured, and wisely used. But he appears in a very few years to have discerned that the free study of the Bible in the nineteenth century would never end in the theology of the sixteenth, and by the discovery to have been forced into a totally new career. Meanwhile, it has become notorious that the arguments of Lardner and Paley break down on the literary and historical side, in the presence of the more accurate scholarship of the Germans, to say nothing of a higher philosophy; so that our academicians, if they endeavour to discuss "evidences" in Protestant fashion, dread to be precipitated into German neology; while, if they deprecate private judgment and appeal to the Church, they are fighting the battle of Rome. In such an entanglement, men of backward and stagnant minds may write and speak as if nothing new had been added to our knowledge of antiquity in the last fifty years; but leading talents will no longer give their energies to develop and maintain either theory of Anglicanism—of the Low, or of the High Church.

The school of Paley has now, for the last ten or fifteen years, its most prominent representative in Mr. Henry Rogers, whose grave Edinburgh articles have been succeeded by elaborate effusions, called *coarseness* and *ribaldry* by some critics, *sacred mirth* by others. Most of our readers have probably read his conception of an Irish Adam talking brogue to the Creator against the Ten Commandments; and will add epithets at their own discretion to Mr. Rogers's name. We believe that he writes from the outside of the Established Church. Within, Oxford and Cambridge are waiting for a religious philosophy. That of Professor Jowett may be very noble and very true; but it is so different from the hereditary Protestant doctrines, that the Oxonians cannot be blamed for looking askance and timidly at it. In truth, it is a striking sign of the times, that so little active opposition displays itself there against so daring an inno-

vator. Neither Whately's representatives (if any there are), nor the semi-Evangelicals, nor even the Puseyites, feel strong enough to move against him; not, we believe, through any want of repugnance, but from an uneasy foreboding of the dangers contingent on a close reconsideration of first principles.

Precisely because theologians will *not* reconsider first principles, but, with infinite disputes about their superstructure, are careless about their foundation, therefore it is that science tends to become *Atheistic*, alike in Protestant as in Catholic countries. The blame of this may be justly laid upon the doctrine which elaborately seeks for marks of God in everything unusual and exceptional, and denies His presence in all that is ordinary and established. We are aware that there are enlightened Protestant divines, who disapprove this position; eminently the Rev. Baden Powell, who, in the first of his "Three Essays on the Unity of Worlds," speaks as follows:—

"According to this mode of representation [by religious writers] 'nature' was the *rule*, 'Deity' the *exception*. The belief in nature was the doctrine of reason and knowledge; the acknowledgment of a God was only the confession of ignorance. So long as we could trace physical laws, nature was our only and legitimate guide; when we could attain nothing better, we were to rest satisfied with a God. Even learned writers on natural theology have thought it pious to argue in this way."—p. 162, Second Edition. [Italics as in Mr. Powell.]

Mr. Powell's protest is right and wise; but, with deference to him, we add, it cannot be effectual unless he pull down the whole Protestant theory, of which the avowed foundation is *the miraculous—the exceptional*. It commands us, not to look within our hearts, or into human history, for the Divine, but into one miraculous book and one miraculous history. It virtually shuts God out from inspiring us now, by the stress which it lays on the *special* inspiration once granted by Him to a few. It lays down that the Jewish history is sacred, and other histories profane; and treats even the history of the Christian Church as too secular for the pulpit, from the day that the canon of Scripture was closed. It represents that God is certainly present wherever there is miracle, but that where miracle is not, no one can be sure of the presence of God. Nothing else is meant or can be meant by the infallible and authoritative Bible, than to desecrate, in comparison to it, all the ordinary modes of learning truth, and duty, and right. In proportion to the power and activity of this theory concerning miracles and the Bible, will be the intensity with which a man embraces the exceptional and obscure phenomena of the world as the great manifestation of Deity. Undoubtedly Mr. Powell rightly regards this to tend to Atheism, for every step onward of knowledge is then a lessening and weak-

ening of the Theist's resources. But we submit to him that we are right in insisting, that a theory which places the strength of religion in the miraculous is naturally of Atheistic tendency. It entraps into Atheism those students of science, who, having no religious philosophy of their own, borrow its fundamental principles from the Church. In fact, those writers on "Evidences," who now seem to have the field to themselves, make no secret of their conviction that Atheism is the necessary logical result of an appeal to Science, the Universe, and Man. On the one side, we see a great ecclesiast, the Rev. Dr. Irons, frankly declare that, without the authoritative and supernatural revelation by miracle, Nature preaches to us nothing concerning God. On the other, a would-be philosopher and liberal Christian, Mr. Rogers, in his "Eclipse of Faith," announces that the Atheist has the argument entirely in his own hands, as against the Deist, and that without the Bible the only God preached by Nature is an immoral or malignant Being. The author of a work called "The Restoration of Belief" (reviewed by us in the Third Number of this Series), goes so far as to insist, that one who does not acknowledge the supernatural authority of "THE BOOK," not only ought to be an Atheist, but has no right to talk of "Conscience, Truth, Righteousness, and Sin;" and that sacrifices for Truth are in such a one "not constancy, but opinionativeness." How can Christians avoid shuddering at such avowals from their own advocates? which, if true, utterly destroy Christianity with Theism, and prepare to plunge mankind into a state of universal profligate recklessness.

That the Protestant theory has no future, is indicated by many marks. We have seen Arnold and Julius Hare (good, noble, able men, of peculiar acquirements) live and die without being able to *make themselves understood*; a pretty clear proof that the age has no susceptibility for their doctrine. The same is true of the Rev. Frederick Maurice, and of the Chevalier Bunsen. Mr. Maurice is a man of acknowledged goodness and largeness of heart; as Professor or Preacher, untiring in industry; devoted to raise the working classes; so copious a writer on theology that he will probably outdo Archbishop Whately in amount; and he has evidently undertaken as the work of his life to sublimate Church orthodoxy into a transcendental philosophy. Yet, in spite of the high commendation bestowed upon his talents and discrimination by a few, to the public at large he seems to be only subtle, flimsy, and evasive. He may be wise, but the age cannot understand him. "What *does* he mean?" is the cry which escapes from the perplexed novices who would fain admire him. Not dissimilar is the case with the accomplished Bunsen, who invests in gorgeous colours and vast pomp of intricate words

a system of religious historicism, in which the common intellect can discover no solidity, no fixed shape, no firm and certain meaning. And as the new quasi-Coleridgian school proves feeble to us and dim, so neither does the old nursery rear any thriving plants. No young Whatelys show themselves. Nobody of high reputation now writes treatises on the Trinity. Whately did but bring on himself a strong and dangerous imputation of "Sabelianism," by the remarks in his *Logic* on the word "Person;" Hampden half ruined himself by being too learned on the same subject. Men of the Evangelical school, who have no philosophic reputation to lose, may publish sermons on the Atonement; but a systematic treatise on this involves much risk to a man of note. We hardly think the Master of Trinity would be so venturesome; and as for Mr. Jowett, we believe his admirers hardly account him "orthodox" on this doctrine. Schleiermacher's "Discourse on St. Luke" was translated about twenty years ago (as was believed) by Dr. now Bishop Thirlwall: we have never heard that it has been answered by any one. We may repeat this remark concerning Strauss and W. R. Greg. When the wise men hold their peace under such attacks, it must be thought that they are but too conscious of the weakness of their own cause.

In consequence of the freedom which in Protestant countries many sects attain, we see from time to time the doctrine of personal inspiration (perhaps with some fanaticism) assert itself strongly against the ecclesiastical, which makes inspiration an exceptional thing of the past. Thus Whitfield, and thus Huntington the coalheaver, thus also Edward Irving, were distinguished. Speculators have marked out as *revivals* such periodical recurrences of a simpler and nobler theology, but have lamented that the freshness of religious enthusiasm always decays in the second generation. Some even have elicited from this a "law" of nature: that the stage of languor follows that of excitement; or that the era of commentators follows that of men of genius. The existence of this "law" may seem plausible from the side of total unbelief; but it is difficult to understand what intelligent theory of the phenomenon can rightly recommend itself to a devout Evangelical or to any earnest Protestant. The phenomenon is not confined to our sects, nor to the ignorant and excitable. Neither in Geneva, nor in Scotland, nor in England, nor in Protestant Germany, could a second and third generation sustain the religious warmth of the first; nor, indeed, is it denied by Romanists that learning is the fertile mother of heresy. Assuredly, if religion be a deep and noble principle, rightful and reasonable to man, then a particular form of religion must be involved in some very essential falsehood, if its vigour and vitality are uniformly under-

mined by accessions to its knowledge, or by the tranquil advance of experience. A true religion can but strike its roots deeper with cultivation of mind and increase of wisdom. That must be a fundamental fanaticism which thrives only upon action and excitement, and wastes by calm examination and learning. Alike in Catholic and in Protestant countries, the world has still to wait for a religion which shall grow stronger and stronger with every development of sound scientific acquirement.

Nor, perhaps, is this the worst: for we must add, Europe has yet to wait for a religion which shall exert any good influence over public measures. A distinguished foreigner, in his own consciousness a true Christian—whose name we could not properly here bring forward—on a recent day said, in a select circle: “I begin to doubt whether Christianity has a future in the world.” “Why so?” asked one present, in surprise at such an augury from such a quarter. “Because,” he replied, “neither in India, nor in America, nor anywhere at all in Europe, does any of the governments called ‘Christian’—I do not say, *do* what is right, but—even affect and pretend to take the RIGHT, as understood and discerned by itself, as the law of action. Whatever it was once, Christianity is now in all the great concerns of nations a mere ecclesiasticism, powerful for mischief, but helpless and useless for good. Therefore, I begin to doubt whether it has a future; for if it cannot become anything better than it is, it has no right to a future in God’s world.”



ART. VI.—THE CRISIS AND ITS CAUSES.

“*The Times.*” London. 1857.

IN America, as in all new countries under the process of population, land is a staple commodity, frequently changing hands, subject to great fluctuations in price, and a chief object of speculation. In the old countries of Europe, land is that commodity which changes hands most seldom, which is stable in price, and which is little employed for speculation. In Holland, Flanders, France, and all the well-settled and well-cultivated countries, land but rarely comes into the market; and, apart from other reasons, there is one great cause for this in the restrictive effect of a close law of inheritance. Thus, land is transmitted by inheritance, and only casually subjected to sale; and although eagerly competed for when in the market, yet the new purchaser

steadily retains it, and keeps it again out of the market for a long term. As the purchases are made direct, there is no opportunity for land-jobbers nor for speculation. Land constitutes the steadiest investment, and the only speculation in this branch is in town houses.

In America and Australia, as already stated, the conditions are widely different, and land becomes to a great extent an article of speculation. Everything encourages this. Wild land has only a nominal price, and is readily obtainable, while the improved price may reach within a short period tenfold or even a hundredfold the upset price. Bring near a newly-surveyed district a stream of population, open roads, make its waters navigable or place mills upon the torrents, give value to the lumber, and each lot has an immediate or prospective value. The buyer buys not with the view of having one hundred pounds for the hundred pounds he has laid out, or of having the use and enjoyment of the produce of his hands; but it is irresistibly forced upon his mind that year after year his land will rise in value, and that at a future time it will attain a certain assigned rate. His thoughts are bent, not upon the original price, not on the immediate selling price, but upon this future contingent and prospective price, always taken at a high rate. The soberest man, thoroughly settled down, who has made a homestead for his children, nurses the thought that some years hence his farm or station will be of a certain given value; and this governs all his ideas with regard to it, and his ideas and conversations as to his neighbour's land. Wilder imaginations or more eager spirits seek to realize the prospective advances; and many specially devote themselves to land-dealings, as in the old world to horse-gambling, mining speculations, and the various operations of chance of high or low character, or of greater or less extent: and just as in Cornwall all have a greater or less taste for mines, and in Yorkshire for horses, so in the new continents all dabble in land.

There is a great encouragement to land-dealing, which secures the adhesion of the steadiest holder, and it consists in the constant advance in the value of wild land with the spread of population. Although in a depressed colony, as all our Colonies and all the Western States have been at times, lands may be thrown on the market and sold at very low rates, yet the steady holder always comes out with a higher value the longer he holds. It is an investment of an accumulative character, like woodland in England, which, although not yielding a yearly income, gives an aggregate accumulated return when realized.

The fever and the greed for money, which mark a colonial population more strongly than the home population, because there are wanting the softening influences of the old country,

lead to eager efforts to become suddenly rich by land speculations: and as in mining, Potosi, Devon Great Consols, and Burra-Burra are prizes leading on thousands to profitless ventures by the dazzling charm of their enormous returns; so the wonderful transformations from prairie wastes to cities abounding in wealth, luxury, and population, encourage the land speculator to invest in likely lots with water-privileges, mill-power, and the chance of the stream of westward emigration and eastward exportation passing through, and gilding the path with wealth. Chicago and Melbourne are enough in their magical growth, giant offspring born but yesterday, to lure on thousands of adventurers; for there is no ordinary site which may not become a great city, and few places so remote or so barren but that they may look to a goodly increase. Therefore, lands are taken up at a low price and held at a speculative value.

Such is the case with regard to rural land, but town lots have no less claims on the town populations. New York has spread over commons, swamps, and sea-strand, and planted suburbs on the neighbouring shores. Its growth in population and size has been rapid, but the increase in rents has been enormous. It might be expected that the central thoroughfares would improve in value as the suburban population extended, but the increase in rent has gone far beyond that, and year after year rents have been raised throughout New York. The habits of the population, migrating from flat to flat, and from house to house, favour for a longer time than would be expected the common effort of the landlords for raising rents; and, indeed, as the whole community are engaged in seeking enhanced prices for houses and unbuilt lots and blocks, they can scarcely rise in insurrection against the oppressive influence, although many grumble and the poor feel it.

The mechanic who is saving money buys a lot, because he can fairly expect an enhanced value greater than the ordinary return of interest; while, having a good registered title, he knows what he holds; and in no money investment in bank or railway bonds, or on mortgage, can he feel secure. The man who has more than enough for his subsistence, and who is yearly putting by money, has not the necessity for a regular yearly return on his investment, as he looks only to a future accumulated value.

Thus, from one motive or another, the greater part of the community are engaged in a general scheme, in which every one is to become rich—all who can hold eventually to become so, those who can sell rapidly at improved prices to grow wealthy at once; and so a regime of artificial prices is created, regularly rising so long as the operations are unchecked—for such is the physiology of speculations—but as a matter of course attended with a

sudden downfall, whenever these fictitious and assumed prices are brought to the test of the market on a considerable scale. Then, instead of land being an article of steady price, as in the old world, it is a drug, because it is unproductive or little productive, because it is prospective or contingent in its results, and not immediate and certain.

As land in time, and to a great extent, represents a positive value, so the adventitious operations in it become connected with real transactions, and a basis is prepared for a most fearful panic, such as regularly besets the American States and the Colonies from time to time, and to which a European panic of 1825 or 1857 bears no comparison; but which rather, in its prostration, resembles a revolutionary crisis, whole classes being reduced from opulence to beggary, and whole communities, corporately and individually, becoming insolvent; but less permanent in its influence, because the growing resources of the country soon restore the population to the wealth they had lost.

It is not that the land and town speculations of themselves create panics, but that they greatly increase the effect of panics, while they promote the spirit of speculation, gambling, and greed after sudden wealth. Speculations in wool, cotton, sugar, and manufactures, are less disastrous, because the fluctuations in price are not so great, as there are positive commodities in hand; but when wild land, prairie, bush, sheep-runs, and town-lots are brought to the hammer, the fluctuations are great and the depreciation enormous, and in so far as they constitute the assets of the merchant or storekeeper, or of his customers, their forced realization is ruinous, and leaves him an insolvent before his foreign creditor.

In conjunction with this vast land speculation, the United States have been the scene of various great operations, which, being simultaneously wound up, have aggravated the severity of the crisis, and constituted a panic. The railway system has been enormously extended in the United States, because each community knows the advantages of it, and is desirous of enjoying them by any means, believing that the pecuniary results may in time be sufficient to repay the outlay, and being perfectly regardless of who finds the capital, or what is the fate of the capitalist. A railway act is eagerly and freely granted by a Western legislature sitting in the woods; and the projector, president or director, who gets together capital by any means and lays down the road, is regarded as a national benefactor. What happens to the shareholders who invest the money, is quite a secondary consideration. The formation of a railway is often a political engine for the improvement of a district, and is conducted on the political code of morality by political adventurers. The lines have, therefore, as

a general rule, been very loosely conducted both in the East and the West; large dividends have been declared from the first, paid out of capital, fresh capital has been raised to pay them, and the future has been drawn upon to supply the present. Wisconsin or Michigan has got its railway, and whether Downeasters or Britishers hold the bonds does not disquiet the passengers and freighters, who, besides having a railway, are in some cases indulged with its free use, or with unremunerative rates of fare and toll. This course of proceeding has been carried on to such an extent, that railway boards became insolvent one after another; suspicion was aroused, inquiry made, discredit was thrown on board after board, and a general collapse has taken place.

In these operations the spirit of land speculation is to be clearly traced, for many of the companies are as much land as railway speculations, endowed with large grants of alternate sections of the public lands, and relying upon the sale of these at an improved price for the supply of funds, rather than on existing traffic. Coincidentally with the progress of railways, they have in many districts destroyed the traffic on the canals and river improvements, and utterly depreciated the canal bonds; as the water traffic being in one line, and the railway traffic in another line, the railways by their superior accommodation and connexion have carried off the passengers and the best goods, and destroyed the basis of the goods traffic. By the diversion of traffic many towns and properties on the water navigations have been thrown back in value.

Steam navigation has been forced on an artificial basis, and vessels have been built on a large scale from motives of national vanity to compete with the English lines, and to engage in the coasting-trade. This branch of enterprise has on the whole proved a failure, and the public benefits have been achieved at a sacrifice of capital.

Mining has been attended with a sacrifice of capital, as in the Old World, for mining, uncertain in its results, is most commonly an operation of gambling with a few enormous prizes. Exploratory operations conducted in the best manner do not uniformly lead to productive returns, and even when mineral is found it may be of low average and unremunerative. The copper companies on Lake Superior, although turning out a considerable mass of rich metal, have caused a large absorption of capital, and the gold companies of Virginia and the South have given no adequate return. The attempt to achieve European results, without European advantages of cheap and organized labour and cheap capital, have led to large operations in working ironstone, and in forming smelting works, also working at unremunerative rates. In England, the iron trade, although it yields large profits to some

individuals and extensive employment, is frequently enough in an unprofitable condition. In the States, such branches of industry are forced into activity by artificial protection. This, besides its intrinsic weakness embarrassing its victims, is in danger of extinction from a more enlightened policy, which already exerts on them a blighting influence.

The manufacturing interests generally in the United States are in the same condition. Fostered by protection, and incompetent to contend with the European productions of free-trade, they have been very seriously affected by the amendment of the tariff, and many concerns have been forced to wind-up, contributing to bring about the panic, and increase its intensity.

Although the States are to a great degree dependent on Europe for capital, their merchants have engaged largely in export foreign trade with all parts of the world, and notably with the whole of South America, China, India, and Australia; and these operations, instead of contributing to the wealth of the States, have been a drain on their resources. In many cases their merchants cannot supply suitable goods for outward cargoes, and cannot take return produce. American notions go but a small way in making up a shipment, and guano is but in small demand in the States. The American operations are generally large, and the American houses fail one after another, few having real capital, or being of a stable character, and therefore ill able to compete with the merchants of England, Hamburgh, or even of France. So far as the import of sugar and coffee goes, there is a legitimate basis for transactions; but American enterprise has been omnivorous, and heavy have been the losses. Although some of these fall upon foreign capitalists, a portion of the absorption of resources is felt at home. The Americans occupy a very marked position in many of the markets, from their enterprise and dashing speculations; but their real resources are in the intelligence and energy of their shipmasters, and in the ability of the engineers, adventurers, and schemers, who are now to be found in every corner of the earth.

From all these various causes it will be seen that there have been enough in operation to affect the trading capital of the country, and to derange the whole body of banking institutions. True enough, the resources of the country have been wonderfully developed, and are making undoubted progress; and this very year the crops of grain, cotton, and tobacco have been abundant: it is true, likewise, that a great part of the capital engaged in financial and commercial transactions is European; but the banking institutions of the country have become affected by advances on depreciated securities, and, having been unable to stem the panic which set in, left the whole fabric of specula-

tion to totter to its fall, themselves being involved in the general crash.

The banks have had the great hand in feeding railway enterprise, in supplying manufacturing operations, and in accommodating trade speculations; and when the crisis has come, the resources on which they depended are unavailing; for railway bonds are depreciated, mortgages are worthless, manufacturers ruined, and merchants insolvent, and the note circulation has been embarrassed by the discredit of the banking operations.

* Of what the panic was when it came the *Times* has given some very graphic descriptions. Under date from New York of Oct. 14th, published in the *Times* of Oct. 27th, their correspondent writes thus respecting the suspension of specie payments:—

“Picture to yourself that immense crowd that, four years ago, lined the Strand to witness the funeral procession of the Duke of Wellington, all clothed in masculine habiliments—the universal black smoke-pipe of London exchanged for the many-coloured slouched hats of New York—the smooth shaven faces covered with beards, and the mouths draped with moustaches—the jolly English expression elongated and careworn, and the round cheek sunken; fancy these easy, careless sight-seers thus metamorphosed—all pressing into Lombard-street with a hurried, anxious pace, crowding and jostling their neighbours in their haste, until compelled by their very numbers to drop into the slowly-moving lines, marching and counter-marching up and down the centre of excitement; imagine Lombard-street expanded to twice its length, and its trottoir enlarged to more than twice the present width, and every third house a bank, with depositors or bill-holders bent upon obtaining gold for their debts—and you will have a real idea of the condition of Wall-street yesterday. New York was in a state of convulsion. A financial earthquake was rocking its moneyed institutions to their centre. One fell after another; shock followed shock; and in the panic no one felt sure that, at the day’s close, anything would be left to tell the tale of the wealth, the commercial credit, and the mercantile honour of this community. This morning, the partial suspension of yesterday has become general, and New York is now doing business on currency. One house, of limited liability, and undoubted means and credit, was obliged to suspend, with the best mercantile paper on hand, having only fifteen days to run.”

This latter instance of the discredit and inconvertibility even of short paper has, it may be observed by way of parenthesis, had many parallels in the London market during the late fearful crisis. For a considerable time the enormous transactions in remittances of small and considerable sums from America on commission or banking-houses here, at five or six days’ sight, could not be discounted, except by lodging collateral security, although the rates were high and tempting; but no banker could tell whether a bill at three days’ sight was safe. A house, of European and

American reputation, having vast transactions in remittances, was compelled to seek special assistance from the Bank of England to the extent of two millions sterling; and this application—backed by the guarantee of three of the largest banking institutions in the metropolis, and well supported by good collateral securities of all kinds—was kept trembling in the balance till near the close of the mercantile day, to the great alarm of a large section of the commercial interest; and then the news of the enormous advance promised was spread with breathless haste: and, it may be observed, that from the moment the advance was secured, the feeling of stability was so strong that the firm in question, so far from drawing on the whole credit, will, it is supposed, not require a quarter of the amount claimed. Many vicissitudes were experienced: the smaller American commission-houses here charging a fixed rate of interest of five per cent., and profiting by the low bank-rates in ordinary times, have had to pay the difference between five and ten per cent., mulcting them to a pretty tune. The cases of private distress have been severe, for the American agency-houses in London and Paris being affected, American citizens, ladies and children, resident in those metropolises, or travelling in Europe, have found themselves left without resources, unable to pay their hotel bills, to travel, or to disburse the passage home; and some, to whom further remittances have been made to compensate for first difficulties, have received paper on other suspended firms.

Within the last few days the same inconveniences have been felt with a like class of German short paper: for the fearful panic at Hamburg, attended with the discredit of the German banks, made it unsafe for the most experienced houses to deal in this paper, when the next submarine telegram might bring a list of another score of suspended banks and firms.

The complete history of the day's, or rather afternoon's, panic in New York is thus disposed of by the correspondent of the *Times*:—

“There is reason to believe that the movements of yesterday were not entirely without concert of action. The final blow was, however, as rapid, and apparently as unpremeditated, as the blow that brought about the French Revolution of 1848; like that, there was a concealed power that excited and directed the popular feeling.

“The first run yesterday was made upon the smaller banks outside of Wall-street, that afford accommodation and circulation for the trades-people, artisans, shopkeepers, hotelkeepers, &c.; these institutions were naturally in a less strong position than the banks doing business with the mercantile classes, and less able to stand a run. They opened at ten, and before twelve had fallen. Up to one o'clock everything was quiet in Wall-street; as quiet, that is, as it has been any day for the

past three weeks. There was a steady payment of specie over the counter to depositors, but nothing indicating a general alarm. Almost in an instant the street was crowded, and a run began upon the American Exchange Bank, the weakest of the large institutions. I had passed the Exchange a few minutes before; there was no appearance of unusual commotion. When I looked from my window, there was a crowd of some hundreds (or thousands rather) gathered in front, and a long line of bill-holders and depositors formed *en queue*. Mr. David Lemitt (of North American Trust and Banking Company fame) mounted a step, and treated the crowd to the universal Anglo-Saxon panacea—a speech; and the crowd partially dispersed, but the bill-holders kept up the run. From every direction men now poured into Wall-street. The marble steps of the Custom-house, the classic entrances to the banks, the noble spaces around the Exchange, the ugly stoops (an inheritance from the architects of Amsterdam), that gave a ladder-like entrance to the offices, were alike quickly covered with curious spectators. The desks of the offices were deserted, and the windows crowded. From the American Exchange Bank the attack was shifted to two or three banks further up the street. The Bank of America and the Mechanics' Bank were particularly selected. The stream of the anxious in-goers steadily increased; as they came out with hands filled and pockets bulging out with gold, some looked happy—more looked uneasy and foolish. From Wall-street the rush extended into Pine and Nassau, and the large Broadway banks; and before three o'clock the specie reserve was reduced to \$5,500,000 (say 1,100,000/). The whole thing was as sudden as a tornado; the comparison also bears good as to the effect. Eighteen banks fell, with a united line of loans of \$21,000,000 (4,200,000/). The banking community of New York was called upon to liquidate in less than two hours. No bank could have stood the pressure. Last night those that had gone safely through the day met in council. The session lasted until eleven o'clock, and resulted in a unanimous agreement to suspend specie payments over the counter." *

The condition of affairs in the inland States of the Union was laid before the readers of the *Times*, with great vigour and humour, in a letter from a correspondent at St. Louis, Missouri, which by itself makes an article on American currency. He says:—

"The first effect of the panic here was the common one; it created a universal demand for specie. Every interest that thought itself strong enough to enforce payment of its dues and charges in coin, did so, with very partial and no permanent success. After years of reliance on paper, an abrupt change to an opposite and more solid system was simply impossible. The proprietors of the Mississippi steamers, a strong interest, combined, and announced that they would not take 'currency' or notes for freights. They obtained no cargoes on the specie condition, and in a few days cancelled the resolution. Now there are no freights to be carried on any terms; and the boats are lying, more than a mile of smokeless funnels, idle at the quays. The wholesale firms would not take 'currency' for goods from country customers, nor even

for debts. The goods are unsold, and the debts unpaid. The small shopkeepers followed with notices that they also declined 'currency;' the notices could not put coin into purchasers' pockets, and the wares remained unsold. All paper was looked at askance; but that of the banks of Iowa, Wisconsin, and Illinois was the greatest aversion of the retailers. In the midst of the difficulty the annual State fair and cattle-show of Missouri was held here; by the influx of visitors from Illinois, the bordering State, there was more of the unpopular paper afloat than ever. The reception St. Louis gave its guests from across the Mississippi was not hospitable, financially speaking, considering that the city is as much the capital and centre of Illinois as of Missouri itself. The shops would not take the money the visitors brought with them. Cab-drivers and omnibus-men would not touch it—often swore at it emphatically. Strong language rose round the paying-places of the theatres for a similar cause. Lastly, the hotel-keepers rejected it by grizzly-brief placards in their marble halls. Much of all this was absurd, the distinction made between note and note, when all paper was in exactly the same condition, was useless; the issues of the banks are based on the stock, funds, or debt of the respective States; the bonds of all such property being for the time unsaleable, the basis cannot be converted. Missouri banks are no better in this respect than those of its neighbours; the notes of all are as intrinsically worthless one as the other, and prospectively as good as any 'promise to pay' a private debt, based on the future redemption of a public one, can be. But there is a State pride in these things, a stranger cannot appreciate, and that was at the bottom of the war made by Missouri on the notes of Illinois—a rational cause for it there was none. This is evident from the fact, that when the embarrassment became intolerable, the proscription lost its first fury, and gradually ceased. People began to consider that the frantic attempt to evoke specie having failed—an attempt to extract sunbeams from cucumbers would have been nearly as successful—and the alternative being notes or nothing, it might be as well to put them in circulation again upon the faith of their prospective value; a meeting of business men was held, at which it was resolved to receive Illinois notes again at par; the ban being thus in some degree taken off, they began to pass, not at par, however, but at various rates of discount. The wholesale houses having, during their rigorous demand for specie, driven much of their business to Chicago, hoped thus to recover it; the hotels cancelled their ukase, and the shops announced their readiness to take—anything. In a small way the pressure is relaxed; but in grander affairs the dead lock continues. Specie is not; it has disappeared as if the gnomes of the mine had reclaimed it, as in one sense they have, for most of it is actually buried in the earth, and carefully concealed from human eyes. The old Pagans were right when they drew Plutus as the most timid of their gods."

The panic has been attributed to the warfare of a Bear-party and a Bear-press, and the material progress of the country is appealed to as an evidence that the panic was groundless and

even fictitious. Bear-operations there are always in every market, and the mercantile community of the Atlantic cities being essentially speculative, far beyond the standard even of Liverpool or Glasgow, great bearing operations are always going on in stocks and in produce; and so are operations for the rise; but the fall in railway bonds and shares, and similar securities, was dependent on the fact that line after line had been found rotten in its management, untrustworthy in its statements, and destitute of the assumed traffic; and all other enterprises being eagerly and attentively canvassed, many others were found in the same situation, and a delusion could no longer be maintained.

The fall in railway and the like stocks crippled the resources of the speculative mercantile community and the banks, loans were drawn in, and the manufacturing community, in reality living on borrowed capital, and having no security but highly-priced works and over-priced stock, was in jeopardy the moment advances were restricted, while the banks became more jealous and more wary at each stage, but too late to save themselves, though quite in time to aggravate disaster.

As the resources of the mercantile community were trenced upon, mortgages were called in, land lots found worthless, and high rents being no longer maintainable in an impoverished community, a great depreciation took place in real estate. With the thousands now out of employment, and the general pressure on the trading classes, rents in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston will largely recede, and outside lots remain unoccupied for a time. Thus the various securities of banks, note-brokers, merchants, and store-keepers have, by the reaction of the gigantic system of speculation which pervades the country, been reduced to nothingness, and large concerns, with an improving business and accumulating capital, brought to insolvency.

When the banks began to get into difficulties, and to curtail their discounts, as the mercantile classes were alarmed, so the lower classes of mechanics and agriculturists, chiefly ignorant foreigners, were seized with alarm, and not only essayed to withdraw their deposits in bullion, but forced in their notes to be cashed. On all sides the resources of the banks were assailed, and a general suspension, alike of solvent and insolvent banks, became a measure of prudence and necessity.

We must carefully distinguish between the functions of the banks as note-issuing institutions, and as discount and deposit institutions. As discount and deposit institutions, the banks throughout the Union are unrestrained, like the English banks, and may engage in illegitimate speculations, or improvident advances, or become the instruments of reckless schemers. In fact, from the very nature of their constitution, they are more

prone than English banks, bad as some examples among the latter have been, to appropriate their funds to the personal uses of the managers and their connexions. As banking is free, each little town has its own bank; and in the great towns each trade may have its own bank; and the last aggregation of log-huts, or the Butchers' Bank, has for its management a clique of projectors and speculators, who naturally look after themselves; and in the Western communities a few sharp Downcasters of questionable morality are presidents, directors, tellers, and cashiers for Germans, Irish, Hollanders, and Swedes. Co-operation in scheming is covered with the guise of patriotism; and while the foreign citizens are big with the fate of Democracy or Republicanism, a band of partisan leaders are dividing the spoils of political patronage and of local speculation. Sometimes the president boldly helps himself to the cash of the bank; sometimes he condescends to give security in scrip of his own land-lots, or some of the numerous undertakings in which he is a joint proprietor and office-bearer. The laws against abuse of trust are as good as in the old country, but the administration of them is a virtual nullity; for if the defaulter, whether to the Federal Government, the State Treasury, a Municipality, Railway, Bank, or other Corporation, has paid tithe to the Free-soilers, or Barn-burners, or Know-nothings, it is practically impossible to obtain a conviction against him—trial by jury in many of the States, including a large foreign population, being as great a farce as in Malta, and in other notorious districts nearer home, prosecution and persecution being made alternative propositions. The list of defaulters to the Federal Treasury is astonishing for number and amount, and such as Western Europe cannot parallel. In the Atlantic cities, the public tone is better; but then there are many petty banks instituted among the lower classes of mechanics, and the foreign element is great.

The note circulation has been most sedulously guarded of late years: for first the community were subjected to very heavy losses some years ago by indiscriminate issues of "wild-cat" notes and "shin-plaster;" and secondly, there is among the lower classes, or majority, a jealousy of capitalists, and of the power of creating what they call fictitious capital. Although we hear much of American enlightenment, the enlightenment of the masses does not include political economy, if indeed it extend to anything. The Americans, setting aside the men of advanced education, are much on a par with the Coventry weavers and old borough freemen; and this is about the best explanation of some of the anomalies of the politico-economical condition of the States. A Coventry man might be a bitter Radical and leveller, but he was strictly conservative of all personal rights and privileges, and a staunch pro-

tectionist and No-popery man. Thus the American citizen is liberal enough to demand all legislation which curbs the rich, which prevents the accumulation of property, or its free distribution, and will even restrict its enjoyment, where he can; and although a stickler for theoretical liberty and equality, he has no fancy for putting a negro or an Irishman on an equality; but the indulgence in theory occasionally results in the adoption of measures which leave good administration without safeguards. The great body of the Americans are protectionists—the ancient system of each man endeavouring to protect his own branch of trade; and he equally dislikes the foreign workman in his own branch, and the foreign importer. Thus protectionism has maintained its empire in the States, when the appearance of the institutions of the country betokens an advanced state of enlightenment in most branches of jurisprudence and social economy. The foreign element tends to keep up this creed of protectionism, because the foreigners being low Irish or Germans, ignorant as citizens, and, propagating a hatred of England, prevent the influence of England being rightly exercised on this subject, as, by infusing bitter jealousies, they in other respects neutralize the sympathies for England of the kindred population. Many of the present generation of citizens are likewise Irish or Germans, born in America, and not even yet naturalized in mind and habits, though they are in legal rights. Protectionism reckons further allies in the self-interested allegiance of the most enlightened sections of the country—the New England and middle States, where many of the population are engaged in home manufactures. Slave-owners and cotton-growers are likewise protectionists.

So far as the issue of notes goes, the prejudices of the citizens are strong against allowing unrestricted issues; for as the working classes and lower settlers are the chief victims of insolvent notes, and the commercial classes the chief gainers by banking credits, the whole course of legislation has latterly been to protect the note-holder, even to the detriment of depositors and other creditors of banks; and such is the jealousy with which this engine of currency is regarded, that, in the Constitutions of many States, the Legislature has no power to vary the banking law dictated by the Constitution, or to make any amendment of it, permanent or temporary, but a vote of the whole must be taken—that is, a vote of the citizens of the whole State. Such is the case even in the great State, of New York. A like restriction is inserted in most Constitutions as to the power of dealing with the public debt, by raising loans, or pledging the credit of the State on any pretext. Such is the appreciation the citizens have of their worthy legislators, that they trust them with the fingering of cash, or the handling of resources, as little as may be. So lat-

terly a vote of the whole was taken in the State of California on the arrangement of the public debt.

The general principles of the recent banking laws of the several States, and which are extending throughout the Union, are those of Sir Robert Peel's Bank Charter Act of 1844, and this is more closely applied to the banking institutions of each State than his was to the banks of these islands. The general basis is a guarantee of public securities with a proportion of bullion. The Bank of England issues on a fixed amount of Government securities, say fourteen millions, and on all bullion beyond, but the English banks of issue give no guarantees at all. The details of the Scotch and Irish banks, modifications of the same system, it is needless to enter into.

In the State of New York, the law of which may be taken as a type of the improved banking laws, the securities are not a fixed amount, but a proportional and fluctuating amount. The bullion is likewise a constant proportional, for 82½ per cent. securities must be lodged, and 12½ per cent. of bullion held. The securities are lodged with a public officer, the Comptroller of Banks. In England the guarantee is effected by rendering untransferable in the hands of the Government an amount of public debt due to the Bank. The note-holder in England has, therefore, the guarantee of the fourteen millions of debt, and the fluctuating amount of bullion, being a full guarantee. The note-holders in New York, in default of being paid in bullion on demand, or the bullion being exhausted, can apply to the Comptroller, who is required to sell out the securities in his hands to meet the demands; and in default of adequate assets from realization at a depressed price, he can further put in a preferential claim on the general assets of the bank. The principle, as in England, is strictly one of convertibility; but it will be seen that in England and New York absolute convertibility in bullion, or the general and positive realization of the whole circulation, or the major part thereof, in a general state of panic cannot be obtained. There is, however, in both cases adequate provision for the ultimate full payment of the notes; and even under a suspension of specie payments, the circulation of the New York notes has been maintained, and a return to specie payments on the subsidence of the crisis is provided for.

It is an error to suppose that an indiscriminate and over-issue of notes, unprotected by assets, has been a cause or concomitant of the American panic. The note circulation has been affected by embarrassment during the crisis from the general derangement of the banking institutions, but ultimate loss will not be sustained. The interesting details, which were published in the *Times*, from St. Louis, Missouri, have in some degree con-

tributed to the misapprehension, though in effect the writer shows that the note circulation of Missouri and Michigan are both secured by public law, as will be seen in our extract.

As there are hundreds of petty banks, there is no uniform paper currency in the States, but, as in this country during the old one-pound note time, there are notes in circulation of various denominations of hundreds of banks. Hence great confusion, and a variety of quotations. Some of our older readers will, from their experience in country districts, perfectly comprehend the state of affairs in America, when they come to remember places where the local bank-notes were preferred to Bank of England notes, as is still the case in Scotland, and where the note of a distant bank was shyly regarded in the fear of forgery. There are still horse and cattle fairs in remote districts where something like this can be found on a small scale.

It is a kind of natural result that as there are bank-note issuers in the States, so there are bank-note forgers; and they carry on their operations on a large scale, forging not only the notes of existing banks, but likewise putting in circulation the notes of defunct and insolvent banks, as used to be done here to a considerable extent. As a measure of safety, the trader prefers the note of the Bakers' or Butchers' Bank of his own town, which he knows; and with regard to all notes presented by travellers, he has first to consult a voluminous list, called a "Detector" of the cumbrous constitution of "Bradshaw," and being so far satisfied of its genuineness, he nevertheless subjects it to a practical discount.

All notes sent on distant travels are considered to perform a patriotic mission; and it is the bounden duty of the local community, as of a Scotch bank, to keep its notes in circulation for the extension of capital in the general interest; and to bring in such note to the place of issue, and present it for cash, is a crime in the popular code, ranking with forestalling, regrating, reducing wages, dealing abroad, or becoming wealthy; and certain dealers called "assorters," who engage in this business of taking notes at a discount in remote districts, and realizing a profit by sending them home for cash, have been roughly handled in these latter times.

As since the suppression of the United States Bank no Federal or State bank is possible, the prohibition of such a bank being a Constitutional provision, there is not a uniform currency in any one State; and in this respect there is a material difference between England and the States, as now, by the gradual bankruptcy of banks of issue, and the adoption of Bank of England notes by other banks, in many parts of the country no other note but that of the Bank of England is known, and the fear of forgeries is small, as the Bank can efficiently prosecute simulators.

When, besides the confusion of the various issues and denominations, intelligence began to spread that city after city, and State after State, was suspending specie payments, a further cause of disturbance was produced, and the foreign population taking the alarm, notes were forced in to obtain bullion for hoarding, or, on the instigation of party leaders, to produce confusion; and in New York, as in Munster, the Irish note-holder was found presenting his note for coin, and contributing to the general derangement. In New York, he was said to have done this on instigation to compel a suspension, and to force the banks to succumb to the demands of the trading classes; in Munster, he was said to have done this on instigation to produce political discredit. The European immigrant in America has not of course dismissed his home habit of hoarding.

The banks of New York, pressed upon in one day, were compelled to suspend specie payments, and were thereby exposed to the action of the Comptroller, and to being summarily wound up. Application was made to the Executive at Albany to convene the Legislature to sanction this suspension, but this being in contravention of the Constitution, the Governor declined. A remedy of a strange character was, however, found; for the judges of the Supreme Court of the State, influenced perhaps by their elective origin, rather than by their judicial functions, consented to withhold the execution of the law, provided the banks honestly and actively endeavoured to resume specie payments, as they have taken measures to do, and on the cessation of the panic will be in a position to effect. As one measure to this end, they strove to import specie from Europe, as the local supplies were partly withheld and hoarded.

We are now enabled to see the links of connexion by which this panic was brought to bear in Europe, and its reaction on the United States: the view affords us a very disagreeable proof of the intimate relation between the Old World and the New, and of the influence of the latter on our own interests and condition. We have been so accustomed to the old idea of Europe influencing America, that we have hardly been prepared for the counter-effect, although we should readily accept a westward transit of power or the spread of pestilence thithoward. The first American panic in 1837 affected some four mercantile houses in London, and was regarded as only a partial and isolated operation of little significance. The present panic has, however, been of far more serious extent—surpassing 1837 and 1847, and equalling, in the terror it has spread, and perhaps in its appalling effects, the great panic of 1825-26.

The present so-called American panic is one of those events in our commercial history, as important in its bearings as the

supply of new gold, and as various and enduring in its influence and effects. In a general way, we are prepared to admit the community of interest of all nations; but we are as yet sluggish in appreciating the immediate and decisive influence which any one nation now exerts on the destinies of the others. The change of circumstances has indeed been sudden and swift; and the constant development of the operating causes surpasses our conceptions, and our power of following and registering the events and their consequences. We have not merely to allow for the influence of railways, steam navigation, and the telegraph, in uniting us with the rest of Europe, but for the combined machinery which brings us in contact with new-born and swiftly-growing communities in the West. The abridgment of the Atlantic passage day by day in year after year, hour after hour in each month, as competition effects some improvement, is but one example of the mode in which our union with America is being made closer; for the wonderful march of enterprise among our brethren brings the distant and but lately unpeopled and unproductive regions into rapid contact with us. To say that Quebec is within twenty-four hours' reach of New York—cities once separated by the long marches of armies, by the space of a campaign—is a startling fact, but nevertheless a small one; for Chicago and the cities of the Lakes are reached as quickly as railway transit can effect intercourse, and as railways go on forcing communication with Michigan and the infant commonwealths of the Far West.

To these regions—remote we no longer dare call them—prices and commercial intelligence are conveyed by telegraph, and thereon sea-going shipping is freighted with produce for the markets of Europe. In little more than a week the Mark-lane prices reach Chicago, more swiftly than, not long since, they reached Dantzic or Odessa; and, in little more time, cargoes to arrive may be sold in the London market. There is an intimacy of relation established by the intercourse of trade; but we should deceive ourselves if we considered this fact under any limited acceptation; for we have, in truth, to consider communities of buyers and sellers, of borrowers and lenders, with whom our transactions are most active, and whose condition may immediately affect our own. In Europe, we have countries of the greatest fertility—Hungary, for instance—nearer to our sight and better known to us by name, but with which political or physical circumstances afford less opportunities for intercourse. It is easier to ship corn by the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence or the Erie Canal, and the Atlantic Sea to London, than from Hungary by the Danube, the Black Sea, the Mediterranean; and the Atlantic Sea; for the grower in Michigan is unimpeded by political disabilities or fiscal restrictions, and the geographical difficulties he

has overcome, while identity of language and of race facilitates intercourse.

The development of these growing communities of the West, of the South, and of Canada, has materially influenced New York, and the other Atlantic cities, but chiefly New York; and the commercial operations of these cities are mainly dependent on the proceedings of the nations of producers inland—in the shipment of cotton, tobacco, and flour, and in the consumption of imported goods. We must now go beyond New York, to the customers of New York, to find our own customers, and must prepare ourselves for the establishment of more direct relations. Formerly, New York and her sister cities, solely using European capital and lending it out, commanded the operations of the inland; but now, in many cases, by the growth in wealth of the producers, they are the masters in finance—controlling the destinies of New York, instead of submitting to her commercial sway. The aggregate of these commercial operations is so great, and our own share in them so considerable, that we have the deepest interest in them; for our property and profits are concerned in speculations, whether in New York or the interior—in the abundance or shortness of crops, the arrangements of the Treasury and of currency, the efforts of Protectionists or of Free-traders.

The effects of this new and great panic in England were at first but small, and the intelligence was received with calmness; but quickly they began to spread among the commercial community here, for, in reality, the whole course of trade had been stayed on the other side of the Atlantic. The currency being disturbed, not only did the great and accruing liabilities of the American merchants remain unliquidated, but the holders of cotton, corn, tobacco, and other produce—of late independent of the merchants—hesitated whether to forward produce to the merchants in their cities, ignorant even of the solvency of any in the general mistrust. So, too, the English merchant was left with dishonoured drafts, and without any remittances; while his own produce lay unsaleable, unless at ruinous prices, in the Atlantic cities.

The Bank of England—the great monetary institution which so strongly affects the financial destinies of the old and new country in this crisis—gave an additional shock to the Atlantic trade, by raising rapidly its rate of discount—by impeding the remittance of specie to the United States for the resumption of specie payments there, and at a period when the rates of discount were enormously enhanced, by treating with suspicion the paper of all American houses: thus virtually depriving them of discount altogether. Thus, solvent houses and insolvent houses of all kinds were brought down; for, though it has been said that

no solvent house could want accommodation, yet, inasmuch as so many houses were endangered by the mistrust and suspicion of the regulators of the discount market, houses having good bills, but with the names of suspected firms upon them, were left with inconvertible paper. A bill with three names was reduced to two names, or one name, and placed out of line. Next, the Joint-Stock Banks were disabled from rediscounting, and a name lost thereby; so that day by day the proportion of first-class bills was reduced, and no man having good bills in his hand could tell—if he kept them for a month; a fortnight, a week, or even a day—but that they might become discredited, thus depriving of all resource therefrom. Therefore he rushed to the Bank of England to obtain accommodation while he could; and, with a diminished trade, we saw the phenomenon of an increased amount of discount. Those who had produce strove to realize and obtain resources; thus prices and produce were depressed, and, as the usual course of credit was disturbed, further damage was caused. Alarm was spread among the small tradesmen and the working classes of Scotland and Ireland—notes were forced in for gold, deposits left in confidence were summarily withdrawn, and the banks, unable instantly to realize their resources, or to discount the paper on hand, had, in several cases, to succumb to the sudden pressure.

In such a crisis rotten houses stopped, because rotten houses must stop, and it is besides expedient to cover a disgrace by the appearance of yielding to a general misfortune; but solvent houses suspended, some of which have since resumed, and others will pay twenty shillings in the pound. The liabilities of the British houses and banks which have failed during the crises are estimated at 50,000,000*l.*

The panic spread to the Continent not only through the customary channels of trade, but because the Germans of late years have acquired a very close connexion with the States by the intercourse of half a million of emigrants, while in the trade of England itself the Germans have now a very great share. The desire of freedom has made many of the most active men of Germany citizens or denizens of England and the United States, while those at home look with interest and longing to these emigrant kinsmen. Thus, Germany has in this crisis suffered even more than France and Hamburg; Bremen and every commercial city of Germany have been stricken with disaster.

Concurrently with the extensive and eager demand for gold as the sovereign remedy for the evil we have described, the Bank of England has been subject to a drain on its vaults in order to supply the demands of French merchants through the Bank of France. But in regard to this Bank, that efficient check which, in all monetary operations unfettered or not interfered with by

Governments, regulates the purchases of gold by the ability to do so profitably, proves powerless. The political purposes of Louis Napoleon override the natural laws of commerce: gold is taken from England to France, although, while merchants are glad to pay a discount of ten per cent. for it in London, they can get it for eight or even seven in Paris. That the French Bank, as acting under the direction of the French Government, is subject knowingly and aforethought to heavy loss in the acquisition of bullion, is an admitted fact. The Emperor is not deterred by the consideration of cost; cost does not enter into his calculations, because he weighs something more than the money cost—the political objects he has at stake, the maintenance of commercial credit, the supply of the hoarders of bullion, and the upholding of the whole Imperial system. Were each million of bullion to cost another million of bullion to acquire, and did one month's tenure of the reins of power depend on this, no one imagines the Ruler of France would hesitate at the cost in the disposal of the revenues of the State under his absolute control; whether a few hundred thousand pounds shall be directly or indirectly laid out in the purchase of bullion, or the purchase of bread, or in pulling down houses, or in maintaining soldiers, or deporting political offenders, is not a matter of moment. That Government, too, has so many engines for effecting its purposes in an indirect manner—as, for instance, the Municipality of Paris, the Bank of France, the *Credit Mobilier*—that it can readily enough carry out any financial expedient, nor is it restricted by the dictates of political economy. For that matter, the *Société des Economistes* is defunct since the Imperial régime has been in full vigour; and Horace Say, Michel Chevallier, Adam Blaise des Vosges, and their colleagues, have no longer any organization, although individuals occasionally tilt on unequal terms with the Protectionists. The French Government have provided work for Paris and Lyons, have supplied the public with cheap bread in times of scarcity and with dear bread in times of cheapness, have again regulated the *boucherie*, and duly publish from month to month assizes with fixed prices of bread and meat, according to categories and qualities.

It must be observed, however, that much of the bullion which France has obtained belongs rightfully to her in the course of trade, and in no way owes allegiance to the dominion of our banking institutions. When a West India steamer comes in and sends up seven waggon loads with two millions of dollars to the Bank of England, it is gravely remarked, and in tones of lamentation, that one million or a million and a half have been taken to the Continent; and it is held forth that we have been in some way defrauded of our due right of locking up the dollars in the Bank of England, and that it has been surreptitiously carried off by the bullion stealers of Paris; and yet, if we could know the

truth, probably the whole remittance belongs to the Continent, and not five thousand dollars are on English account. However it may be, the lamentation is great, and doleful prognostics are indulged in.

It is quite forgotten or lost sight of that the people of the Continent have a very large trade in South America, and that they can receive no returns in anything else but bullion, and through the channel of England. It is, however, the case, that Mexico, Columbia, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, and Buenos Ayres, are full of merchants and dealers from the Continent; and that the shopkeepers in many places are French, Catalans, and Genoese. While the English and Americans hold in their hands the great staples of trade, the country towns are occupied by petty shopkeepers and storekeepers of the classes named. Since the hatred to Old Spain has worn off, and a *chino* is no longer a doomed man, the Spaniards have returned, and a feeling of affection and reverence for Old Spain is springing up, which may be productive of serious political results. The Old Spaniard has the advantage of possessing the same language, the same habits, the same institutions, the same vices, and the same foibles as the inhabitants of the New World; and he can in many cases best suit their tastes and habits. Thus the trade with Old Spain is growing. The Frenchman has the *prestige* of fashion in South America; the French language is the foreign language most readily acquired, and that from which the supply of Spanish bookmaking in these days is readily obtained. The French there, as elsewhere, are dealers in nick-knacks, hair-dressers, and perfumers, and milliners, and they have no despicable share in the supply of commodities where luxury and frivolity are dominant. The Italians, or more properly the Genoese, unwatched by us, are making a figure in South America, and steadily increasing in numbers. Not to speak of their great colony in Monte Video, where Garibaldi may again command an Italian legion, they are spread over every southern commonwealth, having a sufficient resemblance in language, manners, and religion readily to establish themselves; and having a frugality and perseverance which enable them to flourish in communities in so low a state of advancement, that the Anglo-Saxon retires from trade in disgust. The Germans are increasing in numbers, but they are chiefly connected with Hamburgh and Bremen, and work either directly with English or American houses, or share in the trade with them. They are either merchants or mechanics, like the English or Americans. The Swiss are, as everywhere, hotelkeepers.

The several continental nations ship assorted cargoes of goods, and their shopkeepers likewise largely supply themselves with

English goods; but in the trade the other way they have but a small share, and it is almost engrossed by the English. Thus the produce of the West Coast available for shipment chiefly consists of guano, copper, silver ores, tin, nitrate of soda, grain, alpaca wool, and bark, and of these the Continent takes but little. Thus guano, being so little appreciated on the Continent, if shipped on a foreign bottom must go to England. Copper ores, if carried to France, are often transhipped to England. Silver ores must go to England. All the bulky cargoes go to England, the United States, or Hamburgh, and the lighter articles go with them. So the goods being, as it were, monopolized by England, there remains the silver of Peru and Chili for the continental remitters; but as bullion must be conveyed by the English mail steamers through the Pacific and the West Indies, there being no others, the bullion comes to England, and the continental remitters buy bills on that market. Looking, therefore, to the fact, that the English and Hamburgh returns are made chiefly in goods, it is a natural conclusion that the silver chiefly falls to the lot of the continental traders; and it will follow, as the bills remitted to Paris, Havre, Rouen, Bordeaux, Lyons, Switzerland, Barcelona, and Genoa, are made available in London, the bullion will be withdrawn.

In all likelihood, if a French, Spanish, or Genoese line of steamers were to be extended round Cape Horn, we should lose much of the West Coast bullion remittances, and those on continental account would go direct, as is the case with those from the United States, now that we have no longer the monopoly of the carrying, but that direct lines of steamers carry specie to Havre and Bremen.

At present, a large proportion of the remittances are brought in transit to London, which has become undeniably the great bullion market of the world, which receives the gold of Australia, much of that of California, the silver of Mexico, Peru, Chili, Columbia, and Buenos Ayres, and the gold-dust of Brazil and Africa. In the operation of parting or purifying these metals, carried on upon a gigantic scale by the Rothschilds at the Royal Mint Works, a considerable quantity of gold, silver, and platinum, with small portions of palladium and rhodium, are obtained. England has likewise the monopoly of separating silver from the copper and other ores of Chili and the West Coast, carried on at Swansea, and occasionally extracts large quantities from Spanish and other lead ores, or lead in the desilvering works at Newcastle. England now produces no mean quantity of silver from its own silver-lead mines. All this serves to build up, as we may say, the bullion market here, and to create a considerable

profit in dealing with the commodities; though it is evident that as to much of the bullion we are only interested as carriers in transit, or warehousemen.

The demand for this bullion in France is referable to two causes—first, for the supply of manufactures, which constitutes a permanent demand; and secondly, for coin for current circulation and for hoarders, which is, to some extent, a casual, irregular, and adventitious demand. France, Switzerland, Italy, and Western Germany produce only a fractional quantity of gold or silver, and Marseilles has only a casual share in the refining of Spanish produce; the demand, therefore, for the goldsmiths, silversmiths, for gold-leaf, looking-glasses, and for other purposes, both for home consumption and for export, is very great, and must be supplied from imports. As the direct imports from the United States and South America are limited, the supply must pass through this market.

The demand for hoarding in France is undoubtedly very great—first, because the population is ignorant, and an ignorant population always hoards; and secondly, because great political distrust and commercial uneasiness prevail. There must be a large permanent demand for coin for hoarding in France among the peasant proprietors, and the amount disgorged for the so-called voluntary loans during the Russian war is a sufficient proof of this. Although such large sums were then let loose, there is not the least ground for believing that the peasants are more enlightened, or less disposed to hoard; on the contrary, there is good ground for the surmise that they are now engaged in restoring their hoards to their former amounts. With such consumers of coin legislation and reasoning will have no effect, and there is no course left but to submit as easily as may be. The same remark applies to such hoardings, now going on in Europe, as are attributable solely to feelings of political or commercial mistrust. Such hoarding will only cease with the mistrust which causes it.

Notwithstanding its high price, bullion is steadily exported to the East; the drain of silver has continued in peace and in war. In India, there is a demand for bullion on account of the improved condition of the population, enhanced by the consequent rise in prices. A Government which has protected the population of India from external aggression, although it has not always succeeded in abolishing internal oppression, has allowed the resources of the country to be further developed. The exports are but a part of this result, as there has been an enhanced consumption in the country, which, with the exports, gives the measure of the total increased production. Little comparatively as has been done, still the means of transportation, and conse-

quently of exchange of commodities, have been greatly increased by road, railway, river and sea. From Cowries, the currency of a district has advanced to copper, while another has advanced from copper to silver, and other portions of the country now circulate gold mohurs in addition to silver rupees. Thus there is a yearly augmenting demand for bullion, for circulation, hoarding, and personal ornaments—another form of hoarding. This demand will not decrease, for the extension of railways among one hundred and eighty millions of people will raise wages and prices to something like a European standard; and if bullion is supplied in a corresponding degree, it may readily be judged the demand will be great.

The only remedy propounded for this demand is a Government paper money; but this will be of very partial effect, as paper notes will neither do for hoarding, nor for bangles and nose-jewels. Still, ultimately with a greater rise of prices, paper money will be to some extent available. One remedy available is to make the rupee of the same denomination as the florin, to make them convertible, to make the sovereign current as a mohur of ten rupees, and to decimalize the rupee on the mil system, giving the *cuma* and *pie* different values. As the rupee has been lately altered throughout India, the new variation will be little felt there, and a uniform decimal currency will be obtained for England, India, and Australia, avoiding re-coinage, simplifying the operations of remittance and circulation, and preparing the way for the extension of uniform currency.

In time of peace the demand for India is great, and on the commencement of the insurrection some authorities considered that this demand would be forthwith stayed, as the commercial operations were slackened. This assumption, however, was founded on forgetfulness of the new class of demand now brought to bear for the purposes of the war: first, because the disturbed condition of India restrained the circulation of the currency then existing; and next, because in a state of war, troops, even if they can make requisitions, must be chiefly dependent on purchases by coin. Bullion in the military chest is one of the first necessaries of an army, for a free market is a quicker and readier resource than forced requisitions for supplies, as Wellington has well laid down in opposition to the practice of Napoleon. Such bullion, as the elder Rothschild showed in his evidence before the Bank Inquiry Committee, does not enter into circulation, but must be constantly supplied, as the peasant, liable to requisitions and forced contributions, hoards whatever coin comes into his possession. Thus, whether in peace or war, and although the neck of the rebellion is broken the agitation of the country will not be repressed for some time, we must still look

upon India as a large consumer of bullion; and the demand being partly political for the purposes of the Indian Government, will not be subjected to purely commercial considerations.

China is undergoing an economical, as well as a political revolution. The active emigration to Australia and California, and the return of emigrants with their savings, have exercised a great influence not only on the maritime provinces, but inland; and there is a demand for bullion, which can only be supplied by importation. The political difficulties of the country stimulate hoarding, the chief antagonistic influence to the free circulation of coin. Speculative writers look upon circulation as the living function of coin; the Spaniard or the Hindoo considers hoarding as its legitimate destination, and we may to this day see large masses of gold and silver coin of the seventeenth century untarnished and unworn. As the passion for hoarding allows of no alternative, it must be satisfied. We may extend our imports of tea and silk, and may increase our exports of English manufactures, but the demand for bullion we must continue to supply.

We have now enumerated the various causes, permanent and recurrent, which have combined to drain the Bank of England of its bullion so effectually as to induce the suspension of the Bank Charter Act a second time. The value of an Act which Ministers have felt constrained virtually to repeal, on the arrival of the only two crises the dangers of which it was expressly devised to avert, we shall discuss elsewhere. From the events which preceded and gave rise to the second repeal, and which we have striven to sketch, we arrive at the following conclusions:—

First. That we are subject to a great disturbing power in the influence of the United States.

Second. That land speculations, as inducing panics, will seriously affect us, in proportion as Australia, Canada, and South Africa advance under the stimulus of self-government.

Third. That the currency laws of England and the United States do not provide such a supply of bullion as will meet a general or considerable conversion of notes, under the influence of a panic.

Fourth. That the currency laws of England and the States of the Union have been practically suspended under the operation of panic.

Fifth. That the currency of the note issues of England and of the States has, nevertheless, been maintained at par; and, in England, its convertibility has not been suspended.

The effects of this panic on the United States are but transitory. The resources of the Union increase enormously every year; large crops are now in hand, the public works now remain,

and the land is available for fresh speculations. In a short time speculative prices will rise again, and the general community will be restored to its real and fictitious wealth; and, although the individual distribution will be affected, yet, as the most of the ruined individuals will engage in fresh operations in a rising market, individual suffering will not be great or continuous, nor will any serious or impressive warning be given by this crisis.

It is, however, most probable that the banking laws of the various States will be so far amended, that a larger proportion of bullion will be required to be kept, and it is possible that the executive or legislature in some of the older States may be armed with power to meet a financial crisis, though great constitutional jealousy is felt as to any such action. In all States in which a general banking law has not been, it is to be expected it will be early applied, as the late crisis has proved the intrinsic and ultimate value of the established currency under the deposit of security.

Commercial losses will not be retrieved, nor, in most cases, compensated; the insolvency, bankruptcy, or assignment laws of the States are lax—insolvency being a general fate, involves no stigma; and as positive swindling escapes unpunished, so there is no legal punishment for those offences which come next to it. The traders who have failed will start again, and their home and foreign creditors will bear with the losses.

In the case of many great railway undertakings, the interest of the bondholders will suffer for a while from the necessity of providing for immediate liabilities, and for creating preferential securities: but, as the traffic of the country is in rapid development, the ultimate returns will, in most cases, restore revenue to the various classes of bondholders and shareholders. In some instances, however, the first or other class of bondholders will have got possession of the works, and destroyed the security of all other classes of creditors. The prospects and position of each line depend, however, on individual circumstances, and can only be determined in detail.

ART. VII.—THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

1. *British Rule in India: a Historical Sketch.* By Harriet Martineau. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.
2. *The Present Crisis in India.* By the author of "Our North-West Frontier." London: John Chapman. 1857.
3. *The Indian Mutiny: its Causes and its Remedies.* A Letter to Viscount Palmerston. By R. J. R. Campbell, M.P. London. 1857.
4. *Les Anglais et l'Inde.* Par F. de Valbezen. Paris. 1857.
5. *Sendschreiben an Lord W., über der Militair-Aufstand in Indien.* Von Leopold von Orlich. Leipzig: Mayer. 1857.
6. *Colonization, Defence, and Railways.* By Hyde Clarke. London: Woale. 1857.
7. *Tracts on the Native Army of India.* By Brigadier-General John Jacob, C.B. London: Smith and Elder. 1857.
8. *A Glance at the Past and Future, in connexion with the Indian Revolt.* By Major-General H. T. Tucker, U.B. London: Effingham Wilson. 1857.
9. *What is to be done with the Bengal Army?* By Qu Hi. London: Effingham Wilson. 1857.
10. *The Mutiny of the Bengal Army.* By One who has served under Sir Charles Napier. 1857.
11. *The Letters of Indophilus.* Reprinted from the *Times*. London: Longman and Co. 1857.
12. *Parliamentary Papers relative to the Mutinies in India.* Presented to the House of Commons. 1857.
13. *The Mutiny in the Bengal Army.* London: John Chapman. 1857.
14. *India.* By Richard Congreve. London: John Chapman. 1857.

UP to the year 1857, the story of British India might have justly been cited as the most wonderful and magnificent evidence of the genius and wisdom of the English people. The world's great drama contained no episode of equal interest. The majesty of the Roman dominion—the romance of the Spanish conquests—the wild grandeur and impetuous sweep of the Tartar invasions—are all combined in the history of the rise and progress of the British empire in India. In wonder as in worth, the adventure of the English merchants transcends all that

Rome, or Spain, or Tartary ever achieved. After two centuries and a half of a troublous and chequered career, our nation found that it had won a great empire. Beginning as humblest traders, we had ended as sovereign princes—princes of a territory large as civilized Europe, and masters of a hundred and twenty millions of people. By right or by wrong, we had achieved this great success—we had fought our way, a handful of English, against all obstacles, and had arrived at a period when, as there was little more to conquer, there seemed to be nothing more to apprehend. By means the smallest ever employed for so great an end, we had lived down Dutch, and Portuguese, and French—the Mogul, the Mahratta, the Rajpoot.

Yet never was empire so carelessly won, or so lightly held. Conquerors in spite of ourselves, we English have never rightly appreciated our conquests. Like reckless gamblers, we flung ourselves into the game, without stopping to weigh the value of the stakes. We have won—to our infinitely great surprise. Seeking only profitable investments, we have found a vast territorial dominion. And no sooner are we landed securely in our possessions, than, by a chance as strange and startling as any which attended our rise, we are all but despoiled of our empire, and reduced to fight for very life against an enemy of our own creation. The late mutiny is, indeed, a fitting *dénouement* of the wondrous tale. Nothing else, in dramatic propriety, could have so well rounded off the action of the piece. The theatre of our valour, our enterprise, and our sagacity, has become the scene of our greatest disgrace and humiliation. The slaves of our power have been made the instruments of our punishment. At the very moment when we had reached the summit of our glory—when the finishing touch had been given to the fabric we had so painfully raised—when our civil government had been consolidated, and our military system was pronounced perfect—when we had reached the long-sought era of peace and social progress, and had fairly commenced that work of moral and material improvement which was to cover all our sins and to justify our dominion—the inexorable Nemesis has visited us with blood, and torture, and foul pollution. The only danger to which, in the opinion of the greatest Indian statesmen, we were exposed, has come upon us like a whirlwind. The loyal and trusted Sepoy has proved false: and that prop being withdrawn, in a moment our empire has tumbled to the ground. It has yielded, with a suddenness and enormity which none could have predicted. By a miracle only—the miracle of the electric telegraph—was the entire British settlement preserved from extirpation. A little more, and British India were a dream of the past. Yet nothing less could have saved her, for nothing less could have aroused the English

people from their profound apathy in all things relating to our greatest possession. In so far, therefore, as it has brought death and worse shame to our doors, this mutiny is a great and terrible affliction; but in so far as it is the event which only could have induced this nation to look closely to the affairs of India, it is perhaps the greatest good thing which could have happened for either country. The innocent blood has already been wiped away: the smoke of battle is dissipated. For the great wrong our countrymen have suffered, we have exacted a becoming retribution: henceforth, the sky is clear, and our path open. The past, with its memories of shame and violence, may now be forgotten—the future dawns the brighter and fresher for the gloom out of which it has been begotten.

The opportunity seems a good one to review our whole Indian career. Properly to estimate our present position and our future prospects, it is necessary to “take stock” of what has been done, that we may, while allowing for the cost, appreciate the worth of our possessions, in full view of that new order of things which has been so rudely precipitated by the mutiny of the Bengal army. An inquiry into the circumstances of the rise and progress of our Indian empire will serve to dissipate some of the popular errors in regard to this most interesting portion of the national history, and it may perhaps tend to a justification of the most prominent features of our past policy. At no time was it more necessary to learn the truth about India. Obscured by the mists of ignorance and prejudice, India, indeed, has never been known to the English people. From the beginning, it has been the business of the East India Company to keep it out of sight and out of knowledge. And now, after two hundred and fifty years of direct intercourse, the popular world of England knows very little more of India than that it is a country of black people, very hot, and full of snakes and tigers. To the popular world, the Nabob is still a living reality—the Pagoda tree is yet green and flourishing. The “uncle from India” yet lingers in our novels—yet returns from Calcutta, in the very nick of time, to succour penniless virtue and to help the story. Traditions of Warren Hastings’ enormous crimes still haunt the popular mind; and the speeches of Burko are still the repository of all our notions of Indian governors and Indian government.

The first body of merchant adventurers scarcely knew less of the land they were going to. Two hundred and fifty years ago, the British fleet left Torbay for the East Indies—then a vague term, including the whole Eastern world, from the Cape of Good Hope to Japan. The enterprize was a product of the success achieved by the great navigators of Elizabeth’s time—notably by Sir Francis Drake’s famous voyage. It was the last wave of

that surging sixteenth century—the era of great deeds. The first venture of those British argonauts was humble enough. The whole capital they could muster did not exceed 30,000*l*. The fleet did not even reach Hindostan, but returned in three years' time, after touching at Acheen in Sumatra, and at Bantam in Java. But the reports brought back by the Queen's ambassador, Mildenhall, and by Sir John Roe, of the riches of the Mogul court, and the successes of the Dutch and Portuguese in Hindostan, inflamed the minds of the English and stimulated them to further enterprizes. The early travellers to the land of Ind told of an Eldorado surpassing Raleigh's—of a land abounding in gold and precious stone—of Delhi and its marble palaces—of the peacock throne and the Mountain of Light—of idols with jewel eyes, each one a prince's ransom—of pearls and rarest cloth of gold—of the exquisite fabrics of the Indian loom—of the shawls of Cashmere—the silks of Bengal—the cottons of Surat and Dacca—until the sober calculations of the merchant were heightened into faëry dreams. Time and fortune were favourable to the new commerce. The empire of the Moguls, under Akber, had attained its zenith of prosperity. The fame of that illustrious prince had spread even to Europe, as of a great and beneficent ruler—the best extant type, perhaps, of the Oriental hero-king. Throughout the East, he was acknowledged the rival of Haroun, in justice—of Nushirwan, in splendour—and of Hakim, in magnanimity. The lustre of his glorious reign still shone on his unworthy son, Jehanguire, the slave of the woman Nourjehan. Careless in his assured greatness, and little dreaming of what portent was the visit of the Western strangers, the Mogul Emperor made no difficulty of allowing the English to establish factories at Surat, Ahmedabad, and Cambay. Thus was sown the seed of our Indian empire.

The East India Company, meanwhile, was doing little good for itself at home. From its very cradle, it was assailed by the jealousy of its rivals and the necessities of its sovereigns. For some years, it hardly survived. The good King Charles I., in particular, took a most royal advantage of the poor Company. In violation of his word—he sold licences to any who would buy them. He seized pepper of the Company on credit, and sold it for cash—never paying for it at all. To the Stuarts, indeed, the Company was their Majesty's milch-cow; for never a privilege did they grant without hard cash in payment. In the midst of their domestic troubles, however, the merchant adventurers did not neglect their affairs in the East. The first foot of ground which owned the English as masters was bought in 1640, and Fort St. George was built, on the Coromandel Coast. During the early-burly of the

Revolution, the Company suffered grievously in its monopoly; for Cromwell was inclined to throw open the trade, and did so for a few years, to the manifest advantage of England, and to the discomfort of her Dutch rivals. The restoration of the second Charles saw the revival of the East India Company, and its consolidation with some of its more powerful rivals. A new charter gave to the merchant adventurers, for the first time, the sovereign power of making war and peace, and of exercising civil jurisdiction. The territories of the Company were further augmented by favours from the Great Mogul, and by the cession of Bombay (a Portuguese marriage-portion), "in free and common socage, as of the manor of East Greenwich, at an annual rent of 10*l*." In this reign, the French also made their Indian venture, and grew, undisturbed for eighty years, unto an equal height with the English. William III. was a sore trouble to the Company; for, as it would not lend him money on his own terms, he established a second company, which was more accommodating. At length, after much strife at home and contention in India, the union of the two Companies was finally effected in 1702; and from this date the history of the present body in Leadenhall-street may truly be said to begin.

During these hundred years the Company was purely and simply commercial. The whole policy of the Directors had no other object but profitable investments—the highest glory of its factors was to make good bargains. How it wrought in this work we have but scanty evidence, except in occasional glimpses of exports and imports. If the Indian monopoly was, as we have shown in a former article of this *Review*,* but of infinitesimal advantage to the people of England, it must be remembered that the principles of trade were then scarcely understood, and that trade itself was in its infancy. England was a poor country in the days of the Stuarts, with few superfluities, and with little that she could give in exchange for the productions of the East. Even so late as in 1708, the total exports to India and China amounted in value only to 549,690*l*.—of which no less than 447,580*l*. were bullion. As to manufactures, we consumed more than we supplied in those days. Cotton goods, which are now the main staple of the export trade to India, were then largely imported from the Indian manufactories. In this respect, a thorough and singular revolution has taken place in our commerce with the East. And though it is a fallacy to assume that an armed monopoly was necessary for the creation of the Eastern trade, it may be doubted whether, without such a monopoly, the result would have been very different. One conse-

* "*Westminster Review*," April, 1852, Art. I.

quence, at least, of the Indian monopoly has been the Indian empire, and it is with that we are now mainly concerned.

In the process by which factories gradually grew into forts, factors into governors, clerks into soldiers, and the merchant adventurers into sovereigns, there was undoubtedly much rough and wild work, of a character which will not bear the close scrutiny of this nineteenth century. Yet certain allowances must in fairness be made for a body of men circumstanced as was the East India Company.

"It is fair to state," (says Sir John Malcolm, an honest and intelligent witness,) "that while we find in the first century of the history of the East India Company abundant proofs of their misconduct, we also discover a spirit of bold enterprize and determined perseverance, which no losses could impede and no dangers subdue. To this spirit, which was created and nourished by their exclusive privileges, they owed their ultimate success. It caused them, under all reverses, to look forward with ardent hopes to future gains; and if it occasionally led them to stain their fame by acts of violence and injustice towards the assailants of their monopoly, it stimulated them to efforts, both in commerce and in war, that were honourable to the character of the British nation."

This is a tribute not too flattering to the merchant adventurers. In sooth, there is something heroic in those early men and their first ventures. Something of a noljfer—at least of a manlier—feeling, lent a romance and a refinement to commerce in those days, which are altogether strange to this generation. Not love of lucre alone could have been the incentive, at least not to all the daring spirits who sought the excitement of the Indian voyage. The voyage itself—a painful matter of twelve or fifteen months—was no small trial to manhood. Altogether, the trade was very different from what we have now made it, when the adventurer has sunk into the merchant, and there is scarcely more excitement in a voyage from London to Calcutta than from the Bank to Bayswater.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the East India Company had fairly taken root in its future empire. By slow and painful degrees it had become a prosperous concern, with factories at Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta. By arms or by diplomacy, it had supplanted all its earlier European rivals. The Portuguese had been driven from Ormuz and the Persian Gulf—the Dutch diverted from the Indian Peninsula to the Eastern Archipelago. The French had, as yet, acquired no power or reputation. In 1708, the capital of the Company had reached 8,200,000*l.* Its transactions were increasing in their scope and magnitude; yet still, and for some time longer, the English factors were content to be supplicants of the Great Mogul and of his officers.

The transition from the merchant to the politician was tedious and almost insensible; and it is certain that the change, when it finally occurred, was not effected without vehement protest and opposition from the Directors. Those worthy gentlemen looked only for profitable cargoes, and were scared at the very name of war or conquest. They steadily resisted every ambitious proposition of their factors; and they severely censured one of their superintendants, who had built a fort without orders, compelling him to dismantle it. But destiny had ordained that the East India Company should be a great political power, and the times were ripe for that consummation. The Mogul empire was rapidly breaking up into its original constituent parts. The sceptre of Akber had passed into the hands of Aurungzebe—a prince of vast ostentation, but of genius unequal to his pretensions. Even before his death, in 1707, he was doomed to witness the rise of the most formidable enemy of his house, in the Mahratta Sivajee. His own Soubahdars scarcely maintained a show of allegiance. It was an era of change, following the decay of the Mahomedan dominion. The spirit which had carried the hardy children of the mountain and desert into the plains of Hindostan, was by this time nearly spent in the cuervating luxuries of the warmer south. The ascendancy of the Tartar blood was now hotly contested by the fierce Mahratta and the chivalrous Rajpoot: the whirlwind-rush of Nadir Shah, and the Afghan victory of Paniput, were the last expiring efforts of the Mahomedan conqueror in India. The old order was giving place to the new. Both Hindoo and Mahomedan were making haste to reject allegiance to a court too weak to exact submission. The sword and spear were held to be the only titles to command; and every petty chief fought, like Harry Wynd, for his own hand.

The merchant adventurers of England were at first not a little puzzled where to do homage, or whom to bribe, amidst the confusion of powers and conflict of authorities. At Dehli itself, no fewer than eleven monarchs had occupied the musnud in the space of nine years, following each in a bloody and fitful succession. The lieutenants of the emperors were each setting up his own throne on the ruins of the falling fabric of the house of Baber. A great part of the Deccan and Central India had lapsed into the hands of Mahratta chiefs. It was now, by a natural and very excusable impulse, that the first ideas of territorial conquest possessed the souls of the English factors. These ideas, in the beginning, were not very ambitious—they were limited to the securing of the lordship of the lands immediately surrounding the factories, and were purely defensive. The first warlike enterprizes of the Company were directed, not against any native ruler, but against the French, who had now secured a

firm footing on various points of the coast. Under the guidance of a succession of able and daring leaders, the adventurers of this nation had established a formidable rivalry to the English. They were less scrupulous than we as to confining their trade to its legitimate ends, and mingled freely in the politics of the Peninsula. In 1746 was begun that contest between French and English, the issue of which was so long doubtful, and so hotly disputed. The old quarrel between the two nations lost nothing of its intensity by being transferred from the shores of the Channel to the coasts of India. In the first campaign, the French were everywhere victorious. The attack on Pondicherry was a failure; Madras, our principal settlement, was captured; and our affairs were altogether desperate. But in the hour of her need, there failed not a champion to England. The factories of the Company contained a young writer, who was born to confound the genius of Duplex. From the memorable defence of Arcot, to the "crowning mercy" of Plassy, the history of British India is an epic, with CLIVE for its single hero. The astute De Bussy and the furious Lally, could prevail nothing against the all-conquering star of the young English hero. For the first time, the native mind has assurance that the English—even the English—are good in war, and able to do else than chaffer for calico. From this turning point of our history, the sole work of that one man, Robert Clive, the ascendancy of the British is secure. The foundation of our empire is laid, and the good gentlemen of Leadenhall-street have scarcely breath to protest against a career which destiny itself has so remarkably indicated. From the three centres of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, the British armies swept onward by an influence which they could as little resist as their adversaries.

The type of this early conquering age, which ends with the appointment of the Marquis of Cornwallis as Governor-General in 1780, is best indicated in the first and greatest conqueror, Clive. How much of our success in India is due to the genius of this one man, has scarcely yet been sufficiently acknowledged. He was the man above all others best fitted for the work; and if the work was not of the clearest, shall we throw a stone at the hero's memory? In war as in council, a man of God-like daring—at the worst—

"A glorious devil, large of heart and brain."

A stern, iron man, whom neither fortune nor conscience could daunt—a true son of the Earth, who could take a bribe or conquer a kingdom with equal audacity. As little hampered by scruple as by fear, he could forge a deed as readily as he could fight a battle, so long as the object of the fighting or the forgery

was none other than the advancement of the English cause. As Carlyle has said of an infinitely lesser man—"Even in his briberies, and sins as to money, there is a frankness, a kind of broad greatness." Even in his briberies, was there nothing mean or common. The treasures of the Nawaub he accepted, without disguise and in the sight of all the world, as the rightful spoils of war—the just meed of the conqueror. And it must be remembered that the Company, by its scanty remuneration of its servants, almost invited them to help themselves whenever they could. The pay, even of the highest officers, was most miserable, and utterly inadequate to their maintenance. A colonel had only fifty rupees a month; a writer, eight. Mr. Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, complains that in 1769 he often went to bed in the dark because he could not afford a candle. As for Clive, he is to be tried, in these matters, not by the lofty standard of the nineteenth century, but by that of an age when every member of Parliament was bribed by the Minister as a matter of course, and when a Chancellor of the Exchequer was not above speculation. And after all, without justifying every one of his deeds, we may surely spare a little admiration for a character so free from small meannesses—so ripe in all great thoughts and high impulses. We, at least, who have profited by his acts, and have no disposition to give up his acquisitions, have no right to be hypercritical as to the means of acquirement. And as to our neighbours across the water, it is with a very bad grace that they assume the censor on our Indian career; for assuredly, as long as their opportunities lasted, they were no whit more scrupulous, but only less successful.

The fabric, of which the foundation was laid by Clive, under Hastings "rose like an exhalation." The maxim of the founder became the rule, and is the excuse of all his successors—"to stand still is danger, to recede is ruin." The actual increase of territory was not, however, so much aimed at by Warren Hastings as the advancement of *prestige*—of that *prestige* which, in the Oriental sense, implies superior force, and has little to do with the moral sense. Yet for the policy of Hastings there is the same excuse, though in a less degree, as for the acts of Clive. Both were engaged in rough-hewing an empire, and employed such means as were fittest to that end. And though Miss Martineau regards some parts of the rough-hewing process as "a national calamity" for England, it may be questioned whether the trial of Hastings has not been a greater evil, both for England and for India, than the hanging of Nundoomar or the betrayal of Omichund. Of these later acts the natives entertain no such horror as English writers give them credit for, simply because they were so purely after the indigenous

manner and the local standard. But the exaggerated charges of Burke against Hastings have left an indelible impression of blood-guiltiness upon the whole British Indian dominion—an impression which all Europe and a great part of England retain to this day—of guiltiness far greater than is warranted by the truth. Ever since that famous prosecution, there has hung a bad odour about British India, which many years of just and beneficent government have not dissipated. The vindication of the national conscience was, indeed, dearly purchased at the sacrifice of the national good name; and the eloquence of Burke is answerable for a great part of the odium which attaches to the British empire in India. With that talent for self-accusation, which is so peculiar a trait of the English character, we did our best to blacken our own reputation, and we need not be surprised that the nations of the world should now take us at our own word. Yet let the dead bury their dead. Our sins are great, but they are past. The Rohillas are dust—Choyte Singh has long been a cinder—the Begums are gone where jewels have no price.

The trial of Hastings quieted the moral sensibilities of the people of England, but it did in nowise affect the progress of their Indian empire. How we advanced, step by step, to universal dominion, fulfilling what might reasonably be thought our "manifest destiny," it would be tedious to relate in detail. Either we were wantonly attacked, as by Hyder 'Ali, or we anticipated attack, as in the case of the Mahrattas, or we formed alliances which required offensive operations. In any case the result was the same—accession of territory. Usually we played off a contingent enemy against an immediate one; and we either obtained lands as the price of an alliance, or we took them as the penalty of treachery. Surrounded by a number of chiefs, who never knew what it was to keep an obligation or redeem a pledge—to whom lying was no shame, and deceit a daily habit of life—cordially hating each other, even more than they hated us—it is no more wonder that we found ourselves involved in their quarrels, than that, in the end, we overtopped them all. In our triumph, we see only the natural ascendancy of the nobler over the baser race; and the result can no more be deplored than it could be averted. And it is an apology for all our Governors, that none could resist the conquering influence. Every successive Governor, from Cornwallis to Canning, has gone out under strict injunctions not to enlarge the Company's territory; but they have, one and all, ended by adding something to our dominion.

Up to the passing of Mr. Pitt's India Bill, in 1784, the East India Company was solely responsible for our Indian conquests. But with Lord Cornwallis—a just and honourable man, if no statesman—a new order of things was established. Hitherto, the

turmoil and confusion consequent upon the transition from the pursuits of trade to those of war had left little leisure to our Indian Governors to attend to the internal administration of their newly-acquired possessions. They had been content to retain existing usages, and to administer such law as they found. Lord Cornwallis was the first who undertook to inquire into the condition of our native subjects, and to regulate the administration of justice. He was the first to recognize the obligations which our conquests had entailed upon us as a nation. He began by raising the salaries of the Company's servants at least fifty-fold, thereby putting an end for ever to the scandalous abuses which had hitherto prevailed, by depriving the officials of all excuse for corruption. He established a judicial system, dividing the country into *zillahs* or districts, of 4000 square miles a-picco, with central courts of appeal at Calcutta and Monshedabad. But his most famous work was the "Perpetual Settlement," which, by a stroke of the pen, revolutionized the entire land system of Eastern India, and effected changes the most important in the social economy of our empire. Previous to the British dominion, and since the first foundation of the Mahomedan dynasty, the lands of India were held as the property of the sovereign. The whole country was divided into small holdings, cultivated each by a village community under a *potail*, or head man, who was bound to pay, as rent, one-third of the estimated produce of his holding. For convenience of collection, *zemindars* were appointed, who were in some cases merely agents, and in others farmers of the revenue; having no other connexion with the land, and liable to be removed at pleasure. In some cases the office of *zemindar* had become hereditary; but at no time was the *zemindar* considered as the owner of the soil. Lord Cornwallis, however, trained in all the English ideas of landlord and tenant, thought to improve upon such a system by converting the revenue agents into land-owners. The *ryots*, or cultivators, were declared to be tenants of the *zemindars*. The proportion of rent to be paid by the *ryot* to the *zemindar* was fixed by the current rate of the district (called the "Pergunnah rate"); and the rent to be paid by the *zemindar* to the Government was subject to a periodical assessment. Thus, a new class of society was created in India—a class hitherto quite unknown. The *zemindars* became the middle-men between the Government and the cultivators of the soil; and the arrangement, at first sight, had much to recommend it. There would be greater convenience in the collection of the revenue, and there would be a class of landed aristocracy, interested in the preservation of order and in the stability of the Government. On the other hand, it is not to be doubted that the working of the *zemindaree* system has been attended with the most disastrous

effects upon the mass of the native population. While there is no proof of its greater economy or convenience over either the *ryotwarce* or the *putteedaree* systems of Madras and the North-Western Provinces, its immediate result is to stereotype the condition of the cultivator—to place an insurmountable impediment in the way of industry and enterprize, and to facilitate the practice of tyranny and extortion by the native landowners. The *ryot*, it is true, is not bound to pay more than a certain fixed rent, but he has no protection against the numerous petty exactions of his *zemindar*, in the shape of bribes and presents, and that infinity of forced benevolences, which in India are comprehended in the term *dustoorce*. The *zemindar*, again, is little satisfied with a state of things which renders him liable to be sold up at any moment for any fraction of arrears due to the Government.

While thus settling, with the best intentions, the land system of India, Lord Cornwallis did not neglect the primary duty which fell upon every Indian Governor—that of annexation. The deadly grapple with Tippoo brought out in further prominence the power and resources of the English, and gave us another step forward towards universal dominion. Henceforth, the progress of our arms becomes monotonously regular, and we need not follow it in detail. To Lord Cornwallis succeeded Sir John Shore—an amiable man, the first who introduced piety into the Government-house. Then came Marquis Wellesley—a *petit-maitre en grand*—who, with his brother, extinguished Tippoo and dissolved the Mahrattas; then Lord Minto, the head and source of all the Indian Elhotts, who brings us to 1813—the epoch of another great transformation undergone by the East India Company, henceforth no longer sole traders with India. The Act of 1813 introduces us to a change not less great in the moral and social condition of the Anglo-Indian. The change was a decided improvement. European ideas and principles began to supersede those laxer rules of living indulged in by the early settlers. The intercourse with England had become easier and more frequent. India itself was beginning to be better understood, and the Indian service was no longer held to be a banishment, with a death by pestilence in reversion. The presence of English women in the marriage marts of the three presidencies led to a marked reform in the sexual relations. The *zenana* was no longer held to be a necessary appendage to a well-regulated Indian household. The tone of public morals improved perceptibly, and a sense of duty towards the natives for the first time impressed itself upon the Government. From 1813 is dated the first grant of public money (10,000*l.*) for the purposes of education. And the influx of European settlers, though regarded with great jealousy by the authorities, began to

make itself felt upon the trade and industry of the country. India was now, for the first time, becoming of value to the people of England.

1833 saw another step forward, in the final abolition of the Company's trade, and the conversion of its capital into a public debt. With Lord William Bentinck came in that portentous policy of conciliation which so thoroughly altered the character of our rule—whether for better or for worse we shall by-and-by show. Lord Auckland, the weakest of men, initiated a policy of another kind—that of foreign aggression for home defence—Lord Ellenborough, a man of a totally opposite nature, and with something of the temper of the early conquerors—Lord Hardinge, a military pedant, of small intellect, but cool and hard-headed—Lord Dalhousie, intensely earnest in the discharge of his duties and appalled by no amount of work, but the very genius of red-tape and officialism—bring us down to Lord Canning, the Sepoy mutiny, and the present days.

In balancing the good and evil of the British conquest of India, it would not be fair to omit certain items from the credit side of the account, which are most honourable to us as a nation. However equivocal have been some of the means by which we rose to power, there never was a conquest attended with so little violence to individual rights or popular feelings. In this respect, our conquest of India is like no other conquest. Except in this instance, whenever race overcame race, the phrase *ex victis*, has been the expression of all the conqueror's duty and all the subject's fate. The British alone have conquered without despoiling—have ruled without desolating. We, in fact, have never conquered India in the sense in which the Romans conquered Gaul, Alexander conquered Persia, Cortez conquered Mexico, or the Normans conquered Britain. We have simply assumed the sovereign authority—taking it, not from the people, but from a race of upstart tyrants, who were mostly as foreign to the soil as ourselves. We have taken no man's estate—filched no man's property—invaded no man's conscience. Not an acre of land has passed from Hindoo to European without full compensation and a legal conveyance. The property of the soil remains, as before, in the hands of the natives—with this difference, that it is infinitely more secure than ever it was. We have done little else than to supersede the native rulers, substituting what must be allowed to be a mild, equable, and beneficent rule for the cruel yoke of the Mogul and the Mahratta. And even for our imperial assumptions there is this further apology, that the rulers we supplanted were of no ancient native dynasty, consecrated by time or founded on the popular will, but mushroom usurpers, none of whom had a better claim than

ourselves to the sovereignty. The East India Company, indeed, is actually an older Power in the country than any of its rivals. We were all interlopers together. The Mahommedan Emperor himself represented an Affghan freebooter. The Nawaub of Bengal was but his servant, before we made him an independent prince. The Vizier of Oude and the Nizam of the Deccan were precisely in the same condition; and owed each his sovereignty to the English. The Mahrattas—the only native dynasty—were altogether of modern creation, and merely a tribe of robbers, who held their possessions by no other warrant than that of sword and spear. The Peishwah, before he rose to be robber, had been a petty village trader—the original Guicowar was a cowherd—the original Scindia, a slave. Hyder Ali was an adventurer, equally with Clive or Hastings. The truth was, the throne of Hindostan was vacant when we went to occupy it; and although the bad title of others is no title for us, yet the circumstance of the general anarchy and confusion is a considerable deduction from the violence or injustice of our own occupation.

Nor must it be forgotten that the main instrument of our rise to power has been an army composed of natives of the soil. Of all the wonders we have achieved in India, this surely is the greatest. Of all the productions, natural or artificial, of the country, the Sepoy, as M. de Valbezen remarks, is the most curious. Looking to the original rude material as it existed in the mud villages of Oude, and seeing, as we now do for the first time, how much of the tiger there lay concealed under that smooth husk of docile simplicity, we cannot but be struck with admiration at the manner in which, for a hundred years, the animal has been made to do our work. Nor does it detract from the credit due to the founders of the native army, that it has at last given way under its own weight. The leopard whom we had trained to kill, has turned our teaching against ourselves; and, for want of his accustomed exercise, has fallen upon his master. To trust our empire to such keeping was the boldest experiment ever made in the art of ruling—the first, if not the only, attempt to uphold a foreign dominion by the means of its armed subjects.

The experiment is at an end, and can never more be repeated. The Sepoy mutiny of 1857, with all its bloody circumstances, has solved an important problem for the rulers of India. Yet the solution nearly lost us an empire. How, in one mad hour, the loyal and trusty Sepoy became a bloody and obscene beast of prey—how, from station to station, the revolt flew like the Fiery Cross—how an army of a hundred thousand men dissolved, in a few weeks, into a horde of barbarous robbers and assassins—how officers who, the day before, had sworn to the staunchness of

their men, and had received their oaths of fidelity in return, were murdered with horrible tortures—how English wives were violated before their husbands' eyes, and English mothers fed with the flesh of their own infants—appears like the most hideous of nightmares, rather than a series of real events in which we have been actors.

Yet up to May, 1857, there was much to justify the high opinion in which the Bengal Sepoy was held. In many respects he was, as Sir Charles Napier termed him, "a glorious soldier." Created first by our French rivals, he was improved up to his highest type under Clive, Meadows, Coote, and Lake. The early history of India is full of the records of his fidelity and prowess. Morally and physically, there was much to justify the predilections entertained for him by his European officers. Brave, sober, hardy, docile, and patient—of lithe, athletic form, and proud and graceful bearing—he was the model of all the military virtues—the *beau-ideal* of the man-at-arms. Nature had made him half a soldier; in six months the drill-havildar did the rest. Attired in the Company's regulation jacket, his reluctant legs encased in regulation trousers, the cap of Kilmarnock on his head, and the musket of Birmingham in his hand, he represented the greatest triumph of British industry and genius. And few conditions of life were happier and more enviable. With a profession the most honourable to him that the world could afford—with a princely income of fourteen shillings, of which only six were necessary to his personal maintenance—with the prospect of a provision when old or crippled, or of a subadar-majorship in the far distance—with that last and purest element of bliss to a native of India, the having little or nothing to do—the Sepoy had the least possible reason for discontent or disaffection.

But at the very moment when we were congratulating ourselves, on the assurance of Lord Dalhousie, that nothing more could be done to improve the condition of the Sepoy, the evil hour, so long looked for, had come. There is no pretext whatever for saying that this mutiny was sudden and unforeseen. It was a surprise only to the Calcutta Government—to poor Brigadier Hewitt, and the rest, whom either imbecility or the insolence of office had made obstinate. The greatest men of India had, for years, been predicting a Sepoy revolt. Sir Thomas Munro, so far back as 1822, had said, "the spirit of independence would spring up in the native army long before it is thought of among the people." Sir John Malcolm said the same thing in other words. Sir Charles Metcalfe always looked for the morning when he should get up to hear India was lost. Colonel Jacob, of the famous Scinde Horse, wrote a pamphlet several years ago to prove that "the Bengal army was crumbling to pieces;" and

General Tucker, late Adjutant-General in Bengal, warned the East India Directors of the danger of trusting too much to their native soldiers. But, greater than all, Sir Charles Napier—the hero who, by the lustre of his deeds, has lent a new brilliancy even to the brilliant history of India—spoke out clearly and loudly, as was his wont, of the impending peril. Nor was he content to play Cassandra only. He was the first who proposed a practical remedy for the coming evil, by introducing the gallant little Goorkhas into our service—and thus set the example of forming a mixed native army, which, had he been allowed to carry out, it is certain there would have been no Indian mutiny. And for this it was that he—the greatest soldier of the age—was bullied out of India by a bureaucratic clique, with Lord Dalhousie at its head. But time has wrought his revenge. The peril which Napier predicted having arrived, it is now decided that nothing was more probable. “We have been sitting,” says good General Hearsey, “upon a mine ready for explosion.” Mutiny is now declared to have been “the normal condition” of the Bengal army. For the first symptoms of corruption we are referred back even to the siege of Bhurtpore. Since then, the taint has never left the Bengal Sepoy. Petted and pampered, and humoured in all his freaks and fancies, he had for a long time past assumed the right of declaring how and where he should be employed. He would not go beyond the Indus—he would not enter Scinde. Although a “volunteer,”* he would not cross the “black water” under any circumstances; he, who at the siege of Arcot was content to drink the water in which the rice had been boiled for the Europeans, would now haggle about the price of flour; and he who once was wont to carry his dead officer to the grave, thereby incurring hopeless pollution in this world and eternal damnation in the next, would now not wear a leather peak to his cap, nor (which brings us to a climax) bite a greased cartridge.

“The rise and fall of empires,” said Mr. Disraeli, in his epigrammatic way, “are not affairs of greased cartridges.” Yet the event very nearly confounded the orator. Whatever ulterior and deeper causes there might have been, it is certain that the issue of the greased cartridges was the immediate occasion of the Indian mutiny. It was the sarcasm of the artillery coolie, at

* Certain regiments of the line used to be termed “volunteers,” the men having enlisted with the express understanding that they would serve anywhere at the pleasure of the Government. There is a pleasant story of a Sepoy, belonging to a volunteer regiment ordered on foreign service, who was found by his officer in tears and deep distress. Being asked what was the matter with him, Pandly blubbered out, “*Hum dultumter hy, lékin hum jané né nungta!*” (“I am a volunteer, but I don’t wish to go!”)

Dum-Dum, in January, 1857, which fired the loaded train. The cartridges alone would never have done the mischief, had not the minds of the men been prepared for revolt by a combination of causes. Yet there is no cause, alone and singular. The whole system of the native army was rotten at the core. Instead of being kept subsidiary to the European force, it was entrusted with the whole burden and dignity of our imperial defence. Originally raised for military service against the native Powers, the time had come when there were no native Powers to serve against. Hence it became idle, and gave itself airs. It believed it had won the empire for the English, and could win it again for itself. In numbers, the native army of Bengal stood to the Europeans as seven to one. While Oude, Pegu, Nagpore, and Berar were successively annexed to the empire, not a single English soldier was added to the army. The vicious system by which the regimental service was made a sort of penal servitude for the officers—the withdrawal of all the best officers to the civil staff—the abolition of flogging by Lord William Bentinck in 1833, by which a distinction was made in favour of the native over the European soldier—the centralizing policy of Lord Dalhousie, which deprived the commandants of regiments of all power, and consequently of all influence—the promotion of native officers by seniority, rather than by merit—and, it must be added, the general indifference of the luxurious, self-seeking European subaltern to the welfare and comfort of his men—were causes all working together to destroy the discipline and *morale* of the Bengal Sepoys. The unanimity with which the mutinous regiments acted does not prove that there was a preconcerted design, but only that there was a common feeling, engendered by common motives. And when one regiment had fairly committed itself to the murder of its officers, the rest could not but follow. The irresistible influence of the tie of *bhaïee-bund*, or brotherhood, among men mostly recruited from the same districts, is a better explanation for the simultaneousness of the outbreak, than the theory of a general conspiracy. Yet a conspiracy of some sort there undoubtedly was, though it is not so certain that all the Sepoys were cognizant of it. Old prophecies had declared that the Feringhee Raj would endure for a hundred years, and no more; and there were many who would be eager to help the fulfilment of such a prediction. There is evidence to prove that a plot for the simultaneous massacre of the Europeans existed in January, 1857; and we believe that it will hereafter be proved that the ministers of the ex-King of Oude, in concert with the sons of the King of Dehli, were the chief conspirators. With this plot, it is probable that the mysterious *chupatties* and lotus flowers, which were sent circulating through the country, had some connexion. The Hindoo Sepoys were made

the dupes and instruments of their more crafty Mussulman comrades. The story of a Government project for their forcible conversion to Christianity, was confirmed in the minds of these credulous savages by the sight of missionaries in the Government uniform—by the preaching of colonels in the market-place—and by the impertinent zeal of some officers' wives, who, upon the evidence of Mrs. Colin Mackenzie, were going about perpetually "labouring" for the salvation of souls. Yet religion was rather an excuse than a cause. The unhallowed cartridges, even supposing that they were greased with the fat of the cow, were not so great an offence to caste as many other innovations which the Sepoys had borne, without a murmur, in times past. But when the cause of *deen* (faith) was combined with that not less sacred one of *loot* (plunder), the temptation to revolt became irresistible. The truth is, this feeling of caste is by no means so strong as is generally represented. Among the natives of India, caste is less a matter of conscience than a convenient barrier against innovations which give trouble or impose labour. Innovation of any kind, is the special horror of the Hindostanee. There is nothing he hates so much as a novelty. As his father did before him, so does he, and so shall his son do.* The cartridges were an innovation, and they were issued just when the Sepoy wanted an innovation on which to establish a grievance. He had consented to adopt a great many of our fashions offensive to caste,—he had submitted to the ignominy of pantaloons—he had endured in patience the clipping of his locks and the shaving of his chin—but he had listened to those English officers who told him of his magnanimity in bearing these degradations, and he was resolved to bear no more. So, because we offered him a greased cartridge, he fell to murdering, raping, and torturing.

Whatever Mr. Disraeli may say, this has been in no sense a national insurrection, but a military mutiny—a mutiny more after the fashion of the Truceless War of Carthage, than the revolt of Mithridates against Rome. Our territorial annexations have had nothing to do with it, for the simple reason that the Sepoy is no politician. He has not the slightest sympathy with any of the deposed princes, and he has always cheerfully consented to assist us in deposing them. As for the people of India at large, it is most striking to observe how they have remained unmoved through all the scenes of tumult. We could not expect from them any active interference in our behalf, but neither could we have anticipated that they would have been neutral. Yet,

* The two phrases most common in the mouth of a Hindostanee are "*dustoor hy*" ("it is the custom"), and "*bhote roze ka*" ("it has been so many days"). From these stand-points nothing will move him. They are the basis of all his philosophy.

during the height of our troubles—when it was still doubtful which way the scale would turn—when whole provinces had lapsed from our rule, and every ignominy had been heaped upon the British name—the great mass of the population remained tranquil, and showed no sympathy with the mutineers. Nay, the hearts of all who had anything to lose were undeniably with us. In all the large cities, the mosques and pagodas resounded with prayers for the success of the British arms. Towns, where not a single European official survived, were illuminated in honour of the fall of Dehli. The Sepoy atrocities were shared only by the scum of the urban populations—the convicts let loose from gaol—the hereditary robbers—the murderers by profession—and all the general floating ruffianry of the empire. In Oude alone, where the mutiny is now concentrated, has there been anything of a national character in this conflict; but the exception is all in favour of the English character. Oude, annexed but a year ago, was scarcely yet a British province. Its great landholders, who, under their native sovereigns, never paid tax without a siege or a pitched battle, have gone over to the Sepoys, only because they dreaded the too-rigorous justice of the British collectors. Had we consented to sacrifice the interests of the small holders and the cultivators to those of their rapacious oppressors—the *Talookdars*—not a man would have stirred finger in the rebel cause. Our crime, in the eyes of Maun Singh and his brethren, is, not that we have annexed Oude, but that we have too righteously administered it—that we have refused to acknowledge their usurped titles to the land, and to confirm them in their ill-gotten possessions. The Oude rebellion has no other significance. It is a pure absurdity to speak of the mutiny as occasioned by the annexation. The mutineers, at least, who should know the truth, have never said so. In all their recorded sayings and published proclamations, there is not a word of accusation against the Government on the score of rapacity and oppression—those sins being purely and entirely the invention of Fast-day preachers, platform-humanitarians, and all that large class of the ignorant “unco’ guid,” who practise that easiest of all virtues—the confession of other men’s sins.

The preservation of India out of her late fearful peril, is due to the heroic valour of our troops—the admirable fortitude of a few brave men—and, mainly, to the wisdom and energy of Sir John Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner of the Punjaub. Almost all that has been done, has been done by individual untrammelled genius—not by official persons, working in the grooves of system and routine. Lord Canning, at Calcutta, had every advantage over Sir John Lawrence at Lahore; yet, while the latter kept his own province profoundly quiet, effected the capture of Dehli, and contri-

buted to the relief of Lucknow, the Governor-General has contrived, with incredible fatuousness, to help the mutiny and add to his perils; nay, very nearly to get up a mutiny of the Europeans! He disarms the intended victim equally with the intending assassin—he sees “no solid ground of difference” between the English press, which *must* be of one heart and mind with the English Government, and the native journals, which openly preach sedition and defend murder—and he “can find no law to prevent such bargains” as the sale of gunpowder to the natives, in the midst of a native revolt. It is perhaps not Lord Canning’s fault that he is not a Clive; but it is monstrous that we should be reduced to seek our Indian pro-consuls among that class of men most easily spared from the Home Administration. This mutiny has proved that there is no lack of men in India equal to every duty, whether in war or in counsel—men of the strong head, the ready hand, and the large heart. It has shown us Havelock, the faithful soldier—Neill, the avenger of blood—Wilson, the captor of Dehli—Nicholson, the “lion of the Punjab”—Salkeld, who opened the Cashmere gate—gallant soldiers and true gentlemen, who fought for simple duty, and whose deeds are an eternal assurance of our British manhood—a certain evidence that, as we have conquered India, so we can conquer it again, and hold it.

Now that the work of our soldiers is nearly over, and the revolt is being trampled out in its last home, the future of the Indian empire becomes a matter of interest to the British people. What have we profited by our late bitter lesson—what faults have we to correct, what reforms to pursue? But it seems there is a previous question, to which the popular mind of England demands an answer. It is asked, what is the value of India to us? Do the advantages of its possession repay us for the cost of conquest? Is the worth of India such as to justify us, on moral, political, and economical grounds, in the retention of so vast a dominion? To one acquainted with the nature and character of our Indian empire, and who has studied the history of its foundation and development, it seems strange that any question of the sort could be entertained as a serious difficulty. At least, after the recent glimpse we have had of native independence and its results, it is wonderful that any doubt should exist as to the benefit of the British rule to the people of India. We must admit, after our late experiences, that the question of retaining India or not is at least of as much interest to the natives of that country as to ourselves. As to Indian independence, it is the veriest chimera ever begotten by prejudice out of ignorance. The idea of independence implies the idea of nationality. But when was India a nation, or other than a confused, disjointed collection of struggling races? “The people of India” has no

existence but in the brain of Mr. Bright. Since King Bikram reigned in Ougein, there has been no "people" in India—if, by people, we mean a distinct, cohesive, syngeneous polity. We shall never understand India rightly, unless we accept the full significance of its "no people." The fact reduces considerably any abstract injustice there may be in our retention of India. We are asked, by certain enthusiastic philanthropists, to "restore India to its princes;" but these gentlemen have overlooked a little difficulty in the execution of their magnanimous project. To which princes shall we surrender our sovereignty? To the Moguls, who plundered by rule and method—or the Mahrattas, who ravaged irregularly, and went and came like the locust? Is it the foreign freebooter or the native robber that we should recognise? Perhaps the "people of India" would not thank us for restoring them to either. The truth is, the natives of India have no sentiment in the matter. In their practical philosophy, that Government is best which ensures to them the *bene moratus venter*—the sum and substance of all good government, according to Seneca. For the first time, the Hindoo finds himself under rulers who protect his life and respect his property—who give him, if bad laws, at least a just administration—who leave him at liberty to profess his creed, and do not require that he should live in the jungle for safety or in the swamp for protection. The humanity which denies that these are benefits, is nothing else than a distempered craze—an uneasy, contentious, pragmatical brain-exaltation, which looks rather to certain empty sequences of a soulless philosophy than to the practical good of the creature man.

To England the value of India is easily demonstrable. Commercially, it is surely to our interest to retain a hundred and twenty millions of our customers in our own hands—to have the power of regulating our intercourse by the true principles of trade, and of multiplying their wants by improving their condition and expanding their industry. The direct interest which our manufacturers have in the well-being of the people of India, makes it a matter of no small importance to retain the care of that people, free from the barbarous oppressions of native princes or the jealous interference of European rivals. Hitherto, it must be confessed that we have not made so good an use of our Indian markets as we should have done. The effect of the long-continued monopoly of the East India Company has been to keep things stationary, and to check individual enterprise. Our trade with India has not increased in a degree corresponding with our opportunities. At present, the population of India does not consume more per head of British manufactures than one-eighth of that consumed by the people of the foreign States of

South America. The causes of this deficiency we need not go far to seek. They are to be found in the fixity of the native manners and customs—in the comparative newness of our government—in the wars in which we have been constantly occupied—but, most especially, in the vicious systems of land-tenure which we have maintained in the provinces under our rule. Of these systems, there are three—the *Zemindaree*, which was established by Lord Cornwallis in Bengal and Bahar—the *Ryotwaree*, which prevails in the Madras and Bombay Presidencies—and the *Puttecdaree*, which we found almost in its present state in the North-Western Provinces. Under the first system the lands were allotted, by the Perpetual Settlement of 1793, to large holders or zemindars, who pay a fixed rent to the Government (assessed decennially), which they draw from the ryots or cultivators; under the second, or *Ryotwaree* system, there is no middle-man between the Government and the cultivator, the rent being collected from each individual ryot; and under the third, or *Puttecdaree* system, which is, in some sort, a mean between the two first, the rent is paid by the village community jointly, through its *potail* or head man, who is responsible for its amount. The objections to the first system are, that it leaves the ryot exposed to the exactions of his zemindar, and takes away all motive or room for improvement; the second is liable to great abuses from the necessity of employing a vast number of inferior native agents, who cannot be supervised by Europeans; it is further defective inasmuch as it tends to perpetuate an uniform sameness of condition, and to induce a general hand-to-mouth existence. Under the *Ryotwaree*, it is an universal dead level; under the *Zemindaree*, an oppressive inequality. The third, or *Puttecdaree* system, seems to offer many advantages over the other two. It is of native growth and old-established usage; it is self-acting; and it requires the minimum of Government interference. In the Punjaub it has answered admirably, and has been one of the main causes of the tranquillity under which that once turbulent kingdom has been retained. In Oude, we have been endeavouring to introduce it, to the great and natural dissatisfaction of the large talookdars, or zemindars.

The question of the Indian land systems has at least an equal interest for the British manufacturer as for the Indian ryot. Whatever improves the condition of the latter, makes him a better customer of ours. As a producer, he can be equally useful to our manufacturers. Of cotton alone, the chief material of our industrial greatness, the production is susceptible of almost indefinite increase in India. She alone could supply all our British looms. Let but the Indian ryot have fair play, and he will drive the American slave-producer altogether out of the

market. With peace, order, irrigation, and an improved land-tenure, India might become the cotton-field of the world. The cultivation of sugar, coffee, indigo, and all other tropical products, might be extended in an equal degree; while the upland valleys of the Himalaya want only European capital and enterprise to rival China in the produce of tea. We have it in our power, in fact, to create both supply and demand in India, and that is the most valuable privilege which can be held by any commercial people.

The financial value of India is not less real than its commercial worth. In dispensing its revenue of twenty-seven millions, we provide employment to a large number of our countrymen, and thus add to the general wealth of the nation. No fewer than 10,000 British officers, of the higher grade, are to be numbered in the civil and military service of the Government, whose incomes range from 200*l.* to 25,000*l.* a year. All these are well-born and educated men, of the middle classes, who find an honourable provision out of the resources of India. The total sum they draw yearly cannot be less than six or seven millions sterling. We have not included the European common soldiers, of whom there were 30,000 before the mutiny, and there will be, in future, at least 70,000 or 80,000. All these are maintained out of the Indian Treasury, at a cost which must hereafter exceed 3,000,000*l.* Again, there are the pensions granted to retired officers, officers' widows and children, in the two services, which are contributed by India and expended in England. In round numbers, we shall not be far wrong if we estimate the direct worth of India to Englishmen of all classes at not less than 10,000,000*l.* This is a magnificent subsidy for one country to pay another; and though we cannot agree with M. de Valbezen, that but for this resource England would not have survived the trials of 1793 and 1848, we must allow that it is an important item of the account between India and England.

To prove the political worth of India is like proving greatness to be great, or power, powerful. An empire larger and more populous than France, Austria, Spain, and Prussia put together—with a revenue of twenty-seven millions—with full means within itself of defence and offence—situated so as to command all Asia and the whole ocean from the African continent to the Malayan peninsula, and guarded by an impassable mountain rampart on all the sides of contact with the rest of the world, is already a great political power. Under British rule and influence, it is an extension, so to speak, of Great Britain. That it is an important element of our imperial *prestige*, is proved by the envy and cupidity which it inspires among our continental rivals. They at least know the value of India, if we do not. They have,

indeed, so high a notion of its worth as to believe that it is indispensable to our greatness—which is yet not true; for England is not great because she has India, but she has India because she is great. Our Eastern empire is not the cause, but the consequence of our power; yet being ours, we are the gainers by all its intrinsic worth.

On moral grounds, the retention of India is to be justified by every consideration of duty towards its subject races. We have conquered them, and the only reparation we can make is to rule them. To give them back to their princes, even were it practicable, would be neither right in morals nor in policy. It would be to give them back to anarchy and misrule. Mr. Richard Congreve, indeed, in the name of the Positive Philosophy, demands of us, with a great deal of solemnity, to “withdraw from our occupation of India within the shortest period compatible with due arrangement for the security of European life and property.” The suggestion is offered by Mr. Congreve to “the service of Humanity;” but Humanity, exoterically understood, requires of us no such Quixotic folly. It calls us to a policy the very opposite of that proposed by “the disciple of Auguste Comte.” We cannot abandon India, in justice to its subject millions. We must look our destiny in the face, and accept the dispensation which by so many signs and wonders has called us to the government of India. Our title to India has but one condition attached to it—that we should govern in the spirit of justice and in the cause of civilization—looking to the good of the people, and exercising our power to their and our reciprocal advantage.

It is with these views of our moral obligations to India that we come, in conclusion, to the consideration of the defects of the present Government, with suggestions of amendment for the future. Of the existing system, the predominant vices are its hollowness, artificiality, and unfitness. Grown out of a narrow commercial monopoly, whose sole principle was self-interest, it bears on it all the marks of its origin. It has never been able to keep pace with the rapid march of events which converted the East India Company into a sovereign power, and its factories into an empire. As a more governing machine, looking on India as a commercial property, it is perfect, within the narrow circle it has proscribed for itself. There never was, perhaps, so complete a bureaucracy in the world as the Indian Civil Service. Yet the system had no root in the country—no hold upon the people. This is proved by the singular facility with which the country fell away from us when the Sepoys revolted. With the native army there seemed to perish the whole fabric of the Indian Government—the work of a century. Whole districts relapsed into

their normal savagery, the moment the English magistrate and the English collector left their *cutcheries*. Then was seen how thin a crust of the European overlay the Hindoo and the Musulman.

The truth is, our connexion with India has been too much an affair of the tax-gatherer and the tax-payer. It is only within these last half-a-dozen years that we have taken any steps in advance of the immediate business with which we were occupied—that of money-making. The resources of the empire have been left almost untouched, and are scarcely known even to its rulers. Very lately, we have aroused ourselves to the construction of canals and railroads, but even now we have a President of the Board of Control who complains that railroads have been “pushed forward too eagerly!” Yet in some points of our administration, we have fallen into the opposite error. We have governed “not wisely, but too well.” We have introduced our super-refined notions of law and justice among a people the most corrupt of all semi-barbarians. We have been delicate where we should have been rough, and lenient where we should have been rigorous. While, in our extreme anxiety to respect all our subjects’ prejudices, we have not hesitated to manage their temples and to maintain their priests—to make our Christian soldiers stand guard over their idols, and to fire salutes in their honour—to clothe and adorn their gods, and, in some cases, to re-establish those which had been forgotten—to humour every antique superstition and every musty prejudice—and to shut the gate against European ideas and principles. The greatest dependency of Britain is excluded from all benefit from British civilization. It is true we train up Young India to read Shakspeare and interpret Bacon, but we prevent all communion between India and England, face to face. In the pious endeavour to keep “India for the Indians,” we have kept India for the India House, and the Indians from the English. After an intercourse of a century, this nation has left no perceptible impression on the races of its dominion. Our art, our science, our industry and enterprise, have found no outlet in India. And this is the result of that “traditionary policy” which holds that India is the exclusive property of the Indian Government, and that no private Englishman has any right to be in the country. The keeping out of “interlopers” is, indeed, one of the main cares of the Indian Civil Service. Interlopers and adventurers themselves, they guard their domain as jealously as a country nobleman guards his preserves. They will have no distinction between European and native—they make laws to discourage European settlement—and they look coldly on railroads, because they will open up the country to the dreaded “interloper.” Indeed, the one great and

notable defect of the present system of Indian Government is that it does not recognise the interest which the English people have in their empire of India.

Yet, before all reforms, this is the reform most urgently needed—viz., to open India to the English people. A closer communion between the two countries is what is wanted. India must be as free to British occupation as any other portion of our dominions; otherwise, we can never rightly fulfil our duty to the subject races. Our duty is, to carry European civilization into India—to communicate the intelligence of the West—to spread knowledge, and art, and science. It can be no longer permitted to a handful of men to keep the keys of India, and to admit or exclude the free adventurers of our nation at their pleasure. The advantages of an unrestricted intercourse will be at least as much experienced by the people of India as by the people of England. The true policy would be, therefore, to encourage the entrance of Europeans into India by all allowable means; to facilitate the employment of European capital; and the exertion of European enterprise, and even to promote European colonization. There can be no doubt that the presence of individual British industry would conduce vastly to the benefit of the native population—morally, by the communication of British ideas and feelings; and materially, by the enhancement of the value of every kind of property. There is no country in the world, perhaps, whose native resources have been so little cultivated as those of India. Yet let the resources of India be fairly made known, and made available to the British people—let it be understood how splendid a field is presented in India for the investment of British capital, and let no impediments be placed in the way of British enterprise, and we should quickly see what glorious fruit our Indian empire can bear. For European colonization, the country may not generally be fit; but there are millions of acres within the bounds of our dominion, where the climate and soil offer no obstacles to English settlers. The whole extent of the Himalayan provinces from Darjeeling northward and westward to the Huzara hills, might be advantageously occupied by immigrants from England; and the cultivation of tea, which has been proved to be eminently successful in these districts, might furnish them a profitable employment. The valley called the Deyrah Dhoon, now almost entirely waste, would alone maintain a very large European population, having a salubrious climate and luxuriant soil; and in the Punjaub, and other parts of India, there are other localities well fitted for the European settler, and whose settlement would be attended with incalculable benefit to the country. In a political point of view, these European colonies would be so many rallying points in time of danger; and, under

any circumstances, they would be a valuable source of strength to the British Government. Lastly, the presence of English settlers would be a check upon bad government; and that is, perhaps, the secret reason of the present antipathy to "interlopers."

The Government itself must be so amended as to be less exclusive and more responsible. The close system of ruling by a covenanted body of servants might have been suitable to an age when the Government itself was a monopoly; but it is no longer in accordance with an enlightened view of our present duty to India. We must have more Europeans in the service, and they need not be so extravagantly paid. We have ourselves seen a district as large as Scotland, and much more populous, ruled, with almost absolute authority, by a youth of twenty-six, who could barely express his wants in the native language. Such spectacles are but too common under the present system, and they are a crying scandal to the British name. We shall never understand the character of the people we rule unless we establish ourselves in closer and more frequent communion with them, and that can only be done through an extended European agency. Of native agency, which is only another name for corruption, tyranny, and deceit, the less we have the better for the people. Of all the absurd things which have been said or done for India, there is none more absurd than the cry which demands a share of the government for the natives. It is a most dangerous fallacy to suppose that India can be governed by any but Europeans, so long as it is British India. We must not abdicate our functions if we would retain the country. Nor is there a more mischievous policy than that which pretends to establish a moral equality between the native and the European. We have won the country by virtue of our superiority, and we must retain it on the same theory. If we are only equal to those we conquered, we ought not to pretend to rule them; and if we once convince them that we are no longer their superiors, we may be assured that they will profit by that conviction.

Yet we would not be understood to advocate any policy which requires the degradation of the Indian people. The true principles of government for India are those which were carried out with such admirable success by Sir Charles Napier in Scinde, and by the Lawrences in the Punjaub. Those two provinces afford us perfect models of what our Indian government should be; yet in neither case was there any recourse to harsh measures. The men who ruled, let it appear that they *did* rule. They were no pragmatists—no slaves of use-and-wont—no philosophers, perhaps. They did not import the crude ideas of a highly polished nation, and force them upon a barbarous people. They

did not cut their blocks with razors, but hewed them with the strong hand, and with such rude means as were fittest for the work. And it is upon such principles that we should rule India, if we are to rule it to any good. *La main de fer et le gant de soie*—these are what we want.

As to the rest, the one great reform which is necessary, and we trust inevitable, is the abolition of the double government. The connexion between India and England must be maintained in a manner more direct and open. We must know who really governs India. As for the East India Company, its main function of late seems to have been that of "buffer" to her Majesty's Administration. As an institution for shielding Somebody or Somebody's cousin, it is perfect; but as an engine of government, adapted to the present state of popular intelligence, it is a cumbersome and obstructive anomaly. With all respect, therefore, to its historical antecedents, and with full allowance for its many services to the State, we cannot see any one reason for the maintenance of the East India Company. And there is something irresistibly ludicrous in the charge of ingratitude which an able weekly contemporary (the *Saturday Review*) would fix on those who desire the Company's dissolution. We cannot be grateful to a shadow, or indulge in any tender feeling towards an impersonality. We might as well be invited to be sentimental over the Board of Green Cloth, or weep for the Woods and Forests. Any vitality the East India Company once possessed, was extinguished in 1833. It has now no soul and only half a body. In its best days it was only a vehicle of national enterprise—one of the many forms of British energy. It has done its work, and it may now be removed, without any imputation on the national gratitude, or any injustice to individual rights. And the proprietors of East India Stock have no more claim to the appointment of the rulers of India than the holders of the Three per Cents to the nomination of her Majesty's Ministers.

While advocating the abolition of the East India Company, we would by no means have it understood that we are favourable to the Board of Control. Cannon-row is as obnoxious to us as Leadenhall-street; nor can we regard the prospect of a VERNON-SMITH dictatorship without the liveliest feelings of alarm. What is desired for the good government of India is, free opinion in London and free action at Calcutta. Let a Secretary of State for India be appointed, who should, if possible, be something better than a mere placeman of the governing class. Let him be assisted by a Council of twelve or twenty-four, one-half of the members of which should be men of Indian experience—ex-Indian civilians, military officers, settlers,

or merchants; and at least one-half having seats in Parliament. The Council should not be subject to removal at every change of Ministry, but should hold their places for periods of five or seven years. The great object is, to prevent the Indian appointments becoming the political prizes of party. The one redeeming feature of the East India Company was, that it was totally disconnected with home politics, and was beyond the influence of party feeling. And, unless careful provision be made for securing the perfect political independence of the Indian Government, we shall have cause to rue the day even of the abolition of the East India Company.

The Administration in India itself should be left as much as possible unfettered in its action by the Council at home. The present farce of a mixed representative Legislature must be enacted no longer. To talk of representative institutions for India is mere drivelling. No country was ever more unfit for a representative system. By great care and the most tender nursing, it is possible to get a daisy to bloom in Bengal; and, perhaps, under a combination of the highest skill and the rarest good luck, an acorn might be persuaded to sprout; but to transplant a British Parliament into India is the most desperate enterprise which can employ the industry of man. No Government that is forced is good for any country. It must grow out of the soil, or it will bear no fruit. In India, the theory of Government is, and must be, simple despotism. The only choice for us is between a despotism of brute force, and one of reason and justice.

As to the army in India, it is scarcely needful to insist that it should in future be mainly an European force. Not fewer than eighty thousand European soldiers should be maintained in the country, if we would not make mutiny periodical, like the cholera. Yet, we cannot altogether dispense with a native force. Sepoys we must have, for the performance of military duties which could not so well be done, in the Indian climate, by Europeans; yet we can no longer employ the high-caste Sepoys of Oude and Rohilkund. We must make use of other material; and we have it to our hand in the Seikhs, the Goorkhas, the Affghans, the Arabs, the Coles, the Bheels, and the other exceptional races of India, which have no sympathy with the mass of the population and would readily take service under us. At the same time, we must not confide entirely in Seikhs or Goorkhas, any more than in the Poorbeahs. They are savages all, and one may be spoilt and turn traitor as well as another. Our true policy should be to play off race against race, and caste against caste—to recruit indiscriminately among the population, and to keep the native army duly subservient to the European. Above all things, we must understand clearly that if British India is an empire of

opinion, the opinion is not only the opinion of justice and clemency, but the opinion of force. To back our moral *prestige*, we must have material force.

In conclusion, we may briefly notice some of the works at the head of our article which have served us as a text for this review of the past and future of our Indian empire. "The Present Crisis in India" is an intelligent and well-considered pamphlet, by the author of "Our North-West Frontier," whose views are almost identical with those we have advocated. Miss Martineau's book, as a manual of information on Indian history, is the best which is yet accessible to the British public. Written in a spirit of thorough impartiality, it is free from the vulgar prejudices which disfigure so many "popular" works on the subject. A thoroughly sensible and far-seeing view of the Indian question is expressed in Mr. Campbell's "Letter to Lord Palmerston," written at an early stage of the mutiny. Mr. Campbell is a valuable witness, as representing the independent European interest, apart from the services. General Jacob writes like the bold, dashing soldier he is, laying bare, with merciless skill, the defects in the Bengal army which have led immediately to the mutiny. General Tucker is less downright, having less to say. The author of the "Mutiny in the Bengal Army" is a strenuous advocate and apologist for the Sepoy—a very natural and even laudable feeling in those who have served with native soldiers. *Qui Hi* is bitter against the Court of Directors, and makes the mutiny to have sprung from "red-tape and routine." Mr. Hyde Clarke does good service by pointing out localities for European colonization in the hilly districts of India. M. de Valbezen and Baron von Orlich represent the intelligent foreigners, who form our contemporary posterity on this occasion. They are both good and competent witnesses, and their testimony is altogether favourable to the character of the British rule in India. Lastly, we have Mr. Richard Congreve, a disciple, he tells us, of Auguste Comte, who is impelled by a strong sense of the duty he owes to Humanity at this crisis to propose that we should give up India altogether, as the only sacrifice acceptable to the Positive Philosophy!—Throughout this article our reasons for dissenting from Mr. Congreve's proposition are sufficiently manifest; but though we think the Positive Philosophy has much to answer for when it brings a man of his capacity to make such a proposal, we cordially concur in all he says concerning the attempt to convert Hindoos and Mahomedans to Christianity, and commend his cogent remarks to the attention of our readers.

3

ART. VIII.—STATE-TAMPERINGS WITH MONEY & BANKS.

1. *Principles of Political Economy, with some of their Applications to Social Philosophy.* By John Stuart Mill. Fourth Edition. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1857.
2. *The Elements of Political Economy.* By Henry Dunning Macleod. London: Longman and Co. 1857.
3. *On the Bank Charter Act of 1844, its Principles and Operation; with Suggestions for an Improved Administration of the Bank of England.* By Thomas Tooke, F.R.S. London: Longman and Co. 1856.
4. *Capital, Currency, and Banking.* By James Wilson, Esq., M.P.

AMONG unmitigated rogues, mutual trust is impossible. Among people of absolute integrity, mutual trust would be unlimited. These are truisms. Given a nation made up entirely of liars and thieves, and all trade between its members must be carried on either by barter or by a currency of intrinsic value: nothing in the shape of *promises* to pay can pass in place of *actual* payments; for, by the hypothesis, such promises being never fulfilled, will not be taken. On the other hand, given a nation of perfectly honest men—men as careful of the rights of others as of their own—and nearly all trade between its members may be carried on by memoranda of debts and claims, eventually written off against each other in the books of bankers; seeing that as, by the hypothesis, no man will ever issue more memoranda of debts than his goods and his claims will liquidate, his paper will pass current for whatever it represents: coin will be needed only to furnish a measure of value, and for those small transactions for which it is physically the most convenient. These we take to be self-evident truths.

From them follows the obvious corollary, that, in a nation neither wholly honest nor wholly dishonest, there may, and eventually will, be established a mixed currency—a currency partly of intrinsic value, and partly of credit-value. The ratio between the quantities of these two kinds of currency will be determined by a combination of several causes.

Supposing that there is no legislative meddling, which may of course disturb the natural balance, it is clear from what has already been said, that, fundamentally, the proportion of coin to paper will depend upon the average conscientiousness of the people. Daily experience must ever be teaching each citizen

which other citizens he can put confidence in, and which not. Daily experience must also ever be teaching him how far this confidence may be carried. And thus, from personal experiment, and from current opinion which results from the experiments of others, every one must learn, more or less truly, what credit may safely be given. If all find that their neighbours are little to be trusted, but few promises to pay will circulate. And the circulation of promises to pay will increase as fast as all find that the fulfilment of trading engagements becomes more certain.

The degree of *honesty* characterizing a community being thus the first regulator of a credit currency, the second is the degree of *prudence*. Other things equal, it is manifest that among a sanguine, speculative people, promissory payments will be taken more readily, and will therefore circulate more largely, than among a cautious people. Two men having exactly the same experiences of mercantile risks, will, under the same circumstances, respectively give credit and refuse it, if they be respectively rash and circumspect. And, manifestly, two nations thus contrasted in prudence will be similarly contrasted in the relative quantities of notes and bills in circulation among them: or, rather, they will not be similarly contrasted in this respect, but much more contrasted; seeing that the prevailing incautiousness will not only entail an undue readiness on the part of each citizen to give credit, but also an undue readiness to risk his own capital in speculations, and a consequent undue demand for credit from others. There will be both an increased pressure for credit, and a diminished resistance; and therefore a more than proportionate excess of paper currency. Of this national characteristic and its consequences, we have a conspicuous example in the United States.

To these comparatively permanent moral causes, on which the ordinary ratio of hypothetical to real money in a community depends, have to be added certain temporary moral and physical causes which produce temporary variations in the ratio. The degree of prudence displayed by any people is liable to more or less fluctuation. In railway manias and the like, we see that irrational expectations, based upon inadequate evidence, may spread through a whole nation, and lead its members to give and take credit almost recklessly. But the chief causes of temporary variation are those which directly affect the quantity of available capital. Wars, deficient harvests, or losses consequent on the misfortunes of other nations, will, by impoverishing the community, inevitably lead to an increase in the ratio of *promissory payments to actual payments*. For what must be done by the citizen whose losses disable him from meeting his engagements? —the shopkeeper whose custom has greatly fallen off in conse-

quence of the high price of bread; the manufacturer whose goods lie in his warerooms unsaleable; the merchant whose foreign correspondents fail him? As the proceeds of his business do not suffice to liquidate the claims upon him that are falling due, he is compelled either to find other means of liquidating them, or to stop payment. Rather than stop payment, he will, of course, make temporary sacrifices—will give high terms to whoever will furnish him with the desired means. If, by depositing securities with his banker, he can get a loan at an advanced rate of interest, well. If not, by offering an adequate temptation, he may mortgage his property to some one having good credit; who either gives bills, or draws on his banker for the sum agreed on. In either case, extra promises to pay are issued; or, if the difficulty is met by accommodation-bills, the same result follows. And in proportion to the number of citizens obliged to resort to one or other of these expedients, must be the increase of promissory payments in circulation. Reduce the proposition to its most general terms, and it becomes self-evident. Thus:—All bank-notes, cheques, bills of exchange, &c., are so many *memoranda of claims*: no matter what may be the technical distinctions among them on which upholders of the “currency principle” seek to establish their dogma, they every one of them come within this definition. Under the ordinary state of things, the amount of available wealth in the hands, or at the command, of those concerned, suffices to meet these claims as they are severally presented for payment; and they are paid either by an equivalent of intrinsic value, as coin, or by giving in place of them other memoranda of claims on some body of undoubted solvency, as the Bank of England. But now let the amount of available wealth in the hands of the community be greatly diminished. Suppose a large portion of the necessaries of life, or coin, which is the most exchangeable equivalent of such necessaries, has been sent abroad to support an army, or to subsidize foreign states; or, suppose that there has been a failure in the crops of grain or potatoes; or, suppose that an extremely short supply of cotton has entailed a greatly diminished produce of exportable manufactures, and therefore of the consumable articles we purchase with such manufactures. Suppose, in short, that, for the time being, the nation is impoverished. What follows? It follows that a great proportion of the claims cannot be liquidated. And what must happen from their non-liquidation? It must happen that those unable to liquidate them will either fail, or they will redeem them by directly or indirectly giving in exchange certain memoranda of claims upon their stock-in-trade, houses, or land. That is, such of these claims as the deficient *floating* capital does not suffice to meet, are replaced by claims upon *fixed* capital. The

memoranda of claims which should have *disappeared* by liquidation, reappear in a new form; and the quantity of paper currency is increased. If the war, famine, or other cause of impoverishment continues, the process is repeated. Those who have no further fixed capital to mortgage, become bankrupt; while those whose fixed capital admits, mortgage still further, and still further increase the promissory payments in circulation. Manifestly, if the members of a community whose annual returns but little more than suffice to meet their annual debts, suddenly lose part of their annual returns, they must become proportionately in debt to each other; and the documents expressive of debt must be proportionately multiplied.

This *à priori* conclusion is in perfect harmony with mercantile experience. The last hundred years have furnished repeated illustrations of its truth. After the enormous export of gold in 1795-6 for war loans to Germany, and to meet bills drawn on the Treasury by British agents abroad; and after large advances made under a moral compulsion by the Bank of England to the Government; there followed an excessive issue of bank-notes. In 1796-7, there were failures of the provincial banks, a panic in London, a run on the nearly exhausted Bank of England, and a suspension of cash-payments—a State-authorized refusal to redeem promises to pay. In 1800, the further impoverishment consequent on a bad harvest, joined with the legalized inconvertibility of bank-notes, entailed so great a multiplication of them as to cause their depreciation. During the temporary peace of 1802, the country partly recovered itself; and the Bank of England would have liquidated the claims on it, had the Government allowed. On the subsequent resumption of war, the phenomenon was repeated: as in later times it has been on each occasion when the community, carried away by irrational hopes, has locked up an undue proportion of its capital in permanent works. Moreover, we have still more conclusive illustrations—illustrations of the sudden cessation of commercial distress and bankruptcy, resulting from a sudden increase of credit circulation. When, in 1793, there came a general crash, mainly due to an unsafe banking system which had grown up in the provinces in consequence of the Bank of England monopoly—when the pressure, extending to London, had become so great as to alarm the Bank directors and cause them suddenly to restrict their issues, thereby producing a frightful multiplication of bankruptcies; the Government (to mitigate an evil indirectly produced by legislation) determined to issue Exchequer Bills to such as could give adequate security. That is, they allowed hard-pressed citizens to mortgage their fixed capital for an equivalent of State promises to pay, with which to liquidate the demands on them. The effect

was magical. 2,202,000*l.* only of Exchequer Bills were required. The consciousness that loans would be had, in many cases prevented them from being needed. The panic quickly subsided. And the loans were all shortly repaid. In 1825, again, when the Bank of England, after having intensified a panic by extreme restriction of its issues, suddenly changed its policy and in four days advanced 5,000,000*l.* notes on all sorts of securities, the panic at once ceased.

And now, mark two important truths: one of them, indeed, already indicated in the foregoing paragraph. Observe, in the first place, that this expansion of paper circulation which naturally takes place in times of impoverishment or commercial difficulty, is highly salutary. This issuing of securities for future payment, when there does not exist the wherewith for immediate payment is a means of mitigating national disasters that would else be far more severe. In few words, the process amounts to a postponement of trading engagements that cannot at once be met. And the alternative questions to be asked respecting it are—Shall all the merchants, manufacturers, shopkeepers, &c., who, by unwise investments, or war, or famine, or great losses abroad, have been in part deprived of the means of meeting the claims upon them, be allowed to mortgage their fixed capital to a bank in return for promises to pay of equivalent value? or, by being debarred from so issuing memoranda of claims on their fixed capital, shall they be made bankrupt? On the one hand, if they are permitted to avail themselves of that credit which their fellow-citizens willingly give them on the strength of the proffered securities, most of them will tide over their difficulties: in virtue of that accumulation of surplus capital ever going on, they will be able, by-and-by, to liquidate their debts in full. On the other hand, if, as they must else be, they are forthwith made bankrupt, carrying with them others, and these again others, there follows, in the first place, a most disastrous loss to all the creditors: property to an immense amount being peremptorily sold at a time when there can be comparatively few able to buy, must go at a great sacrifice; and those who in a year or two would have been paid in full, must be content with 10*s.* in the pound. Added to which evil comes the still greater one—an extensive damage to the organization of society. Numerous importing, producing, and distributing establishments are swept away; tens of thousands of their dependents are left without work; and before the industrial fabric can be repaired, a long time must elapse, much labour must lie idle, and great distress be borne. Between these alternatives who, then, can pause? Let this spontaneous remedial process follow its own course, and the evil will be either staved-off and in great measure eventually escaped, or will be spread little by

little over a considerable period. Stop this remedial process, and the whole evil, falling at once on society, will bring widespread ruin and misery.

The second of these important truths which we have to note, is that an expanded circulation of promises to pay, caused by absolute or relative impoverishment, contracts to its normal limits as fast as the need for expansion disappears. For the very conditions of the case imply, that all who have mortgaged their fixed capital to obtain the means of meeting their engagements, have done so on very unfavourable terms; and are therefore under a strong stimulus to redeem their mortgages as quickly as possible. Every one who at a time of commercial pressure gets a loan from a bank, has to pay a high rate of interest. Hence, as fast as prosperity returns, and his profits accumulate, he is glad to escape this heavy tax by repaying the loan: in doing which he takes back to the bank as large a number of its promises to pay as he originally received; and so diminishes the note-circulation as much as his original transaction had increased it.

Thus we see that the balance of a mixed currency is, under all circumstances, self-adjusting. Supposing considerations of physical convenience out of the question, the average ratio of paper to coin is primarily dependent on the average trustworthiness of the people, and secondarily dependent on their average prudence. When, in consequence of unusual prosperity, there is an unusual increase in the number of mercantile transactions, there is a corresponding increase in the quantity of currency, both metallic and paper, to meet the requirement. And when from war, famine, or over-investment, the available wealth in the hands of citizens is insufficient to pay their debts to each other, the memoranda of debts in circulation acquire an increased ratio to the quantity of gold; to decrease again as fast as the excess of debts can be liquidated.

That these self-regulating processes act but imperfectly, is doubtless true. With an imperfect humanity, they cannot act otherwise than imperfectly. People who are dishonest, or rash, or stupid, will inevitably suffer the penalties of dishonesty, or rashness, or stupidity. If any think that by some patent legislative mechanism a society of bad citizens can be made to work together as well as a society of good ones, we shall not take pains to show them the contrary. If any think that the dealings of men deficient in uprightnes and prudence, may be so regulated by cunningly-devised Acts of Parliament as to secure the effects of uprightnes and prudence, we have nothing to say to them. Or if there are any (and we fear there are numbers) who think that in times of commercial difficulty, resulting from impoverishment or other natural causes, the evil can be stayed off by some ministerial sleight of hand, we despair of convincing

them that the thing is impossible. See it or not, however, the truth is, that the State can do none of these things. As we shall show, the State can, and sometimes does, *produce* commercial disasters. As we shall also show, it can, and sometimes does, *exacerbate* the commercial disasters otherwise produced. But while it can create and can make worse, it cannot prevent.

All which the State has to do in the matter is to discharge its ordinary office—to administer justice. The enforcement of contracts is one of the functions included in its general function of maintaining the rights of citizens. And among other contracts which it is called on to enforce, are the contracts expressed on credit-documents—bills of exchange, cheques, bank-notes. If any one issues a promise to pay, either on demand or at specified date, and does not fulfil that promise, the State, when appealed to by the creditor, is bound in its protective capacity to obtain fulfilment of it, at whatever cost to the debtor; or such partial fulfilment of it as his effects suffice for. The State's duty in the case of the currency, as in other cases, is sternly to threaten the penalty of bankruptcy on all who make engagements which they cannot meet; and sternly to inflict the penalty when called on by those aggrieved. If it falls short of this, mischief ensues. If it exceeds this, mischief ensues. Let us glance at the facts.

Had we space to trace in detail the history of the Bank of England—to show how the privileges contained in its first charter were bribes given by a distressed Government in want of a large loan—how, soon afterwards, the law which forbade a partnership of more than six persons from becoming bankers, was passed to prevent the issue of notes by the South-Sea Company, and so to preserve the Bank monopoly—how the continuance of State-favours to the Bank corresponded with the continuance of the Bank's claims on the State; we should see that, from the first, banking legislation has been an organized injustice. But passing over earlier periods, let us begin with the events that closed the last century. Our rulers of that day had entered into a war—whether with adequate reason need not here be discussed. They had lent vast sums in gold to their allies. They had demanded large advances from the Bank of England, which the Bank dared not refuse. They had thus necessitated an excessive issue of notes by the Bank. That is, they had so greatly diminished the floating capital of the community, that engagements could not be met; and an immense number of promises to pay took the place of actual payments. Soon after, the fulfilment of these promises became so difficult that it was forbidden by law, and cash-payments were suspended. Now for all these results—for the national impoverishment, and consequent abnormal state of the

currency, the State was responsible. How much of the blame lay with the governing classes, and how much with the nation at large, we do not pretend to say. What it concerns us here to note is, that the calamity resulted from the acts of the ruling power. When again, in 1802, after a short peace, the available capital of the community had so far increased that the redemption of promises to pay became possible, and the Bank of England was anxious to begin redeeming them, the legislature interposed its veto; and so continued the evils of an inconvertible paper currency after they would naturally have ceased. Still more disastrous, however, were the results that by-and-by ensued from State-meddlings. Cash-payments having been suspended—the Government, instead of enforcing all contracts, having temporarily cancelled a great part of them, by saying to every banker, “You shall not be called upon to liquidate in coin the promises to pay your issue;” the natural checks upon the multiplication of promises to pay disappeared. What resulted? Banks being no longer required to cash their notes in coin, and easily obtaining from the Bank of England supplies of its notes in exchange for fixed securities, were ready to make advances to almost any extent. Not being obliged to raise their rate of discount in consequence of the diminution of their available capital; and reaping a profit by every loan (of notes) made on fixed capital; there arose both an abnormal facility of borrowing, and an abnormal desire to lend. Thus there were fostered the wild speculations of 1809—speculations which were not only thus fostered, but were in great measure *caused* by the previous over-issue of notes; which, by further exaggerating the natural rise of prices, increased the apparent profitability of investments. And all this, be it remembered, took place at a time when there should have been a rigid economy—at a time of impoverishment consequent on continued war—at a time when, but for law-produced illusions, there would have been commercial straitness and a corresponding carefulness. Just when its indebtedness was unusually great; the community was induced still further to increase its indebtedness. * Clearly, then, the progressive accumulation and depreciation of promises to pay, and the commercial disasters which finally resulted from it in 1814-15-16; when ninety provincial banks broke and as many more were dissolved, were State-produced evils; partly due to a war which, whether necessary or not, was carried on by the Government, and greatly exacerbated by the currency regulations which that Government had made.

Before passing to more recent facts, let us parenthetically notice the similarly-caused degradation of the currency which had previously arisen in Ireland. When examined by a parliamentary committee in 1804, Mr. Colville, one of the directors of the Bank

of Ireland, stated that before the passing of the Irish Bank-Restriction Bill—the bill by which cash-payments were suspended—the directors habitually met any unusual demand for gold by diminishing their issues: that is to say, in the ordinary course of business, they raised their rate of discount whenever the demand enabled them, and so both increased their profits and warded-off the danger of bankruptcy. During this unregulated period, their note-circulation was between £600,000 and £700,000. But as soon as by law they were guaranteed against the danger of bankruptcy, their circulation began rapidly to increase; and very soon reached £3,000,000. The results, as proved before the committee, were these:—The exchange with England became greatly depressed; nearly all the good specie was exported to England; it was replaced in Dublin (where small notes could not be issued) by a base coinage, adulterated to the extent of fifty per cent.; and elsewhere it was replaced by notes payable at twenty-one days' date, issued by all sorts of persons, for sums down even as low as sixpence. And this excessive multiplication of small notes was *necessitated* by the impossibility of otherwise carrying on retail trade after the disappearance of the silver coinage. For these disastrous results, then, legislation was responsible. The swarms of "silver-notes" resulted from the exportation of silver; the exportation of silver was due to the great depression of the exchange with England; this great depression arose from the excessive issue of notes by the Bank of Ireland; and this excessive issue followed from their legalized inconvertibility. Yet, though these facts were long ago established by a Committee of the House of Commons, the defenders of the "currency-principle" are actually blind enough to cite this multiplication of six-penny promises to pay, as *proving the evils of an unregulated currency!*

Returning now to the case of the Bank of England, let us pass at once to the Act of 1844. While still a protectionist—while still a believer in the beneficence of law as a controller of commerce—Sir Robert Peel took upon himself to stop the recurrence of monetary crises like those of 1825, 1836, and 1839. Overlooking the truth that, when not *caused* by the meddlings of legislators, these crises are either due to an absolute impoverishment, or else to a relative impoverishment consequent on speculative over-investment, and that for the imprudence causing this there is no remedy; he boldly proclaimed that "*it is better to prevent the paroxysm than to excite it.*" and he brought forward the Bank Act of 1844 as the means of prevention. How merciless has been Nature's criticism on this remnant of Protectionism; we all know. The monetary sliding-scale has been as great a failure as its prototype. Within three years arose one of these crises

which were to have been prevented. Within another ten years has arisen a second of these crises. And on both occasions this intended safeguard has so intensified the evil, that a temporary repeal of it has been imperative.

We should have thought that, even without facts, any one with a modicum of sense must have seen that it is impossible by Act of Parliament to prevent imprudent people from doing imprudent things; and, if facts were needed, we should have thought that our commercial history up to 1844 supplied a sufficiency. But intellects paralysed by a superstitious faith in State-ordinances, cannot appreciate such facts. And we doubt not that even now, though there have been two glaring failures of this professed check on over-speculation—though the evidence conclusively shows that the late commercial catastrophes have had nothing whatever to do with the issue of bank-notes, but, as in the case of the Western Bank of Scotland, occurred along with diminished issues—and though in Hamburg, where the “currency principle” has been rigidly carried out to the very letter, there has been a worse crisis than anywhere else; yet there will still be plenty of believers in the efficiency of Sir R. Peel’s prophylactic.

But, as already said, the measure has not only failed; it has made worse the panics it was to have warded off. And it was sure to do this. As shown at the outset, the multiplication of promises to pay that occurs at a period of impoverishment caused by war, famine, over-investment, or losses abroad, is a salutary process of mitigation—is a mode of postponing actual payments till actual payments are possible—is a preventive of wholesale bankruptcy—is a spontaneous act of self-preservation. We pointed out, not only that this is an *à priori* conclusion; but that many facts in our own mercantile history illustrate at once the naturalness, the benefits, the necessity of it. And if this conclusion needs enforcing by further evidence, we have it in the recent events at Hamburg. In that city, there are no notes in circulation but such as are represented by an actual equivalent of bullion or jewels in the bank: no one is allowed, as with us, to obtain bank promises to pay in return for securities. Hence it resulted that when the Hamburg merchants, lacking their remittances from abroad, were suddenly deprived of the wherewith to meet their engagements; and were prevented by law from getting bank promises to pay by pawning their property; bankruptcy swept them away wholesale. And what finally happened? To prevent universal ruin, the Government was obliged to decree that all bills of exchange coming due should have a month’s grace; and that there should be immediately formed a State Discount Bank—an office for issuing State promises to pay in return

for securities. That is, having first by its restrictive law ruined a host of merchants, the Government was obliged to legalize that postponement of payments, which, but for its law, would have spontaneously taken place. With such further confirmations of an *a priori* conclusion, can it be doubted that our late commercial difficulties were intensified by the measure of 1844? Is it not, indeed, notorious among all who know anything of City affairs, that the progressively increasing demand for accommodation, was in great part due to the conviction that, in consequence of the Bank Act, there would shortly be no accommodation at all? Does not every London merchant know that hosts of his neighbours who had bills coming due, and who saw that by the time they were due the Bank would discount only at still higher rates, or not at all, decided to lay in beforehand the means of meeting those bills? Is it not an established fact, that the hoarding thus induced not only rendered the pressure on the Bank greater than it would otherwise have been, but, by taking both gold and notes out of circulation, made its issues temporarily useless to the general public? Did it not happen in this case, as in 1798 and 1825, that when at last restriction was removed, the mere consciousness that loans could be had, itself prevented them from being required? And, indeed, is not the simple fact that the panic quickly subsided when the Act was suspended, sufficient proof that the Act had, in great measure, produced it?

See, then, for what we have to thank legislative meddling. During ordinary times Sir R. Peel's Act, by obliging the Bank of England, and occasionally provincial banks, to keep a larger stock of gold than they would otherwise have kept (and if it has not done this it has done nothing), has inflicted a tax on the nation to the extent of the interest on such portion of the gold currency as was in excess of the need: a tax which, in the course of the last thirteen years, has probably amounted to some millions. And then, on the two occasions when there have arisen the crises that were to have been prevented, the Act, after having exacerbated the pressure, made bankrupt a great number of respectable firms who would else have stood, and increased the distress not only of the trading but of the working population, has been twice abandoned at the moment when its beneficence was to have been conspicuous. It has been a cost, a mischief, and a failure. Yet, such is the prevailing insanity, that, judging from appearances, it will be maintained!

"But," ask our opponents, "shall the Bank be allowed to let gold drain out of the country without check? Shall it have permission to let its reserve of gold diminish so greatly as to risk the convertibility of its notes? Shall it be enabled, recklessly

to increase its issues, and so produce a depreciated paper currency?"

Really, in these Free-trade days, it seems strange to have to answer questions like these; and, were it not for the confusion of facts and ideas that legislation has produced, it would be inexcusable to ask them.

In the first place, the common notion that the draining of gold out of the country is intrinsically, and in all cases, an evil, is nothing but a political superstition—a superstition in part descended from the antique fallacy that money is the only wealth, and in part from the maxims of an artificial, law-produced state of things, under which the exportation of gold really *was* a sign of a corrupted currency: we mean, during the suspension of cash payments. Law having cancelled millions of contracts which it was its duty to enforce—law having absolved bankers from liquidating their promises in coin, having rendered it needless to keep a stock of coin with which to liquidate them, and having thus taken away that natural check which prevents the over-issue and depreciation of notes—law having partly suspended that *home* demand for gold which ordinarily competes with and balances the *foreign* demand; there resulted an abnormal exportation of gold. By-and-bye, it was seen that this efflux of gold was a consequence of the over-issue of notes; and that the accompanying high price of gold, as paid for in notes, proved the depreciation of notes. And then it became an established doctrine, that an adverse state of the foreign exchanges, indicating a drain of gold, was significant of an excessive circulation of notes; and that the issue of notes should be regulated by the state of the exchanges.

This unnatural condition of the currency, be it remembered, continuing for a quarter of a century, the concomitant doctrine rooted itself in the general mind. And now mark one of the multitudinous evils of legislative meddling. This artificial test, good only for an artificial state, has survived the return to a natural state; and men's ideas about currency have been reduced by it to chronic confusion.

The truth is, that while, during a legalized inconvertibility of bank-notes, an efflux of gold may, and often does, indicate an excessive issue of bank-notes; under ordinary circumstances, an efflux of gold has little or nothing to do with the issue of bank-notes, but is determined by purely mercantile causes. And the truth is, that so far from an efflux of gold thus brought about by mercantile causes being an evil, it is a good. Leaving out of the question, as of course we must, such exportations of gold as take place for the support of armies abroad; the causes of efflux are either an actual plethora of all commodities, gold included, which

results in gold being sent out of the country for the purpose of foreign investment; or else an abundance of gold as compared with other leading commodities. And while, in this last case, the efflux of gold indicates some absolute or relative impoverishment of the nation, it is a means of mitigating the bad consequences of that impoverishment. Consider the question as one of political economy, and this truth becomes obvious. Thus:—The nation habitually requires for use and consumption certain quantities of commodities, of which gold is one. These commodities are severally and collectively liable to fall short; either from deficient harvests, from waste in war, from losses abroad, or from too great a diversion of labour or capital in some special direction. When a scarcity of some chief commodity, some necessary, occurs, what is the remedy? The commodity of which there is an excess (or if none is in excess, then that which can best be spared) is exported in exchange for an additional supply of the deficient commodity. And, indeed, the whole of our foreign trade, alike in ordinary and extraordinary times, consists in this process. But when it happens either that the commodity which we can best spare is not wanted abroad; or (as recently) that a chief foreign customer is temporarily disabled from buying; or that the commodity which we can best spare is gold; then gold itself is exported in exchange for the thing which we most want. Whatever form the transaction takes, it is nothing but bringing the supplies of various commodities into harmony with the demands for them. The fact that gold is exported, is simply a proof that the need for gold is less than the need for other things. Under such circumstances an efflux of gold will continue, and *ought* to continue, until other things have become relatively so abundant, and gold relatively so scarce, that the demand for gold is equal to other demands. And he who would prevent this process, is about as wise as the miser, who, finding his house without food, chooses to starve rather than draw upon his purse.

The second question,—“Shall the Bank have permission to let its reserve of gold diminish so greatly as to risk the convertibility of its notes?” is not more profound than the first. It may fitly be answered by the more general question,—“Shall the merchant, the manufacturer, or the shopkeeper, be allowed so to invest his capital as to risk the fulfilment of his engagements?” If the answer to the first be “No,” it must be “No” to the second; if to the second it be “Yes,” it must be “Yes” to the first. Any one who proposed that the State should oversee the transactions of every trader, so as to insure his ability to cash all demands as they fell due, might with consistency argue that bankers should be under like control. But while no one will, we presume, have the folly to contend for the one, nearly all contend for the other. One would think that the banker acquired, in virtue of his occu-

pation, some abnormal desire to ruin himself—that while traders in other things are restrained by a wholesome dread of bankruptcy, traders in capital have a longing to appear in the *Gazette*, which law alone can prevent them from gratifying! Surely the moral checks which act on other men will act on bankers. And if these moral checks do not suffice to produce perfect security, we have ample proof that no cunning legislative check will supply their place. The current notion that bankers can, and will, if allowed, issue notes to any extent, is one of the absurdest illusions—an illusion, however, which would never have arisen but for the vicious over-issues induced by law. The truth is, that in the first place, a banker *cannot* increase his issue of notes at will: it has been proved by the unanimous testimony of all bankers who have been examined before successive parliamentary committees, that “the amount of their issues is exclusively regulated by the extent of local dealings and expenditure in their respective districts;” and that any notes issued in excess of the demand are “immediately returned to them.” And the truth is, in the second place, that a banker *will not*, on the average of cases, issue more notes than in his judgment it is safe to issue; seeing that if his promises to pay in circulation, are greatly in excess of his available means of paying them, he runs an imminent risk of having to stop payment,—a result of which he has no less a horror than other men. If facts are needed in proof of this, they are furnished alike by the history of the Bank of England and the Bank of Ireland; which, before they were debauched by the State, habitually regulated their issues according to their stock of bullion, and would probably always have been still more careful but for the consciousness that there was the State-credit to fall back upon.

The third question,—“Shall the Bank be allowed to issue notes in such number as to cause their depreciation?” has, in effect, been answered in answering the first two. To every one not blinded by the mystifications of the currency-theorists, it must be obvious that there can be no depreciation of notes so long as they are exchangeable for gold on demand. And while the State, in discharge of its duty, insists on the fulfilment of contracts, the alternative of bankruptcy must ever be a restraint on such over-issue of notes as endangers that exchangeability. The truth is, that the bugbear of depreciation is one that would have been unknown but for the sins of governments. In the case of America, where there have been occasional depreciations, the sin has been a sin of omission: the State has not enforced the fulfilment of contracts—has not forthwith bankrupted those who failed to cash their notes; and, if accounts are true, has allowed those to be mobbed who brought back far-wandering notes for payment. In all other cases the sin has been a sin of

commission. The depreciated paper currency in France during the revolution was a State-currency. The depreciated paper currencies of Austria and Russia have been State-currencies. And the only depreciated paper currency we have known, has been to all intents and purposes a State-currency. It was the State which, in 1795-6, *forced* upon the Bank of England that excessive issue of notes which led to the suspension of cash-payments. It was the State which, in 1802, *forbad* the resumption of cash-payments when the Bank of England wished to resume them: It was the State which, during a quarter of a century, *maintained* that suspension of cash-payments from which the excessive multiplication and depreciation of notes resulted. The entire corruption was entailed by State-expenditure and established by State-warrant. Yet now, the State affects a virtuous horror of the crime committed at its instigation! Having contrived to shuffle off the odium on to the shoulders of its tools, the State gravely lectures the banking community upon its guilt, and with sternest face passes measures to prevent it from sinning!

We contend, then, that neither to restrain the efflux of gold, nor to guard against the over-issue of bank-notes, is legislative interference warranted. If Government will promptly execute the law against all defaulters, the self-interest of bankers and traders will do the rest: such evils as would still result from mercantile dishonesties and imprudences, being evils which legal regulation may exacerbate but cannot prevent. Let the Bank of England, in common with every other bank, simply consult its own safety and its own profits, and there will result just as much check as should be put on the efflux of gold or the circulation of paper; and the only check that can be put upon the doings of speculators. Whatever cause leads to unusual draughts on the resources of banks, immediately entails a rise in the rate of discount—a rise dictated both by the wish to make increased profits, and the wish to avoid a dangerous decrease of resources. This raised rate of discount prevents the demand from being so great as it would else have been—alike prevents undue expansion of the note-circulation; checks speculators from making further engagements; and if gold is being exported, diminishes the profit of exportation. Successive rises successively increase these effects; until eventually none will pay the rate of discount demanded, save those in peril of stopping payment; the increase of the credit currency ceases; and the efflux of gold, if it is going on, is stopped by the home demand out-balancing the foreign demand. And if in times of great pressure, and under the temptation of high discounts, banks allow their circulation to expand to a somewhat dangerous extent; the course is justified by the necessities.

As shown at the outset, the process is one by which banks, on the deposit of good securities, loan their credit to traders who but for loans would be bankrupt. And that banks should run some risks to save hosts of solvent men from inevitable ruin, few will deny. Add to which, that during a crisis which thus runs its natural course, there will really occur that purification of the mercantile world which many think can only be effected by some Act of Parliament ordeal: seeing that, while under the circumstances described, men who have adequate securities to offer will get bank accommodation; those who, having traded without capital or beyond their means, have not, will be denied it, and will fail; whereas the existing restrictions on bank accommodation tend to destroy good and bad together.

Thus it is not true that there need special regulations to prevent the inconvertibility and depreciation of notes. It is not true that but for legislative supervision bankers would let gold drain out of the country to an undue extent. It is not true that these "currency theorists" have discovered a place at which the body-politic would bleed to death but for a State styptic.

What else we have to say on the general question, may best be joined with some commentaries on provincial and joint-stock banking; to which let us now turn.

Government, to preserve the Bank of England monopoly, having enacted that no partnership exceeding six persons should become bankers; and the Bank of England having refused to establish branches in the provinces; it happened, during the latter half of the last century, when the industrial progress was rapid and banks much needed, that numerous private traders, shopkeepers and others, began to issue notes payable on demand. And when, of the four hundred small banks which had thus grown up in less than fifty years, a great number gave way under the first pressure—when on several subsequent occasions like results occurred—when in Ireland, where the Bank of Ireland monopoly had been similarly guaranteed, it happened that out of fifty private provincial banks forty became bankrupt—and when, finally, it grew notorious that in Scotland, where there had been no law limiting the number of partners, a whole century had passed with scarcely a single bank failure; legislators slowly arrived at the conclusion that they had better abolish the restriction which had entailed such mischiefs. Having, to use Mr. Mill's words, "actually made the formation of safe banking establishments a punishable offence"—having for one hundred and twenty years maintained a law which first caused great inconvenience and then extensive ruin, time after time repeated;

Government in 1826 decided to concede the liberty of joint-stock banking: a liberty which the good easy public, not distinguishing between a right done and a wrong undone, regarded as a great boon.

But the liberty was not without conditions. Having previously, in anxiety for its *protégé* the Bank of England, been reckless of the banking security of the community at large, the State, like a repentant sinner rushing into asceticism, all at once became extremely solicitous on this point; and determined to put guarantees of its own devising, in place of the natural guarantee of mercantile judgment. To intending bank-shareholders it said—"You shall not unite on such publicly-understood conditions as you think fit, and get such confidence as will naturally come to you on those conditions." And to the public it said—"You shall not put trust in this or that association in proportion as, from the character of its members and constitution, you judge it to be worthy of trust." But to both it said—"You shall the one give, and the other receive, my infallible safeguards."

And now what have been the results? Every one knows that these safeguards have proved anything but infallible. Every one knows that these banks with State-constitutions have been especially characterised by instability. Every one knows that credulous citizens, with a faith in legislation which endless disappointment fails to diminish, have trusted implicitly in these law-devised securities: and, not exercising their own judgments, have been led into ruinous undertakings. Every one knows that the evils of substituting artificial guarantees for natural ones, which the clear-sighted long ago discerned, have, by the late catastrophes, been made conspicuous to all.

When commencing this article we had intended to dwell on this point. For though the mode of business which brought about these joint-stock bank failures was, for weeks after their occurrence, time after time clearly described; yet nowhere did we see drawn the obvious corollary. Though in three separate City articles of the *Times*, it was explained that, "relying upon the ultimate liability of large bodies of infatuated shareholders, the discount houses supply these banks with unlimited means, looking not to the character of the bills sent up, but simply to the security afforded by the Bank endorsement;" yet in none of them was it pointed out that but for the law of unlimited liability, this reckless trading would not have gone on. More recently, however, this truth has been duly recognised alike in Parliament and in the Press; and it is therefore needless further to elucidate it. All we will add is, that as, if there had been no law of unlimited liability, the London houses would not have discounted these bad bills; and as in that case these provincial joint-stock banks could

not have given these enormous credits to insolvent speculators; and as, if they had not done this, they would not have been ruined; it follows, inevitably, that these joint-stock bank failures have been *law-produced disasters*.

A measure for further increasing the safety of the provincial public, was that which limited the circulation of provincial bank-notes. At the same time that it established a sliding-scale for the issues of the Bank of England, the Act of 1844 fixed the maximum circulation of every provincial bank of issue, and forbade any further banks of issue. We have not space to discuss at length the effects of this restriction: which must have fallen rather hardly on those especially careful bankers who had, during the twelve weeks preceding the 27th April, 1844, narrowed their issues to meet any incidental contingencies; while it gave a perennial license to such as had been incautious during that period. All which we can notice is, that this rigorous limitation of provincial issues to a low maximum (and a low maximum was purposely fixed) effectually prevents those local expansions of bank-note circulation, which, as we have shown, *ought*, to take place in periods of commercial difficulty. And further, that by transferring all local demands to the Bank of England, as the only place from which extra accommodation can be had, the tendency is to concentrate a pressure which would else have been diffused; and so to create panic.

Saying nothing more, however, respecting the impolicy of the measure, let us mark its futility. As a means of preserving the convertibility of the provincial bank-note, it is useless unless it acts as some safeguard against bank failures; and that it does not do this is demonstrable. While it diminishes the likelihood of failures caused by over-issue of notes, it increases the likelihood of failures from other causes. For what will be done by a provincial banker whose issues are restricted by the Act of 1844 to a level lower than that to which he would otherwise have let them rise? If he would, but for the law, have issued to a larger extent than he now does—if his reserve is greater than, in his judgment, is needful for the security of his notes; is it not clear that he will simply extend his operations in other directions? Will not the excess of his available capital be to him a warrant either for entering into larger speculations himself, or for allowing his customers to draw upon him beyond the limit he would else have fixed? If, in the absence of restriction, his rashness would have led him to risk bankruptcy by over-issue, will it not now equally lead him to risk bankruptcy by over-banking? And is not the one kind of bankruptcy as fatal to the convertibility of notes as the other?

Nay, the case is even worse. There is reason to believe that

bankers are tempted into greater dangers under this protective system. They can and will hypothecate their capital in ways more indirect than by notes; and may very likely be led, by the unobtrusiveness of the process, to commit themselves more than they would else do. A trader, applying to his banker in times of great commercial difficulty, will often be met by the reply—"I cannot make you any direct advances, having already loaned as much as I can spare; but knowing you to be a safe man, I will lend you my name. Here is my acceptance for the sum you require: they will discount it for you in London." Now, as loans thus made do not entail the same immediate responsibilities as when made in notes, (seeing that they are neither at once payable, nor do they add to the dangers of a possible run,) a banker is under a temptation to extend his liabilities in this way much further than he would have done, had not law forced him to discover a new channel through which to give credit.

And does not the evidence that has lately transpired go to show that these more roundabout ways of giving credit *do* take the place of the interdicted ways; and that they *are* more dangerous than those interdicted ways? Is it not notorious that dangerous forms of paper-currency have had an unexampled development since the Act of 1844? Do not the newspapers and the debates give daily proofs of this? And is not the process of causation obvious?

Indeed, it might have been known *à priori* that such a result was sure to take place. It has been shown conclusively that, when uninterfered with, the amount of note circulation at any given time is determined by the amount of trade going on—the quantity of payments that are being made. It has been repeatedly testified before committee, that when any local banker contracts his issues he simply causes an equivalent increase in the issues of neighbouring bankers. And in past times it has been more than once complained, that when from prudential motives the Bank of England withdrew part of its notes, the provincial bankers immediately multiplied their notes to a proportionate extent. Well, is it not manifest that this law, which holds between one class of bank-notes and another, also holds between bank-notes and other forms of paper-currency? Will it not happen that just as diminishing the note circulation of one bank, merely adds to the note circulation of other banks; so, an artificial restriction on the circulation of bank-notes in general, will simply cause an increased circulation of some substituted kind of promise to pay? And is not this substituted kind, in virtue of its novelty and irregularity, likely to be a more unsafe kind? See, then, the predicament. Over all the bills of exchange, cheques, &c., which constitute some nine-tenths of the paper-currency of the king-

dom, the State exercises, and can exercise, no control. And the limit it puts on the remaining tenth, vitiates the other nine-tenths by causing an abnormal growth of new forms of credit, which experience proves to be especially dangerous.

Thus, all which the State does when it exceeds its true duty, is to hinder, to disturb, to corrupt. As already pointed out, the quantity of credit men will give each other is determined by natural causes, moral and physical—their average characters, their temporary states of feeling, their circumstances. If the Government forbids one mode of giving credit, they will find another, and probably a worse. Be the degree of mutual trust prudent or imprudent, it must take its course. The attempt to restrict it by law is nothing but a hundredth repetition of the old story of keeping out the sea with a fork.

And now mark, that were it not for these worse than futile State-safeguards, it is not unlikely that there might grow up certain natural safeguards, which would really put a check upon undue credit and abnormal speculation. Were it not for the attempts to ensure security by law, it is very possible that, under our high-pressure system of business, banks would compete with each other in respect of the degree of security they offered—would endeavour to outdo each other in the obtaining of a legitimate public confidence. Consider the position of a new joint-stock bank with limited liability, and unchecked by legal regulations. It can do nothing until it has gained the general good opinion. In the way of this there stand great difficulties. Its constitution is untried, and sure to be looked upon by the trading world with considerable distrust. The field is already occupied by old banks with established connexions. Out of a constituency satisfied with the present accommodation, it has to obtain supporters for a system that is apparently less safe than the old. How shall it do this? Evidently it must find some unusual mode of assuring the community of its trustworthiness. And out of a number of new banks so circumstanced, it is not too much to suppose that ultimately one would hit on some mode. It might be, for instance, that such a bank would give to all who held deposits over 1000*l.* the liberty of inspecting its books—of ascertaining from time to time its liabilities and its investments. Already this plan is not unfrequently pursued by private traders as a means of assuring those who lend money to them; and this extension of it might naturally take place under the pressure of competition. We have put the question to a gentleman who has had long and successful experience as manager of a joint-stock bank; and his reply is that some such course would very probably be adopted: adding, that under this arrangement a depositor would practically become a partner with limited liability.

Were a system of this kind to establish itself, it would form a double check to unhealthy trading. Consciousness that its rashness would become known to its chief clients, would prevent the bank-management from being rash; and consciousness that his credit would be damaged when his large debt to the bank was whispered, would prevent the speculator from contracting so large a debt. Both lender and borrower would be restrained from reckless enterprise. Very little inspection would suffice to effect this end. One or two cautious depositors would be enough; seeing that the mere expectation of immediate disclosure, in case of misconduct, would mostly keep in order all those concerned.

Should it however be contended, as by some, it may, that this safeguard would be of no avail—should it be alleged that, having in their own hands the means of safety, citizens would not use them, but would still put blind faith in directors and give unlimited trust to respectable names; then we simply reply that they would fully deserve whatever bad consequences fell on them. If they did not take advantage of the proffered guarantee, the penalty be on their own heads. We have no patience with the mawkish philanthropy which would ward off the punishment of stupidity. The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly, is to fill the world with fools.

A few words in conclusion respecting the attitude of our opponents. Leaving joint-stock bank legislation, on which the eyes of the public are happily becoming opened, and returning to the Bank Charter with its theory of currency regulation, we have to charge its supporters with gross, if not wilful, misrepresentation. Their established policy is to speak of all antagonism as identified with adhesion to the vulgarest fallacies. They daily present, as the only alternatives, their own dogma or some wild doctrine too absurd to be argued. "Side with us or choose anarchy," is practically the substance of their homilies.

To speak more specifically:—They boldly assert, in the first place, that they are the upholders of "principle;" and on all opposition they seek to fasten the title of "empiricism." Now, we are at a loss to see what there is "empirical" in the position that a bank-note circulation will regulate itself in the same way that the circulation of other paper currency does. It seems to us anything but "empirical" to say that the natural check of prospective bankruptcy, which restrains the trader from issuing too many promises to pay at given dates, will similarly restrain the banker from issuing too many promises to pay on demand. We take him to be the opposite of an "empiric" who holds that people's characters and circumstances determine the quantity of

credit-memoranda in circulation; and that the monetary disorders which their imperfect characters and changing circumstances occasionally entail, can be exacerbated, but cannot be prevented, by State-nostrums. On the other hand, we do not see in virtue of what "principle" it is that the contract expressed on the face of a bank-note must be dealt with differently from any other contract. We cannot understand the "principle" which requires the State to control the business of bankers so that they may not make engagements they cannot fulfil; but which does not require the State to do the like with other traders. To us it is a very incomprehensible "principle" which permits the Bank of England to issue 14,000,000*l.* on the credit of the State; but which is broken if the State credit is mortgaged beyond this—a "principle" which implies that 14,000,000*l.* of notes may be issued without gold to meet them, but insists on rigorous precautions for the convertibility of every pound more. We are curious to learn how it was inferred from this "principle" that the average note circulation of each provincial bank, during certain twelve weeks in 1844, was exactly the note-circulation which its capital justified. So far from discerning a "principle," it seems to us that both the idea and its applications are as empirical as they can well be.

Still more astounding, however, is the assumption of these "currency theorists," that their doctrines are those of Free-trade. In the Legislature Lord Overstone, and in the press the *Saturday Review*, have, among others, asserted this. To call that a Free-trade measure, whose avowed object is to oversee and restrict certain voluntary acts of exchange, appears so manifest a contradiction in terms, that it is scarcely credible it should be made. The whole system of currency legislation is restrictionist from beginning to end: equally in spirit and in detail. Is that a Free-trade regulation which has all along forbidden banks of issue within sixty-five miles of London? Is that Free-trade which enacts that none but such as have now the State warrant, shall henceforth give promises to pay on demand? Is that Free-trade which at a certain point steps in between the banker and his customer, and puts a veto upon any further exchange of credit-documents? We wonder what would be said by two merchants, the one just about to draw a bill on the other in return for goods sold, who should suddenly be stopped by a State-officer with the remark that, having examined the buyer's ledger, he was of opinion that ready as the seller might be to take the bill it would be unsafe for him to do so; and that the law, in pursuance of the principles of Free-trade, negatived the transaction! Yet for the promise to pay in six months, it needs but to substitute a promise to pay on demand, and the case becomes substantially that of banker and

customer. Really, to this preposterous assumption of the title of Free-traders, we can find no parallel but that supplied by the pro-slavery party of America; who, claiming for themselves all the honour, justice, humanity, and religion, charge the abolitionists with dishonesty, licentiousness, tyranny, and iniquity of every kind!

It is true that the "currency theorists" have a colourable excuse in the fact, that among their opponents there are various advocates of visionary schemes and propounders of regulations quite as protectionist in spirit as their own. It is true that there are some who contend for inconvertible "labour-notes;" and others who argue that in times of commercial pressure banks should not raise their rates of discount. But is this any justification for recklessly stigmatizing all antagonism as coming from these classes; in the face of the fact that the Bank Act has been protested against by the highest authorities in political economy? Do not the defenders of the "currency principle" know that among their opponents are Mr. Thornton, long known as an able writer on currency questions; Mr. Tooke and Mr. Newmarch, famed for their laborious and exhaustive researches respecting currency and prices; Mr. Fullarton, whose "Regulation of Currencies" is a standard work; Mr. Macleod, whose just-issued book displays the endless injustices and stupidities of our monetary history; Mr. James Wilson, M.P., who, in detailed knowledge of commerce, currency, and banking, is probably unrivalled; and Mr. John Stuart Mill, who, both as logician and economist, stands in the first rank? Do they not know that the alleged distinction between bank-notes and other credit documents, which forms the professed basis of the Bank Act—and for which Sir R. Peel could quote only the one poor authority of Lord Liverpool—is denied, not only by the gentlemen above-named, but also by Mr. Huskisson, Professor Storch, Dr. Travers Twiss, and the distinguished French Professors, M. Joseph Garnier and M. Michel Chevalier? Do they not know, in short, that both the profoundest thinkers and the most patient and elaborate inquirers are against them? If they do not know this, they stand convicted of writing with an air of authority on a topic which they have not studied. If they do know it, they have the audacity to speak of numerous distinguished men in terms of supreme contempt.

* See Mr. Tooke's "Bank Charter Act of 1844," &c.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

THE second edition of Dr. Ewald's "History of Christ" is before us. This volume forms the fifth of his history of the people of Israel, and in it must be considered to converge the results of the learning and criticism which have been expended by the author upon the antiquities of the Jews; upon the illustration of their literature; upon the analysis of their history. But many of the questions naturally suggested by the title of this volume are not solved by Dr. Ewald: this is no reproach to him, but we must confess to a feeling of regret that he has not acknowledged more expressly how much he has left unsolved; his reputation would have afforded it; he has knowledge enough to be able to confess ignorance. Dr. Ewald, indeed, seems at times to prepare the way for conclusions which he never draws; and more than that, he draws conclusions which ignore, if they are not even at variance, with the premises which he establishes. He traces elaborately the growth of the Messianic idea, and shows its natural and necessary development through the successive stages, of the Jewish history, and how the modifications which it undergoes depend upon the varying conditions in which the Jewish people finds itself from time to time. It issues from the conception of a theocracy; upon contact with neighbouring nations it becomes an idea of supremacy of the chosen people over the Gentile; when the Israelite suffers for his national sins, it takes the form of an expectation of a Restorer, and is connected with a doctrine of repentance; when at length the nationality seems hopelessly crushed, the Gentile to have effectually the upper hand, and the royal seed of David to have been lost sight of, there arises a spiritual modification of the idea. Rather, we should say, it becomes parted into two forms—the one is satisfied by a spiritual interpretation, the other anticipates for its realization a millennial or celestial dispensation. Moreover, the Messianic idea develops itself subjectively in the individual consciousnesses of those who from time to time received of the Divine Unction for great purposes of deliverance. Prophets, priests, and kings were Messiahs in their place and according to their spiritual measure—David, Elijah, Jehoiada, Jeremiah, Zerubbabel. The light in which each of these would regard himself, and the peculiar nature of his mission, would bear a relation to the state of development at which the Messianic idea had arrived in his own generation. So, generally, we find that the conception of their office and work by the successive Messiahs becomes, in process of the history, more and more elevated. At length, in the Messiah himself it

¹ "Geschichte Christus' und seiner Zeit." Von Heinrich Ewald. 2te Ausgabe. Göttingen. 1857.

exhibits itself in a super-eminent life, and finds its expression in such words as these:—"For this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness of the truth;" and "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground, and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." To a true Messiahship is essential, that the testimony of the consciousness be really in keeping with the character—otherwise the supposed prophet is the victim of a delusion and a fanaticism. And the criticism of a Messianic history should turn upon the inquiry whether the signs of the consciousness are thus consistent with the facts and circumstances of the life. For the record of the words and deeds of such a one may derive their colouring from the conceptions of narrators incapable of appreciating the highest moral characters. A critique of this kind is very partially applied by Dr. Ewald to the narratives of the Gospel histories. He tacitly puts aside, indeed, the accounts of the Incarnation given in the first and third Gospels; but accepts without analysis the miraculous narratives of the ministry of Jesus. We do not see on what principle of fair criticism Dr. Ewald would reject as worthless the passages above indicated, and retain as essential to the personality of Jesus Christ the literal acceptance of the record of cures and resuscitations wrought by him. Upon a deeper examination, neither are these narratives without meaning, nor those; though neither these nor those are to be taken according to the letter. For in the letter, in the concrete, truths may lie embedded. And a story or record, embellished and legendary in various degrees, stands in the same relation to a truth or actual fact, after the event, which a figurative foreshadowing in type or prophecy does to it antecedently. Both the legend and the prophecy are the truth in a concrete form—in the form suitable, necessary, for those to whom they come—unless so concrete, the truth could not be appreciated at all. So the prophecy runs—Is. xxxv. 5, "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped," anticipating an enlightenment and enlargement of the spiritual understanding. But the carnal minds of those who lived when the prophecy was uttered, required that the truth should be clothed in that concrete dress to them; and the mass of those who were contemporary with the Great Teacher himself, could appreciate no other than a material supremacy over the defects of the corporeal frame. Thus the record of his spiritual greatness falls back into precisely the same descriptions as those of the prophets—spontaneously, and with no more purposed falsification, in the one case than in the other.

Dr. Ewald shows acutely (pp. 176, 7) that, in matter of fact, Mary, the mother of Jesus, was of the tribe of Levi—at least, her cousin Elizabeth was of a priestly house; and some other circumstances combine to the same conclusion. But the prophecies speak of Messiah as Son of David; he is so described in Rom. i. 3; and in Heb. vii. 14, the possibility of his Levitical descent is even excluded. Adhering to the letter, no reconciliation is possible of these variations. But 'Son of David,' according to the inner meaning of prophecy, should be inter-

preted in like manner to Son or seed of Abraham, as spiritual progeny, or spiritual representative; as one not necessarily born of the house and lineage of David, *κατα σαρκα*, but as sitting on the throne of the spiritual Israel in the same supremacy that David did over the natural Israel. This spiritual kingdom could only be foreshadowed in terms of the earthly kingdom; after it had been revealed, it could only be made intelligible to ordinary minds by like expressions. When the polity of the Jews had passed away, temple and city destroyed, rising after rising put down in blood and fire, they asked themselves, Has then the Messiah been among us, and we not know him? Was it Jesus? Was he not called Son of David? And so, fictitious and contradictory genealogies, traditions of Bethlehem, and the like, would carnalize the conception of the Prince of Peace, after his manifestation, as material descriptions had embodied it before.

We should have been glad to say something of Dr. Ewald's treatment of the "Gospel-question;" but can only remark, that with respect to the authorship of the fourth Gospel, Bunsen occupies an extreme destructive position—Ewald, for a critic, an extreme conservative one—Dr. Weisse an intermediate and moderate one. Now, so much may be said on all sides of this question; and after all is said, the evidence is so incomplete, so negative, that no one, whichever way his opinion may incline, is entitled to dogmatize. But it so happens, that those who hold the extreme views are much more trenchant in the expression of their judgment than those who hold the medium. And Dr. Ewald, in this edition of the "History of Christ," hardly treats the last work of Dr. Weisse, on the "Evangelien-frage," with sufficient consideration and respect. Dr. Ewald's conservative tendency may obtain for him more attention in England than if he had gone to the quick of some inquiries which he opens; but he must be felt, even in England, with all his learning and research, to be diffuse and often incomplete, and too much disposed to dogmatize.

Individual opinion is confessedly formed, in great measure, in accordance with the prejudices of others and in submission to their judgments, either as the supposed wisest or as the many. Where prejudices run in a strong current all one way and authorities are united, there is but little conflict of opinion. The rebel mind which then asserts its liberty carries its possessor, in some ages, to the scaffold or the prison; in others, into the cold shadow of social death. Martyrdom, however, is no test of truth. But when authorities are broken up and disunited, when prejudices set in various currents, there ensues real conflict of opinion. For this reason, among ourselves, the rules of morals if not their foundation principles, the principles as well as rules of social practice, the doctrines of the concrete religions—all these fall into dispute: only slowly is some small portion of the ground won from the debateable ground of opinion to the province of experimental certitude; or some other is abandoned as hopeless quagmire and land of the mist, where the eye supplies no guidance and the foot no surety.

Something of the conflict of the day between various religious and social

opinions is depicted to us in a delightful book called "Thorndale,"² suited for the leisure hour of those who love to pass their leisure not without thought. All opinions, it is true, are not here represented. Some forms of religion are scarcely touched upon. We have but few traits of the Anglo-Catholic—"the softly-arrogant clergy;" none of the old "high and dry," nor of the "more dry than high;" none of the Neo-Platonist; none of the Anglo-Lutheran: we meet with no true disciple of John Knox, nor with the Unitarian Spiritualist.

Thorndale, from whom the volume is entitled, is a love-stricken disappointed youth, smitten with consumption, passing the last months of his life on the shores of the Bay of Naples. He keeps a memorandum book of his thoughts and recollections. He may be called the Inquirer. We fear he departs without any sufficient answer to his questions. The nature of them may be gathered from such an extract as this:—

"The hardest trial to our faith is the actual aspect of the living multitudes of mankind. Looking round the world, it is very hard to find one's immortals or celestials that are to be. . . . I raise my eyes from my paper, and what a beautiful vision lies before me! The blue sky reflected on these ample waters gives me a double heaven—one above and one beneath me; and these islands of enchantment, Ischia and Capri, seem to be suspended floating midway between them. . . . 'Surely,' I exclaim, 'here, if anywhere, man might have been immortal.' Yet, if I descend from my solitude, and pass through yonder neighbouring city, I shall find myself amidst a noisy, angry, quarrelsome multitude, each one of whom would think it the grossest insult if I doubted that he was an immortal spirit, waiting to put on his angelic nature in another and a better world."—p. 55.

And then again:—

"Why must I accept the alternative—all or none? Why every Hun and Scythian, or else no Socrates or Plato? Why must every corrupt thing be brought again to life, or else all hope be denied to the good and the great, the loving and the pious?"—p. 56.

Yet, perhaps, the difficulty is not so great as to the resuscitation of the extremes, as with the revivifying the intermediates, the neutrals. Tiberius may well be called up again to receive his stripes, and Socrates, that his cup may be filled with ambrosia—but Thersites has suffered enough, we want to see him no more.

There are some beautiful dramatic sketches introduced, which relieve, while they illustrate, the general discussions in the book. Such are some passages in the history of Cyril, a young Evangelical who turns Cistercian, and an engaging tale entitled "Julia Montini." But the two most important characters brought before us are those of Seckendorf the Skeptic, and Clarence the Utopian. Seckendorf is the very model—the beau-ideal of an unbeliever. There is no hostility in him towards those who believe more than he does himself—no tartness or asperity. He does not say—You believe in the Virgin Mary—I believe she is a myth. You are a Trinitarian—you might as well be an idolater—in fact, you are. Much less is there anything about him

² "Thorndale; or, the Conflict of Opinions." By William Smith. Author of "Athelwold, a Drama," "A Discourse of Ethics," &c. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1857.

of the restless infidel, always twitching, who seems to say by a perpetual fidget—Look at me, I do not believe *anything*. Only in the company of a chosen few does Seckendorf develop his skepticism; and even these he will not take with him into the “cave of Trophonius;” “into which, it is said, whosoever enters never smiles again.” Seckendorf indeed, as not uncommon with those whom he represents, has some hankering after the old Catholicism. Even he is fired by its historic recollections; he admires the grandeur of the Roman idea; he is fascinated by the æsthetic appliances of the Roman Church. If to the wise all creeds and worships are but symbols, let us at least have a symbolism which is complete, and a service which is well done.

The most sustained and consecutive portion of the book, forming indeed a work in itself, is that which is assigned to “Clarence the Utopian.” He has been acted upon to some extent by Seckendorf. He suspects that the two futurities, the futurity of a continued individual life and of a perfected mundane society, convey promises which mutually destroy each other. Shaken rather in his belief of the former, he takes refuge in the prospect of an indefinite progress of humanity. Utopian his views are, because they are of things not now to be found anywhere—of things not possible anywhere, under present conditions. But social and religious changes which have already taken place are a fair guarantee of others yet to come, approximating more and more to the full realization of the Divine Idea. Give him time enough, and the Utopian, like the Geologist, will work wonders. Clarence shows, in an able and frequently original manner, how the earlier forms of society and the earlier religious persuasions have been necessary stepping-stones to that which is more perfect. We can only spare room for one or two paragraphs, which will indicate the manner of treatment:—

“A form of religion, which we justly look back upon as to us most odious, may yet have been in accordance with the times which produced it, which perhaps could have produced no other; and it may also have been a necessary condition for subsequent forms, which we may still highly approve, and which manifestly have been of extreme value in the education of the human race.”—p. 561.

Excellent are the observations on the subject of miracles:—

“It is the disconnexion of any given event of nature, or act of the creative Power, from its antecedents and consequents, that is the essential distinction of the older and more imaginative modes of thinking. It is this unconnected act which the theologian of ancient times delighted to contemplate, and which the theologian of a scientific age finds it almost impossible to conceive. . . . So rooted in the minds of scientific men is this belief in the connectedness of the phenomena of nature, and their formation of one harmonious scheme, that I doubt whether, if a miracle were really wrought before their eyes, they would believe it *as a miracle*. They would suspect that their own limited knowledge of nature gave to the fact the anomalous appearance which it wore to them! . . . With us there is but one miracle, and that is the whole creation. God acts in all, and all his acts necessarily harmonise. Order and harmony are essential to every creature we can conceive of. The miracle, as vulgarly understood, would be but chaos, contradiction, mere destruction. But you see directly that the greatest revolution that has taken place in the human mind must be also one

of the slowest and most gradual. You see directly that the two modes of representing to ourselves the action of the Deity, though essentially contradictory and inconsistent, would nevertheless co-exist for centuries, and often in the same minds. You see directly that, after admitting that God acts in the very order of nature, men would still, *wherever they could not see the order*, revert to their old conception of arbitrary and unconnected action."—pp. 594-5.

The conviction of a necessity for a revision of the English version of the Bible becomes more and more widely spread. Some months ago, if we had not then recently treated the subject at considerable length ourselves, we should have noticed some remarks put forth in an unpretending form, and specially adapted for members of the Church of England, by Dr. Iliff,³ an experienced and amply competent Biblical scholar. We were gratified to find that many of his rules of emendation coincided with those suggested by ourselves. He also directed attention to a point which will deserve consideration when the work of emendation shall be entered upon—namely, as to the effect of particular renderings upon the ear in the public reading of the Scriptures.

"I know by experience that many passages read easy to the eye which fail to convey the instruction with equal distinctness to the ear; and as we know that with many it is the case, that what they hear constitutes a great portion of their Scripture instruction, I have occasionally introduced changes for that object."—p. 18.

We have now to recommend a volume, by Dr. Beard,⁴ from a somewhat different point of view. The revision should, in the opinion of Dr. Beard, be made by public authority, and the first step towards it should be the issuing of a Commission of Inquiry. The whole success of any plan for revision by authority would depend, in the first instance, upon the perfect fairness with which the Commission should be nominated. Not only must its members be appointed for their scholarship, without reference to their communion, but also without reference to their theology. One circumstance brought into prominent light by Dr. Beard, relative to the present English version, is, the extent to which, through Tyndale's, it is indebted to the translation of Luther. Thus Dr. Beard observes, upon Ps. xxii. 16, "*They pierced my hands and my feet: I may tell all my bones,*" E.V., that, with the best Jewish authorities, the word rendered "They pierced," should be, "as lions do:" *i. e.*, "They beset me as lions do, (even) my hands and my feet:" and goes on to say—

"The Greek of the Septuagint and the Latin of the Church of Rome render the word 'they pierced.' The words 'they pierced' accordingly took their present place in our English version. Probably the authority immediately followed was neither the Septuagint nor the Vulgate, but Luther, who, servilely imitating the former, rendered the passage 'they ran my hands and feet through.' There

³ "A Plea for a Revision of the Bible Translation of 1611. With a plan for the gradual introduction of changes," &c. By F. Iliff, D.D., of Trinity College, Cambridge, Editor of the "Biblia Ecclesie Polyglotta," and the "Hexapla Psalter." Sunderland. 1856.

⁴ "A Revised English Bible the Want of the Church and the Demand of the Age; comprising a critical history of the Authorised Version, and corrections of numerous mistranslations." By John R. Beard, D.D. London: Whitfield. 1857.

is the greater reason for thinking that the English translator, whoever he was, had Luther's version before him, since he has given an exact copy of Luther's rendering of the first member of the seventeenth verse, 'I may tell all my bones,' in the German, 'Ich möchte alle meine gebeine zählen;' while the Greek and the Latin have 'they numbered all my bones;' and there is nothing in the Hebrew to warrant the word 'may' in the 'I may tell' of our translation. Indeed, the use of the word 'may' injures the sense. . . . It is also probable that the mistranslation given in our Bibles was preferred because, though contrary to the Hebrew, it stood in agreement with a passage in John's Gospel, in which, by a combination of two passages (Ps. xxii. 16; Zech. xii. 10), a Scripture is represented as being fulfilled; a representation which also prefers the Greek translation to the Hebrew original. Nevertheless the rancour of sectism has charged on the Jews a wilful corruption of the Hebrew, in order that they might thereby escape a troublesome proof of the Messiahship of Jesus. Cahen throws back the reproach, imputing a change in the text to Christians, 'as more favourable to their theology.'—pp. 266-7.

This work of Dr. Beard contains, in a convenient form, a great deal of interesting matter, of which we cannot even attempt an analysis; and we recommend it strongly as a manual to those who interest themselves in the present state of the Biblical Revision question.

The division of the life of man into the animal, the moral, the intellectual or noetic, is as old among the Greeks as Plato and Aristotle; in Judaism and Christianity, a corresponding distribution into the earthly, the natural, the spiritual, is to be met with in Philo and St. Paul. The doctrine of the spiritual faculty—super-sensual—intuitional of divine and absolute truth, was developed by the Alexandrians, and has continually emerged, connecting itself with various theological prepossessions. M. Gratry⁵ fortifies himself towards the philosophical world in his undertaking to illustrate the spiritual life, by the authority of M. Maine de Biran, from whom he quotes—

"Il n'y a pas seulement deux principes opposés dans l'homme. Il y en a trois, car il y a trois vies, et trois ordres de facultés. Quand tout serait d'accord et en harmonie entre les facultés sensibles et actives qui constituent l'homme, il y aurait encore une nature supérieure, une troisième vie, qui ne serait pas satisfaite, et ferait sentir qu'il y a un autre bonheur, une autre sagesse, une autre perfection, au delà du plus grand bonheur humain, de la plus haute sagesse ou perfection intellectuelle et morale dont l'être humain soit susceptible."—p. vii.

Many of the fathers had enunciated the same view; among others, S. Augustin, *Quid anima in corpore valerēt, quid in se ipsa, quid apud Deum*. Following humbly in their track, Maine de Biran, after forty years of speculative wanderings, succeeded in crossing from the dark side of the mountain to that which is opposite the fountain of light; and they who now deny or doubt what M. Gratry asserts, as they too have the same eyes, will, according to him, see as he did, when they have done so likewise.

The end, therefore, proposed by the author, is to establish that there is a third, a really spiritual life, for the sake of which the rest of man has its being, and without the development of which the heart and the reason, and even the corporeal senses, are incapable of their proper

⁵ "De la Connaissance de l'Âme." Par A. Gratry, Prêtre de l'Oratoire de l'Immaculée Conception. Paris. 1857.

functions. The novelty in his mode of treatment of this subject consists in his combining the theory of the third, or spiritual life, with another doctrine concerning the faculties of the human soul, which was sometimes employed by the fathers of the Church to illustrate the dogma of the Trinity. As there is a Trinity, they said, in the Divine Essence, so is there a trinity in the life of man; the latter is a created trinity, after the image of the Uncreated. As Power, Wisdom, and Love, are the expression of the Divine Persons, according to the poet—

“Fecemi la divina potestate
La somma sapienza e il primo amore;”

so, *esse, nosse, velle*, are the constituents of the human soul; and the law for the true life therein is, *Tres unum sint*, “That they may be one, as we are.” If each of these constituents were viewed separately, under each of those three forms of life already spoken of, there would result a manifold combination or complication. Our author has therefore considered it sufficient, inasmuch as the spiritual, moral, and corporeal lives are, in fact, interwoven, to show that physiology, psychology, and theology, mutually illustrate, and mutually act upon, each other. In this portion of the work there is much which is not only speculative, but fanciful; as, for instance, in what is said concerning speech being the body of reason—whence an analogy with the incarnation of the Divine *Logos*. Such things are pretty as theological amusements, but are not sufficiently definite and precise to have place in a philosophical essay. Passing over, however, some like details, and making no further observation on the speculative form into which M. Gratry has thrown this discussion, we must remark, with great satisfaction, upon the distinctness with which he has set forth a cardinal moral truth of Christianity. There are in all of us, he says, elements of good, and of happiness; but the soul becomes dead, because these elements of good are overcome, or not developed. And he states well, that the evil of the soul, whereby it tends to death, is selfishness:—

“Puis-je ne pas voir que je me préfère à autrui, à l'ordre, à la justice et à la vérité; par conséquent à Dieu; que non seulement je me préfère à mes semblables, mais que j'accepte, pour un peu de bonheur une grande souffrance d'autrui.”—vol. ii. p. 9.

The sacrifice of self is acknowledged to be the essential principle of Christianity, and the very foundation-stone of the Christian Church. And when M. Gratry enforces the necessity for a Christian man to develop the good which is in him by cutting off selfish gratifications, it is for the sake of the relation in which he stands to other men—not as an aimless mutilation for its own sake. For the rest, our heavy wings, we fear, will not raise us with M. Gratry to the *empyrean*, to the sidereal heaven, where he localizes the immortal life; nor can we debate whether he be, in his view of the union of soul with soul, and of soul with God, more of the mystic or of the sentimentalist. But we must venture upon two remarks: first, we must think that he shows himself under a delusion in his description of those whom he calls rationalists. He seems to imagine it characteristic of a large class

of persons—of all, in fact, who come to conclusions at variance with the authority of the Roman Church—to isolate wilfully each man his individual reason from the judgment of all other men; from all history, from all tradition. This is more than the advocates of the old theologies are entitled to assume. The ecclesiastical records are the records of other men's opinions upon the Biblical monuments themselves; as such, they form a portion of the material upon which the judgment of each successive age must be passed—upon which the judgment of each individual who thinks must be passed. And the history of Christendom since the period of the Reformation, more especially its history within the last thirty years, shows that, if individual judgments, and groups of judgments, have been pronounced gravely at variance with authority and tradition, they have been so pronounced—whether they be right or wrong—after a most pains-taking and elaborate criticism of all the materials which could conduce to a determination. Lastly, M. Gratry should bear in mind, that spiritual insight and mystic love are not gifts peculiar to the communion to which he belongs; they are subjective conditions, liable to be produced by false imaginations as well as by true objects. They are found under all varieties of the Christian and of the non-Christian religions. M. Gratry must at least allow how little “spiritual” evidence is worth, and how doubtful a service to the cause of truth is rendered by encouraging the development of the Spiritualist *diathesis*, when he reflects that there is a Unitarian as well as a Roman Spiritualism. These *supra-rationalisms* may severally be the issue of no dissimilar processes—due, in the one case, to a yearning after a substitute for an authority acknowledged to be worthless; in the other, to a desire to supplement an authority felt to be intrinsically weak, or the dictates of which are irreconcilable with the ordinary reason.

The same doctrine which supplies the leading thought to M. Gratry's work is worked out after the German manner by Dr. Xaver Schmid.⁶ His undertaking has for its object to ascertain the common material which lies at the root of all religions—*Propria cuique genti loquela, sed loquela materia communis* (Tertull.), and thereby to effect a reconciliation between the twin-sisters, Religion and Philosophy. The spiritual organism is developed from the mere passive germ of mind, conscious only of an impression from something without, negating or modifying it. An objective reality is attributed to this negating power, and a sense of relation established between the mind and that which is without. Action supervenes in its two branches of knowing and willing, at first in obedience to stimulus and external law, afterwards spontaneously and with approval and love. Religion undoubtedly has its root in the receptive mind or feeling, but not its development; and Schleiermacher attributes too much, Hegel too little, to the feeling. Rooted though it is in the feeling, Religion is not confined to it; it follows the order in which the human personality is developed. This development may be observed in the

⁶ “Christliche Religionsphilosophie in drei Büchern.” Von Xaver Schmid aus Schwarzenberg, Doctor u. Dozent der Philos. a. d. Kön. Universität Erlangen-Nördlingen. 1857.

Religion of the individual man, while the Religions of masses of men fall into specific differences according to the higher or lower stages of their development. And it follows, as a corollary, that there can be no one universal religion for the whole human race, until the race stands universally on one and the same stage of mental development. Religion, therefore, begins in fear, *Primos fecit Deos timor*, but ends in free action and love. Passing to some of the ideas which are found in the Christian religion, man is the only being we know of which feels a sense of Sin. It issues from the faculty of his consciousness to recognise himself in relation to the External, to the All, to God, whereupon he becomes sensible of a disproportion in this relation, by reason of the predominance of the self. This sense, it will be seen, is necessary to the development of the spiritual life; necessary, in order that the passive and receptive elements should be overborne by the active, knowingly, willingly, lovingly. The sense of Sin is thus necessarily derived to man from the constitution of things of which he forms a part. Redemption and Regeneration are so likewise. For God is the Redeemer, when he provides means for the issuing out of the lower state into the higher; and Regeneration is the working out of this transformation in the man himself, and with the man himself—for *Creavit Deus te sine te, non autem Salvabit sine te*. And it is the office of the Church to carry on the work of the Divine Reason manifested in the humanity of the "Son of Man," to lead from nature to grace, and from græce to grace—from the earthy (*choische*) man to the natural (*psychische*), from the natural to the spiritual, from the lower spiritual to the higher—from Peter to Paul, and from Paul to John.

Jean Bodin,⁷ a celebrated French lawyer of the sixteenth century, was a native of Angers, more distinguished for his writings than for his practice at the bar. He was patronized by the Duke of Anjou, brother of Henry III. of France, and accompanied him to England when that prince was engaged in prosecuting his courtship of our own Queen Elizabeth. It is said that he then experienced the gratification of unexpectedly finding his work "De Republica" translated into English, and in use as a text-book in the University of Cambridge. He had the reputation in his day, and afterwards, of being an Atheist: he seems to have been no more than latitudinarian in matters of religion. He died of the plague at Laon in 1596. His colloquy on religions is now printed for the first time. Leibnitz, late in life, was anxious for its publication; and Polycarp Leyser, a lawyer of Helmstadt, would have executed the task, but was forbidden by the civic authorities. Recently, Dr. Neander gave a fresh impulse to the desire for rescuing this work from oblivion. It sheds much light on the forms into which thinking persons threw the religious questions opened in the sixteenth century, and since that time but little advanced. The colloquy is carried on by seven interlocutors, representing respectively the Roman

⁷ "Joannis Bodini Colloquium heptaplomeres de rerum sublimium arcanis abditis. E eodd. MSS. bibliothecæ Academicæ Gissensis cum varia lectione aliorum apographorum nunc primum typis describendum curavit Ludovicus Noack, Phil. Doc., in Universitate Gissensi Prof. extraord." Suerini Megaloburgiensem: London: Nutt. 1857.

Catholic, the Lutheran, the Calvinist, the Heathen, the Jew, the Mahometan, and the liberal Naturalist. The victory is, on the whole, left with the latter; although none of the disputants acknowledge themselves to be overcome. Besides the superiority which remains clearly with Toralba the Liberal, from the very differences of the rest, confessed to be irreconcilable, the Jew Salomo distributes some of the hardest hits at his opponents.

The late M. Adolphe Monod,⁸ of the Evangelical Church in France, left a few Sermons ready for the Press. Of these, two are now given to the public. M. Monod was a great Christian orator; no perusal of discourses can be equivalent to the listening to a fervid delivery, rendered more impressive by an elaborate but faultless action. M. Monod's rhetorical power consisted in the ability with which he seized on some one emotion or affection, and wrung or tortured it to his purpose.

"Aspirations of Nature"⁹ is an appeal in favour of the Roman Church, founded on the contradictions involved in the dogmatism of the various Protestant communions, and on the difficulties acknowledged by various truth-seekers in this age of inquiry. It amounts to about this:—Your Protestant or Philosophical Reason is but a farthing rushlight, ill able to pierce the gloom which surrounds you: the most reasonable thing, therefore, will be for you to put it out. Let the last exercise of Reason be to extinguish itself for ever.

"With the free exertion of Reason, with the natural impulses of our instincts, and with the silent influences of our noble institutions, the American people will rise in the strength of its manhood, and proclaim itself Catholic.

"Brothers of America! You who look for a religion agreeing with your intelligence, commensurate with all the wants of your nature, and which presents a destiny worthy of your highest efforts, investigate the claims of the Catholic religion, and exercise your freedom by paying a loyal homage to its Divine Truth."

We should think this too transparent even for Cousin Jonathan.

Mr. Isaac Taylor's "Essay on Mind"¹⁰ is not free from the vices which characterize his other works. Yet we believe he has taken pains to think closely, to moderate a turgid style, and to repress the exhibition of self-sufficiency. The Author, while he attaches a real importance, at least an indirect practical value, to the study of the phenomena of mind, does not expect that human happiness will take any miraculous start upon its further cultivation. His book divides itself mainly into two portions: the first treats of the grounds of certitude; the second describes the extent of the world of mind, and comprehends the observation of minds of a lower order than the human, as well as an analysis of the several faculties and functions of the human mind itself. The result of the former part of the

⁸ "Nathanael; Les Grandes Ames." Deux Discours par Adolphe Monod. Paris. 1857.

⁹ "Aspirations of Nature." By J. T. Hecker. Author of "Questions of the Soul." New York. 1857.

¹⁰ "The World of Mind." An elementary book. By Isaac Taylor. London: Jackson and Walford. 1857.

inquiry is summed up to this effect—that “analytic thought,” or thought pursued into its ultimate abstractions, supplies no assurance of truth—or shall we say, of truth worth having?—and that “concrete or synthetic thought,” issuing in a sense of fitness and order, can alone give that assurance. To do Mr. Taylor justice, we take a favourable specimen of his style and treatment from this part of his Essay:—

“The fragments of a quarry of glass, or a china plate, are before me, in a confused heap. By some painstaking I succeed in finding the neighbour pieces to each other of these fragments, and at length I dispose them all precisely as they were placed in the unbroken plate. This is only a sitting of parts; but if the plate at first were a perfect circle, or an oval, or a hexagon, then if this geometric figure be taken as the rule, or as the law which is to determinate the place of all the parts, it leads me, not merely to take care that edge fits edge everywhere, but that, when at length all the pieces have been so fitted, they make up the figure, the circle, or the oval, or the hexagon, in accordance with its original contour. If it be so then all is *right*; and this word *right*, which I thus instinctively employ, means this, that the fragments, whether they be a dozen or a hundred, have become ONE. Together they realize the abstract idea of the original plate; they are what the maker of it intended.”—p. 64.

But take another paragraph, which is, as writing, mere jargon:—

“A scheme of government, taking its bearing upon the moral sense, is not a chain, along which sequences follow, in a constant order; but it is—a standing on the one side, and a standing on the other, with a clear distance interposed. If we take fewer elements than these as the ground of moral government, the entire vocabulary of morals—popular and scientific—loses its significance.”—p. 95.

A large portion of the second part of the book is occupied with a comparison of the manifestations of Mind in the lower orders of organized beings with those which are put forth by man. The conclusion arrived at is, “that MIND is *mind* in all those orders of organized beings that, by means of consciousness and voluntary action, are qualified to defend and preserve their individual well-being” (p. 352). The author does not express even an important conclusion like this, drawn from many pages of illustration, in a precise and logical manner. He means, that Mind, as distinguishable from Matter, may fairly be inferred to belong to all “those beings which are qualified to conserve their individual well-being,” *because* in so doing they exhibit consciousness and a rudiment of will. But although the higher and lower orders of Mind are “essentially homogeneous,” there is between them “a generic and inconvertible (?) difference.” More difficulty than Mr. Taylor seems to be aware of attends the distinction between a difference in degree and a difference in kind; but we are really rejoiced that he has opened for many who will be his readers such a subject as that of comparative psychology. The work is more chastened in tone than some of its predecessors, although it is with difficulty Mr. Taylor restrains himself from an excursion into the supramundane regions, as, for instance:—

“The very structure of the material universe seems to speak of modes of life—a lower and an upper—an organization adapted to the alternations and the variableness of planetary temperature—light and heat; and an organization

adapted to the *æonian stability*—the invariable day-and-summer of the solar surface.”—p. 391.

“Æonian stability!” It must “be a very large bird.”

The name of Aristotle has often been connected with Oxford in the way of reproach; and something of a scholastic spirit and of a quibbling logic shows itself from time to time in the theology and the politics which issue from that seat of learning. Nevertheless, whether for good or evil, Oxford has derived little within living recollection from the study of the original *logical* works of Aristotle—has only begun to draw at that fountain itself within the last decade or two of years. But for half a century the Nicomachean Ethics have been the text-book, upon a perfect knowledge of which, according to the attainments of the day, depended, more than on anything else, the highest honours in the University Examinations. This book, though, not a theological one, has exercised as much influence as any other, professedly theological or not, upon the tone of theology of the higher order of men at Oxford. On the whole, it has been an influence distinctly adverse to Calvinism or Lutheranism. Nevertheless, it says little for Oxford, that so little has been done hitherto for the illustration of the favourite treatise. Within the last thirty years a very few annotated editions of it have appeared in the University, some respectable, others below mediocrity—none giving the modern student that help of which he stands most in need—the means of transferring ancient modes of thought into their modern equivalents, and of supplementing that which was deficient in ancient speculation by recent observation and discovery. The work of Sir Alexander Grant,¹¹ which is now before us, makes an immense stride in these respects in advance of any of its predecessors in that place. Without any parade of foreign learning, he is desirous of bringing up, as far as possible, the knowledge of Oxford students respecting their favourite author to the general European level. The present volume consists of six Essays, introductory to the text itself. In the first is examined the question of the genuineness of the treatise—whether it is the work of Aristotle himself. The external evidence respecting the actual authorship of this treatise, as of the other works which go under the master's name, is very defective. It is probably the work of the great philosopher only in parts, particularly book i. and book x. chap. 6 to the end: in the larger portions it is from the hands of disciples, and a compilation. At all events the title of Nicomachean Ethics, formerly understood to mean Ethics addressed to Nicomachus, must rather mean Ethics compiled by Nicomachus; and so little is known of Nicomachus, or ascertained of his age at his father's death, that we are not even justified in regarding him as the compiler. The view of Spengel therefore is adopted in this Essay, which is thus summed up:—

“We must consider these *disjecta membra* of Aristotle's ‘Ethics’ lying

¹¹ “The Ethics of Aristotle, illustrated with Essays and Notes.” By Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. In two volumes. Volume the first, containing “Essays on the Ethics of Aristotle.” London: John W. Parker and Son. 1857.

among his papers at his death. It is quite possible that some time may have elapsed before Nicomachus, or whoever was the first editor, took in hand their amalgamation. In the meanwhile Eudemus may have been writing his system, though it is uncertain whether this was ever completed. Part of the original system of Aristotle, being now lost, or for some cause or other wanting, Nicomachus probably took three of the Eudemian books as being the nearest approach to the doctrine and to the very words of Aristotle, and grafted them on with the view of presenting a completed treatise to the world."—p. 43.

The second Essay, "On the History of Moral Philosophy in Greece previous to Aristotle," embraces a discussion on the "Sophists," chiefly valuable for its ample exemplification of the use of the word in the whole of its range, from its honourable to its dishonourable application. "Sophistic" was a necessary and spontaneous phenomenon, when the power of words as signs of thoughts began to be felt, and before the abuse of words was sufficiently guarded against by logical rules. The Sophists proper had no immoral purpose (p. 109), and it is very pertinently observed, "All that double-sidedness with regard to questions, which is found in Thucydides, and which could not possibly have been written a hundred years before, is a specimen of the result of the Sophistical era" (p. 110). The third Essay is on Aristotle's polemic against the Platonic doctrine of Ideas. The fourth is occupied with the doctrine of the "End," of *Ἐνέργεια*, of the "Mean," of the "practical Syllogism." The observations on *ἐνέργεια* are excellent, its translation by energy "is very misleading," but "actuality," proposed by Sir A. Grant, is obscure; we venture to suggest as an approximative rendering, and one which will fit many places, the word "function." The concluding remarks on the "practical Syllogism" (p. 218), as denoting "a progress in psychology," and a "tendency to give attention to the phenomena of the Will," are very much to the purpose. The fifth Essay is concerned with the theological ideas met with in the Ethics; and the concluding chapter is employed on a comparison of the Ethics of Aristotle with modern systems, pointing out particularly his defects relatively to the Will, and to the sense of obligation or duty, and generally his deficiency on the subjective side.

These Essays embrace most of the subjects requiring preliminary illustration for students of the higher order of intellect approaching the real study of the Ethics; they have something of the character of "Papers," but they are first-rate Papers. They will enlarge the views of the younger men, and give great pleasure to others who are reminded by them of old classical friends.

The translation of "Aristotle's Metaphysics,"¹² in Mr. Bohn's series is readably done. It is accompanied with some useful notes and a serviceable analysis. The edition of the "Metaphysics" made use of is that of Bekker. The translator would have done well to consult that of Bonitz (Bonn, 1848).

¹² "The Metaphysics of Aristotle." Literally translated from the Greek, with Notes, Analysis, Questions, and an Index. By the Rev. John M'Mahon, M.A., Senior Moderator in the University of Dublin, and Gold Medallist in Logic and Ethics. London: Henry G. Bohn, 1857.

Mr. Lewes republishes, with many important additions and improvements, his very interesting and useful "Biographical History of Philosophy."¹³ The biographical form of the work facilitates immensely with a large majority of readers the appreciation of the philosophical disquisitions themselves. Mr. Lewes states with perfect candour the essential difference between this and all other histories of philosophy which have preceded it. Other histories of philosophy pass various systems under review, criticising some, culling authorities from others; where they destroy one edifice raising another, or gathering an eclectic result out of old ruins. Mr. Lewes's purpose is to show that philosophy, properly speaking, is not possible; that science is all which is permitted to man: for philosophy aspires to the knowledge of essences and causes; science limits itself to the knowledge of powers, co-existences, and successions. The book is intended, indeed, by levelling all philosophical systems to the ground, to prepare it for the edifice of Positivism; "till at last, in the doctrine of Comte, all inquiry is limited to such objects as admit of verification in one way or another." The interest therefore in philosophy will henceforth, according to Mr. Lewes, become purely historical; "in this prospect lies the principal novelty of the work;" "no other history of philosophy has been written by one disbelieving in the possibility of metaphysical certitude." In respect especially to modern labourers in this field, Positivism is the only resting place, as we are told, against scepticism. Positivists must not be too sure of that; questions will recur respecting the observing subject, to re-open all the controversies which they think will shortly be closed for ever—

"Modern Philosophy opens with a Method; and ends with a Method; and in each case this method leads to positive Science, and sets Metaphysics aside. Within these limits we have witnessed various efforts to solve the problems of Philosophy; and all those efforts have ended in scepticism."

A. Comte is not yet elevated on a pedestal of equal height with Bacon's. As far as Comte's method is one of observation and verification, it corresponds with Bacon's method: that which is peculiar to Comte in the way of method is, properly speaking, an order of study. Bacon's method must necessarily be followed, if any addition is henceforward to be made to the facts embraced by science, in any department. Comte's order of investigation not necessarily so. As a matter of fact, scientific observers do not follow his order; they do not begin with celestial physics, proceed to terrestrial physics and chemistry, and thence pass to biology and sociology. The order in which the intellectual field may be mapped is not necessarily the order in which its details may be best ascertained. The biographical descriptions in this work are extremely well finished—beautifully so, especially, is that of Spinoza. There are several entirely new sketches included in this edition, and the gallery might still be enlarged. The

¹³ "The Biographical History of Philosophy, from its Origin in Greece down to the Present Day." By George Henry Lewes. Library edition, much enlarged and thoroughly revised. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1857.

life of Giordano Bruno, now first added, is replete with instruction, although the subject of it cannot command our entire respect, as Spinoza does.

Mr. Lewes, however, must not imagine that philosophy is dead—that there are none to do battle for metaphysics—that all thinking persons have given up as utterly hopeless the endeavour to penetrate some way into Ontology. Dr. Apelt¹⁴ is an able expounder and defender of the Kantian method, which, however defective it confesses itself to be, however merely relative, after all, its conclusions are, is the only method available with prospect of any result. Dr. Apelt's purpose, in his present work, has been, by doing away with some difficulties, by pushing forward some positions, and above all by studiously expressing himself so as to be understood, to render "that which the Master left a mere footpath, broad enough and smooth enough for the passage of an army." Taking an illustration from astronomy, we cannot ascertain, says Dr. Apelt, the movements and relations of the heavenly bodies without the help of instruments—chronometers, telescopes, and the like; and it is necessary, before we can make any certain inferences by means of these, that we should know the capabilities of the instruments themselves, and the errors and defects to which they are liable. That which his instruments are to the astronomer, speech and thought are to the philosopher. What, then, does the human mind contribute, as an instrument, to the human knowledge? In every judgment are to be distinguished the content or matter of the judgment and its logical form. The matter of the judgment is the apprehension of subject and predicate. This matter is always derived, mediately or immediately, from intuitions, or is a repetition of that which has already become known in other judgments. The subject contains the apprehension of real objects, and the predicate is a conception, *i.e.*, a universal abstract notion. In these perceptions and conceptions, the understanding possesses nothing original. But in every judgment, besides these perceptions and conceptions, there is an original element undervived from without,—the form of the judgment. Hence the "transcendental clue." "The human understanding can become conscious of no other metaphysical, fundamental conceptions, besides those which it thinks through the logical form of the judgment" (p. 97). In every judgment¹⁵ are united subject, predicate, and copula; and, without reference to its matter or content, every judgment or mental proposition may be regarded as being differenced, relatively—1, to its subject; 2, to its predicate; 3, to its copula; giving respectively three forms of judg-

¹⁴ "Metaphysik." Von Dr. Ernst Friedrich Apelt, ordentlichem Professor der Philosophie zu Jena. Leipzig, 1857.

¹⁵ Dr. Apelt notices (p. 121), that the word "Urtheil" is not properly derived from "Ur" and "Theil," but from the Old German word "Ordalen," "Aussagen," "wovon noch das Wort 'Ordalie' vorhanden ist." It is certainly the same word with "Ordeal;" of which, however, Dr. Apelt does not at all indicate the true meaning or derivation. The "Or" is negative, *without*: "Orðæl," A.-S. *a judgment given without distinction; an impartial judgment.* "Or" is found negatively in many other A.-S. words, as "Or-mæte," *without measure, immense*; "Or-mod," *without mind, mad*; "Or-wurth," *worthless.*

ment—1, of Quantity; 2, of Quality; 3, of Relation: to which must be added a fourth, flowing not from the parts of the Judgment *per se*, but from the mode in which the Judgment itself issues from the Thought—that is, the Modality of the Judgment. From the subdivisions of these forms, the following Table of Judgments is obtained:—

1. AS TO QUANTITY;	2. AS TO QUALITY;	3. AS TO RELATION;	4. AS TO MODALITY.
Singular,	Affirmative,	Categorical,	Problematical,
Particular,	Negative,	Hypothetical,	Assertive,
Universal.	Limitative.	Divisive.	Demonstrative.

Through these logical forms of judgments we are led to the consciousness of the ultimate metaphysical conceptions of categories. For instance, take the hypothetical judgment, "When the sun shines, the earth becomes warm." Here, without being expressed in words, the conception of "Effect" is indicated by the very form of the Judgment. We derive a conception relative to the content of the Judgment from its form only. And by going through the table of Judgments we arrive at a perfect scheme of Categories, or ultimate Conceptions. These, correspondingly to the forms of Judgment, are found to be—1, Unity, Plurality, Totality; 2, Reality, Negation, Limitation; 3, Substance and Attribute, Cause and Effect, Whole and Parts: and the ultimate conceptions indicated by the forms of Modal Judgments are—4, Possibility, Actuality, Necessity, with their contradictions. In the development of the doctrine of the Categories, and in the more clear derivation of these from the forms of Judgments consists one great merit of the present work. Another is in the author's illustration of the doctrine of Apperception, and the clearness with which the whole inner or mental organization is distributed.

The most elaborate and able work that we know of, in English, on the subject of the "Will," claiming for it a self-determining power, is that of Dr. Tappan, of the University of Michigan. A new edition is published, comprehending the several Essays recited in the title.¹⁶ Taken as a whole, the object of the work is first to destroy Edwards's Necessitarian theory by a *reductio ad absurdum*, showing it to lead to Pantheism and Atheism—to be destructive of morality—to be inconsistent with other acknowledged views of its own defenders; secondly, to invoke the testimony of the consciousness to the *fact* of the Will determining itself; and, thirdly, to apply the doctrine thus developed to theology and morality. The pivot on which the cogency of the treatise turns, as a whole, is the validity of the testimony of the consciousness to the freedom of our Will. Dr. Tappan justly directs us to observe the power of the Will over the Attention: "It is under our control. We can exercise it, or not, in any given case." The sensation and the knowledge of any outward fact, or of an impression,

¹⁶ "A Treatise on the Will." Containing: 1. A Review of Edwards's Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will. 2. The Doctrine of the Will determined by an Appeal to Consciousness. 3. The Doctrine of the Will applied to Moral Agency and Responsibility. Appendix on Edwards's and the Necessitarian School. By Henry P. Tappan, D.D., LL.D., Cor. Mem. of the Institute of France and Chancellor of the University of Michigan. A New Edition, revised and corrected by the Author. Glasgow: Lang. London: Ward and Co. 1857.

"I cannot directly control;" "the act of attention I can directly control." The same applies to some of the muscular movements. The involuntary movements in the body, such as the circulation of the blood, we cannot control; but the movement of the arm or leg we can. And, more than that, we are conscious of making a *nisus*, both with respect to continued attention, and with respect to the muscular efforts; we are conscious, in fact, for it amounts to that, of being the cause of our own efforts. We must observe upon this argument—first, that some exception may be taken to the appeal to the consciousness in this matter. For we possess the consciousness as a practical faculty, and it ceases to reveal anything to us beyond that point up to which, as a practical faculty, it is serviceable. Secondly, to say nothing of other *circumstances* of action which are evidently beyond our control, and which, at least, *narrow* the range of the Will—it is not proven that there is not a connexion between these very involuntary affections of the body—quicker or slower circulation of the blood, for instance, or the genesis of nervous force—and those acts, both of the intelligence and of the bodily organs, which we denominate voluntary. It is very supposable there may be such connexion, and yet the consciousness be unable to trace it. Dr. Tappan's work, however, is highly to be recommended, as giving most fully the arguments of Edwards and others, whom he combats. His motives in the investigation are excellently expressed thus:—

"Let us throw open the gates of philosophical investigation as widely and freely as Bacon threw open the gates of physical investigation. Let no one be frightened away from thinking. Let us not imagine we can put truth in jeopardy by examining, thinking, and reasoning. Let us not feel ourselves bound to prescribe methods, and to use forms of speech, merely because they rest upon authority. For what we think, and say, and do we are responsible to God, to conscience, and to truth. With our eye fixed reverently and adoringly upon these eternal authorities, we need not fear that we shall go astray."—p. 361.

POLITICS AND EDUCATION.

BASING his work on that of M. Le Play, Mr. Sargant has written a readable and not uninteresting volume on the "Economy of the Labouring Classes." His reading has not been very extensive, and he is not very conversant with the details of domestic life on the Continent. Consequently he has few facts to give on that portion of his subject, except such as are furnished him by M. Le Play. But he knows as much as most men of the habits and condition of the English artisan, and he writes with a soundness of sense and a moderation of language which set off the knowledge which he possesses. He begins by examining the difference between the *régime* of Individualism, as he calls

¹ "Economy of the Labouring Classes." By William Lucas Sargant. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1867.

it—that is, the state of society in which the labourer relies only on himself, and makes a free contract with his employer—and the various *régimes* in which the labourer is more or less merged in the society around him; and which range in an ascending scale from slavery to communism. Mr. Sargant proves very conclusively to English readers what we hope few English readers require to have proved to them, that the labourer is best off when most left to himself. Every one admits this, if attention is only directed to the active, the intelligent, and the strong; but M. Le Play, and many others, allege that the weak suffer more than they otherwise would, if they, too, are left to themselves. Look at the facts, says Mr. Sargant. Have we any reason to suppose that there is more misery and indigence in Western Europe than in Russia? Then we ought to consider the effect of failure of a harvest. The Russian serfs depend on their masters for food; but high prices abroad, and in the large towns, tempt the landowners to sell, and the serf has to starve. We must say, however, that Mr. Sargant's defence of individualism is rather weak. He gives pages in praise of communism, and lines in praise of individualism. Indeed, he ultimately only approves of it because it, he says, provides substitutes for the best part of the *régime* of dependency. "The poor-law is the substitute for a patron, and friendly societies and sick-clubs the substitutes for communism." We will not dwell much on this part of his book. How any one can treat a poor-law as a triumph of "individualism," we are at a loss to understand.

The greater portion of the book, however, is not argumentative, but descriptive. Mr. Sargant collects facts, first as to the physical condition; then as to the morals; and lastly, as to the manners of the poor. His facts are rather interesting than satisfactory. They are almost all extracted from the works of Arthur Young, Mr. Laing, and M. Le Play, and especially the last. The way in which M. Le Play collected his facts was this:—He was a great traveller, and wherever he stayed for a length of time sufficient to permit him to become acquainted with any of the residents, he selected a family, and inquired into and tabulated the minutest details of their history and circumstances. So far, therefore, as his facts go they are very accurate, but their range is very narrow. Mr. Sargant seems to think it a great tribute to M. Le Play's merits, that he finds M. Le Play's descriptions of some English families probably correct. But this is only going a very short way. It is unlikely that a family selected by an intelligent foreigner should be a family so isolated that no other families can be classed with it; but the question is, how large this class is, and how far it is representative of a great many other classes, as to which we are not immediately sure whether they ought or ought not to be placed in the same rank. That the general body of facts brought forward by Mr. Sargant is true, we do not doubt; they are the results of the personal observations of shrewd observers. But after all they are very few; and in speaking of them, and arguing from them, we must not forget how few they are.

We will take the chapter on "Religion and Morals" as a specimen, because it is always entertaining to see the goodness of other people

put into a statistical form. The first proposition is, that "excellences are found in professors of the Mahommedan faith," in itself a rather mild and useless statement. But the proofs are in the highest degree curious. They are three. First, M. Le Play lived in a village beyond the Ural Mountains, where all the inhabitants belong to the Mussulman faith—"About one-half obey the main precepts of the Koran, the remainder neglect or openly break them." Secondly, M. Le Play knew a Mahommedan master who treated kindly a Christian workman; and, thirdly, Mr. Morier, in the preface to one of his novels, says that, although such characters as his hero and heroine are not known in Persia, there is no good reason why they should not be. "Having finished this pleasant sketch of the happy influence exercised by the religion of the great impostor," Mr. Sargant proceeds to speak of the Greek Church; and at last takes us to M. Le Play's stern cases of French religion and morality. The first is verbatim, as follows:—

"A labourer in Armagnac, and his wife, are of the Roman Catholic religion, and fulfil the duties of piety with regularity, although their religious sentiments are neither enlightened nor deep. The moral habits are good, both before and after marriage."

How M. Le Play knew this last fact, we should be glad to learn. The cases in which his informants acknowledge that their moral habits were not good before marriage, are cases where they had illegitimate children legalized by a subsequent marriage, and where, therefore, there was no scruple or shame in confessing what had happened. But we do not find that any of the peasants and the peasants' wives whom he interrogated confessed that their morals were not good after marriage. And, therefore, all that this last sentence means is, that the couple of whom he spoke had had no illegitimate children before their marriage. After we have added to this the important fact that this happy pair fulfil their religious duties, but without any enlightened sentiment, we have got to the end of their history, and know as much about them as if we had never heard of them. We cannot go through the other instances, but the general impression left certainly is, that we have learnt nothing about France when we have got to the end. Sometimes, however, Mr. Sargant is on surer ground; and his chapter on the rates of wages, now and formerly in England, is well worth reading, so far as it relates to the manufacturing districts. "With regard to agricultural wages," the author contentedly assures us, "I have no special information."

The author of the "History of the Factory Movement"² gives an account, in two volumes, of the agitation which ultimately carried the Ten Hours' Bill. There really is not much to tell. Soon after the Peace, Parliamentary Committees were appointed to consider the state of the English factories, but the evidence collected was unsatisfactory, and the question attracted little attention until about the time of the passing of the Reform Bill, except that Mr. Oastler had before

² "The History of the Factory Movement, from the year 1802 to the Enactment of the Ten Hours' Bill." By Alfred. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1857.

that period devoted himself to the task of awakening popular sympathy on the subject. In 1831, Mr. Sadler introduced the first Ten Hours' Bill. A fresh committee of inquiry was appointed, and Mr. Sadler's exertions to procure evidence in support of the measure were so strenuous as to injure his health. Lord Ashley succeeded him as the champion of the movement. A series of bills were introduced; and all were thrown out, chiefly owing to the influence of Sir Robert Peel; until at length, on the accession of the Russell ministry, Government gave way, and the Bill was carried in 1847.

Whatever else this book may teach us, it indisputably proves that the measure was carried in spite of the opinion of the best judges and soundest reasoners of the country, and by the exertions of men of comparatively inferior minds. Mr. Oastler especially was an uneducated, impetuous, shallow fanatic. Mr. Sadler distinguished himself by advocating a theory of population, which is now completely exploded. Lord Shaftesbury is at the head of the promoters of philanthropical despotism. We do not wish to go over the ground of the Ten Hours' Bill. We do not think that, strictly speaking, it raises in a very clear manner the great question of the legitimate sphere of legislation. By the hypothesis, it may be said, the persons protected are persons having a natural incapacity to contract, and therefore there might be an innocuous interference in their behalf, which would be pernicious if exerted on behalf of persons capable of contracting. We will not stop to give the arguments which, it seems to us, may justly be urged on the other side. But one thing is plain, that the advocates of the measure had no wish whatever to keep legislation within any bounds at all. Their whole manner of talking and acting went to show their earnest desire to set up a religious tyranny. That the saints should rule the earth, was their ideal. They were to settle what the poor ought to have, do, and enjoy; and then make any number of laws to compel the manufacturers to fall into the plan.

Throughout this work, and throughout most of the speeches and letters of the agitators inserted in these volumes, it is assumed that the Ten Hours' side of the question is the religious side. All the Christians are for it; and all the people opposed to it are unchristian. We cannot think very highly of a set of persons who can pin their faith on to such an assumption as this. If it is unchristian to hold that obeying the dictates of inconsiderate benevolence often works much injury by inducing a state of moral feebleness in others, then certainly it was unchristian to oppose the Ten Hours' Bill. But, on the same principle, it is unchristian to give a mendicity ticket instead of a shilling to a beggar. The opponents of the Bill said that all over-legislation is demoralizing, just as careful philanthropists say that all donations to professional mendicants are demoralizing. In both cases the impulses of a rash benevolence are checked by the fear of producing an ulterior evil. We wish that the author of this book, instead of claiming all the religious superiority for himself and his friends, had brought together some trustworthy facts to show what has been the real effect of the Bill since it has passed. But he evidently thinks that when an Act of Parliament is passed everything is right, and the

happy consequences prophesied by the advocates of the measure must follow with the sequence of mathematical certainty. He ends his book with the Act, as novelists end their stories with a marriage. Everybody is happy ever afterwards.

M. de Chambrun is a disciple of M. de Tocqueville, and in writing a history of Parliamentary Government in France,³ he adheres very closely to the teaching of his master. He paints the present state of France in much the same colours as were used by M. de Tocqueville; he shows how the morbid love of equality checks all merit, and lowers all superiority, even of the best and highest kind; how fast men are forgetting everything in their love for gold; and how, as the units of society are separated from each other, "individualism" gains ground, each man retires into the bosom of his family, and cares nothing for the nation. We read in M. de Chambrun's pages, as we did in those of M. de Tocqueville, of the invading force of centralization, of the loss sustained by France in the dependence of the clergy on the State, and of the true centre of action being in the municipalities. M. de Chambrun feels keenly the great dangers to which France is exposed, and he honestly exposes them. Undoubtedly his remedy is the wisest that could be adopted, because it is the simplest. He urges his countrymen to attend meetings, administrative or religious, in the localities where they reside; to work hard in the discharge of communal duties; and thus to acquire a habit of political action, without which it is impossible to make any good use of the form of liberty. We have not found anything very new nor anything very striking in M. de Chambrun's book; but it is very sensible and very sound, and we only wish that sound sense was likely to commend itself to a nation bent on material enjoyment, and dead both to the attractions and the memories of freedom.

The author of "The State Policy of Modern Europe"⁴ offers us a narrative of the course of diplomacy and of the interaction of European States, from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the present time. He divides the space covered by his work into four periods. The first, from 1520 to 1618, is marked by "the rise and development of modern State policy or diplomacy;" the second, from 1618 to 1715, witnessed the "heroic age of diplomacy, and the commencement of its decline." After the peace of Utrecht, the author considers that diplomacy degenerated; and the third period, which ends with 1790, saw diplomacy becoming more and more powerless; until, in the fourth period, from 1790 to the present time, it has had to contend for its existence with the revolutionary spirit. Practically these two volumes are a rapid summary of modern history, and have the faults and merits of most summaries. They are full of facts, and are useful for purposes of reference, but are dull reading. The author also has a very unfortunate style, which certainly does not cheer the reader along the dreary path. It is so highflying as often to be unintelligible.

³ "Du Régime Parlementaire en France, Essai de Politique Contemporaine." Par Adolphe de Chambrun. Paris: Didier. 1857.

⁴ "The State Policy of Modern Europe, from the beginning of the Sixteenth Century to the Present Time." London: Longman and Co. 1857.

In the concluding pages, for instance, where he gives a summary of his work, he tells us, that from "the fall of the immortal Rebel of Rebels, to the close of the last half-century, the milder part of the depositories of the State wisdom of the great powers exhibit, with the exception of England, little else than a succession of cabinet compliments over the tombs of ever-rising nations, intermingled with blasphemies of which antiquity had no conception." Perhaps a little obscurity and vagueness may be thought suitable to the subject of diplomacy; but this is going very far. Nor has the author much power of generalization. He acknowledges that he has no other account to give of the different fortunes of England and Holland, than that some nations grow like an oak, and others like an aloe. What value the book possesses seems to us to consist almost entirely in the collection of facts as to treaties, diplomatic documents, and the general history of sovereign courts, which must be sought elsewhere in a great many scattered notices, and from very miscellaneous sources.

Colonel Leake, so well-known by his works on the Morea, has collected into one volume a series of pamphlets,⁵ which he has published on different occasions. One discusses the degradation of science in England, two refer to Greece, and three to the late war. Colonel Leake was opposed to the Russian war, his sympathies being with Greeks against Turks. He seems to us to carry his enthusiasm for his favourites rather far when he says that "England, not satisfied with persecuting modern Greeks, needs also persecute the arts of the ancestors of those Greeks by preferring a Gothic to a Greek building for her new Houses of Parliament." We do not find much in these pamphlets that calls for comment. They are evidently written under the influence of strong personal feeling, and the local knowledge of Greece which they display is perhaps their chief merit. The same observation may apply to a pamphlet by an anonymous author on the Danubian Principalities,⁶ in which the advantages of a union of the Provinces, when constructed into a sovereign State, is strongly recommended. It is all a theory of the past now; and even in the short time which has elapsed since the pamphlet was published, events have occurred which would make it now necessary for the author to modify his language, especially with regard to England and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. But it may be useful hereafter to know the reasons by which the union was supported; and this pamphlet appears to us to state them clearly and forcibly.

From Germany we have a criticism of modern German criminal law,⁷ a subject too technical for us to enter on further than by saying that the author seems to consider the existing system deficient, partly from the abandonment of the older law without new principles being called in as a substitute, and partly from the discrepancy of the codes of the different German States. From France we have a really valuable

⁵ "Papers for the Historians of the Turkish Alliance and Russian War." By the Author of "Topography of Athens." London: Booth, 1857.

⁶ "Questions on the Danubian Principalities." London: Wilson, 1857.

⁷ "Theorie des heutigen Deutschen Strafrechts." Von Dr. Ernst Immanuel

contribution to the literature of jurisprudence in M. de Caqueray's exposition of the passages of private law contained in the works of Cicero.⁸ At the end of the volume, which is a large one closely printed, is an alphabetical table, by referring to which a student of Roman law can see whether any point, in the investigation of which he may be engaged, is mentioned or alluded to in Cicero. Turning to the body of the work, he will find the passages set out in full, followed by a French translation, to which notes by the author and frequent references to Gaius are appended. M. de Caqueray observes in his preface, very truly, that far too little use has been made as yet of the light which the literature and the law of Rome throw on each other, and he could not have taken a better course to supply what was wanted than that which he has adopted.

"The Logical Method of Political Economy," by Mr. Cairnes,⁹ is a very instructive and clearly written book, and promises well for the usefulness of the Professorship in the University of Dublin founded by Archbishop Whately, and now held by Mr. Cairnes. The author's aim has been, he tells us, to bring back the discussions of political economy to those tests and standards which were formerly considered the ultimate criteria of economic doctrine. It is to the method of the science that Mr. Cairnes gives his attention. The reader will find in the third lecture an exposition of what Mr. Cairnes conceives to be the true character of this method. Having discussed the meaning of the terms "hypothetical" and "positive" as applied to science, he proceeds to say that the grand primary axioms of political economy are to be ascertained by direct evidence—those which are mental by a direct appeal to our consciousness, and those which are physical by the direct testimony of our senses. The mode of investigation henceforth to be pursued will in general be analogous to that which is practised in the physical sciences in the same stage—that is to say, after the most important fundamental laws have been established, these consequences are developed by deductive reasoning. The conclusions thus obtained are compared with existing facts, and this comparison will give the key to the knowledge of the disturbing causes which prevent the full operation of the primary laws. There is nothing that is very new in this statement, but it is a good beginning for a Professor to make that he should first show that he has a clear notion of the manner in which he is to proceed. There are also many detached problems of political economy discussed with good sense and ability in this volume, of which the Ricardo theory of rent, and the Malthusian theory of population, may be given as instances.

Mr. Ayres, in his "Financial Register,"¹⁰ has furnished us with a very useful hand-book of British and foreign funds and banks. The

⁸ "Explication des Passages de droit privé contenus dans les Œuvres de Cicéron." Par G. de Caqueray. Paris. 1857.

⁹ "The Character and Logical Method of Political Economy. Being a Course of Lectures delivered in Hilary Term, 1857." By John E. Cairnes, A.M., Whately Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin. London: Longman and Co. 1857.

¹⁰ "Ayres' Financial Register for 1857." By Henry Ayres. London: Richardson. 1857.

compilation has been most laboriously and conscientiously made, and the amount of information which the volume contains is surprising, and is so miscellaneous that any notice of its contents must be imperfect. The financial position of foreign nations, the system of foreign banks, the nature of foreign securities negotiated in London, the rules of the London Stock Exchange, the position of the London joint-stock banks, railway and mining undertakings, and saving-banks, are some of the principal subjects treated of. It will be a most useful volume as a book of reference. We may also call attention to another statistical work of much smaller scope, but also likely to prove useful. Mr. Bigg has published a summary of the proceedings in Parliament respecting public bills during last session.¹¹ His plan is to give a separate summary of the course of legislation during each month of the session, and then append a list in alphabetical order of bills introduced or discussed during the month.

The Rev. Orby Shipley, in calling a pamphlet on the new Irish system of dealing with convicted felons "The Purgatory of Prisoners,"¹² anxiously explains in his preface that the term "Purgatory" was chosen "with reference, not to the mediæval and modern notions of the intermediate state, but in imitation of the doctrine which the Church of England, in common with ancient Catholic consent, has ever held upon this mysterious subject." We accept the explanation, and feel sure that somehow or other the author preserves his orthodoxy unimpaired. The system itself is simple enough; and at his fifty-eighth page the author describes in about fifteen lines all that is to be said of it. It may be interesting to some of our readers to know that in Ireland there are three intermediate establishments for the reception of convicts after leaving prison, and before being restored to society. In the Metropolitan Penitentiary, at Smithfield, trades are taught. Quarrying, stone-cutting, masonry, and the construction of earthworks and fortifications, are carried on at Cork Harbour. Agriculture is practised at Lusk. The essential feature of the Irish system seems to be that the convict, when he returns with a ticket-of-leave to honest employment, is still under the constant supervision of the authorities. There is no concealment. The employer hires the convict as a convict, and thus all the espionage of the police which has worked so badly in England¹³ is avoided. It is much to be regretted that the author should not have known better how to make a right use of a subject which, if he had understood what facts to bring forward and how to discuss them, would have been an interesting one.

Dr. Phillips has published the fourth edition of a work on the "Principles of Agriculture,"¹³ especially as applied to the Tropics:

¹¹ "Register of Public Bills." Edited by James Bigg. Westminster; Bigg. 1857.

¹² "The Purgatory of Prisoners; or, an Intermediate Stage between the Prison and the Public." By the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. London: Joseph Masters. 1857.

¹³ "The Principles of Agriculture, especially Tropical, and of Organic Chemistry, familiarly treated." By P. Lovell Phillips, M.D. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

and the mere fact, that the book has reached its fourth edition shows that there exists among the West Indian planters, for whom the book was written, a hearty desire to avail themselves of all the resources of science. It is chiefly of the island of Barbadoes that Dr. Phillips speaks; and he confidently asserts that in that island very good results have already followed from the wider promulgation of correct agricultural principles. Of late years, although the weather has been at times very trying, and although estates and districts, and even the whole island, have suffered severely, yet there has been no decided and ruinous failure of the crop; and this Dr. Phillips attributes to superior and more thorough tillage. Nothing, he says, pays so well in the West Indies as drainage; and the earnestness with which he has personally insisted on this has in one instance produced quick and manifest fruit, as a lecture delivered by him in St. Croix was the means of inducing the drainage of large quantities of land. His book consists principally of appeals to, and extracts from, the works of standard authorities, and especially of Liebig. It aims only at practical utility, and perhaps the familiar and conversational style in which it is written may aid in obtaining it access to the class of persons to whom it is addressed.

We have received another work on Slavery from America,¹⁴ the object of which, as stated by Mr. Weston, its author, is "to describe the vast progress of slavery in the United States, and to consider the circumstances which will probably control its movement hereafter." Mr. Weston considers that a stream of free emigration may hereafter move into the Northern Slave States, and gives it as his opinion, that at present Missouri is more inviting to the free emigrant than Virginia. We find little that is new in the volume, except the part that refers to Cuba. The desire for the acquisition of this island must, he says, be based on political, not pecuniary motives; for Cuba would annihilate the sugar interests of Louisiana, Florida, and Texas. At present, there is a tendency of slavery in Cuba to disappear, owing to the increase of the whites, the mortality of the slaves, and emancipation under the Spanish laws. And if America becomes possessed of Cuba, this tendency will be augmented. The climate is sufficiently salubrious to permit whites to labour there in safety; and as the money paid for the purchase of the island, or the exertions made for its conquest, must proceed from the wealth and strength of the north, the claims of free labour to have a fair chance in Cuba are asserted. Mr. Weston's general views on this subject deserve, we think, to be given in his own words:—

"In habits and social ideas, the points of dissimilarity and repugnance between the Northern States and Cuba, are far less numerous and less irreconcilable, than between the Northern and Southern States; and in all social and political respects, emigrants from the free States would be better off in Cuba, than in any Southern State in which slavery is predominant. They would encounter in Cuba none of that suspicion and hatred, which they are never able to escape at the South, except by making themselves objects of

¹⁴ "The Progress of Slavery in the United States." By George M. Weston. Washington. 1857.

contempt. In such a State as Virginia, until free emigration sets in upon it with a volume large enough to enforce respect, Northmen must become supporters of slavery, or remain politically and socially proscribed. The newspapers and the demagogues are incessant in their vituperation of everything Northern, and it is to be presumed that the newspapers and the demagogues understand what the predominant popular impulses about them are. Instead of this atmosphere of contumely and ostracism, so repulsive to men of just pride, emigrants from the free States would be received in Cuba, in the event of its incorporation into this Union, on a footing of friendship, and would occupy without prejudice whatever position their capacity and vigour entitled them to claim.

"The emigration to Cuba from the United States, whatever it might prove to be in the event of the acquisition of that island, greater or less, would, at any rate, proceed almost exclusively from the free States. The whites, who emigrate from the slave States, must go to new and unoccupied regions. The bulk of them do not possess the arts, or skill, or habits of industry, which would enable them to get a foothold in Cuba, where the density of population already equals that of the old slave States. It is in the free States only that the men are to be found, to whom Cuba affords a field for successful industry and enterprise.

"It is because the destiny of the system of slavery in the United States depends so entirely upon the possibility of giving it an expansion beyond the limits of the United States, that it has been considered pertinent to discuss the probabilities of its extension to the island of Cuba. It is in that direction that its extension is really most feasible, and it is there that resistance, if resistance is practicable, should be most vigilant. Nor can Cuba be regarded as foreign to the United States, if, as is the opinion of many, its incorporation into our Republic is a predestined event, and especially when the actual administration of this country was brought into power with an express view to its acquisition."

SCIENCE.

A WORK of moderate compass which should treat of the environments of Man upon the Earth which he inhabits, and the various influences which tend to modify his condition, both physical and psychical, has been a desideratum which many have experienced; and we are glad to welcome any well-directed attempt at supplying it. The following summary of the contents of the eleven chapters of which the little volume¹ before us consists, will serve to indicate the general scope of the treatise. In the first, under the somewhat affected title of "The Creation," the author treats of the Earth in its relations to the Cosmos in general, and gives a rapid sketch of its Geological history. Next we have an account of its actual state; the second chapter treating of the atmosphere and the ocean, and the third of the solid land. The three following chapters are devoted to the geographical distribution of Minerals, Plants, and Animals, respectively; after which we have

¹ "La Terre et l'Homme; ou Aperçu Historique de Géologie, de Géographie, et d'Ethnologie Générales, pour servir d'Introduction à l'Histoire Universelle." Par L. F. Alfred Maury, Secrétaire-Général de la Commission centrale de la Société de Géographie, &c. Fcap. 8vo, pp. 602. Paris. 1857.

a chapter on the geographical distribution of the Human Races, another on that of Languages, and another on that of the Primitive Religions. The work closes with two chapters on the Constitution of the Family and of Society, and on the First Needs of Man. The author avows that in the former part of the book, he has written more on the authority of others than from personal knowledge; the portion which relates to Man being more peculiarly his own. This seems to us the weakest part of his performance; and while we can on the whole recommend the summary of Physical Geography and of the Distribution of Animal and Vegetable Life, we could not speak in the same commendation of the latter half of the book, which is marked by the same faults as we have had to point out in the author's contribution to Messrs Gliddon and Nott's collection of Ethnological Memoirs.*

It will doubtless be a surprise to our readers, as it has been to us, to find the geological notions of the dark ages resuscitated in the latter half of the nineteenth century, by a writer who has acquired no undistinguished place among British Naturalists, and advanced by him with the confident assurance that he has demonstrated their accordance with "a grand LAW," which, though hitherto unrecognised, he considers himself to have established. The title of this last production² of Mr. Gosse's fertile pen, has probably been a source of perplexity to many of those who have seen it announced. It is not every one who knows that "Omphalos" is synonymous with *navel*; and to such as may happen to have previously possessed, or to have obtained by inquiry, that piece of information (and the question has been put to us by many lady-readers of Mr. Gosse's pleasant sea-side books—"What does Omphalos mean?"), it does not become apparent until they have passed the middle of the book, how "Omphalos" is to assist in the disentanglement of the Geological Knot. We shall attempt to state Mr. Gosse's line of argument with that fairness which he has himself used towards Geologists, of whom he everywhere speaks with respect, and whom he kindly encourages in the prosecution of their labours, although he makes a use of their results which, if correct, would render them altogether fallacious. Our author begins by giving a summary of the evidence from which Geologists have drawn the conclusion that there has been a long succession of stratified formations, each characterized by the peculiarity of the fossils imbedded in it, which fossils are the remains of races of plants and animals (differing for the most part from any now existing), that lived upon the earth during the long succession of ages that elapsed before the introduction of Man. This summary is so clearly and accurately sketched (it makes no pretension to higher elaboration), that we could not wish to place a better outline of the argument in favour of what Mr. Gosse designates as the Macro-Chronology, in the hands of any seeker after such information. To

* See our last Volume, p. 558.

² "Omphalos: an attempt to untie the Geological Knot." By Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S. With fifty-six illustrations on wood. Post 8vo, pp. 376. London. Van Voorst. 1857.

any one who is free to receive scientific truth as he finds it, such evidence would doubtless be convincing. But Mr. Gosse and those who think with him are not free; they are bound hand and foot by a theological dogma; namely, that as the Bible in general, and the first chapter of Genesis in particular, is the "inspired Word of God," which *must* be true, anything that is in contradiction to it *must* be false. All attempts at harmonizing Geology and Scripture, Mr. Gosse considers, and we quite agree with him, to be entirely useless. If Genesis be true, Geology is false; if Geology be true, the scriptural narrative of the Creation must be abandoned as untenable. In putting the discussion upon this issue, Mr. Gosse fully coincides with Prof. Baden Powell; whom he regards, however, as little better than an infidel in disguise, because, taking the opposite side, Prof. Powell prefers trusting the evidence of physical science, to pinning his faith on a narrative of whose historical authenticity he has no adequate evidence. The problem which Mr. Gosse has set himself to unravel, therefore, is not how to reconcile Scripture and Geology; but, assuming the literal truth of the Scriptural narrative, to find out the fallacy in the doctrines of the Geologists. This he has done completely to his own satisfaction; and he has obviously derived such gratification from his discovery, that it would be cruel in us not to assist in disseminating a truth which is calculated to relieve the minds of so many conscientious seekers after knowledge.

Mr. Gosse says, and says truly, that all palæontological evidence is circumstantial, there being no direct testimony to the facts sought to be established. No man can declare that he has actually seen the Pterodactyle flying about, or heard the winds sighing in the tops of the Lepidodendra. It is only by a process of inferential reasoning that their former existence is deduced from the present phenomena; and in that reasoning an important flaw may be found, which altogether destroys its cogency. "When God made the rocks," was the sage teaching of Dr Livingstone's humble instructor in Geology, "he made the shells in them," and this is actually the conclusion which Mr. Gosse would wish us to accept, on the strength of the following admissions, which he professes to bring out by a cross-examination of the Geological witnesses. He has no argument either with those who deny the fact of creation generally, taking their stand upon the eternity of matter; or with the advocates of the development hypothesis;—the separate creation of each existing species, with its characteristic organization, being one of his postulates. Now, says our author, the life-history of every species is a circle returning into itself. From whatever point we start, we come back in the next generation to that point again. And thus the organization of the individual, at any period of its development, looks back apparently without limit to the past. But there *was* a limit,—the date of the Creation of the species. There *was* a time when the race had no existence, and consequently the inferences we draw as to the past life-history of the race, from that part of it within our own experience, all fail as regards the first-created individual, or "protoplast," of each race. The working out of this idea in its detailed application to various types of

vegetable and animal organization, constitute the second half of Mr. Gosse's book; and this, again, may be read with great interest and profit, on account of the varied and well-told information it contains. The justice of the conclusion deduced from it is quite another thing. Mr. Gosse affirms as confidently as if he had himself assisted at the grand parturient effort of Nature, and had been an eye-witness of the birth of each species, "that no example can be selected from the vast vegetable kingdom, none from the vast animal kingdom, which did not at the instant of its creation present indubitable evidences of a previous history." This is not put forth as a hypothesis, but as a necessity; "I do not say," he modestly continues, "that it was *probably* so, but that it was *certainly* so; not that it *may have been thus*, but that it *could not have been otherwise*." In the same spirit he criticises the curious remark of Sir Thomas Browne, that painters have been in error in delineating our first parents, after the manner of their posterity, with a navel; deciding as unhesitatingly as if he had obtained ocular demonstration of the fact, that Adam *could* not have been without this characteristic feature of his Mammalian affinities: "the Man would not have been a Man without a navel." Our readers have now the clue to the recondite idea which seems to have suggested to Mr. Gosse his very peculiar title; and they will be prepared for the application of it to the interpretation of geological phenomena.

These phenomena must be ranged, according to him, under two distinct categories, the *prochronic*, and the *diachronic*; which are definitively separated by the act of Creation. Our experience justifies us in interpreting the past history of each existing race, in accordance with its present history, as far back as its creation; but there we are altogether at fault; and to attempt to deduce any conclusions from the organization of the protoplast of each species, as to the antecedent operations by which its organism had been built-up, would be a grave error. Just such an error, according to our Author, is committed by Paleontologists, when they infer the past life of extinct races from the fossil remains which geological inquiry brings to light. These structures all belong to the "prochronic" category; that is, they are not the *exuvie* of any beings that had a real existence in time; and all the phenomena which are commonly appealed to in support of such a doctrine, are fully explained by Mr. Gosse's one simple law of Prochronism, in virtue of which everything was made just as if it had lived, without having actually done so. Thus the presence of coprolites in the situation of the intestinal canals of the great Fish-Lizards, Sharks, &c.,—composed of fragments of bones, scales, &c., and, in virtue of the phosphate of lime they contain, most useful to the agriculturist,—is disposed of by Mr. Gosse in the easiest way possible: Adam could not have been created with blood in his vessels, without having at the same time in his intestines the faecal residue of the materials from which that blood *would have* been formed, if it had been made by the ordinary processes of digestion, chylication, &c.; therefore it is quite conformable to analogy, that the Creator, in calling fossil skeletons into existence deep in the bowels of the earth, should have created coprolites in their bowels. On this point, indeed, we entirely

agree with Mr. Gosse; the one seems to us just as probable as the other. In the same cool easy way, Mr. Gosse disposes of the well-known argument for the high antiquity of the Universe at large, based on the computed distance of certain nebulae, and the known rate of the transmission of light through space; the time required for such transmission, so as to render man cognizant of the existence of these nebulae, being about two millions of years. "Beautiful, and at first sight unanswerable, as this argument is, it falls to the ground before the spear-touch of our Ithuriel, the doctrine of prochronism. There is nothing more improbable in the notion that the sensible undulation was created at the observer's eye, with all the pre-requisite undulations prochronic, than in the notion that blood was created in the capillaries of the first human body. The latter we have seen to be a fact (!): is the former an impossibility?" This is cutting the Gordian Knot with a vengeance.

Mr. Gosse does not attempt to draw the line *geologically* between the prochronic and the diachronic fossils; that is, between those which were created as such in the rocks, and those which have been entombed since the general creation. What does he say to the Mastodon, in the situation of whose stomach we have found a mass of half-digested remains of the coniferous woods now existing in the North American forests? Was its skeleton created as such in the gravel-pit in which it was found, or did the Mastodon really live and move and get its daily food on the surface of the earth? Was not only the skeleton of the Mammoth, but its flesh, skin, and hair, created in the midst of a mass of ice; or did it likewise roam over the wilds of Siberia, to the savage climate of which the hairiness of its hide shows such an unlooked-for adaptation? Were those shells belonging to still existing species of Mollusca, which are found even in the early Tertiary beds, generated in the depth of those strata, when their fellows were brought into life on the shores of the newly-created ocean? And were those existing Foraminifera and Diatomaceæ, which can be traced as far back as the Chalk, if not to a still earlier period, simultaneously created living in the waters, and dead in the terrestrial basins which they fill? The thing is too monstrous for belief; and the whole notion affords a lamentable instance of the degree in which the vision of even an intelligent man may be blinded by theological prejudice. It is quite true, as Mr. Gosse states, that the evidence of Geology is circumstantial only; but circumstantial evidence, when cumulative, and derived from a number of independent sources, may justify a conviction so firm as to throw discredit even upon the most direct testimony. Has it never occurred to Mr. Gosse to consider whether this may not be the case in the present instance? We hold as surely as he does, that God cannot lie, and that the Word of God must be true; but what claim the first chapter of Genesis has to be called the Word of God, is a question quite open to inquiry; and when we find its literal interpretation to be in direct contradiction to the teachings of Nature, *i. e.*, of the Works of God, we are forced to believe that this record has not the authority attributed to it; more especially since it does not claim any such authority for itself,—a fact altogether overlooked by Mr. Gosse.

How powerfully Mr. Gosse's scientific instincts rebel against his theological assumptions, will be seen from the concluding passage, which is not one of the least curious parts of his book:—

"The acceptance of the principles presented in this volume, would not, in the least degree, affect the study of scientific Geology. The characters and order of the strata; their disruptions and displacements and injections; the successive floras and faunas; and all other phenomena, would be *facts* still. They would still be, as now, legitimate subjects of examination and inquiry. I do not know that a single conclusion now accepted, would need to be given up, except that of actual chronology. And even in respect of this, it would be rather a modification than a relinquishment of what is at present held; we might still speak of the inconceivably long duration of the processes in question, provided we understand *ideal* instead of *actual* time—that the duration was projected in the mind of God, and not really existent. The zoologist would still use the fossil forms of non-existing animals, to illustrate the mutual analogies of species and groups. His recognition of their prochronism would in nowise interfere with his endeavours to assign to each its position in the scale of organic being. He would still legitimately treat it as an entity; an essential constituent of the Great Plan of Nature; because he would recognise the Plan itself as an entity, though only an ideal entity, existing only in the Divine Conception. He would still use the stony skeletons for the inculcation of lessons on the skill and power of God in creation; and would find them a rich mine of instruction, affording some examples of the adaptation of structure to function, which are not yielded by any extant species. . . . In short, the readings of the 'stone book' will be found not less worthy of God who wrote them, nor less worthy of man who decyphers them, if we consider them as prochronically, than if we judge them diachronically, produced."

In other and perhaps more intelligible language, geologists are invited to continue their scientific investigations upon what is held by Mr. Gosse to be simply the material embodiment of a sort of dream, which, though ideally extending over a duration of unassignable length, was really comprised within the instant of the creative fiat. We do not see why the same reasoning should not apply to the earlier remains of human art, about which we have hitherto been content to believe, in the absence of historic testimony, that they were made by human hands. No living man, not even the Wandering Jew, can say that he saw the Pyramids built. Who can give us any direct testimony about the ruined cities of Central America? Were these prochronic or diachronic—a part of the original creation, or of subsequent date? Mr. Gosse may say that, in the absence of any definite proof to the contrary, he is content to accept the evidence of their construction by human hands. But there are chronological difficulties even here. Whatever we may think of the somewhat mythical records of Egypt, India, and China, there is surer evidence that the date of man upon the globe is not so recent as Mr. Gosse would make it. Recent borings in that part of the Nile Valley which receives a tolerably regular deposit of mud from the annual inundations, have brought up fragments of pottery from such a depth, that, according to computations based on known historic data, they must have been imbedded from 13,000 to 14,000 years antecedently to some of the earliest monuments of that ancient country. And in the opinion of well-informed physiologists and philologists, a period not much short of this must have

been required for the dispersion of the human race, and for the establishment of those permanent varieties of conformation and of languages, of whose distinct existence we have adequate evidence at the commencement of the historic period. Either, therefore, all these independent and concurring testimonies must be wrong: or, if Mr. Gosse be right, the imbedded pottery was created at the same time as man; and instead of a single Adam, there must have been black and white, yellow and red, prognathous and pyramidal-skulled Adams,—the unity of the race, like the general scheme of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, being only an idea, not a reality. It was so plainly seen by Dr. Prichard, that more time was needed than the Book of Genesis would furnish, if the doctrine of the common origin of the human races was to be sustained, that, notwithstanding his orthodoxy on general subjects, he freely admitted in the latter part of his life that this book could not be regarded as of chronological authority,—an admission, which, with his reasons for it,* we commend to the consideration of Mr. Gosse and his disciples,—if he has any.

Mr. Bohn has brought out in his "Scientific Library," a new edition of Dr. Mantell's "Wonders of Geology,"³ edited by Mr. Rupert Jones, the Secretary to the Geological Society. This work, the groundwork of which consisted of a course of lectures delivered at Brighton by its accomplished author, has been expanded in successive editions into a more formal treatise, without losing those characteristics which peculiarly adapted it to the general reader. Dr. Mantell possessed the enviable power of selecting those parts of his subject which are best suited for popular exposition, and of putting these forth in an attractive form,—sometimes, perhaps, with a dash of the *ad captandum* style, of which the title of this work may be considered an example; but whilst too many writers of this class are constantly in danger of falling into error through the superficiality of their acquaintance with the subject which they undertake to treat, the thorough knowledge of Geological Science which Dr. Mantell possessed gave to even his slightest treatises a value that no rude compiler or hack-writer could have imparted. Hence his popular treatises, if well kept up to the knowledge of the day, are likely still to hold their ground; and Mr. Bohn has done well to secure the services of Mr. Rupert Jones as editor of the present edition, than whom no man is likely to discharge such a duty with more ability or conscientiousness. As ten years have elapsed since the appearance of the previous edition, considerable modifications must have been required in the present, in order that the results of new researches, and new views based on those results, might be incorporated in their proper places. As these editorial additions are not in any way distinguished from the author's original matter, we cannot speak very confidently either of their amount or of their character, but we may say that wherever we

* See Dr. Prichard's "Physical History of Man," 3rd Ed., vol. v. p. 552.

³ "The Wonders of Geology; or a Familiar Exposition of Geological Phenomena." By Gideon Algonon Mantell, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. Seventh Edition, revised and augmented, by T. Rupert Jones, F.G.S. In two volumes. Vol. I. Post 8vo, pp. 480. London. 1857.

have looked for any recent information which called for notice, we have found it duly incorporated, together with a reference to its source. The number of such references made both by the author and editor, adds very considerably to the value of the treatise.

In striking contrast to Dr. Mantell's popular treatise, is the elaborate work of Professor Naumann,⁴ the first part of a second and enlarged edition of which now lies before us. It is somewhat surprising, that although more has been done for the advancement of their science by British Geologists than by those of any other country,—we might almost say, than by those of all other countries put together,—yet we have no Geological treatise which can be compared, as regards the fulness and completeness of its details, either with this work, or with other Continental productions of the like scale. Some idea of its comprehensive nature may be gathered from the fact that this part, though consisting of nearly five hundred large closely-printed pages, is far from completing the portion devoted to Physical Geology; being limited to the following subjects:—Figure and Dimensions of the Earth; Temperature of the Interior of the Earth; Volcanoes and Volcanic Eruptions; Earthquakes; Contour-formation of Land; Relief-formation of Lands and of the Ocean-bottom; Elevation of Mountain Chains; and the first part of Petrography, or the History of the Mineral Composition and Structure of Rocks.

The tendency of all sciences is to specialization. The vast extension of which almost every department of human knowledge has been the subject during the last half century, renders it impossible for any single individual to grasp the whole of any one. As among Geologists we find some men devoting themselves especially to the structure of the mineral characters of Rocks, others to the inquiry into the Forces by which the great changes in the earth's crust have been sequentially produced, and others to the study of the fossils which give us the key to the history of Organic life upon the surface of the globe, so in Chemistry we have not only the primary division into the two great provinces of Organic and Inorganic, but we now find each broken up into smaller areas, to the cultivation of which different inquirers specially apply themselves. Of all departments of Organic Chemistry, there is none more interesting or more important, than that which comprehends the subject of Fermentation;⁵ and as it is treated but cursorily in most systematic works, we were glad to see a special treatise devoted expressly to it. It is not only in the production of Alcohol in its various disguises, which is the best known type of this action, but in that of acetic acid, and in the "raising" of bread-dough, that fermentation is turned to account in the arts of life. This is, however, but a small part of its operations. In the ordinary Chemistry

⁴ "Lehrbuch der Geognosie." Von Dr. Carl Friedrich Naumann, Professor an der Universität Leipzig. Erster Band. Zweite verbesserte und vermehrte Auflage. Mit 350 Holzschnitten. 8vo, pp. 480. Leipzig: 1857.

⁵ "Traité Théorique et Pratique de la Fermentation, considérée dans ses Rapports Généraux avec les Sciences Naturelles et l'Industrie." Par N. Basset. Fcap. 8vo, pp. 558. Paris. 1857.

of the living body, both Vegetable and Animal, it is certain that fermentation performs a most important part; it is to another form of the same process that all putrefactive change in dead organic substances is due; and there can be no reasonable doubt that an action of the same character is essentially concerned in the diffusion of epidemic diseases,—a doctrine much older than Liebig, to whom it is usually attributed, having been most distinctly laid down more than a century ago by Sir John Pringle. In all cases of fermentation, we have two substances essentially concerned, the *ferment*, and the *fermentible material*. In all those in which the nature of the ferment has admitted of examination, it has been found to consist of a substance apparently albuminoid in its original nature, in a state of more or less advanced decomposition. The fermentible material is also an organic compound, possessing often considerable stability, but liable to have its equilibrium disturbed by a change going on in apposition with it. The ferment seems to excite a sort of intestine movement of its particles, in virtue of which they undergo a re-arrangement, giving rise to organic compounds of an entirely different character; and in the course of this change, some of its previous constituents are set free in a gaseous form. That which distinguishes fermentation from ordinary chemical action, is, that the materials of the ferment do not themselves enter into the composition of the new products, but are dissipated, perhaps entirely; their motion only being communicated. Hence fermentation is a process essentially dynamical,—and in the case of zymotic diseases (such as small-pox) propagable by insæculation, we see how very minute a quantity of the ferment may suffice to bring about most active and extensive changes.—We cannot say that we have been as much satisfied with M. Basset's treatise as we hoped to be. It treats pretty fully of the alcoholic, acetous, panary, and putrefactive fermentations, of which the author seems to have made a special study; but it takes very little account of the action of ferments in the living body, either in health or disease; and the theoretical doctrines are such as we feel sure that no philosophical Chemist would sanction, vital force and electricity being spoken-of as the agents concerned, in that vague manner which indicates a mind deficient in exact training.

We are very glad to welcome a new edition of Dr. Watson's excellent "Lectures on Medicine,"⁶ which have been, to the great regret of many a student, for some time out of print. We are acquainted with no treatise, in the Medical Literature of this or of any other country, which is so admirably adapted both in its matter and its style, in the philosophical spirit which it evinces, and in the high tone of moral feeling which, without the slightest obtrusiveness, makes itself heard throughout, to inform and guide those who desire to know what an accomplished physician has to tell them of the science they have to master, and of the art by the practice of which they are to live. We

⁶ "Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Physic; delivered at King's College, London." By Thomas Watson, M.D., F.R.C.P., late Physician to the Middlesex Hospital, &c.⁶ Fourth Edition, revised and enlarged. Two Volumes. 8vo, pp. 871, 984. London. 1857.

have always thought it to be the peculiar value of Lectures, as distinguished from systematic treatises, that the lecturer can bring himself (if he have the proper aptitude for his vocation) into far closer contact with his auditors, than the author with his readers; and can more forcibly impress them not only with his own personal convictions, but, what may be still more important, with his modes of thought upon the subjects he has to discuss before them. For, after all, it is not a body of settled doctrine, which the medical student in these days has to acquire. There is scarcely a time-honoured tradition that has not been rudely assailed; scarcely a point of practice supposed to be settled past doubt, that has not been called in question. The egregious fallacies of the old routine practice have been exposed; and at present every really well-informed practitioner is more disposed to distrust than to over-confidence as to the powers of physic, in a large proportion of the cases that come under his observation. What he most wants is the habit of watchful observation of symptoms; the capacity for sagaciously interpreting their origin; the discrimination between those changes that mark the favourable course of the disease and its natural tendency towards cure, and those which indicate a state of things calling for active interference; and the knowledge how best to apply his remedial measures, so as not to do harm, if they should prove powerless to effect good. And in all these points, the well-disciplined judgment which will enable the practitioner to form his own conclusions, is far more valuable than an acquaintance, however extensive and exact, with the best body of medical doctrine that ever was shaped out. It is an old observation that the man of mere book-knowledge of medicine finds himself, at least in the great majority of cases, far inferior to him who draws his indications from his own trained observation and well-formed habit of reasoning. And it is chiefly because the whole tendency of these Lectures is to call forth and discipline these most valuable powers, rather than to lead the student to suppose that he who carries their sum total in his head must be a well-qualified physician, that we concur with the medical public in its high estimation of them, and in the satisfaction with which it has received the announcement of their reappearance in an improved form.

The author modestly claims indulgence for any shortcomings which may be discerned in his work, on the score of "the unceasing demands made upon his whole time, strength, and thoughts, by the more imperative obligations of his professional life." But he must be a severe critic, very much determined upon finding fault, who can discover any ground for imputing to Dr. Watson either want of acquaintance with any important addition to medical knowledge, or want of pains in the incorporation of it in its appropriate place. We do not, it is true, meet with an imposing array of references to the various works and memoirs which have been produced upon each subject that has occupied special attention; for since, in the original structure of the Lectures, such references were not included, the author has wisely refrained from additions, the partial character of which would have rendered them worse than useless. But we everywhere find evidence, that all

that has been worth reading has not only been read, but has been well considered; and that Dr. Watson has let us know the aspect in which the matter presents itself to his mind, which was just what we wanted to know.—It may interest our readers to know what Dr. Watson has to say on a question which has been much discussed of late in professional circles, whether the comparative disuse of the lancet, in modern medical practice, is due solely to a different appreciation of the value of the remedy, or in part to a change in the public constitution. Among the circumstances to be taken into account in having recourse to blood-letting, Dr. Watson says:—

“It is also very necessary to study the character and tendency of the reigning epidemic; whether that may depend upon some predisposition silently and gradually wrought in men’s bodies by the agency of causes that are but little understood: or whether it may result from some peculiarity in the exciting cause of a particular epidemic disease. I have been long enough in practice in London, to have learned, in common with others, how much the character of continued fevers may alter. Since about the time when the virulent form of cholera first appeared among us, continued fevers have neither needed nor borne the abstraction of blood, as they did bear and need it for some years prior to that period. Perhaps some variation in the intensity of the poison may partly explain the comparative malignity—the greater tendency, I mean, to what is called lowness of type—which marks certain epidemics of scarlet fever, small-pox, and measles. The influenza, or epidemic catarrh, which was almost universal in this town and kingdom in the years 1833, 1837, and 1847, afforded a striking illustration of the point I am endeavouring to set before you. The inflammatory symptoms—the bronchitis, and sometimes pneumonia—were in many instances strongly marked, and it appeared necessary to abstract blood; but persons suffering under influenza bore bleeding exceedingly ill, and where the use of the lancet could not be avoided, it was never resorted to without reluctance and misgiving. I would not, however, limit these remarks to fevers or to specific inflammations. I share in the belief which has grown out of the experience of many thoughtful and observing men, that in this country at least, the human constitution has for several years been suffering a gradual change—that almost all inflammatory disorders assume now-a-days a more adynamic type, and require less energetic treatment than in the early part of the present century.”

—p. 227.

Of the truth of this belief we have no doubt whatever. We have known many deaths distinctly traceable to the free use of the lancet, practised according to what were accounted orthodox principles of treatment, in ignorance of the modification required by the “epidemic constitution” (as Sydenham phrased it) of the time. It is not only, as Dr. Alison has justly remarked, that medical practitioners are less disposed to order the large and repeated bleedings which at one time were trusted as the most potent remedy for active inflammations; the patients cannot sustain them. We quite agree with Dr. Watson, moreover, in fixing a period about twenty-five years back, as that to which the change of type may be referred; and we believe it to be because their personal knowledge of medical practice does not extend back to a date much anterior to this, that some persons, by no means deficient in intelligence, deny that any such change of type has taken place, and affirm that large and repeated blood-lettings in acute inflam-

mations are opposed to all sound pathology. Of this school, the Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh may be considered as the champion; he has arraigned Dr. Watson's opinions upon the subject of blood-letting as unsound and fallacious; and Dr. Watson has replied to his allegations in a long note, expressed with a courtesy and consideration for his opponent, which contrast most favourably with the over-confident and dogmatic assumptions of his northern critic. Dr. Watson had laid particular stress on the selection of the right period for the detraction of blood, which he considers to be the incipient stage of inflammation, and but seldom any subsequent period:—

“The first effect of blood-letting is to deplete and relieve the labouring circulation. But when it is again and again repeated, it becomes (as the French say) *spoliative*; it robs the vital fluid of its nutrient and plastic materials. Pushed still further, it produces a peculiar state of the nervous system, marked by great weakness and irritability. Now although blood-letting is the *summum remedium* for active inflammation at its very commencement, there is a point beyond which it not only does no good, but is positively injurious. And this point it is not easy to hit. . . . I cannot too often or too strongly inculcate the precept, that in order to extinguish or check acute inflammation, you must, above all, bleed *early*.”—p. 226.

Dr. Bennett having taken upon himself to affirm that “the principles on which blood-letting and antiphlogistic remedies have hitherto been practised are opposed to a sound pathology,” Dr. Watson very justly appeals to experience, and pertinently remarks that—

“Whatever may be the ultimate beneficial result (and I believe that it will be immense) of that scrutiny, chemical and microscopical, into morbid textures, which modern science has achieved, the information thus gained is not yet complete or ripe enough to warrant any exclusive reliance upon it as a guide to treatment; more especially when its teaching appears to clash with the prior teaching, for hundreds of years together, of well-conducted though empirical observations—And see what experience has really attained in this matter. Facts which no one can gainsay attest the immediate influence of blood-letting in incipient inflammation. The emergence from coma, or from delirium, while the blood is still flowing, in intracranial inflammations—the sudden relief of pain, tightness of the chest, and restricted breathing in pneumonia itself, its presence being further assured by the pneumonic crackling and the pneumonic sputa,—are familiar facts of that kind. Dr. Alison has testified to the unmistakable benefit experienced by himself under the employment of the lancet in a sharp attack of pleurisy; and I have no doubt whatever that my own life was once rescued by bleeding in inflammation of the bowels, so prompt, unequivocal, and decided was the amendment that followed that remedy. Facts such as these being abundant on all sides, and undeniable, to allege that the patients were ultimately the worse for the treatment pursued—that they would have recovered sooner, or more thoroughly, had no bleeding been instituted, is a mere begging of the question at issue, which we of the older belief, may fairly decline to grant.”—p. 232.

We could confirm this statement by the mention of two remarkable cases within our own experience, in which violent local inflammations supervened in the course of other diseases, and the patients were fortunately treated by early and copious blood-lettings; in both cases

with the immediate abatement of the inflammatory symptoms, the reality of which was unmistakably attested, not merely by the local and general symptoms, but by the condition of the blood. And these cases made a stronger impression on us, because we had just before, by the perusal of the celebrated statistical pamphlet of Louis on the value of blood-letting in pneumonia and acute rheumatism, been led to an almost entire scepticism as to the utility of the measure in the treatment of inflammation.—On the subject of statistics, Dr. Watson well remarks in the same note—

“The exceeding value of statistical returns in determining the *causes* of disease has been well set forth by Dr. Alison; but for directing the treatment of individual cases, it is far more profitable (as some one has well expressed it) to *watch* than to *count*. To use or to withhold a given remedy, simply because it is found, by numerical calculation, that in cases nominally the same, recoveries have been more frequent when that remedy was employed on the one hand or omitted on the other, would be to sacrifice the plain and perhaps pressing indications of a particular case, to the statistical averages of diseases having merely a common denomination.”—p. 233.

With the conclusion of this note we must bring our notice to a close, only regretting that our space does not allow us to cite more examples of Dr. Watson's felicitous mode of putting forth the conclusions to which he has been led by his comprehensive study and well-digested observation:—

“I have no room to discuss the question, answered in the negative by Dr. Bennett, whether febrile inflammatory diseases may change their type. He takes pains to show that the process of inflammation in its several stages, its products, and its local effects, are at all times the same. What he has not shown is, that the human constitution is incapable, from influences to us unknown, of undergoing alterations, in respect to the manner in which it is affected by inflammations, and by the reputed remedies of inflammation. For my own part, I am firmly persuaded, by my own observation, and by the records of medicine, that there are waves of time through which the sthenic and asthenic characters of disease prevail in succession; and that we are at present living amid one of its adynamic phases.”—p. 234.

We believe that there can be no doubt in the minds of those who have carefully considered the evidence, that to Mr. Hill is due the credit of having first not only conceived, but carried into practical execution, the idea of conducting an Asylum for the Insane, without having recourse to the employment of any instruments of restraint whatever. It was when he was resident medical officer of the County Lunatic Asylum, Lincoln, that this important change was first introduced twenty years since; and although the “humane system” had been previously making great progress in this country, we believe that Mr. Hill was at that time the only man who was prepared to affirm, that this system could only be considered as fully carried out, when the attendants are *entirely debarred* from physical means of coercion. Dr. Conolly was among the first to perceive the importance of this view; and to his persevering advocacy of it, its general adoption may in great part be attributed. Mr. Hill unfortunately became subsequently involved in a controversy with Dr. Charlesworth, one of the

physicians to the establishment, as to their respective claims to the honour of having introduced the non-restraint system; and he publishes the volume before us in self-vindication.⁷ We cannot but regret the personal tone of many parts of it, especially since, as Dr. Charlesworth has long been dead, the controversy would have been much better interred with him; but Mr. Hill has an unquestionable right, if he thinks his claims slighted by the public, to place his statement of the case before them, and to show how unmistakeable is the testimony in his behalf, which was borne, in an early stage of the business, even by Dr. Charlesworth himself.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

SIR JAMES STEPHEN has somewhere remarked the passion of the French mind for abstractions. This passion has been nowhere more conspicuous than in their historians, and it has contributed, in past times, not a little to their brilliance. The Age, itself an abstraction, can be successfully analysed into a number of abstract "elements." Guizot, *e. g.*, decomposes an abstract "Feudality" into its constituents—Individuality, Military Organization, and a number of other "elements." With the aid of these "*faits*," he presents an "age" in a luminous transparency, in which nothing is lost, nothing is obscure. "*Scribitur ad probandum, non ad narrandum*," seemed to be the motto of the whole of the *doctrinaire* school of historians. This school had its origin in the repressive system of the First Empire, which had made practical statesmanship impossible. The young men who emerged from its cold shade into the comparative freedom of the Restoration, understood history, even that of their own times, as the concrete form in which certain rigid ideas clothed themselves. The reverse current of events is producing an opposite effect on historical writing. The practised parliamentary men, who grew up in the twenty-five years of liberty, 1827-1851, are now condemned to inaction. The present being closed to them, they fall back on their recollections, and write that which they lived. The history of recent times is just now being written in France with great skill and assiduity. Of these undertakings, several are now before us. The first place among them must be assigned to "*Nouvion, Histoire du Règne de*

⁷ "A Concise History of the Entire Abolition of Mechanical Restraint in the Treatment of the Insane; and of the Introduction, Success, and Final Triumph of the Non-Restraint System; together with a Reprint of a Lecture delivered on the subject in the year 1838; and Appendices, containing an Account of the Controversies and Claims connected therewith." By Robert Gardiner Hill, F.S.A., M.R.C.S., &c. 8vo. pp. 318. London. 1857.

¹ "Histoire du Règne de Louis-Philippe Premier, Roi des Français 1830—1848." Par Victor de Nouvion. Tomes 1 et 2. Paris: Didier et C^o. 1857.

Louis-Philippe 1^{er}." The volumes already published bring us down only to April, 1832. So that the work is on a scale of considerable magnitude, and the care with which the materials have been prepared is in proportion. In style it is exactly what its subject requires. The lurid flashes with which Michelet lights up monstrous crime—the triumphant eloquence with which Thiers carries the Imperial eagles to Vienna, would be out of place in a narrative of Parliamentary campaigns. But we are sustained by an equable and business-like narrative, the interest of which never flags for a moment. The author feels the fascination of his subject, from which he never turns aside to dilate on his feelings. He is quite aware that he is relating not merely a chapter in the History of France, but a great European experiment of Parliamentary Government; but he does not stop to tell us this, he makes us conscious of it.

Though a zealous constitutionalist, M. Nouvion is not a party man. He sets forth with emphasis, but without passion, the policy of the July monarchy, as that policy was gradually ascertained in the first years of its existence—between the impracticable ultras of the Right and Left. But he has no idea of making history the ephemeral apology of a party. He may be an Orleanist, but he is quite aware that the party distinctions of those days have no existence now. The Orleans *régime*, with its questions and its animosities, is as completely a portion of the past as the Regency or the Fronde. To vindicate and justify is not the business of the historian. This M. Nouvion well understands. He is careful not to write pamphlet, or to make his "History" merely the depository of his actual dislikes. But the historian of that critical period, be he Orleanist or not, cannot but feel his sympathies engaged on the side of the Government. Governments have, since then, been so much in the wrong, been the engines of so much tyranny, that it has all the force of novelty to turn a page of history where the Government is seen in the right, but hardly able to make the right prevail. Casimir Périer's signal success and dauntless spirit in facing a bitter and unscrupulous opposition, are as heroic a theme as a mere parliamentary chronicle can have to offer. His tragic and premature death, of cholera, at the age of thirty-five, makes an almost dramatic catastrophe for the close of the second volume. The Casimir-Périer ministry made mistakes—in foreign policy, many mistakes—but it was true to the cause of constitutional liberty, while the opposition was the tool of anarchy. Assuredly, Casimir Périer himself was not a hero, or an ideal minister. Royer-Collard said of him—"Casimir Périer vint au moment où ses défauts les plus saillants se transformèrent en précieuses qualités. Il était ignorant et brutal; ces deux vertus ont sauvé la France." This epigram has much truth in it. He had no speculative views like Guizot, but he had resolution, will, moral force. These were qualities for which hardly any price was too much to pay, at a time when timidity, indecision, and feebleness paralysed the councils of the Cabinet, and dialectical wrangling for victory distracted the Chamber. A few months more of Lafitte might have wrecked the vessel. Casimir Périer would be strong, but he did not desire despotism—the modern cure for social disorder. He sought

and found that cure in the free concurrence of the country, and knew how to rally opinion to the side of law and order. His will had, indeed, something of imperious in it, or he would not have imposed it on those turbulent times. But his convictions were founded on reflection, and he knew how to ask and to take advice. A character which might have done mischief in quieter times, did signal service at that crisis. He may be said to have first shown that Parliamentary Government was possible in France—nay, could be eminently successful. The few years—not more than five or six, 1831-36—during which all the most conspicuous friends of constitutionalism united their energies and talents in support of the new Government, sufficiently prove that liberty without disorganization is possible in France. Whether the very short duration of this success does not further show that there was some fatal defect in the system, we shall have a better opportunity of judging when we come to the subsequent volumes of M. Nouvion's book. His eminent skill in grouping and narrating, make his parliamentary campaigns as interesting as the wars of the Empire. It remains to be seen whether he will preserve, in the later and disgraceful period of Louis-Philippe—the period of the Spanish matches, and the infatuated Guizot ministry—the same judicial impartiality which lends such authority to his two first volumes.

Another work² of similar character, which promises to be of equal dimensions, has also reached its second volume. This bears the well-known—we are reminded by his own phrase, *arrivé aux portes de la vieillesse*, that we may almost say venerable—name of "Duvergier de Hauranne." It falls short of the interest of M. Nouvion's volumes in two points chiefly. First, it is a less skilful composition; secondly, it is not a history of men and things, but of an abstraction—Representative Government. To compensate for this, it is the work of a statesman who has not only taken an active part in affairs through the greater part of the period 1814-1848, of which he writes, but who has profoundly meditated on the causes which influence opinion. As a history of political opinion, with its seeming caprice and surprising reactions, these volumes may be considered the complement of the History of M. Nouvion. The author apologizes for becoming the historian of Constitutionalism at a period when it is at the lowest point of discredit. Parliamentary Government has been tried, and has failed, so its enemies say. But, failed or not, the author replies it has had thirty-four years of existence, and therefore has a history. Nor is it so certain that it is past away never to reappear. Miguet has well said of France, that it is a country "où tout passe, qui revient de tout, mais qui revient à tout." Is there any reason why, at some future epoch, France should not give a second trial to representative institutions? Should this be the case, it would be very undesirable to be taken by surprise, to be imperfectly acquainted with the spring and play of the old constitutional machine, which we may be called on at any moment to re-erect.

² "Histoire du Gouvernement Parlementaire en France 1814-1848." Par M. Duvergier de Hauranne. Tomes 1 et 2. Paris: Michel Lévy. 1857.

As for political theories, M. Duvergier de Hauranne is too much the practical man to have much faith in them. Our political doctrines are the produce of our actual history. For thirty years, he says, our doctors taught us that the *Charta* of 1814 was the natural and the final result of so many ages of French History. Charlemagne and Louis XI., Richelieu and Louis XIV., the noblesse and the *tiers-état* alike, had, neither knowing nor intending it, contributed to form the grand fabric. To-day, other doctors, or the same, are good enough to prove to us that Representative Government is directly opposed to all the traditions of the country. France has never aspired but to two things—*l'unité* and *l'égalité*. The Consulate and the Empire did but continue and consolidate the work of the Constituent Assembly. And as history can supply facts in proof of any system, if one only take care to select them properly, these new doctrines have very naturally replaced the others in public belief. M. Duvergier de Hauranne is not one of those renegades who denies his faith when it becomes unpopular. He is faithful to the doctrines of 1830. In the shipwreck of the ideas and prospects of the constitutional party, its principles survive. One is under no moral obligation to procure the triumph of one's cause. One is bound, when it succumbs, to honour it by one's conduct. Five years have elapsed since its defeat, and Liberty can still show an honourable phalanx of champions, disarmed but persevering. The author himself has seen the birth, development, and death of Parliamentary Government in France. He is confident that it will have a second birth, whether he himself shall live to see it or not.

M. Duvergier de Hauranne prefixes to his History a preliminary sketch of the progress of the Representative principle from 1789 to 1814. At this epoch, the First Restoration, his History begins. He paints the fruitless efforts made by Napoleon in the last moments of his power—November, 1813—to call forth a great national movement against the Allies, like that of 1792. Napoleon himself had seen, at the commencement of the Revolution, a violent and incapable administration extract from the country that it misgoverned a self-devotion and heroic spirit of sacrifice which made raw, half-armed levies more than a match for the veterans of the German despots. He was astonished at the apathy with which the same nation now submitted to a foreign invasion. "Why," he asked, "could not he obtain from France that which the National Convention had obtained?" The Emperor's ministers could not tell him the reason. History, says the author, is able to answer, that freedom, however disorderly, can generate enthusiasm, but slavery and silence cannot. "*Est-ce qu'on ne pourrait pas, disait, en janvier 1814, Napoléon au comte d'Hauterive, jeter enfin du phlogistique dans le sang de ce peuple devenue si endormi, et si apathique?*" But who had laboured with might and main to drain the veins of France of that very "phlogistic" for which he, when it was too late, sighed so ardently? The apathy, however, speedily gave way. The second volume traces minutely and distinctly the insatiation of the Royalists, their preposterous conduct, and the reaction it provoked. It closes in June, 1815, at the time when Napoleon's political blunders equalled those of his opponents. He was preparing the

way for the second return of the Bourbons, no less by his irresolution and intemperance at home, than by his failure at Waterloo.

A third writer upon the same period is the Vicomte Beaumont de Vassy. The first volume of the "Histoire de Mon Temps"³ appeared in 1855, and it has now advanced as far as volume three, which ends with the year 1848. It is slight and superficial, and in no respect deserving to be ranked by the side of the two we have just noticed. The title, "History of My Time," might create the expectation of personal reminiscence, or original information. This is not fulfilled. We have a somewhat thin and watery, though not inelegant, narrative of public transactions, compiled from the most obvious sources. The second volume had concluded with a softened narrative of Louis Napoleon's Strasburg exploit. Volume three contains a similarly toned relation of the still more insane Boulogne affair. In these childish and farcical *émeutes*, in the hero of the tame eagle, we can scarcely recognise our great ally the Emperor Napoleon III. We are involuntarily reminded of that other hero of insurrection, who has immortalized the widow McCormack's cabbage-garden, and "My Portmanteau." But the contrast between the "then" and the "now"—between Boulogne and the Tuileries, is so great, that we cannot help attempting to connect the two, and to find some indications of the coming man in the crackbrained adventurer. In this the author of these volumes is very willing to assist. The Boulogne attempt was not merely precipitated, but wholly brought about by the "*haute police*" of Louis-Philippe, who thought it the best means of getting rid of a dangerous and desperate pretender. This intervention of the police was not a bare suspicion entertained by the Bonapartists—they even suspected Persigny of having played the traitor—but was placed *en evidence* on the trial. More than this, there was something in the language and behaviour of the chief conspirator that bespoke the man of miraculous destinies. His condemnation (1840) to perpetual imprisonment did not in the least abate his dogged courage. He never ceased to believe in his "star." His captivity was to him only a phase of transition. He writes from Ham to Lady Blessington, "Je ne desire pas sortir des lieux où je suis, car ici je me trouve à ma place; avec le nom que je porte, il me faut l'ombre d'un cachot, ou la lumière du pouvoir." These years of incarceration were not lost. "Where," said a foreign diplomatist to the Emperor, "did your Majesty learn all these things?" "At the University of Ham," was the answer.

Two volumes of "Études"⁴ are before us, on which we find the respected name of M. de Barante. We regret to be obliged to say, that not only is there nothing whatever in their whole contents worthy of the reputation of the author of the "Dukes of Burgundy," but that they are liable to a much graver charge. The biographical notices, which occupy the whole of the first and half the second volume, are

³ "Le Vicomte de Beaumont-Vassy; Histoire de Mon Temps, Première Série. Règne de Louis-Philippe—Seconde République 1830—1851." Tome 3. Paris: Perrotin. 1857.

⁴ "Études Historiques et Biographiques." Par M. Le Baron de Barante, de l'Académie Française. 2 vols. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1857.

nothing more than articles drawn up nearly forty years ago, and supplied to various biographical dictionaries. A writer certainly has a right to reprint whatever the public will read: he may have a right to republish dictionary articles, and call them "Études." But when he does so, the least he can do is to give due notice of it. So far is M. de Barante from doing this, that he puts his biographies forward with the following claim:—

"Les biographies de Desaix, de Camille-Jordan, du Général Foy, de M. de Caulaincourt, du Maréchal Saint-Cyr, de M. de Montlosier, de M. Mounier, de M. de Pontécoulant, de M. Molé, sont, pour ainsi dire, des épisodes de l'histoire contemporaine. La curiosité du public ne se porte-t-elle pas avidement sur les mémoires qui nous sont légués par les acteurs de ce grand drame? Ces notices pourront donc attirer l'attention des lecteurs."—
Pref. p. v.

Could the "readers" possibly infer that their "attention" is thus invited to a selection of articles from the "Biographie Universelle" of Michaud? In this useful publication all the biographies here mentioned, with the exception of the two last, appear under the signature of M. de Barante. That the readers have not suspected it, we perceive. We have been not a little amused to see the reviewers sitting down gravely to descant upon these biographies, little dreaming that they were criticising the venerable pages of the "Biographie." In suppressing this fact, M. de Barante has been no less unjust to himself, than to the public. For articles that are unexceptionable in a dictionary of reference, read bald, jejune, and purposeless as a book by themselves—even of such original papers as those of M. Rénan, it is true, as he himself says, that they have "leur raison d'être dans un recueil périodique, et ne l'ont plus autant dans un livre." What "raison d'être" have dictionary articles when taken out of the dictionary to which they belong? We may say the same of the historical sketches of the towns of Riom, Thiers, &c., which occupy a considerable space in the second volume. These are articles furnished by M. de Barante to a topographical dictionary published by Furne et C^{ie}, in 1847, entitled "Histoire des Villes de France." They were notices quite good enough for their place and purpose, but miserably destitute of any purpose at all when placed as "Études Historiques." It might have been some apology for their barrenness, had the author intimated their original destination. But this he is careful not to do. There is a series of papers included in these volumes, of which M. de Barante lets us know that they were produced as *compte-rendus*, read before the "Société de l'Histoire de France," of works published by it. These figure in the "Contents" under the attractive names of Froissart, Commines, Gregory of Tours, &c. What more agreeable than an *Étude* which should be really a "study," by a De Barante on a Philippe de Commines? But the same disappointment also awaits us here. They are *compte-rendus*, and nothing more. As part of the business of a *rapporteur* to the Historical Society, very proper and necessary; but totally destitute of literary interest.

If the republished matter in these two volumes, and which forms two-thirds of them, is worth nothing, it is not redeemed by the re-

missing third, which appears to be new. There is a life of the Count Alexis de Saint Priest, and another of Count Molé, for example. These are the best of the biographical pieces. And very poor they are. Count Molé died in 1856, and there is as yet no other memoir of him than this *éloge* which M. de Barante read to the Historical Society shortly after the death of his friend. We turned to it, hoping that the personal intimacy of the writer would have inspired his pen with some of that vigour which was necessarily banished from the uniformity of the Dictionary. Anything more insipid and colourless could not have appeared in the columns of the *Moniteur*. De Barante traces the career of the eminent statesman whom he knew, in a memoir of which the ruling idea seems to be, to eliminate everything which gave that career its interest. It certainly is not the fault of the subject in this instance. From 1815 to 1851, during thirty-five years of French freedom, Molé was one of the foremost actors in the stirring scene. There was not a great debate, there was not a ministerial crisis, in which he did not play an important part. If not equal in genius to the greatest names of the period—to Guizot, to Thiers, to Casimir Périer—Molé maintained a consistency of character which not only gave him weight at the time, but which will stand out in noble relief on the page of history. In the presence of the exigencies of party he preserved a calmness of demeanour which made him the *vir metate gravis* of the constitutional fray, and his career a model of parliamentary life. Of this interesting career, M. de Barante gives us a dry and characterless skeleton, from which the dates, and little more, can be gathered.

An English contribution to recent French history is Lord Normanby's "Year of Revolution." The announcement that our ambassador was about to give the public his private notes of the events of '48, through all which he was present in Paris, raised, naturally enough, no little curiosity. This expectation, however, the book itself emphatically declines to satisfy. Lord Normanby assures his readers that he has folios full of conversations, either confidential or official, which he had with Guizot; and also much information of a secret character as to what passed in the interior of the Government, but that he has scrupulously abstained from disclosing any such communications. This being the rule he has laid down for himself, the question immediately arises, out of what materials are these two volumes compiled? Almost entirely out of the *on dit*s of the day, the talk of the salons—when salons there were—or conversations with Lamartine and Cavaignac on passing occurrences. These Lord Normanby noted down on the evening of each day, and here reproduces them in the crude form in which he recorded them, subject to the reserve of everything that was not known before. Consequently, the book does but repeat, with the disadvantage of much repetition, and a disjointed, incomplete story, a portion of what was mere fully known from the correspondence of the daily journals and the narratives that

⁵ "A Year of Revolution. From a Journal kept in Paris in the Year 1848." By the Marquis of Normanby, M.G. 2 vols. London: Longman. 1857.

were compiled afterwards. We have all the precipitance of the daily memorandum without the originality which record of the moment generally has by comparison with reminiscence. Lord Normanby has talent, and a good sense, and freedom from office trammels, which are too often wanting in our diplomatists, selected for their rank, and not for their capacity. But he has not the eye for those delicate nuances of opinion and feeling, the rapid transitions of which make the interest of revolutions. More liberal than members of his *caste* can be expected to be, he still sees what passes with the eyes of his *caste*. As he considers that England was saved on the 10th of April because it had an aristocracy, we can scarcely wonder that he should see in the struggle of the French *ouvriers* against the *bourgeoisie* nothing but the rebellion of anarchy against order,—of a corrupt class against probity and patriotism. We remark this, not for the sake of criticising the opinion—Lord Normanby is as much entitled to his own opinions as any one else;—but on account of its disqualifying effect on his powers of observation, in a period when observation was the one faculty required in the annalist. What makes '48 of such abiding interest to the politician is much less the terrible street-fight of June than the progress and development of opinion from February to December. Never, perhaps, in modern times have affairs depended so much on the free play of public opinion, and so little on force, intrigue, or those sinister influences which are so powerful in less excited periods. This is what a contemporary record might be expected to trace. These volumes do not. Lord Normanby is, throughout, the English nobleman, honestly proud of his country, and disposed to estimate everything by the John Bull standard. The description of the more public and well-known scenes is neither full nor graphic. A verbal comparison, were this the place for it, of Lord Normanby's Journal, even with the columns of the *Moniteur*, much more with Lamartine's History, would expose the meagreness of the former. He thinks that, in England, the memory is fast fading away of that concatenation of mistakes and misdeeds which forced on the catastrophe of February, '48, and that the true character of the revolutionary spirit then evoked, is in danger of being forgotten. "I am convinced ninety-nine out of a hundred of my countrymen would more accurately describe each incident of the Revolution of 1688, than they would answer the commonest questions as to that of 1848, which passed actually under their very eyes" (Introd. p. xiv). If this be the case, a succinct narrative abridged from the newspapers and public documents, and following in the steps of Lamartine, or of *Reynaud*, (*Histoire du Gouvernement Provisoire*), would be useful. Lord Normanby's two octavos will not supply the want, if it be one. They are too incomplete, too little *suavis* for a narrative; too exclusively filled with what is already public property, to have any claim to be an original contribution to the history of the event. Indeed, we can scarcely avoid the suspicion in reading this so-called "Journal" that it is neither more nor less than the dispatches supplied to the Foreign Office,—with omissions, of course. If this be so, perhaps it may afford an explanation of the almost universal mis-spelling of French names

throughout these volumes, *e.g.*, Rochehouard for Rochechouart; Duvergier d'Haurain for d'Hauranne; Goodchaux for Goudchaux; General Courtois for Courtais; which, coupled with such grammar as *côté droite*, &c., makes us regret that the Secretary to the Embassy, who copied the dispatches, had not lived in the days of civil-service examinations.

Little fitted as these dispatches are to form a book without re-casting, it does not follow that nothing whatever can be gathered from them. It cannot be supposed that a man of the world and education like Lord Normanby, could live in daily intercourse with eminent statesmen without carrying off distinct impressions of character at least. We do gather, if not vivid, yet sufficiently distinct, outlines of some of the principal personages. Louis-Philippe, mean, tricky, *bourgeois*; Guizot, stubborn and proud, without elevation of soul or real resolution; these are the two figures on which the eye rests when the curtain rises. The hero of the next two months is Lamartine, to whose great qualities and prodigious powers Lord Normanby does willing justice, though he does not throw any light on his sudden and irretrievable fall. Then Cavaignac comes on the stage, honest, intrepid, patriotic, but too little versed in parliamentary tactics to cope with the subtler and less conscientious intriguers who surround him. Yet Cavaignac might have been Dictator, had he but preferred his own aggrandizement to his duty and his honour. As a specimen of what little original observation these volumes contain, we may cite Lord Normanby's interpretation of an indiscretion into which Cavaignac fell, in the Tribune, on September 3. It was at a moment when Cavaignac, who was in principle a staunch Republican, had made approaches to the majority.* The majority was not Republican. But it had become obvious that nothing but a cordial co-operation between the Dictator and the majority could enable government to go on at all, and that such co-operation would be effectual. To maintain this alliance, which was the only hope of social order, it was of course necessary that all ulterior differences of mere theoretical opinion should for the time be suspended. At this critical juncture, Cavaignac, from the Tribune of the Assembly, made, in his slow, deliberate, and emphatic way, a solemn declaration of his adhesion to the "principle of a Republic." Such an ill-timed outburst dismayed his friends, irritated the conservative majority, and astonished everybody. Lord Normanby gives what appears a simple solution. It arose, he thinks, from want of command of language. It was "the effect of strong convictions struggling with oratorical difficulty of expression, and embarrassment venting itself in unintentional vehemence." Unintentional as it was, Cavaignac was severely punished for it. He lost the support of the moderate party, and admitted afterwards to one of them that he had taken from himself the right to expect it. How often, in life, are not the indiscretions of an unpractised tongue visited on the head that contains it as errors of judgment!

M. Louis Blanc's "French Revolution"⁶ has reached a ninth

⁶ "Histoire de la Revolution Française." Par M. Louis Blanc. Tome 9. Paris: Furne et C^o. 1857.

volume. To this highly interesting work we hope to take a future opportunity of recurring.

We have a volume⁷ before us of which the paper and type are of John Murray, but the words are the words of Tamerlane! It is a statement of so much of the circumstances of the mutiny of 26th December, 1825, as the Russian Government wish to be known or believed. We have other accounts by De Custine, and Schnitzler. The latter, who will not be accused of partiality to the Imperial Family, was himself an eye-witness, noted down the facts at the time, and gathered other particulars from Colonel Velho, who was engaged, on the Emperor's side, in the struggle. We have thus the means of checking the truth of this Imperial manifesto, printed in four languages, and distributed widely over Europe, so far as the events that met the eye go. Beyond this, the mystery that has ever hung round the accession of Nicholas to the throne, still remains unleared. "It is only," said Nicholas to the corps diplomatique, in reply to a tender of their services in the midst of the crisis, "It is only, une affaire de famille, à laquelle l'Europe n'a rien à démêler." Now that they have deigned to communicate the facts to Europe, the real history is as obscure as ever. It is a secret which lies buried in the grave of Constantine.

Of the numerous accounts of India drawn forth by the Revolt, one of the best is a French book.⁸ *M. de Valbezen's* "Les Anglais et l'Inde" came out in the "Revue des deux Mondes" before the outbreak, and the papers are now collected to meet the demand for information on India. Nothing can be more unlike the rant of the *Univvers* than *M. de Valbezen's* calm and impartial statements. He does not include the history of the country, but gives a view of its present condition under our administration. This is done in that succinct, luminous manner in which the French alone can present their facts, and which makes even their statistics pleasant reading. This matter is arranged under the heads of Civil Establishment, Army, Education, Crime and Punishment, Trade, Finance and Public Works; on each of which there is a chapter. The whole is concluded by the account of a personal journey on the Great Trunk Road. His object is to give information rather than criticism. When he does pass a judgment—which is seldom—it is freely, but without any of that rankling jealousy which generally characterizes French views of our colonial settlements. His heaviest censure falls on our absorption of the enormous revenue of Hindustan without returning any of it in public works, and being driven to borrow money besides. Next to this he condemns the schools. The teaching in them is too high, while the moral effect is *nil*. The educational edifice has been begun at the top. Young savages are carried through the advanced studies of civilized Europe, and remain what they were, moral barbarians. Experience has shown that the young graduates of an Indian school, whose catalogue of attainments would give them an honourable standing by the side of the prizemen of one

⁷ "The Accession of Nicholas I. Compiled by special command of the Emperor Alexander II., by H. I. Majesty's Secretary of State, Baron M. Korf." London: Murray. 1857.

⁸ "Les Anglais et l'Inde, avec Notes, Pièces Justificatives, et Tableaux Statistiques." Par M. E. de Valbezen. 2^e édition. Paris: Michel Lévy. 1857.

of our European colleges, fall again under the dominion of the most degrading ideas of their religion. This we believe to be quite true; and it is an experience which the friends of education in this country would do well to study. Only by fully admitting the fact that the Poona and Elphinstone Colleges have been comparative failures, can the friends of education combat the ill use which the opponents are making of the ill success of the attempt. An impartial outline of the influence of the "religious" party on Indian management is included in this chapter. The Author quotes with approbation Lord Wellesley's dictum, when he ordered the free circulation of translations of the Bible—"That a Christian could not do less, and an English Governor-General could not do more." He touches keenly that secret which the English will not confess to themselves, viz., that the Anglo-Saxon in the year 1857 is as much a *foreigner* in Hindustan as when he first erected his humble factory on the Coromandel coast. They but form a new caste, entrenched round by exclusiveness and egotism. Besides its social and political consequences, this isolation produces serious *commercial* disadvantage. The impenetrable veil which covers everything from the eyes of the European disables him from competing effectually with the native. Years of residence will never reveal to you the price in the market of articles of prime necessity. You may not even know the real name and abode of your own servants. Secret information, drawn from the best sources, is passed in cypher among the native traders. A rich merchant, who died in Calcutta a year or two ago, had spies in the principal European houses in Calcutta, who made a daily report to him of their principal transactions. This must be taken into the account in our estimate of the good and evil of the English rule in India. We may not have given the country universal suffrage, representative government, or the Five points; but by securing the sacredness of private property, we have thrown trade into the hands of the conquered at the expense of the colonist. This arrangement, unheard-of in the history of the East, is the best panegyric on the Company's administration.

The same fact, viz. the impenetrability of real native life, should make us less hasty in our judgments of Hindú manners. The following passage, be it remembered, was written before the massacres:—

"Entre l'Européen et l'homme de l'Inde, les relations sont sans intimité, toutes superficielles. Toujours et partout le natif échappe à l'observation, à l'analyse. De l'homme vous ne voyez que l'écorce! Vous ignorez même si des domestiques blanchis à votre service sont bons pères, bons époux, accessibles aux devoirs de la famille, aux joies de l'amitié. Car la vie intime de la race asiatique est ainsi faite, qu'une voile impénétrable la protège contre la curiosité de l'étranger. Si, par aventure, il en saisit quelques détails, ses observations tombent sur quelque crime plus ou moins horrible, que la vindicte des lois a mis en lumière. En de pareilles conditions d'incompétence, prononcer un jugement sur la moralité des populations indiennes serait se mettre dans la position d'un voyageur, qui, formulant après la *Gazette des Tribunaux* son opinion sur la société française conclurait hardiment que l'homme y nait voleur, et assassin; la femme empoisonneuse et adultère."—p. 221.

The Roman Catholic member for Dungeness's volume on Rome suggests to us how little security, after all, free institutions give

for truth. When the Russian Government purchases in the literary market a favourable "Memoir" on some happy province of that wide realm whose God is the Czar, we know how it was got up and what it is worth. But here an M.P., a citizen and legislator of a free country, comes forward spontaneously to represent the Pontifical Government as the best going, and the Pope as a model for Sovereigns. And this writer has an audience who believe this, or like to think it so, and who are so much pleased with Maguire's Letters, that they requested him to collect them, and put them into "a more permanent form." Knowing what we do of the real character of the Roman Government, its degrading and corrupting influence upon the populations it has demoralized, we may wonder how any person, with eyes to see, can deny plain facts. Mr. Maguire's book,⁹ however, as it goes on, explains itself. He has not eyes to see beyond the mere surface. Almost all his statements turn upon what he was told. He has no disposition to test what is told him by a priest; no power to detect latent moral effects. He has that enthusiasm of temper, and want of mental discipline, which fit a man for the ardent reception of the Roman Catholic faith, and disqualify him in the same proportion as an historical evidence.

We have often pointed out the essential fallacy of historical summaries. This is, that the views do not flow from the facts, it being impossible to present the facts in detail enough to let them make their just impression. Consequently, the opinions with which these manuals are stuffed rest entirely on the authority of the writer, and are so many ready-made conclusions by which the judgment of the young or uninformed reader is prejudiced. This applies with force to two such abridgments now before us, by Mrs. Hamilton Gray,¹⁰ and Mr. C. D. Yonge.¹¹ Both of these are otherwise of much merit as compositions and may have cost some labour. Mrs. H. Gray, in particular, imparts novelty and liveliness by personal anecdote and allusion. *E.g.*, speaking of the Wall of Antoninus, she says it was called by the Picts *Gryme Diog*—the strong entrenchment—vulgarized into "Graham's Dyke;" "and which the writer of this history has heard a highly-educated Scotchman tell his son, was built by Graham, an old Scotch warrior, against some English kings" (p. 277). The following piece of information we should like to have authenticated:—"Two copies of Galen (q.v. Greek MSS.) are said to exist in Connemara, which are referred to S. Columba's time, A.D. 550, and which have descended from his day to ours in the same family" (p. 473).

The utility of young persons learning this particular portion of history, till they are able to read it *in extenso*, we think questionable. If an abridgment is wanted, however, this of Mrs. Hamilton Gray is very readable.

After books of History comes a little *brochure* which belongs to the

⁹ "Rome; its Ruler and Institutions." By John Francis Maguire, M.P. London: Longman and Co. 1857.

¹⁰ "The Empire and the Church, from Constantine to Charlemagne." By Mrs. Hamilton Gray. Oxford: J. H. Parker. 1857.

¹¹ "The History of England, from the Earliest Times to the Peace of Paris." By Charles D. Yonge. London. 1857.

History of Books. The "*Voyages Littéraires sur le Quai de Paris*,"¹² give us a gossiping glimpse, spun out of a very slender material of fact, of the old-book mania raging in the French capital. In France just now more books are bought, and fewer read, than at any known period; the value of the commodity rising with its inutility. The author gives some statistics of the *bouquinistes*, whose boxes, lining the *quais* and bridges, cannot have escaped even the eye most indifferent to books. The number of stalls is sixty-eight. The stalls show an average of fifteen boxes, each box containing from seventy-five to eighty volumes. This gives a total stock of 70,000 volumes. The number of volumes sold per day he computes at from 1200 to 1500. If we put the value of these 1200 or 1500 volumes at 75 centimes the volume, we obtain a daily sale of 1000 francs', and an annual sale of nearly 100,000 francs' value. This is the parapet and bridge business only, and is exclusive of the second-hand *magasins*, some of which contain not far short of 100,000 volumes. The division of subject is carried, in the second-hand trade, to a great extent. Téchener, for example, keeps only "condition" books and rarities; Dumoulin, only History of the French Provinces; while for the History of the Revolution you must go to M. France. The *spécialité* of Greek and Latin classics is M. Labitte's; of Law, M. Asselin's. M. Lecureux collects odd volumes for the completion of sets.

A Roman Catholic Life of Albert the Great, by Dr. Sighart,¹³ is the painstaking and conscientious work of a German, who is as critical as his creed will let him. The notices of Albertus in the standard Histories of Philosophy—even in Ritter—are very incomplete. How can it be otherwise, when it is required, in a few pages, to give an account of twenty-one thick folios? Besides, they speak of Albert only as a Metaphysician, whereas he was no less great a Theologian; and as a Naturalist stands almost alone. In this last department he was equally great as an original observer and as an encyclopædist. Of his treatise, "*De Natura Locorum*," Humboldt says, that it contains the germ of a sound cosmography, and that he reasons justly on climate. He treats it as the joint result of latitude and elevation. He knew that solar heat depended on the angle of incidence of the sun's rays; and that this angle varied with latitude and season. In this way he concluded that the globe was habitable as far as 50° S. lat., in opposition to Aristotle and Edrisi. These reasonings the editor of the Strasburgh edition of Albertus's work considers as prophetic of the discoveries of Amerigo Vespucci. No middle-age writer better deserved, or more wanted, a careful monography. Unfortunately, no one who would be likely to afford the time, would also be competent as a Naturalist. Dr. Sighart does all that a literary biographer can do. In the scientific part of his task he is necessarily dependent on others; e.g., for the History of Botany, on Ernst Meyer. He gives careful

¹² "*Voyages Littéraires sur les Quais de Paris. Lettres à un Bibliophile de Province.*" Par A. De Fontaine De Résebecq. Paris: Durand. 1857.

¹³ "*Albertus Magnus, Sein Leben und seine Wissenschaft. Nach den Quellen dargestellt.*" Von Dr. Joachim Sighart, Prof. d. Philosophie am Lyceum zu Erlangen. Regensburg. 1857.

analyses, and interesting extracts, from the various works of Albertus; but these cannot supply the place of a comprehensive view by one who is master of the subject.

The more properly biographical portion labours under a similar defect. The author compiles from the old biographers instead of recasting them into a critically-tested whole. Albertus was far too really wonderful a personage not to be seized upon by legend. But, on the other hand, he was always worth vindicating in the name of science. Thus there has been a continual struggle going on between Science and Hagiography for his "Life." We have some valuable instances of the growth of legend round his name. He lived to the great age of eighty-seven, and his memory—not his other faculties—failed him a few years before his death. There is nothing wonderful in this, unless it be his retaining them so long, after a life of such intellectual toil. However, such is the simple fact. Rather more than a century after Albertus's death (d. 1280), his life was embroidered by a brother of his Order, a Dominican at Cologne; and we get the romantic story, which is perhaps the best-known story about him, unless it be *Dante's* allusion to him as the master of Thomas Aquinas—

"Questi, che m'è a destra più vicino,
Frate c maestro summi; ed esso Alberto
E' di Cologne, ed io Thomas d'Aquino."—("Paradiso," x. 97.)

The story is, that when he was past eighty he was lecturing, as usual, to a vast audience in the schools at Cologne. His memory suddenly failed him, and he came to a standstill; a thing so unusual with him, as to cause great astonishment among his hearers. After a long and distressing pause, he made the following extraordinary disclosure:—That in his youth he had devoted himself to learning with every faculty of his mind and soul. What he could not master by efforts of intellect, he was in the habit of extorting by fervent prayer. That on one of these occasions the Blessed Virgin had appeared to him, and had granted his request once for all. That he had been endowed with a miraculous scientific acquirement from that time forward. But that to make the gift innocuous to his soul, the Virgin had at the same time promised that before his death all his argumentative power should be taken from him, that God might take him to Himself in the simplicity of infancy. "This is now accomplished; therefore, I now know that my time is come. I make public confession before you, dear friends, that I believe all the articles of the Christian faith; and if I have said or written anything not conformable thereto, or shall hereafter do so, let it be counted for nought." Thus saying, he quitted the rostrum amid the tears of the assemblage, and lived the remainder of his life with the understanding of a child of five years old, and the harmlessness of a dove.

Such is the fine, symbolical legend in its purity, as it came from the Spanish imagination of Ludovic of Valladolid, a Dominican monk of Cologne, who wrote about 1413. Fifty years later the legend was interpolated by another Cologne monk, with more visions of the Virgin, which do not help its meaning. One of his additions, however, is in

the spirit of the original—"That all the philosophical grounds had vanished from his memory, but that it still retained the text of Holy Scripture and of Aristotle."

Another *étude*¹⁴ on Huet, Bishop of Avranches, with, however, nothing new in it. In the biographical part, the writer, a French Abbé, appears to rely on a copious Life of Huet, by M. de Gournay. His principal business is with the opinions, rather than the life, of the Bishop. He applies himself to confute the ordinary statement which attributes Pyrrhonism to Huet, and enrolls him among the sceptics. In a detailed examination of Huet's own language, the Abbé Flottes shows that he has been misrepresented. The authority of Reason is nowhere abrogated by Huet. He has but limited it to its own sphere. The natural sciences belong to it exclusively. In the moral sciences it has a part. Only Divine truth is beyond its ken. Human certitude, even in its highest degree, is not infallible. It is something short of the certainty of Faith. But that which is less than infallible is not, therefore, doubtful. It has its foundation in the human constitution; and to reject it, or not to rely on it, would be folly. The true drift of the *Traité de la Faiblesse* is to establish the paradox—that of all the philosophical systems, that which abstains from dogmatism is the most favourable to Christianity. This is the Abbé's account of Huet's so-called "scepticism," and his book is a reply to a well-known treatise of M. Ch. Bartholinéss. The truth is, that it is waste of time to dispute about Huet's meaning. The limits of Reason and Faith is a problem which the Bishop of Avranches was quite incompetent to attempt. His crude metaphysics and superficial logic have scarcely laid sufficient hold of the question even to obscure it. We believe the ordinary representation of his *intention* to be pretty near the truth. He did intend to disqualify Reason in the interests of the Catholic Faith. But he did this with the arguments only of a confused erudition. Nicole and Bossuet treated his scepticism in the only right way—with silence.

The melancholy fate of Captain Gardiner, and his devoted band, on the coast of Tierra del Fuego,¹⁵ must be still fresh in every one's recollection. So far was that disaster from deterring, that it rather stimulated the efforts of the Society—the Patagonian Missionary Society—which Captain Gardiner had founded. A vessel was built on purpose, and Captain Snow volunteered his services gratuitously. The two volumes before us are the Journal of his Voyage. They may be said to contain a double plot—the incidents of the voyage in terrible and little-known waters; and the disclosure they make of missionary fatuity and fanaticism. Captain Parker Snow is a serious-minded man; zealous in missionary work, and sanguine of its success when conducted on the principles of common sense. Not shrinking from

¹⁴ "Étude sur Daniel Huet, Evêque d'Avranches." Par l'Abbé Flottes, ancien Vicaire-général de Montpellier, Prof. Hon. à la Faculté des Lettres. Montpellier et Avignon. 1857.

¹⁵ "A Two Years' Cruise off Tierra del Fuego, the Falkland Islands, Patagonia, and in the River Plate." By W. Parker Snow, late Commander of the Mission Yacht *Allen Gardiner*. 2 vols. London: Longman and Co. 1857.

any sacrifices and privations himself, and admiring the spirit of the Jesuit missions, he speaks with authority when he condemns the clap-trap and spurious excitement which preside over the getting-up of missionary enterprise in London. Never was such a scene of incapacity, blundering, and mismanagement, as this volume reveals. Captain Snow, having been confirmed in command of the mission yacht, was left to make up the crew at his own expense; the Committee interfering only to restrict his choice to "Churchmen," and to pious Churchmen. A "catechist"—a clergyman—came on board afterwards, who was to "act as third mate," but who was to combine this with an independent spiritual authority. The clergyman, in virtue of his piety, usurped command on board, and involved the captain with the surgeon. When we get to Falkland Islands, a pompous and ignorant under-secretary comes upon the scene; which is soon complicated beyond our patience to follow by the arrival of "the linguist," a young German, at a salary of 40*l.* a-year and "find himself"—whose public instructions were "all right," his private instructions constituting him a spy on the rest of the mission. The captain, all this while, has to pay, not only his own way, but that of all the crew who demand discharge. Finally, the "missionary" carries off the yacht from under the captain, and goes on a trading trip to Monte Video, leaving Captain Snow on the Falklands, penniless, to get home as best he might. Luckily, he was able to sell his instruments, which he had put on board at Bristol out of his own pocket, the Committee refusing to supply articles useless to a "mission yacht."

Turning from the missionary to the nautical experiences, we find in these volumes a large amount of interesting description and information. The narrative is lively and unrestrained, and that is all that is necessary to give picturesque effect to a voyage in such wild waters as those of Tierra del Fuego. The intricacy of the channels, the furious tides, the rush of waters through the narrows, the incessant gales, tornados, hail-storms, of those tempestuous coasts, excite a peculiar interest. The little schooner rode out all these dangers, even doubling the Horn in a gale. But it was a risky venture, and with no definite object.

"By this time it was blowing very hard, and the huge seas, like rolling alps, with broad and deep valleys of a quarter of a mile breadth between, came in an almost unbroken meridional line towards us. I soon found that we could run on no longer. In the hollow of the seas we were almost becalmed; on their summit the wind caught us as though about to lift ship and men into the air, and send all to instant destruction. The wild scud was flying past; the sea-birds swept round and round us, each time narrowing their circle. It turned out a fearful night! . . . What I was most afraid of was, any large vessel running before the wind, as a large vessel could do, when we dare not. Should one come in the line of our drift there would be little chance for us on such a terrific night. Every sea that came seemed like a huge water-mountain ready to leap upon us. And though its main body passed beneath our hull, yet, in many instances, perfect cataracts of water came pouring down on us, and streamed across our decks."—Snow, vol. ii. p. 75.

There is abundance of such rough-and-ready narrative of danger daringly encountered, and the imagination is kept in a perpetual

excitement. The fault of the book is its diffuseness. As it is, it is highly interesting. Condensed into one volume, with a little more art and arrangement, it might have been made one of the most fascinating "voyages" of the day.

We can well imagine the dismay of a country book-club on opening on Barth's "Travels in Central Africa."¹⁶ Anything more remote from the highly-spiced frippery which is in demand with the "general reader" cannot be imagined. The greatest credit is due to the author for printing his journal entire, instead of using it as materials for a light and popular sketch. Something, we think, might have been done by condensation, to make the book more accessible, without diminishing its permanent value. The first part, relating to the Sahara, might perhaps have been omitted altogether, as it has been described by many travellers, especially Richardson and Lyon.

It is impossible, in our limits, to give even the shortest summary of the results obtained by Dr. Barth. He was a young Professor at Berlin, and was selected, along with another Prussian, Dr. Overweg, to accompany an expedition sent out by our Government under Richardson. They started at the end of 1849. Richardson died early in 1851. In March, 1853, Overweg succumbed to the climate. From that time Barth was entrusted by Lord Palmerston with the sole further carrying out of the mission. It is little to say that he has thrown more light on Central Africa than all his predecessors put together. He has traversed more space—from Tunis on the Mediterranean to Yola, 9° 25' N. lat., and from Timbuktú on the west to Masena, about 16° E. long.—a tract of country about 24° from north to south, and 20° from east to west. He has remained there a longer time—nearly six years. Above all, his linguistic attainments, and previous knowledge of the countries and their history, gave him an immense superiority over his predecessors. English travellers have generally been naval or military men, whose pluck is undoubted, but whose education as "gentlemen" has not provided them with the necessary knowledge. In strictly scientific acquirements Barth was perhaps deficient. He confesses himself not to be a naturalist or an astronomer. But he had well studied all that has been written by the Arabic travellers and geographers, from Ebn Batuka, Makrisi, and Leo Africanus, downwards. And as far as a traveller can be qualified by general knowledge, by sleepless powers of observation, by capacity for adapting oneself to the modes of thinking of strange people, by diplomatic tact in achieving an end, by spirit and courage in danger, and patience under opposition—in all these respects the selection of Dr. Barth appears to have been the most fortunate that could have been made. To this we must add a constitution of iron and a cheerful temper; and then we have specified the elements of that "good luck" which seems to have waited on him, and to have been at hand to extricate him out of the most formidable perils.

It is this rare union of gifts which has enabled him to bring back so

¹⁶ "Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa." By Henry Barth, Ph.D., D.C.L. Vols. 1, 2, 3. London: Longman and Co. 1867.

much that is new from ground not altogether new. Denham and Clapperton, in 1821, had previously gone over a great part of his course. Dr. Barth, however, is the first European who has penetrated the country south of Lake Tschad. His account of the Pagan tribes of Masgu (where, however, Denham had been before him) throws much light on the slave-kidnapping system. The marauding Mahometan army of the Sheikh of Bornú returned from this foray with 10,000 head of cattle, and 3000 slaves. This, however, formed but a small part of the whole amount of misery inflicted. The massacre of the men of mature age—by severing one leg and allowing the sufferer to bleed to death—and the destruction of the granaries, being a recognised part of the invader's duty, for the suppression of "the Pagans." The first effect—whatever may be the remote—of our discoveries on the lower Niger, is likely to be a stimulus to the trade in human flesh. The Americans have already begun to push their produce into Central Africa by the lower course of the Kwarra, and the only commodity they will take in return is slaves. The scanty supplies of other produce, owing to the insecurity of life and property springing from the slave-kidnapping, will always make the legitimate trade with those countries insignificant. In vain does a magnificent natural network of navigable waters offer facilities for commerce while the native of these regions have nothing but human life to give in exchange.

A single volume on "Brazil and the Brazilians,"¹⁷ which comes to us from America, comprises nearly everything that we can wish to know about that wonderful region, and forms a complete handbook for the intending traveller. Its weak point is its natural history. Of this there is a great deal. But unfortunately it is of that popular sort which is "talked" in the United States, and totally without any scientific value or precision. Our missionaries, of whom the senior author, Dr. Kidder, is already known by his "Sketches of Brazil" (1845), are much better authority on what relates to men and social institutions. These are things the aspects of which come natural to Americans, while sound scientific education they are almost destitute of. The country is promising, and in the way towards improvement, though not at a screaming pace, under its present constitution. The great opponents of education and progress are, of course, the priests, who are excessively ignorant. Fortunately, they are also very dissolute, and hence their influence is on the wane. The Minister of Justice is not afraid to mention in an official report "the state of retrogression into which our clergy are falling." Intelligence has not yet reached the tariff. But we must remember that Brazil has but been free from Portugal—the most backward of the countries of the Old World—for thirty-five years; and that it inherited from the mother country its exorbitant duties, its bigoted religion, and slavery. The slave-trade was suppressed in 1850, and a number of the principal dealers banished. In the same year was started the first steam-ship to Europe. Now, the Empire is united to the Old World by eight lines. In 1852, emi-

¹⁷ "Brazil and the Brazilians, portrayed in Historical and Descriptive Sketches." By Rev. D. P. Kidder, D.D., and Rev. J. C. Fletcher. Illustrated by 160 engravings. Philadelphia: Childs, 1857.

grants first began to find their way to Brazil. The evils of slavery are very much mitigated. It is, indeed, the paradise of the negro. He has a warm climate, and every facility to emancipate himself. The Constitution does not recognise colour as the basis of civic rights. No black of any mental endowments, even if he had been a slave, would be debarred from filling any official station.

When we consider how much has been written about Schamyl, it is surprising to find how little is known of him personally. Nearly all our information about him comes through the great mint of lies—Russia,—except the reports of his victories, which seem to originate in the *Journal de Constantinople*.¹⁸ Here is a voice from the interior of the chief's seraglio, uttered by two Georgian princesses who were confined there some months, and had the opportunity of seeing much of himself and his *ménage*. The *seraglio* must not be confounded with the *harem*. It is merely the inner court, or part of the house in which the family reside. When the prisoners were liberated, they communicated what they had seen to M. Verderevsky, editor of the *Kaukas*, the principal journal of Teflis; and on his narrative the present work is founded. The ladies had great opportunities of seeing and hearing; but either they did not, or could not use them. They do not tell much that is significant or characteristic. Schamyl is far from absolute among his wild followers, and in his own house the reins of authority are much in the hands of his eldest wife, Zaidette. The captives complain of ill-treatment; but there does not appear to have been much more to complain of than rough fare, and sometimes short commons. But this had more its source in Zaidette's avarice and ill-temper than in any systematic cruelty. They were at last exchanged for a considerable ransom, and Schamyl's eldest son, who was in the hands of the Russians as a hostage.

We have received the first part of Professor Curtius' ¹⁹ "History of Greece," a manual which appears to us likely to supplant all others in popular use. We shall return to it on the publication of another volume.

Ottfried Müller's²⁰ "History of Greek Literature," first published sixteen years ago, has been brought out in a second edition. It was never worthy of the author of "Orchomenos and the Minyæ," even when we keep in mind that it was professedly written for the public, and not for the learned. It is now entirely out of date. It wants coherence and completeness, being the substance of a course or courses of Academical Lectures inartificially tacked together, and breaks off in the middle of the Attic period. Hence, too, its inequalities. While Aristophanes obtains a pretty full share of attention, Homer and the Tragedians are hastily slurred over.

¹⁸ "Captivity of Two Russian Princesses in the Caucasus, including a Seven Months' Residence in Schamyl's Seraglio." Communicated by themselves, and translated from the original Russian by B. H. Sutherland Edwards. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

¹⁹ "Griechische Geschichte." Von Ernst Curtius. Erster Band. Bis zur Schlacht Lada. Berlin: Weidmann. 1857.

²⁰ Müller (K. Ottf.) "Geschichte der Griechischen Literatur." 2^o Aufl. Leipzig. 1857.

BELLES LETTRES AND ART.

IT is well to reflect that the practice of poetry will cause a refinement and condensation of thought and style, and that its conscientious pursuit cannot but ennoble the mind. Otherwise, we should feel some alarm at the increasing influx of volumes self-christened "Poems" on the title-page, and as guiltless of kinship with the Muse as the alderman's wife with royalty, though their names may be similar, and they wear dresses of the same silk pattern. Friends are so proverbially indiscreet, that we must put down a full half of the number as due to their "request"; the other half are the children of ambition, and its victims. Tawdry rhymes and trashy blank-verse, occasionally mere mad versicles, are offered to us for admiration and applause; and the disgust they not unfrequently excite is less sickening, perhaps, than the thought that behind so much flimsy lurks a palpitating heart—a feverish hope. What are we to say and do? We have adopted one method, and that is to pass the very worst by in silence, trusting that the evil would work its own cure, as possibly it might do if the ambitious youth were only fortunate enough not to fall into the hands of one of those so-called critics who are ready with a bellows to inflate any aspiring conceit, and puff it till it burst; though generally, we must say, it is found to possess an extraordinary power of expansion, and for a time largely imposes on the public. But the public is a wise old beast, and if it has a trick of gaping at air-bags, it will not be satisfied by only swallowing wind. When the cheat is discovered, it has less mercy than we in the critical chair should have; for we can see some germ of good in the attempt to please, but the public in its hatred of disappointment ignores every minor consideration.

Mr. Story's volume of poetical works¹ stands out like Leviathan in bulk from among its smaller compeers, and, like our Leviathan, we fear it will not take the stream. The songs are very well worthy the poet's corner of a provincial newspaper; they are gentle, and exhibit good feeling. We are not acquainted with Mr. Story's antecedents; he seems to have laboured in a humble position, and to have found patrons. He deserves every credit for the culture he has obtained, and we regret not to be able to say more.

We expected something better from the honoured name of Oehlenschläger, than the "Aladdin"² of which Mr. Theodore Martin has given us a spirited translation. The choice of subject for a drama was extremely infelicitous, and it is exasperating to have our old well-beloved friend Aladdin of the Lamp figuring in Eastern stage-costume to the capricious strings twitched by a Northman's fingers. This Aladdin does not breathe East. He is a hybrid, and comes to us, who knew him so well in youth, like a half-resuscitated wretch whose end

¹ "The Poetical Works of Robert Story." London: Longman and Co. 1857.

² "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp." A Dramatic Poem, in Two Parts. By Adam Oehlenschläger. Translated by Theodore Martin. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1857.

should in mercy be near. Then, again, old remembrance is outraged by our finding the names altered. The magician is called "Noureddin," but who will believe him to be the real rascal magician after having known Maugraby? Had not Nouredin something to do with the fair Persian? And so with the rest. "Gulnare" is now the name of the beautiful princess we slept with, the sword of the Genie dividing us. We know nothing of Gulnare but as a Corsair's mistress. Poets apprehend the force of association so well that they should be the last to outrage it. We have had a burlesque of Aladdin in England, and this is not much better than one in its effect, though in good intention, of course, it is more to be commended. "Aladdin," Mr. Martin tells us, was an early work of the poet; and proceeds to say that, having lost his mother and being in love, the poet gave expression to his sentiments, through the mouth of his hero, in despair for one and passion for the other. Now this is the root of the error; and as the East must always more or less influence mankind, and especially poets, we take this opportunity of warning them against the adoption of an Oriental model, or any Eastern theme, when they are peculiarly labouring under personal emotion. They bring an alien element to bear upon the golden East with which it will never assimilate. They may amass heaps of imagery, and paint the desert in vivid colours, but they will never themselves be taken for Arabs. The East teems with passion, sentiment, poetry, and humour, but these qualities are all entirely of a different texture from ours. The gallant English lieutenant chose to forget for the time that he was an Englishman, and he reached the shrine of Mecca. This the poet must do who deals with an Eastern subject. He must not only look on, his imagination must live in, the desert and the Arabian mind. Few can do it, because few have sufficient strength of sympathy and imagination combined to cast themselves loose from the West, and start fairly; and moreover it requires a subtle dramatic and a mimetic power not common. Göthe succeeded; Rückert in a less degree. Freiligrath and Tom Moore conjured up pretty pictures, one with fire, and one with tinsel. No impediment of personal feeling stood in the way of Moore, and his industry enabled him to get together vast hoards of costume. He lacked the genius to give his stories more than artificial life. There is a cold glitter in "Lalla Rookh," rendered sickly at times by clap-trap side-appeals to purely Western sentiments. Moore had not full faith in the East. Beckford had, and his "Caliph Vathek" is as superior to "Lalla Rookh" in truthfulness as it is unrivalled in grandeur of outline. The Arab is a passionate animal expressing himself in wild fancies: like a fire lit among rocks, striking up the oddest reflections alike from by-nooks and broad slabs and tumbled blocks; yet if you examine each, you will find it a perfect image of the flame. Moore was fanciful enough, and danced and tripped from simile to simile, but the central fire was wanting, the solid core of heat which burns in the Arab bosom. Oehlenschläger seems to have felt his own deficiencies, for he summons fairies to his assistance, and Aladdin sleeps lulled by the singing of Zephyr and Lymphea! The singing is not bad, we must allow; but although everything is possible to the

fair world, we are still inclined to ask how this classic young gentleman and his lady-love arrived there, and are not satisfied that Oehlen-schläger should have been the means of their introduction.

"Leonilda"³ deserves to be called a poem. It is written in the Spenserian stanza, and, excepting that the concluding Alexandrine is generally a little too conscious of the cæsura—a fault which renders this measure liable to the charge of monotony—the verse is well-sustained. We think the author ill-advised in selecting it as the vehicle for narrative. Spenser, Byron, Keats, and Shelley, who mastered it and made it their own, were all poets depending on treatment rather than story. It is the grand gala-coach of the Muses—not a chariot in the race-course. Pegasus in his most rampant state will not help it to move briskly; and therefore it is the measure to which a garniture of philosophical reflection, or rich imaginative ornament—cumbrous elsewhere—may, and should, be added. Mr. Meldred has shown what he can do in this way, in his description of the bath and toilet of Imperia, the Roman sixteenth-century courtesan, and tender friend of Popes—a picture full of chastened lusciousness and warm Southern glow; but in his effort occasionally to drive faster and follow events, the verse is bald, and the measure defeats him. This is hardly his fault. He has power, and command of the reins. It seems to us he will do something.

Mr. Stewart Lockyer's "Earl Godwin's Feast, and other Poems,"⁴ is his second publication, and promises well for him as a lyric poet. His delight is in the Middle Ages, among shaven crowns, and cap-and-bells and bauble; knights and ladies in arras-hung chambers, with noises of the flagon and songs of the bowl from below. Old furniture must have an awful charm for him. He will spin you ballads out of a bit of mouldy tapestry. The best in the volume is "Jarl Eirek's Clemency," a tale of the Vikings, which reminds us in its dash and vigour of some of Motherwell's Scandinavian ballads, and is enough in itself to distinguish Mr. Lockyer from the herd of young minor poets now abounding. If there are people who buy volumes of poetry by unknown hands, we recommend to them "Earl Godwin's Feast."

"The Fairy Family,"⁵ metrically illustrating the fairy mythology of Europe, appeals in charming verse, and at this season peculiarly, to a more certain public. We will not judge the tales by a very high standard. They are poetical, without being exactly poetry. A poet would not set himself down resolutely to versify one kind of thing; and, perhaps, being intended for young people, it is not the work of a poet. The "Vila" is so exquisitely treated in the Servian popular ballads, that we think it a pity the author of this volume did not translate and adopt their version, instead of attempting an original composition. Here are Lutins, Wee Folk, Black Boys, Dwarfs of all hue,

³ "Leonilda." A Roman Romance of the Sixteenth Century. By Felix Meldred. London: John Mitchell, Old Bond-street. 1857.

⁴ "Earl Godwin's Feast, and other Poems." By Stewart Lockyer. London: Saunders and Otley. 1857.

⁵ "The Fairy Family." A Series of Ballads and Metrical Tales. London: Longman and Co. 1857.

Kobolds, Diminutive Monks, Trolls, Brownies, Pixies, Hill-men, Still-men, and Mermen; forming a collection we should have hugged to our hearts twenty years back.

We must hand over Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Alexander Smith, that he may see his own image in a distorting mirror, to which let this quotation, from "Poems and Love-Lyrics,"⁶ bear witness:—

"The wrinkled sea lies foaming at the mouth,
In a fierce fit of agonizing wrath
'Gainst the pale partner of his bed, the land,
Whose locks, the tufted forests, stand on end,
Or, damp with mangled flesh, uprooted are
Beneath his tyrant hand, the clutching wind . . ."

O Scotia! O Muses! North of Tweed we are surpassed in everything—even in spasmodism!

But we owe to Scotland a new "Library Edition of the British Poets,"⁷ and would not be ungrateful. The Editor is a gentleman whose claim to renown is a Platonic attachment to the Muse of so serene and unselfish a character, that he acts as go-between for young aspirants to her closest favours, and has wedded the lady to many lovers—whether the right lady, we are doubtful. Mr. Gilfillan has a high and very honourable enthusiasm for poetry. He is an exaggeration of the Leigh Hunt school of criticism, and best loves the verse that is studded with rich jewelled lines and daring imaginative flights. For these he has a kindred sympathy, and is distinguished for the exuberant praises he is in the habit of heaping on them. His talent as an Editor of our Poets we were never inclined to dispute—for he is well-read, eloquent, and industrious; but it seemed to us that the soundness of judgment in a man with such a bias might reasonably be called in question, and we hesitated to believe in his absolute fitness for the task. It must be confessed, on looking through the volumes already published, from Milton down to Crashaw and Quarles, that, for his own school, he has fulfilled his difficult task satisfactorily. He has been respectful and discriminate with the text; and if the prefaces are penned in too metaphorical and ornate a style, wherein the peculiar taste and opinions of the writer do something more than peep out, they are not offensive, and are in the main, with one or two exceptions, tolerably catholic, besides being appreciative. The *Divine* is a little obtrusive, but the notes are not. We were curious to see how he would deal with Pope, and, as might have been imagined, he is altogether Bowlesian in his judgment on that perfect artist. As to typography, the edition is excellent, and will form, when complete, the cheapest extant. Those who think Pope a poet, and Crashaw not a "transcendant" genius—those, in short, who object to Mr. Gilfillan's standard of criticism in poetics—will have nothing to do with it. The publishers have done everything to render it acceptable in the library.

⁶ "Poems and Love Lyrics." By R. W. Buchanan. Glasgow: Murray and Son. London: Hall and Virtue. 1867.

⁷ "Library Edition of the British Poets." Edited, with Biographical and Critical Notices, by the Rev. G. Gilfillan. Edinburgh: James Nichol, 104, High-street. London: Nisbet and Co. 1857.

An American horse carries away the cup this year, and a German novel bears the palm among us for some of the best qualities in this class of composition. Gustav Freitag's "Soll und Haben" has reached many editions at home, and has received the honour of half-a-dozen translations in England. His popularity will not be fleeting, we think. The Chevalier Bunsen informs us that he is of mature age, and he writes like an experienced man. He is an artist, too. His contrasts are both subtle and striking. In this he surpasses Hackländer, though not in humour; and, indeed, the humour of both is German. Freitag, however, can be playful; the clerks in the house of Schröter and Co., to which Anton, the hero, is introduced at the opening of his career, are amusingly sketched; and there is something about old Sturm, the porter, that touches a genial chord, though it does not provoke laughter.

The moral of "Debit and Credit"⁸ is that best kind of moral which a recapitulation of the story explains. Sabine, the merchant's sister, and a very sweet character, has a tender interest in a gentleman of birth, who happens for the time to be engaged in her brother's office to learn affairs. She has the wisdom to see the disparity of their natures; and she has what is infinitely more—the self-control consequently to refuse Von Fink when he proposes to her. Von Fink is a German sharpened by Yankee breezes; a riotous spirit, but a true man not the less, and a gentleman in all.* You can cut anything out of the brave Teutonic block. Freitag has given his chief strength to this masterly figure. Anton becomes Von Fink's friend; the latter departs to take possession of his American estates, and no heart broken. Anton now accompanies his master into Posen, where the Revolution has endangered certain waggon-loads of the energetic merchant's goods, and also to look after some slippery Slavish debts. The journey and events are vividly described. Anton has the good fortune to save Mr. Schröter's life; and when he returns to Breslau, and Sabine, who superintends her brother's household, he is welcomed by warm eyes. But his heart is blind to the secret growing in them, being possessed by Lenore, the lovely daughter of the Baron von Rothsattel. In this gentleman, proud of his blood, and anxious to extend the breadth and value of his estates, Freitag has worked more "with a purpose," as we say, or the purpose is more apparent than in the other delineations. Von Rothsattel, who knows nothing of business, falls, of course, into the hands of the Jews, and is meshed especially by the invisible fingers of Veitel Itzig, a little Hebrew, who started life with Anton on the road to Breslau, and sets off the latter's purity and straightforwardness from a black surface. Von Rothsattel becomes more and more involved, and finally, in his despair, descends to one guilty trick, which leads in some cases to blown-out brains, and in others to penal settlements. He attempts the first, and failing, falls into an imbecile state. The chief dread is, now—discovery. The betraying papers are stolen from the Jew, Hirsch Ehrenthal; and, as may be guessed,

⁸ "Debit and Credit." Translated from the German of Gustav Freitag, B.L.C.C., with a Preface, by Christian Charles Josias Bunsen, D.D., D.C.L., &c. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1857.

Veitel Itzig holds them. Meantime, the Baron has had to relinquish his paternal acres and mansion, and exchanges to an estate he has bought in Posen; in a troubled neighbourhood, where tenants never pay, stewards are in league with tenants, and the animal most hunted and brought to earth is the gamekeeper. How Anton, whose devotion to Lenore has brought him to give up his prospects in the merchant's office, and serve as factotum of the family, reduces this savage condition of things to some hope of order—how he bears with the Baron, and gets quiet revelations of imperturbable aristocratic exclusiveness from the good Baroness—how the love burning in the heart of the Squire of low degree bows abashed as it becomes intimate with the real meaning of difference of class—and what an ingrained thing and insurmountable barrier it is to him who respects himself—all this must be read in Freitag's pages, and will profit the reader. Freitag does not force the case. Lenore is not disinclined to flirt with the good youth, and might have gone farther, but Von Fink reappears upon the stage; and the two impetuous, proud, curbless, and congenial natures instantly find each other out—fortunately not too late. Lenore discovers herself quickly the weaker, and loves as a strong woman can love under such circumstances. They are thrown together in danger—happy the lovers that are!—and there needs for no confession between them. The attack on the Baron's house by the armed Polish rebels, is the most exciting part of the book; and in the whole of the description of life in Posen—the steady inroad of the German settlers, and their solid vigour opposed to the listless Poles—Freitag has a deep meaning for his countrymen. That nation is in no state of decay which has such work to do. In the end, Anton learns that his heart is with the gentle Sabine; and learns, too, that her's has long been with him—a matter foreseen by the prescient aristocrat, Von Fink. We do not wonder at the popularity of this admirable novel.

"White Lies"⁹ is written with Mr. Charles Reade's usual dash. A rattling fire of italics and interjections, backed by a great artillery of capitals, and short paragraphs, distinguish his style. He adopts French idioms freely, and defends his system in a preface. In spite of his affectation and bumptious arrogance, he is really an artist. He has French characters, and he makes them thoroughly French. They talk, think, and act French. This story is remarkable for its ingenious exposition of a few of the endless intricacies of female character. Mr. Reade would have us think that he knows women off-hand. He marshals Madam before us, and turns her in and out with a juggler's ease of legerdemain; and after it is over, has the air of posturing to an astonished people to ask them what they think of that for a show? Adam could not have done so much, 'tis certain. Mr. Reade is never bewildered by his Eve. He labours to expose the original woman bare of all her shifts, for the benefit of noodles. We should possibly think more of what he does, if he would allow us to fancy that he thought less of it. Few writers of the present day

⁹ "White Lies." A Story. By Charles Reade. 3 vols. London: Trübner and Co. 1857.

know women so well. Their inconsistencies are consistent to him. But he seems as yet solely to have studied them on the side that's next the sun. He is only surpassed by Mr. Thackeray—how immeasurably need not be said—in this branch of his art. We intend by this to speak high praise, but it does not say much. What other living novelists seem to have any idea of the character of one real woman? We are at a disadvantage in England, owing to the stiffness of Society and the small natural intercourse that takes place between women and men; but something better than dolls and stiff-backed passionless puppets should be given us by novelists who have seen the world and tried their luck in the marriage-lottery. Is the sympathy of such novelists with women defective? or, worse, is it only a sentimental sympathy? Real women abhor that in art, as they learn to do in life. Mr. Reade gives himself up to them heart and soul, and the consequence is that they candidly tell him something of what they are. That something he has erroneously taken for all the secret. We, who are more humble, think we see how far he has gone wrong, and may be pardoned a smile at his airs. Jacintha, the cook, we are inclined to rank the cleverest sketch. Her management of Dard, and reasons for taking him as her lover, are capital. The hold the kitchen has on her mind at exciting moments is also true, but a trifle overdone, if done saliently more than once, and reads as if the author had got hold of a trick. The young ladies, Josephine and Laure de Beaurepaire, are distinct drawings with strong family traits. Mlle. Laure was most character, and was happy in not having known Paris in her youth. The story has some very dramatic and exciting situations, which we shall leave the reader to unravel, as the interest depends much on keeping up a suspended breathlessness. We must protest against Mr. Reade, as an artist, writing down such exclamations as, "Oh! oh!" "Ha! ha!" "He! he!" "Sh! sh!" so frequently. They are very good stage directions, but read flat and pointless in print. He promises us now a German story. We shall be curious to see how he adopts his style to the rolling, long-winded, cumbrous Teutonic model. Hitherto, when he speaks in person, he has been the same in English, Scotch, and French stories. Mr. Reade has the reputation of a gentleman who makes war on his critics, and appeals from them to the public—a sort of literary demagogue. It is a silly thing to do, and time lost. We have spoken what we think of his work, and cannot help his displeasure because our praise is not without reserve.

"Riverston,"¹⁰ and "The White House by the Sea,"¹¹ introduce us to two governesses who are the daughters direct of Miss Jane Eyre. The governess in an autobiographical novel is pretty sure to be the heroine and authoress thereof. She is the family dissector—the social anatomist: she is a manager of women, and of men. She represents principle, as opposed to impulse. She is generally, therefore, even in her own picture, more upright than agreeable—indeed, she is quite

¹⁰ "Riverston." By Georgiana M. Craik. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

¹¹ "The White House by the Sea." A Love Story. By M. Betham Edwards. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

unbending. For the purposes of autobiography, she is compelled to hear strange things; she "finds herself listening" to many conversations, and "accidentally overhears" much that serves the story. It is in the nature of things that she should marry an old, broken, if not blind, gentleman, at the close of the third volume. Young men do not appreciate principle as opposed to impulse. We confess for ourselves, that we do not greatly care for these ladies in books. In actual life they are admirable; in books they are tedious, morbid, distasteful. They have a terrible deal of temper, too. They can "fire up," and, upon occasion, fire off. Miss Chatty Warne, of the "White House," has her "Charlton blood," and Miss Honor Sybil Haig also remembers that she had a mother. But then these ladies are drawing themselves, and it is hard for a painter to paint his own face properly. To show into what errors this autobiographical system of writing leads, we find a young lady—no other than Miss Chatty—chronicling *ad nauseam* the petty fretful sayings, the small domestic ailments, the miserable discontent of a dyspeptic invalid, her own Papa, whom she loves so dearly! To be sure, it heightens the picture of the daughter's forbearance and self-sacrifice, but at what a cost! The writer is sensible, and we are mindful of one conversation of Miss Chatty with Dr. Lambert, which reveals a deep and true insight into life. Her fault is a fault of art. "Riverston" is the best-written book. It is more directly founded on the Brontë novels, but it has claims of its own. The child Effie is naturally sketched, and Sydney Wynter is delineated with unaffected force. She is not only a young lady, but a young lady with a character, who talks as young ladies talk, and is not a puppet. The heroine we find extremely unpleasant. We hope Miss Craik will not be autobiographical in her next novel. The tendency is not healthy, and she can write so sweetly and well, that it will be a pity to see such powers marred at the outset. Of these heroine-governesses, one can only wish that England may have more of them, and the circulating libraries less.

Thomas of Swarraton, Armiger, who gives us "The Noble Traytour,"¹² doth most strongly tempt us to review him in his own style. His "boke" is vastly ingenious, but such a hustle of unanimated old clothes we have never before met in three volumes. Thomas is possessed—bewitched by Elizabethan costume and phraseology. The human element shows wan and wizened under the huge weight of furniture. It is a pageant, such as one may view at the Princess's for a few shillings any night; and on the stage it is a fine thing, but in a book it is but an idle displacement of lumber, a sad moveless spectacle. Every credit is due to the Armiger for the getting-up of material. All that can be said is, that he has not known what to do with it. Let none suppose that there is not much talking in his pages, and rapid enough it is, too. Here is a sample:—

"Well, Harkin! hast heard?" "No, what?" "The news—what else?" "Well, what is't?" "Know'st?" "No." "Nor I neither, 'faith! Ha!

¹² "The Noble Traytour." A Chronicle. By Thomas of Swarraton, Armiger. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

you're sold a pen'orth.' "'Tis a dry jest; marry, your whistle 'll lack soon; that's some comfort, though! Wilt drink, man?' 'Ay, marry!' 'On whose score; canst tell, eh?' 'I th' buttery, man; i' th' buttery!' "'Tis shut, man—shut!' 'No.' "'Tis, though; there's news for you, Master Swig!' 'Go to, go to, ye idle knaves! Go to! An ye—'"

And so on. The Armiger is exhaustless in such stores. We hardly dare to speak to such a personage in common English, in dread of his terrible "Go to!" but if it be really a man living that hath been at such expense to amuse us, we may say that the next time he makes the attempt he will better succeed by less of this purposeless colloquy.

"Hassan"¹³ hurries us away from civilization into the African desert. The hero is one of the right noble ancient mould, with whom everything succeeds—the modern Antar. A lamb in gentleness, a lion in strength, Hercules in his proportions, and Adonis in countenance; can a young English lady, travelling with her father up the Nile, and thrown much into his company, resist the attractions of such a savage? But Hassan knows nothing of Emily's love, and it drops a dead fruit from the tree. Hassan is plighted to Anina, the fair daughter of Deli Pasha, and their loves, enriched with scraps of Eastern verse, are very pleasantly narrated. The English family and its domestics are an intrusion and a nuisance. Another time, Mr. Murray may trust to the interest he excites in his main characters. The writing is generally good. There is a little too much of "it is impossible to describe," and "language fails to paint," &c.; but Mr. Murray can write vigorously, and is not obliged to ask the reader to spur his own imagination. We cannot resist stealing from his pages the Arabic Legend of Rabi'ah; and let all who read it ask themselves, whether we have anything in fiction to surpass its wonderful beauty this year? It is also translated in such good tone that we are taught to wish that Mr. Murray would take up the MSS. of the "Thousand Nights and One Night," where Torrens left it.

"Rabi'ah was feeble, slowly recovering from severe wounds. Who has not heard of Rabi'ah? the lion of the Nejd, whose eyes were like burning coals, whose form was like the at'l (oak), whose voice was as a tempest; before whose lance the brave fell, bathed in blood, and the timid fled like herds of antelopes. . . . When Rabi'ah came forth to battle and shouted his war-cry, the maidens of the Otèbah wrung their hands, saying, 'Alas for my brother!' 'Alas for my beloved!' and the mother, pressing her babe to her breast, cried, 'Oh, my child, wilt thou see thy father to-morrow?' . . . Now Rabi'ah was feeble. . . . Some months before he had borne away from the tents of the Otèbah, Selma, the pearl of the tribe. Her form was like the Egyptian willow, her face like the full-moon in its brightness, her eyes like those of the antelope, and her teeth pearls set between two cushions of rose-leaves; her neck was a pillar of camphor, and her breasts two pomegranates rivalling each other in rounded beauty. But Selma's eyes were averted, as if in scorn; and while Rabi'ah was consumed by the fire of love, her heart was a locked casket whose contents none might know. . . . The season was spring, and the tribe, with their warriors and tents, their flocks and herds, had moved on to a higher

¹³ "Hassan; or, the Child of the Pyramid." An Egyptian Tale. By the Hon. C. A. Murray, C.B. 2 vols. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1857.

region. Rabbah, retarded by his wounds, had remained behind, keeping with him only a few followers, his sister, and Selma; but anxiety came upon his mind, and he said, 'Let us go to join the tribe.' . . . So they went, the two maidens riding in a musattah (camel-litter for two), and he also on a shibriah (camel-litter for one); and thus they journeyed, and Rabbah sung, in a feeble voice, the following words:—

'Alas, my heart is bleeding! the arrows of the Otèbah have tasted my blood;
But their hurt is nothing; it is the glance of Selma's eye that hath pierced my heart.'

"The maidens heard the song, but Selma spoke not, and his sister wept for his wounds, but more for his unrequited love. On the second day they passed a mountain, and reaching a sandy plain they journeyed slowly across it. Suddenly a cloud of dust appeared in the distance, and one of the followers sped on a swift horse to see whence it arose. The maidens trembled like willow-leaves in the morning breeze, but Rabbah slept. The man soon returned with a loosened rein and a bloody heel, shouting, 'It is a large body of the Otèbah, and they are coming this way; there is no hope of escape; there is neither strength nor power, save in Allah!' . . . 'Rabbah,' cried his sister, distracted with fear, 'canst thou do nothing to save us? Wilt thou see Selma carried off before thine eyes? The Otèbah are coming!' At these words Rabbah started up as if from a dream; his eyes shone like two suns. 'Bring me my led war-horse,' he shouted to his men, 'and fasten on my armour; let us see what enemy dare come near Selma while Rabbah lives.' . . . Still, while they fastened on his armour, his old wounds opened afresh, and the blood trickled from them, and he sang the following lines:—

'Truly to be near her and not have her love is worse than twenty deaths;
But to die for her is sweeter than to drink the waters of Keswer
(a fountain of Paradisc).'

"When Selma heard these words she turned towards him, and tears dropped from her eyes upon her soft cheek, like dew-drops on a rose. 'Rabbah,' she cried, 'thy great love for me has torn away the veil of pride and deceit from my heart; truly my love is equal to thine; come to my arms, my beloved, let us live or die together.' Then the camels were made to kneel, and Rabbah came to the side of her litter, and she cast her arms about his neck, and he kissed her on the mouth, and their lips did not separate till their souls passed into each other, and they forgot the world. . . . But the followers cried aloud, 'Rabbah, the Otèbah are coming!' and he tore himself from her embrace; and his great war-horse stood beside him stamping on the ground, for his ear caught the tramp of the steeds, and his wide nostrils snuffed the coming fight. None but Tarrad could bear that mighty warrior through the ranks of the foe; he was swift as an antelope, and like an elephant in his strength. . . . Now Rabbah's armour was fastened and his helmet on his head. He looked once more upon Selma, and repeated the following lines:—

'Our souls have drunk together the waters of life;
There is no separation now, not even in death.'

"Then he mounted Tarrad, and took his great spear in his hand, though his limbs were stiff, and his wounds still bled beneath his armour. 'Make all speed,' said he, 'with the camels to the Horseman's Gap, beyond it is the plain where our tribe is encamped; then you will be safe.' So they went; and when he saw the Otèbah drawing nigh, his great heart rose within him; he forgot his wounds, and the fire shot from his eyes. Then he rode towards them, and shouted his battle-cry aloud. Their hearts trembled within them, and none of

them came forth to meet him. But Fesal, the young chief of the band, who was brother to Selma, reproached them, saying, 'Are ye men, or are ye sheep, that one hundred are afraid of one? Has he not slain our brethren, and carried away the pearl of our tribe? Now is the hour of revenge!' And he went forth at speed to strike Rabiah to the earth with his lance, but Rabiah met him in full career, and warded the blow. With the shock of meeting, Fesal and his horse rolled together on the ground. Then Rabiah wheeled round to slay him, but the young man's helmet had fallen off, and Rabiah knew his face, and spared him, saying—'Thou art Selma's brother.' Then he charged the band, and he raged among them like a wolf in the sheepfold, and he pierced a strong warrior through the body—the man fell from his horse, and the lance broke. Then they set up a shout of rage and triumph, yet they could not come near him, for he had drawn his limb-dividing sword, so they shot arrows at him from a distance. Casting his eyes behind him, he saw that his camels were entering the gap, and he retreated slowly, covering himself from the arrows with his shield; thus he gained the mouth of the defile. There he stood and faced them; and though the arrows showered upon him, and blood was flowing fast down the flanks of Tarrad, he spoke and moved not, but sat still, like a horseman carved in stone in the gap. But soon an arrow, entering the eye of Tarrad, reached his brain, and he fell dead. Then Rabiah lay down behind his horse's body, covering himself also with his shield, so that they saw him not; but they continued shooting their arrows until Fesal, who had mounted another horse, came up and stayed them, saying—'The horse is dead, and Rabiah must now be our prisoner.' Then he rode forward with a few followers, and called aloud, 'Rabiah, yield thyself; escape is now impossible;' but Rabiah gave no answer. Fesal then advanced still nearer, and repeated the same words, adding, 'It is useless to shed more blood.' But Rabiah gave no reply. Then he approached with the caution of a hunter coming near a wounded lion, till he reached the spot, and looked upon his face. Rabiah was dead! Then pity took possession of the heart of Fesal, and having told his followers to place the body of Rabiah and of his horse gently on one side, he galloped alone after the party that had retreated through the gap, and he knew that his sister was one; and seeing that they prepared to shoot their arrows, he said to them, 'Put away your weapons; this is the hour of grief, and not of war.' And he drew near to the litter and said, 'Sad is the news of my tongue—Rabiah is dead—the Lion of the Nejd is no more.' Then a piercing shriek came from the sister of Rabiah, and she cried, 'Let us go back to him.' Selma spoke not a word; a great stone was upon her heart, and speech and tears were denied her. So they turned back; and when they reached the spot there was a dead silence, while the camel was made to kneel down, and the two maidens came forth. Rabiah's sister wept and sobbed, holding her dead brother's hand; but Selma cast herself on the body of her beloved, and cast her arms about his neck, and again she pressed her lips to his cold lips. None dared to move her, and Allah had mercy upon her, and her soul passed away in their last kiss. For many months there was wailing and lamentations among the tribes, and there was peace among them, for war lay buried in the grave where Rabiah and Selma slept side by side."

From Germany we have not received much this quarter to call for critical remarks. The classical and scholastic world is for the moment asleep. Unwearied professors are digging underground in the old mines, we know, but at present their labours do not see the light, and we must be satisfied with a less heavy and instructive class of literature than usual from the Continent. "Hebbel's Poems,"¹⁴ are a

¹⁴ "Gedichte." Von Fr. Hebbel, gesammelt-ausgabe. Stuttgart und Augsburg: J. G. Cotta'scher, Verlag. London: Williams and Norgate. 1867.

gathering of easy verse, which, we suppose, from their being now first "collected, enlarged, and revised," enjoy some kind of popularity in their own home. We are at a loss to discover any feature in them that can attract the countrymen of Heinrich Heine. A complete edition of the works of that most charming poet, and subtle, stinging humourist, has been issued from the Philadelphian press in four volumes. The edition is good, and so cheap, that our readers cannot do better than possess themselves of it immediately. Those who know him will be glad to meet an old friend in such excellent condition; and those who know him not, will do well to make his acquaintance. As a humourist, he is known to the pages of this Review: as a poet, the scattered attempts to translate him have not been the means of a favourable introduction to the English public. We will only say of him here, that there are more qualities combined and condensed in his verse than will be found in any European poet since Göthe; and that in variety and tenderness of song, in spontaneity and suggestive beauty, in richness, naturalness, and colour, he, as a lyrist, surpassed that great master.

We have had moral poems from Germany latterly, and the taste for moral tales seems to be now spreading. Of the two, the moral tales are the healthier, and we much prefer them. Madame Ottilie Wildermuth follows up her successful "Bilder und Geschichten aus Schwaben" with another set in the same tone and style, "Aus dem Frauenleben,"¹⁵ which has already attained to a second edition. Madame Wildermuth preaches, but it is as a respected lady may preach to her sex—who smiles during the ceremony, and intersperses shrewd and agreeable comments. She is a sort of German Hannah More, lecturing by illustration. Her style is sure, unhurried, and pleasant perforce, or few would loiter with her. She preaches from the rudimentary lessons of human experience. Her heroines do not end in marriage and happiness: she inculcates that young women are not to look to that, but rather to hard work; to the duty of constant forbearance; to saying their prayers; to good housewifery and scrubbing; and possibly to no marriage at all—or if marriage, not to the man of their fancy—or if to him, then not to what they expect of and with him: a sound orthodox sermon. The title of one story, "A Sunless Life," may give an idea of the grey tone of thought and feeling that pervades these pages. The text is Disappointment, and Patience is enjoined. The religious element is strongly worked in. The child's sunless life is traced to the want of religious culture in her parents, and her parents' parents: she gets it for herself, and wins the thorny prize. Notwithstanding the very national cast of the stories, they would have an audience in England, where writers of this class are numerous, well-paid, and generally dull and stupid in proportion.

It is possible that modern literature and poetry of the North of Europe may owe more to the South than we are at present aware of;

¹⁵ "Aus dem Frauenleben." Von Ottilie Wildermuth. Zweite durchgesehene Auflage. Stuttgart: Verlag von Adolph Krabbe. London: Williams and Norgate. 1847.

and the labours of a zealous advocate on behalf of the claims of his native region—the birth-place of the Troubadours—where Roman civilization lingered longest, and in its final ruin preserved some seeds of life which germinated late after the Decline and Fall, should be respectfully greeted. M. Eugène Baret, in his “*Études sur la Littérature du Midi de l’Europe*,”¹⁶ has set himself to this task with an ardour that would have betrayed in him a son of the soil, even if his filial pride had not induced him to volunteer the avowal. He is touched, he says, “by a commiserating sympathy for those countries still suffering from the disastrous revolution, caused by the crusade against the Albigenses,” from which the decay of Southern France may be dated; and while deploring the present social inferiority of a people possessed of such qualities of mind and territorial resources, “*ma secrète ambition serait, en rappelant au Midi qu’il eut jadis le pas sur le Nord, de l’exciter à demeurer aujourd’hui moins en arrière.*” We trust, in the interests of France, that his hopes of their advancement may not be ill-founded. The testimony of all travellers in the South of France, as to the debased condition of the general population, is unanimous; the common people are the surliest churls in Europe; but the railway is a rapid civilizer, and such works as Fauriel’s and our author’s may have their influence on the upper classes in re-awakening dormant energies. Provincial enthusiasm has died out and been kindled anew, and it has happened before now that the bookworm has struck the first animating spark. M. Baret’s citations from the poetical pieces of the Troubadours fail to make us esteem them very highly as poets. All the Provençal *cansos* that we have ever seen we would willingly surrender to oblivion for a Scandinavian or old Scotch ballad. The Trouvères, who stole from the Troubadours, did not improve on them, and in a comparison between the merits of the two, the South has all the advantage; but the Troubadours were singers of songs, and the Trouvères tellers of tales, and it is hardly fair to mete the separate degrees of excellence. The Spanish *romancero*, and the ballads in honour of the trans-Pyrenean Cid, M. Baret admits to be unrivalled by his Troubadours. In Spain we have the full genius of the South. A chapter “On the imitations from the Spanish in France in the seventeenth century,” dwells on the delinquencies of some renowned Frenchmen, one or two of whom we should have thought would not have been guilty of such wholesale and impudent filching. They not only take the plot—great men may do that—they adapt whole scenes, and directly translate sentences. Corneille’s debt to Lope is well known; the “sublime” soared best off Spanish grounds. We must account for Molière from the fact of his being manager of a theatre, since we excuse Shakspeare in a similar manner. Voiture is a shameless thief. Lesage stole pretty openly—at least, when he appropriated a Spanish doublet, he did not have it cut to a French pattern. But the most curious, and perhaps the most shameless, instance of this literary larceny brought forward by M.

¹⁶ “*Espagne et Provence : Études sur la Littérature du Midi de l’Europe.*” Par Eugène Baret, Professeur de Lit. Ét. à la Faculté de Clermont. Paris : Auguste Durand. London : Williams and Norgate. 1857.

Baret—and first exposed in his pages, we believe—is that of a celebrated modern author, one of whose greatest claims is his originality. They must be fortified against proof who can read M. Baret's parallel passages from the "Jitanilla" of Cervantes, and Victor Hugo's "Notre-Dame de Paris," and not perceive that the great Spaniard's Preciosa is the type Esmeralda is modelled on. "La charmante Bohémienne ne se peut concevoir qu'en Espagne, et même dans une province de l'Espagne, l'Andalousie. Les *Zingari* de l'Italie, les *Gypsies* de l'Angleterre, ne diffèrent guère que par les traits des vagabonds ordinaires; en Andalousie, les *Jitanas*, débris d'une race antique et mystérieuse, ont gardé les traditions de ces *almées*, filles de l'Orient, introduites en Espagne sous l'empire des Arabes Andalousiens." Perhaps M. Baret is not inclined to allow enough to the conception and creative power of genius; perhaps, too, he is happy to have a fling at the romantic school and its chief, and to exhibit the inferiority of both to a classic original. But he makes his case good. Hugo aims at a higher ideal, or, let us say, at more startling effect, and misses his hold on our sympathies; whereas the truthful and unpretentious simplicity of Preciosa steals into the heart with the cunning of life, and her slightly-touched actions and few words fasten on the memory, because they are the work of a great artist who knew when to speak, and when he had said enough. We wish we had space to quote one or two of the examples given by M. Baret: they would form an instructive study to our young gentlemen at home who lean to the romantic model. M. Baret concludes with an admirable eulogy on Cervantes, to the full measure of which we heartily subscribe.

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ART. I.—THE RELIGION OF POSITIVISM.

The Catechism of Positive Religion. Translated from the French of Auguste Comte. By Richard Congreve, M.A. Fcp 8vo. London: John Chapman. 1858.

THE recent death of the illustrious thinker whose doctrine has been declared by a competent authority to "be to the nineteenth century something more than that which Bacon's was to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries," furnishes us with an appropriate occasion for exhibiting in outline the spiritual phase of the system which he elaborated—a phase which has not yet been critically estimated.

We shall refrain, however, in the first part of this article, from giving a detailed description of the peculiarities of that spiritualism which Comte has developed into a formal cultus, and which, with a pedantic and dictatorial precision, he has applied to all varieties of human circumstance, and graduated to all exigencies of human sentiment. Extravagant and premature as his attempted construction of a new religion must be pronounced in its remote and minute applications, there are yet numerous adherents of the Positive Philosophy who, while refusing to accept the religious elaboration of the "Politique" and of the "Catechisme de la Religion Positive," yet recognise the moral Ideal which they believe that philosophy evolves. It is right that their opinions should be fairly stated. It is due to modern thought to show that, in one of its principal manifestations, intellect is not divorced from morality; that philosophy is in its view a preparation for religion; and that, while it rests on a scientific basis, it proclaims the supremacy of

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our moral nature, asserts the sacredness of human affections, and indicates the direction which the religious sentiment may take, the area it may cover, the duties it may impose.

To represent the general belief of the Positive school disengaged from the specializing theories of its founder, to give some account of the possible action of the new philosophy on the social element, to show what men of large intellectual powers regard as the spiritual side of scientific truth, and to give a sketch of what, if their opinions be rightly grounded, will be the faith of the Future, is the task which lies before us. In order the more effectually to accomplish this task, we shall not interrupt our exposition by interspersing it with criticism: the latter part of the article will be reserved for a separate expression of opinion concerning the doctrines and practical results of the system we are about to expound.

Two preliminary observations are requisite. 1st. The supposed necessity of a Positive philosophy must be regarded as a consequence of the failure of all preceding methods of the interpretation of nature. This position requires elucidation, and a historical survey from the point of view which is peculiar to the new philosophy is indispensable to the adequate treatment of the subject. 2nd. In this preparation of the historical question Comte lays down the conditions of his analysis. Limitation to a single social series is his initial prescription. "We must study," he declares, "the development of the most advanced nations, not allowing our attention to be drawn off to other centres of any independent civilization which has . . . been arrested and left in an imperfect state. It is the selectest part, the vanguard of the human race, that we have to study: the greater part of the white race, or the European nations, even restricting ourselves . . . to those of Western Europe."*

Without discussing the justness and value of these cardinal limitations, we proceed to that review of the past which the Positivist regards as essential to the due appreciation of the present.

The European civilization, prepared by the Roman Conquest and secured by the Emperor Charlemagne, after completing its social triumph under the Catholic and Feudal system of the Middle Ages, yielded to a slow and gradual decay.

This decay was in part superinduced by the inherent imperfection of the system itself, and in part by the advent of a truer and larger philosophy than that which served as the basis of the Mediæval *Régime*. For many centuries this *régime* had favoured the free development of mankind. It had aided the enfranchisc-

* "Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte," by Harriet Martineau, vol. ii. p. 181.

ment of the serf and the elevation of woman, it had inspired the sense of personal dignity, presided over the emancipation of industry, and helped to diffuse the accumulated knowledge of the past; ceasing only to guide and command when it was found inadequate to satisfy the new acquirements of humanity, and when to retain its empire it attempted to obstruct progress and organize oppression. A tyrannical conservatism invariably generates opposition; remonstrance is followed by protest, and protest by defiance.

The first phasis of collective resistance to the despotic policy of the Róman Church is familiarly known as the Protestant Reformation, and was represented by Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, and Munzer. Its second phasis has been variously styled Deism, Infidelity, and Atheism, and received its complete and most emphatic expression in the French Revolution. A decomposition so universal and profound must have causes of no less depth and universality. The resulting anarchy is not confined to England or France, but pervades the whole of Western Europe. If the old Catholic and feudal *régime* was acknowledged throughout the empire of Charlemagne, if the religious and industrial institutions of the Middle Ages were extended to every province of this empire, the reaction has not been more limited in its range, or less prevailing in its influence. Germany, England, Switzerland, France, Italy, and Spain have all more or less participated in this disintegrating movement. Nor does the Positivist doubt that this great revolution, momentarily suppressed, will reappear with an augmented vigour, and terminate in a more decisive victory.

Thus the political and religious question of the age assumes an European character. On the present occasion it is the religious aspect of the problem only that we are called on to consider.

The Catholic faith in France, Italy, and Spain was not materially affected by the Reformation which emancipated England and some other countries of Europe. The Catholic system, indeed, as a whole, suffered severely in its collision with Protestantism, and its central authority was frequently opposed and restricted. But it was not till the second period of this great insurrection that the still nominally Catholic countries of Europe broke out into open rebellion. In France, the principal theatre of the disorganizing movement, the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, and the Encyclopedists directed and prepared the final overthrow of a temporal and spiritual power, already ripe for dissolution. Tested both by ridicule and logic, repudiated alike by reason and sentiment, during the terrible crisis through which France was destined to pass, the dogmas of the old creed have never since recovered their pristine influence. The restoration of the Catholic religion under the first Napoleon was too mecha-

nical to be attended with any permanent effect, and the failure of the attempt to re-establish a religion which no longer harmonized with the intellectual tendencies of the people, evinces both the inefficacy of the Concordat, and the inability of Buonaparte to understand the spirit and tendencies of his age.

The intimate relation now existing between the Military Power and the Papal Government, the wide diffusion of Protestant principles in Italy and Spain, the growing dissatisfaction of Catholic populations, together with the moral and intellectual incompetency of the spiritual authority, show that the rejection of the old creed of Europe will soon become universal and irrevocable. In Germany the searching and acute study of theology, the labours of Eichhorn, Semler, Paulus and Strauss, have continued and completed the dissolving action of the Lutheran Reformation. However open to objection their individual theories, or however exaggerated their negative conclusions, the impression which they have made on the public mind is widening and deepening in irreconcilable hostility to the claims of an antiquated creed. In England the movement initiated by Hobbes, Tindal, and Collins, and transmitted by Hume and Gibbon, has advanced, during the last half-century, with tragic celerity. In that fissiparous generation of religious sects which so peculiarly distinguishes the present age, the total absence of all central authority, the want of any acknowledged criterion of truth, the failure of all genuine and earnest conviction in every country into which the Protestant principle has penetrated, becomes every day more painfully apparent.

Thus equally in Catholic and sectarian Europe we trace the evidences of a vast and irrepressible disaffection. Slowly and surely elaborated during five centuries, it has now acquired a destructive energy which is all but universal. To explain aright its growth and expansion is, in the view of the Positivist, to suggest the remedy which must be applied.

We have already remarked that the principle of this decomposition is a double one—the inherent tendency to decay in the old system, and the destructive influence of the new ideas which that system refuses to incorporate. While the antagonism between Theology and Science was too feebly exerted to awaken apprehension, while the claims of Supernaturalism were still capable of being reconciled with those of Philosophy, Catholicism was not necessarily unfavourable to intellectual progress. But when the investigation of Nature was attended with results that the old creed could not accept, when the answers which were given by that infallible oracle which we are compelled to obey, on penalty of practical inconsequence, were directly opposed to the solutions of the judicial arbiter of Christendom, men lost their

faith and withdrew their allegiance. The received explanation of the world was felt to be unsatisfying and false. Henceforth Protestantism proclaimed its fundamental doctrine of the equality of the intellect by sanctioning the unconditional right of private judgment. To the reign of Theology succeeded that of Metaphysics; while the Metaphysical empire was in its turn weakened by the invasion of Science and Common Sense.

The great problem which the mind has in all ages consciously or unconsciously proposed to itself is the interpretation of Nature, of the World, and Man. The explanation of their phenomena is called philosophy. In its application to human life and human practice this philosophy becomes religion.

The first form of Philosophy was inevitably fictitious. Man saw everywhere the reflection of his own personality. He projected on the visible universe the shadow of his individual nature, and multiplied the image of his own consciousness. He attributed life and intellect and will to all the objects that surrounded him. Thus the worship of the material elements arose. Thus grew up the grotesque or graceful mythology of Paganism—the artless creation of the undisciplined mind that could not distinguish between the facts of nature and the fancies by which it sought to explain them. In the universal blank of human knowledge, ignorant of the operations of their own mind and of the powers and processes of nature, men knelt and worshipped, wherever there was beauty that they could not define, power which they could not interpret, wisdom which they could not comprehend. There is an element in this childlike state of feeling which we shall have to recognise and appropriate, but, as an explanation of the world and of life, this infantine philosophy deserves no refutation.

With the Metaphysical interpretation of the universe it has fared no better. As Mythology deals with personal beings, so Ontology introduces us to abstract entities. It claims for man the power of attaining to a clear comprehension of the Absolute. It pretends to create science on *a priori* principles; to construct a political doctrine independently of all experience. It refuses to accept the conclusion of the senses, and ingeniously proposes to deprive men of the sight that they really possess, as an indispensable preliminary for the recognition of the ideas which are beyond time and out of space. How little it has contributed to the solution of the great problem, Plato and Platonic Christianity will attest. The school of Alexandria, with its mysticism, with its pure intellection degenerating into idiotic reverie or fraudulent superstition, the attempts of all the great modern thinkers of the Metaphysical school, in France, in England, and Germany, place beyond all doubt the impossibility of constructing a science of

the Absolute. Had mankind really an organ for the perception of supersensuous realities, did it really possess faculties for the acquisition of transcendental truths, analogous to those which investigate sensible phenomena, the doctrine which has ever been the object of all mental endeavour would have been discovered long ago, and the problem of life would be solved; for man would have attained to an interpretation of Nature, and have stereotyped that interpretation as the true, the sole, the permanent philosophy. But as it is, not only has the Metaphysical method never commanded the respect of mankind, it has failed to establish an intellectual convergence, even among its own adherents.

Opposed to the Theological and Metaphysical, is that which, on account of its precision and certainty, has been appropriately denominated the Positive Philosophy. It has observation for its method, fact for its basis, phenomena for its subject, and the perceptive and reflective faculties for its instruments. From the days of Aristotle to the days of Comte, its career has been certain, its triumph inevitable. It has enthroned humanity upon Nature; it has fulfilled the promise of Hebrew poetry; it has really made man the lord of the world, and put all things in subjection under his feet. It has constructed science after science. It has given us Astronomy, with its revelations of a majestic order of unlimited space and stupendous magnitude; Chemistry, with its insight into the composition and decomposition of all the useful and glorious objects around us; Physiology, with its laws of growth and reproduction; in a rudimentary form, the science of the human mind, and the first sound indications of a historical and social doctrine. Its moral benefits, exemplified in the decay of a thousand mischievous and deadly superstitions, in international approximation and facilitation of commercial intercourse, can neither be overlooked nor over-estimated.

That the Positive Philosophy, of which Aristotle may be considered as the herald, Bacon as the inaugurator, and Comte as the systematizer, is destined to supersede both the fictitious and metaphysical systems, that it has really acquired shape and consistency, has given proof of its power, and is every day extending its dominion, no Positive thinker entertains any doubt. However incomplete its details, he regards its general principle as established; the interdependence of the sciences as demonstrated; and the universal doctrine, which is their united result, and which has nature and man for its subject, as having already attained a degree of coherence and authority which justify him in predicting its triumph in no very remote future. In his belief it is from the natural, in opposition to the supernatural; from the positive, in opposition to the fictitious method of philosophizing, that a

new social life will be elaborated. As the mythological age had its socialism; as the mediæval period had its socialism; as the modern epoch has its socialism; so will the approaching era have its socialism. The human intellect always demands a focus and rallying-point for its ideas; the human heart perpetually desires a central object for its affections; and human activity needs a point of convergence for its efforts. This mental bond, this philosophical cement, it is which constitutes religion; which involves the ideal unity that dominates society; which forms the intellectual, moral, and practical synthesis that regulates human life. Fictitious in the Pagan world, Metaphysical in the Christian period, this synthesis will be Positive in the scientific era.

As the law of a gradual and laborious development is the condition of human progress, the childhood of thought in the individual having its correspondent in the collective mind of humanity, it was impossible that a Positive Philosophy could be substituted for the mythological, when the native imbecility of that system became apparent, two thousand years ago, to the more advanced minds of the race. A period of transition had to intervene. The Metaphysical philosophy, as a solvent of the primitive Faith, afforded the requisite means of gradual passage from the fabulous creations of the ancient mind to the Positive conceptions of the modern thinker.

The Metaphysical method, however, succeeded no better than the mythological. If the former was pronounced to be incompetent and fictitious, the latter soon proved barren and elusive. The gnosticism of the early ages of Christianity, the abstractions of Patristic divinity, and the Scholastic theology of the mediæval period, failed to satisfy the demands of the intellect, or to withstand the encroachments of scepticism. The magnificent system of Spinoza—a name for ever venerable—the comprehensive elaboration of Leibnitz, were alike ineffectual. Their successors became as numerous and discordant as the inheritors of the theological sceptre which Calvin and Luther wielded. When the Metaphysical doctrine failed to realize the brilliant hopes which it had inspired, it necessarily fell into discredit. Unconsciously, men ceased to look for a theory of the Infinite, and, accepting the established order of things, were contented to explore those phenomena which are obvious to sense, and which suggest indications available for practice. Science after science thus arose, without mutual connexion or permanent influence on the spiritual life of man. The sciences which at first were most widely studied, were such as were of least complexity; and as these necessarily related to the inorganic world, they were powerless to construct, though formidable to destroy. Astronomy and chemistry, abstract sciences; geology and botany, concrete sciences; all, as they

ripened to completion, came forward to give their evidence against the fictions of Theology or the illusions of Metaphysics. But they could only denounce and condemn. They could not supply a synthesis or affirm a philosophy. They were despotic in the realm which was peculiarly their own, but powerless in the political or moral domain. And as the social position of mankind depends on its speculative development, the division of industrial occupations corresponded accordingly with this classification of the sciences. Even in Art the influence of the negative philosophy was felt; and Poetry, though essentially constructive, ended in idealizing doubt and celebrating despair. But as Science conquered from Theology and Metaphysics the strongholds of their power, and from the region of inorganic nature advanced to that of organic existence, it assumed an unknown vigour, and gave sign of unexpected vitality. Leaving the cold suburbs of the city of Death, it proceeded to unveil the mysteries of the kingdom of Life; and when at length the anterior sciences exhibited a connexion with those of more recent origin, men predicted the arrival of a new philosophy, and felt the pulsations and throbbings of a nobler age. The forces which had hitherto disclosed their presence in vast and terrible convulsions, were seen to be beneficent agents, and the bloom and fragrance of a rare spiritual vegetation crept over the granite rocks which earthquakes had upheaved, and on which the mosses and fungi of a barren erudition had so long flourished and decayed. And now, as Science gravitated to its central unity, men recognised the promptings of a common humanity; and the synthetic idea, which even a negative poetry had served to popularize, and a revolutionary theory had aided to diffuse, prevailing over analytic conceptions, once more reappeared, though still in vague and shadowy outline. The continued decay of the old theology, the avowed impotence of the metaphysical doctrines, and the fresh problems which a new industrial career had accumulated, all conspired to strengthen faith and animate exertion. As the breath of life entered into science, the popular intellect, of which the philosophical is but the extension and improvement, sought to explore, though by methods accordant with its Protestant origin, the phenomena of political and social existence. The rise of the Scotch Psychology, and the formation of an economical doctrine, assisted in predisposing the understanding of the people for the reception of Positive conceptions. The practical tendencies of the period soon secured a favourable hearing for theories which can be verified by actual results. Thus, in Germany, Italy, and even Spain, the philosophy which has nature for its subject, and experience for its foundation, has already numerous adherents, and the multitude, more or less emancipated from Theological

prepossessions, are partially prepared to welcome an intellectual system which will harmonize with their preconceptions, respond to their requirements, and furnish a solution for the religious and social problems of the age.

This summary review will sufficiently indicate the character of the great question to which the Positive Philosophy, in the opinion of its professors, affords an answer. Assuming the possibility of the restoration of religious faith, the Positivist holds that this faith must already potentially exist. Proclaiming the utter exhaustion of the old Catholic creed, and the radical inefficiency of metaphysical Protestantism, he rejects all methods of explanation in religion as well as in philosophy which cannot be referred to real life, and which have not their origin in the popular sentiment. He recognises no intuition but that which is synonymous with simple observation—observation, however, as well of spiritual as of material facts; facts of the intellectual and moral nature, as well as of the physical nature of man. He believes that the “sensuous understanding” is competent to solve every problem we have a right to propose, and that nature, if fittingly consulted, is capable of answering every question to which it is necessary that we should obtain an answer. Man, he reasons, must abandon his dream of absolute knowledge. Born to the little, and endowed with limited intelligence, he must learn to circumscribe his domain. “He must cease to regard himself as the last of angels, and be contented to recognise himself as the first of animals.” The only world which he can govern and interpret is, strictly speaking, a human world. Science, or the explanation of his world, is a human creation. All knowledge depends ultimately on our impressions, and will be found in the last analysis to be an account of the modifications produced in the human being by an unknown agent; for no one pretends that matter, in its essence, bears any resemblance to the phenomena which suggest its existence. Science, beginning with faith in an external world which it explains and systematizes, and gradually traversing the whole realm of inorganic nature, ends with interpreting and classifying the phenomena of the human mind and social life. It reveals not only their co-existent facts, but their successive manifestation, motion as well as rest, progress no less than order. It consecrates tradition, explores the destinies of humanity, and founds for us a historical and social philosophy. Confessing its inability to create, it accepts the undeniable tendencies of human nature, and endeavours to develop and ameliorate that nature. Having passed through its first phasis, and furnished us with an outward reality to which all our acts must conform, in attaining its second phasis it necessarily requires the social subordination of the intellect to the heart. As long as the great

physical laws were unknown, men were excusable when they proclaimed intellect to be the sovereign element of our nature; but now that these laws have been discovered and published, intellectual power finds its proper place as subordinate and auxiliary to moral life. The secret of the universe cannot be disclosed a second time. The law of gravitation needs not another Newton to reveal it, nor the Roman conquest another Cæsar to extend it. In the language of a leading expositor of the Positive Philosophy,* "Man is moved by his emotions, not by his ideas, using his intellect only as an eye to see the way; in other words, the intellect is the servant, not the lord of the heart." This result was long since foreseen by the philosophic Pascal when he announced that "tout notre raisonnement se réduit à céder au sentiment." Philosophy thus loses its abstract and personal character, and acquires a concrete and social character. In a word, it becomes Religion.

Thus a new career, argues the supporter of the Positive system, is reserved for the human race—a future awaits it which is prepared by, and dependent on, science. The industrial spirit which always follows scientific progress requires a different legislation from that which sufficed to direct the military *régime*. A new social organization demands new instructors and new institutions. The two great phases of human life, action and education, practice and theory, art and science, assume their due prominence, and the problem of the age is no less an one than the evolution of a new spiritual and secular power. "This separation" (that of the two powers), observes M. Littré, "really resolves itself into the separation of theory from practice. No one doubts that in every department of human knowledge it is as indispensable and as favourable to practice as to theory. How then can it be otherwise in the most complicated and difficult speculations—those which relate to social life? Is it not still more necessary in this than in any other case to distinguish between art and science, between practice and theory, and to confide their different functions to different hands?" This principle, moreover, is in accordance with that grand conclusion of scientific philosophy, which teaches us that the function becomes more special as the organism becomes more complex.

The separate and independent existence of the spiritual and secular powers is indispensable to the development of the religion of Humanity. No man who repudiates the authority of an established Church, and who admits the impending fall of the ecclesiastical despotism of the Continent, can avoid subscribing to this principle. If the theological and metaphysical systems are indeed powerless, if all existing governments are incompetent to supply

* Lewes.

a philosophy, and indeed could not supply it without political and social suicide; surely to give free utterance to all religious opinions and sentiments is the only method by which the new religion can be evolved. The want of an authority to which all can appeal is, according to the new philosophy, a permanent need of the human heart. The world has never been without such an authority, real or pretended. In the Middle Ages this authority was supposed to reside in the Pope and the clergy, and, in point of fact, *did* reside in them; for the wisdom and learning of the world were deposited in the church of St. Peter. At the time of the Reformation, and till a comparatively recent period, the majority of the opponents of mediæval authority transferred their allegiance to the sacred writings which had received its sanction; and "the Bible, and the Bible alone, the religion of Protestants," was the formula which indicated the new rule of faith. But the constant increase of sects and the multiplied difficulties which accompany the interpretation of the sacred volume are rapidly bringing into discredit the favourite dictum of the critical theologian. Already the necessity of a new spiritual supremacy is recognised; and men even begin to anticipate the quarter from which it will come. Thus, the formation of an intellectual priesthood was recommended many years ago by an eminent English savant. The British Association itself is a rudimentary parliament of science; and the popular intellect is not slow to acknowledge the claims of that philosophy for which it has pioneered. The system which teaches men what to do, and how to do it, which foretells events and annihilates doubts, is an authority from whose tribunal there is no appeal. In its practical applications it gives a convincing testimony of its divine right; in its frank and honest expositions it shows the nobleness of its character; in challenging inquiry from all competent thinkers, in an unreserved acknowledgment of partial weakness and irrefutable demonstration of general strength, it commands the admiration, the obedience, and the loyalty of all. Nor need we fear that the establishment of a philosophical corporation will be injurious to the interests of mankind. No encroachment on liberty of thought, or freedom of discussion, need be feared in an age when knowledge shall be the birthright of all, when caste shall be unknown, when the spiritual power will have no authority but that of persuasion, and when the doctrine of the philosophic priest will be that of the educated people, of nature, and of truth. On the other hand, men ever ready to be led by passion and self-advantage will never cease to require supervision, advice, and support. For the security of society, for its protection against the invasions of those abnormal natures which may never entirely disappear, a better system of checks and encouragements, of rewards and penalties must be

instituted by the State. Under that system, it will be the province of the new priesthood to reclaim the erring, to warn the arrogant, and to cheer and counsel the weak. Thus, the spiritual power will recognise its exalted moral destination, and worthily fulfil its high social function, by rescuing those who are naturally predisposed to crime from the consequences of their own excesses, by saving them from the chastisements with which the material power menaces them, by developing their good and useful qualities, and by suppressing their evil and destructive energies. The distinguishing office of this philosophical corporation will, however, be an educative one. To diffuse the science which centuries have accumulated, to make the hoarded knowledge of ages the heritage of our own time, to originate and propagate a Positive education, which shall do for modern Europe what the Catholic education did for the mediæval period, introducing intellectual unity as the basis of moral and social communion, will be the initial duty and ultimate province of the new hierarchy.

The connexion between science and industry is so obvious that the mutual relation existing between the philosophic class and the industrial community will be readily perceived. Positive science is the exploring eye and directing mind of that modern civilization in which the labour that ameliorates the material world is the muscular force and strong right hand. The illustration afforded us of the action and reaction of speculation on practice, and practice on speculation, in the rough but happy suggestion of the builder of the *Great Eastern* steamship; which, aiding the tidal researches of Whewell and Lubbock, enabled them to surmount a difficulty that impeded their inquiry; and which, in its turn, examined and accepted by the British Association, and now invested with its appropriate scientific expression, has gone forth to the working world *passed* and authenticated by a competent tribunal;—this illustration, we repeat, will serve to exemplify the position in which thought is related to work and work to thought, and to render comprehensible the Positivist dogma of the necessity of a philosophic corporation that will fulfil the functions of intellectual government and moral leadership, and which will be as indispensable to the industrial and professional community for direction, and guidance, and confirmation, as that community will be to it for suggestion, subject matter, and correction of theoretical over-refinement. Thus regarded, the working-classes will be an auxiliary of the spiritual power, giving substance to abstract thought, and enforcing and diffusing its decisions. Associations of labour, in its three great and primary phases, agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing, duly presided over by their legitimate chiefs, will gra-

dually prepare the way for a higher organization of productive efforts than any that has yet been realized. The popular voice will have due weight in the council of the nation; and in those crises for which no constitutional theory can provide, the strong hands and ready hearts of the working men will furnish a direct and practical solution.

A second auxiliary in the Positive movement is the influence of women. As the philosophical element symbolizes the intellectual, the feminine element symbolizes the affective nature of man. Ever ready in virtue of her superior sensibility to appreciate, in general outline, all theories in which comprehensiveness of view is associated with elevation of sentiment, woman will instinctively recognise the affinity of her own nature with the general character of the Positive system, and will give glad acceptance to truths so susceptible of demonstration and attractive to the feelings as are those which emanate from a philosophy that selects for interpretation what is real, what is certain, what is human. To repress the selfish and elicit the social instinct, to give generosity of sentiment where reason offers only generality of view, to initiate and direct the education of the heart, and through a thousand delicate and unconscious applications to recommend and realize the ideal which inspires her, to purify and regulate society through the affections, to exemplify the doctrine that "true wisdom leads to love," that the sublimest speculations and most brilliant activities must all be subordinated to that moral element which awakens self-devotion, and really creates and sustains social, domestic, and even personal life, will, say the adherents of the Positive school, be the authorized function and accepted mission of woman. The magical prestige which attends woman's adhesion, or the almost preternatural efficacy of her antagonism, is a historical fact. On the Christian evolution of intellectual and moral life, her acceptance of the new doctrine was of the most vital consequence to the first propagators of the Christian creed. The Protestant Reformation and the French Revolution equally attest the value of her co-operation; and till the results of modern thought are known and accepted by the most sensitive and most religious half of the human race, it is in vain to hope for the due advancement of intellectual truth, the full development of moral life, or the construction of a new social civilization. Woman is the mother, if man is the father, of every fresh organization; and if his brain be powerful for construction, her nature is no less powerful for the modification of the social phenomena which he originates. "Under this influence," says M. Littré, "will a new public opinion be formed, and morality, the first and most imperative want of all human societies, will have for its guardians and

organs those who best represent what is most generous, most disinterested, most tender and emotional in our common nature."

A third auxiliary of Positive Spiritualism is that which we may term the artistic element. The influence which Art in all its forms has over the minds of men cannot be too highly estimated. Its triumphs in the future exceed all present conception. The imagination which bewildered and misled men when an objective value was set on its creations, will, when duly developed and directed by the new philosophy, quicken their apprehension for the reception of great spiritual truths; and, acting through a thousand various and imperceptible channels of thought and feeling, will modify and refine the nature of men, and predispose them for that worship in whose celebration Poetry will sing her stateliest song, Music strike her most melodious chords, Painting lend her most heavenly hues, Sculpture her fairest shapes, and Architecture her most sublime proportions.

To these primary representatives of the spiritual presidency of the future, the new philosophy adds a supplemental element, which the ranks of the rich and noble will supply. The best and bravest of the industrial chiefs, under the influence of a purer and more elevated religious fervour than that which animated the men of old, will be the recognised knights of the new social epoch—knights whose privilege it will be to lead a crusade against violence and wrong, and devote fortune and life to a cause more splendid than that which inspired the warriors who fought for the freedom of the city of God.

As a consequence of the *human* character recently assumed by science, and the prevailing disposition to substitute the simple observation of facts for obsolete metaphysical methods, the Positive thinker discerns everywhere an increasing tendency to refer religion to the instincts of the soul. The barren Deism of the last century, alleged to be the theological counterpart of constitutional monarchy in politics, no longer satisfies an age which, through the glowing phenomena of political action, and the magnificent results of scientific research, appeals to the profoundest sympathies of our nature. In the prose of Rousseau, in the poetry of Byron, and above all in that of Goethe, we trace the gradual restoration of a more loving and poetic belief. It is almost needless to instance the current literature. The really valuable portion of German metaphysics is that which is connected with sentiment. The English translation of Fichte's works has made us all familiar with the applied Christianity of this noble-minded man. His system of thought terminates in one of feeling, and he teaches us that the way to the Blessed Life is through divine and human love manifested in wise and generous action. Schelling, Hegel, and Schleiermacher all testify

to the same truth. Among our own countrymen, the writings of Wordsworth and Shelley are instinct with religious love and awe; and Tennyson, in that majestic requiem on his dead friend, has struck chords to which all hearts have vibrated. In a different department of literary labour we find Beneke, the author of a remarkable system of Psychology, proclaiming the supremacy of our affective nature; while Mill reflects in his diamond intellect the mental colouring of the age, when he perfects ethical science by the recognition of a third constituent—*Nobleness*. To these names, must be added that of Comte, who has formally demonstrated the elementary existence of a religion of Love and Veneration.

Parallel with the literary movement is the popular one, of which the literary is but the reflection. The refinement of modern manners, the presence of a deep and general sympathy in society, the diffusion of poetical taste, and the profession and practice of a general philanthropy, the increasing aversion to theological dogmas, the avowed rejection of the doctrine of eternal punishment on the part of otherwise orthodox persons, together with many other facts of a similar kind, all indicate that the final religion of the world will be a religion which has faith in nature and in man for its basis, and love for its inspiration and reward. Connected with the development of this holiest feeling of our nature is that of a second quality, only inferior to it—*Veneration*. We cannot study the political history of the last sixty years without being impressed with the improved moral and intellectual tone of the advanced section of the revolutionary school. The truth has at last been recognised that the doctrine of rights alone is an essentially barren doctrine, and to the gospel of egoism has succeeded that of mutual dependence, proclaiming duties instead of rights, and personal dignity instead of absolute equality. Advocating a wise submission to competent authority instead of clamouring for an impossible liberty, it founds society on fraternal association, and resists the projects of a chimerical individualism. Hence the doctrine of veneration for human worth has been slowly acquiring strength and consistency, while the principle asserted in action has been celebrated in poetry and confirmed by science. Thus the idea of a common Humanity—of which the presentiment always existed, but to which Christianity gave a formal, however imperfect, expression, and which the restoration of Faith will extend and consolidate—has now acquired a distinct and conspicuous recognition.

The religion of the Positivist, then, is pre-eminently that which has man for its object, which believes in man, serves man, and reverences man, man, not as a personal and unrelated being, but

man, as that collective and independent existence made up of many lives and many men, which has lived in the Past, which lives in the Present, and will live in the Future. For individual man is a chimera. Man can only exist as a member of society.* The wisdom, the wealth, the decoration and grandeur of life, are the inherited capital of past generations. As the natural blood of our forefathers circulates through our bodily frames, so the moral and intellectual blood of the ancient world has passed into our spiritual veins. The collective life of Humanity is the true religious idea. Developing itself in accordance with invariable laws, transmitting the science, the poetry, the material and moral amelioration of previous ages, Humanity appears, infinite and undecaying, as one continuous and ubiquitous existence, embracing all times and all places, and uniting all men in one divine and universal brotherhood. Fighting for us in the Past, working for us in the Present, and preparing us for the Future, it marches onward to its preappointed goal. Humanity thus includes all the heroic and holy spirits, all the wise and creative minds, that have ever lived, or ever will live. Nor is it a purely subjective idea, for we really participate of this common life, we see it reflected around us in the lives of the good and noble men, of the true and tender women, that continue it. Thus we can discern in the Past our sublime and illustrious ancestry. We learn to sympathize with the earliest forefathers of the race, we worship with them when they knelt before the Sun and called him God, or hailed the Rainbow as the daughter of Wonder. We live, as it were, with the earliest tapers of the horse, with the men that first made the dog our ally, with the heroes who slew the python and the lion, with the valiant hunters and stout-hearted husbandmen that in old time made the earth habitable and fruit-bearing for us. We feel strange affinity with the early discoverers of Arts and Science,

“When sages looked to Egypt for their lore,”

and Phœnician Cadmus has our homage; and Prometheus, who invented number and taught men song. The art of Greece, the splendid heroism of those who died at Marathon, the sustained wisdom and stately eloquence of Pericles, the grandeur of Roman conquest and Roman law, the chivalry, romance, and loyalty of the Catholic period—all appeal to our intellects and to our hearts; all remind us how much we owe to the Past, how we are born of it and identified with it, and should have the same love for its virtues, the same forbearance for its infirmities, the same pardon for its errors, that we have for the faults of our

* “Man is not man, but in society
Man means society.”—WILLIAM SMITH.

vanished childhood with its rainbow illusions, or of our earlier manhood with its wild and adventurous hopes. Already the more gentle and thoughtful minds among us live with their forefathers no less than with their contemporaries, and the daily life of every true scholar is a testimony of the admiration and reverence due to that elder humanity which has toiled and suffered that we might sometimes rest and enjoy.

The utterance of grateful love, of tender attachment, and admiring reverence, must not be confounded with the servile prostration of superstitious terror. The devotional sentiment, which imperiously demands expression, and which, when old liturgies are struck dumb, reveals itself in the verse of Wordsworth, of Shelley, of Tennyson and Goethe, with something of its old melodious ring, will assume its true and perfect form when faith in the grander emotions and nobler powers of the human soul shall have expelled for ever from the temple of Humanity the black shadows of mistrust and fear and the gloom of a false and unnatural morality. Then old usages will revive under fairer forms, and Devotion, with its half-forgotten memories, with all its native sweetness and earnestness, will once more return to support, to animate, to purify the soul.

In accordance with the principle that subordinates the intellect to the affections, this Devotional Expression will be necessarily and avowedly poetical. Art, regenerated by Science, and finding its true function in the idealization of the Real, will be dedicated to the service of Humanity. Poetry will celebrate its power, its intellectual and physical ameliorations, and its moral progress. Philosophers and poets, as its interpreters and servants, will declare the true nature of their sublime Ideal, and elevate their hearers to a just conception of their duties and destinies. That subjective incorporation with the good and noble which the new philosophy promises, that life in the thoughts and feelings of those who will, after we are gone, regard us with love and grateful reverence, that ideal immortality which is the spontaneous growth of faith in the majestic conception of the interdependence of successive generations, will at once give substance and justification to that craving for eternity which is inherent in our nature, and without whose recognition and perpetual action the grandest impulses, the most splendid achievements, are, in the eyes of noble men, without true significance, lofty purpose, or satisfying result.

To live in the race; to work for the men of the future as the men of the past have worked for us; to sow the acorns that shall be glorious oaks one day; to scatter the seeds that shall blossom and bear fragrance for the sons and daughters of those whom we love and esteem; to feel that our memories will not be forgotten, but that we shall be loved when in the silent land; that we shall not

all die, since we shall live in the hearts and minds of those who in their generation will be constituent parts of the sacred life of Humanity as we are in ours,—is the purest, sweetest, least personal form which the desire for self-perpetuation can assume.

To this anticipation of subjective immortality the new faith unites that rare and delicate pleasure which must accompany the almost prophetic glance into the Future which a sounder philosophy will command; thus enabling us to identify our moral interests with the interests of the age which is potentially contained within our own—

“To live by Hope,
And breathe the sweet air of Futurity.”*

With love for principle, order for basis, and progress for object, the disciples of the new school do not hesitate to record their opinion that the philosophic spiritualism which they announce will necessarily satisfy popular sentiment, fulfil every scientific requirement, and meet every political emergency in the future. The Positive religion will, according to their convictions, point to a law of order which Science has revealed, and so confirm faith in the future; it will point to a law of progress which has Science also for its indicator, and so inspire hope for the future. It will show us our dependence on those forms of life which are inferior to our own, and teach us gratitude and consideration for what is below us. It will show us a holy Ideal in the Humanity to which we all belong, and which is represented in the nobler intellects and sublimer hearts which are its organs and interpreters, and so teach us love and veneration for what is above us. It will proclaim those mighty and enduring laws which we did not make, but under which we live, and so instruct us in the old forgotten duties of patience, resignation, and submission. In the universality of its teaching, it will once more replace the age of analysis by that of synthesis, and thus nourish the larger intellectual and spiritual desires which refuse to rest in the partial and incomplete, and demand a perfect, integral, and harmonious life. It will give us once again the real for the visionary, restoring nature to her rights, and re-investing man with his native and inalienable prerogatives. Confering anew on the affections and imaginative faculties the empire of which the critical movement has deprived them, re-combining religion with art, adorning life with morals and poetic circumstance, adopting the people into the order and action of the world, consecrating genius and goodness by devolving on them legitimate authority, accepting and strengthening the idea of brotherhood by a common and universal education, borrowing from antiquity the splendour of art, from the Middle Ages the

* Wordsworth.

beauty of sentiment, from the modern period scientific unity,—the Positive religion will, it is affirmed, have a coherence, intensity, and universality, with which not even the intellectual and ethical unity of the polytheistic cultus can enter into competition. As the religion of reasoning faith, of instructed hope, and enlightened love; of reverence for the past, sympathy with the present, and philosophic insight into the future; more tender, more pure, more simple, more humble, and yet more elevating than the creeds which we have outlived; conciliating submission with self-reliance, and harmonizing the spontaneous action of the soul with the principle of an inviolable order,—the new synthesis will, as Positivists assert, have superiorities over the old which it will be as impossible to overlook as it will be preposterous to deny.

Such is the religion which the Positive Philosophy proclaims and inaugurates; a religion which appears, to many persons of high mental endowment, competent to all practical ends, and capable of responding to all spiritual requirements; a religion too which, while it harmonizes our own little world and makes life again noble and divine, does not dogmatically deny the infinite possibilities beyond. In traversing the scale of existence, it discerns that the outgoings of life tend ever to the proclamation of endless power, and beauty, and order; to the assertion of an impartial government, acting by sublime methods and leading to imperial issues. In the universal rhyme and rhythm, and incessant correspondency of nature, it beholds indications of that invisible life and eternal activity of which we all partake, which includes love and intelligence, and reveals itself wherever there is splendour to attract, or strength to conquer, or order to instruct. Faith here reposes on feeling. It makes no assertion. It seeks not to interpret, but accepts the sentiment of love, and awe, and beauty which the contemplation of the universe spontaneously excites in the philosophic mind. Faith becomes sympathy—sympathy with all existence; sympathy with the energy, goodness, and wisdom that are manifested in the material and spiritual world; sympathy with the steadfast sun and changing moon, with the wandering clouds and distant stars; sympathy with the loyal heart of our lowlier fellow mortals that administer to our comfort and guard our repose, with the faithful dog, the generous horse, the confiding bird; sympathy with the flowers that “give thoughts too deep for tears,” with the lofty and lowly, the robust and graceful forms of forest life. For it adopts the view of Montaignè, that there is a certain respect and general duty that ties us not only to beasts that have life and sense, but even to trees and plants; it believes with him that grace and benignity are due to all creatures that are capable of them. And in this self-identification with an active, living nature, Man

rises to the serene heights of human blessedness ; he learns what are awe, and adoration, and holy joy, what simple and child-like submission to beneficent power, the willing obedience to the inexplicable influence which all beings consciously or unconsciously confess ; and in the affectionate and joyful identity with universal life, he loves, and soars, and worships.*

The foregoing outline we have now traced fairly indicates, we believe, the convictions and anticipations of a number of the most able and accomplished of modern thinkers ; of men who, while avowing adhesion to the system of Positive Philosophy, a profound respect for M. Comte, and their great obligation to him as an instructor, have yet so far maintained their own independence as to constitute themselves judges of what portions of the doctrines and ceremonial of the Positive religion are worthy of their acceptance. Were we to stop here our readers would only become acquainted with the faith of the Protestants of Positivism, a faith stripped, as we have said, of the pedantic formulæ and elaborate detail in which Comte himself has presented it. In order at once to complete our survey, and to exhibit the absolute and uniform despotism which one of the most scientific and benevolent minds of the century would establish, we shall now expose the system as propounded by the master, and as actually believed in and preached by his most faithful disciples.

We must premise, however, that we can only indicate its salient points. "The Catechism of the Religion of Positivism," of which we shall now give a brief analysis, using as far as may be the words of the author himself, is distinguished as the most condensed and popular expression accessible of the author's system—not only of religion, but incidentally of philosophy, sociology, and politics. The learning, ability, and method which distinguish the "Positive Philosophy," reappear in the "Catechism," conjoined with much which, if viewed independently of the relation it sustains to the new religion, deserves the attention, and will, we believe, obtain the approval, of thinking men. But we have space only for an account of the cardinal principles and main object which characterize the work ; readers who wish for the arguments by which the system is sustained must refer to the "Catechism" itself.

Comte opens his preface by the following announcement :—

"In the name of the Past and of the Future, the servants of Humanity—both its philosophical and practical servants—come for-

* This article being the production of two authors, we indicate the point of division by the blank space above.

ward to claim as their due the general direction of this world. Their object is, to constitute at length a real Providence, in all departments—moral, intellectual, and material. Consequently they exclude, once for all, from political supremacy, all the different servants of God—Catholic, Protestant, or Deist—as being at once behindhand and a cause of disturbance."

We are moreover informed that—

"The industrial patriciate will completely set aside all retrograde and anarchical parties. They will look on any one who persists in the theological or metaphysical state as disqualified, by weakness of the brain, for government."

This charitable, but rather unceremonious treatment, is justified by the fact that mankind has at length received a perfect and final revelation. Inspiration is at an end. We have now only to translate the ultimate Scripture into life. "The long initiation of our race," says the last Apostle, "is now finally ended, as is clearly shown by the very fact of my drawing up this Catechism."

That ideal of the perfect which each race and generation forms for itself, and worships as its highest conception of the "Great Spirit," is now for ever to be deposed in favour of real men and women (especially the latter), and mankind as a whole, who in future are alone to be adored. Fetichism, Polytheism, Tritheism, and Monotheism, are equally delusive: "From henceforth the belief in Monotheism, whether Christian or Mussulman, is left to its natural course of inherent decay." The longing for individual immortality, alleged to be characteristic of man, is declared by Comte to be basely selfish and abnormal; the soul's pure and healthy desire for endless existence will be completely satisfied, he tells us, by its absorption into and identification with the "immense and eternal Being, Humanity:"—

"We find that the social existence of man really consists much more in the continuous succession of generations than in the solidarity of the existing generation. The living are always, by the necessity of the case—and the more so the more we advance in time—under the government of the dead. Such is the fundamental law of human order.

"To enable us to grasp it more fully, let us distinguish the two forms of existence which are the portion of each true servant of Humanity. The one is but for a time, but it is conscious. This constitutes the life of man properly so called. The other, with no direct consciousness on the part of man, is yet permanent, and does not begin till after death. The first involves the presence of the body, and may be termed objective, to mark more clearly its contrast with the second. That second leaves each one to exist only in the heart and intellect of others; and deserves the name of subjective. This is the noble immortality, necessarily disconnected with the body, which

Positivism allows the human soul. It preserves this valuable term—soul—to stand for the whole of our intellectual and moral functions, without involving any allusion to some supposed entity answering to the name. . . . Some might at first regret the loss of the chimerical hopes they had at first cherished; but even they would not be slow to see the moral superiority of the subjective immortality offered by Positivism. It is by nature thoroughly altruistic or unselfish; and therefore, as I said, morally superior to the old objective immortality, which could never clear itself of the egoistic or selfish character. . . . This Positive conception of the future life is certainly nobler than that of any theological school, at the same time that it alone is true.”

Having created his Divinity, Comte proceeds to instruct his disciples concerning the nature of worship. This is to be both private and public, the latter being subordinated to the former; “for on this subordination really depends, after all, the chief efficiency of Positive religion. The better to understand it,” we are to “look on these two branches of worship as addressed respectively, the private to women, the public to humanity.”

The private worship is to be divided into personal and domestic, the latter being subordinate to the former:—

“Personal worship alone can develop in us the habits which can test our adoration whether it be sincere or not. . . . The affective sex is naturally the most perfect representative of Humanity, and at the same time her principal minister. Never will art be able worthily to embody Humanity except in the form of woman. . . . In the normal state, each man finds in his family circle real *guardian angels*, at once the ministers and representatives of Humanity. The secret adoration of them strengthens and develops their continuous influence. . . . The mother, the wife, the daughter, must in our worship, as in the existence of which that worship is the ideal expression, develop in us respectively—the mother, veneration; the wife, attachment; the daughter, kindness. As for the sister, the influence she exercises has hardly a very distinct character, and she may, in succession, be connected with each of the three essential types. . . . Each sex must borrow from the other the two angels that complete the institution. •For the mother has, for both sexes equally, a preponderance, not merely as the main source even of our physical existence, but still more as normally presiding over the whole of our education. The mother, then, is the object of adoration to both sexes.”

To the worship of the mother, women “must add the worship of the husband and the son, on the same grounds as assigned above for the man’s worship of the wife and daughter.”

The mode of worship is to consist of idealization and prayer. The former—

“Is almost always to be done by subtraction, rarely by addition, even when, in adding, we observe all proper precautions. The ideal must be an amelioration of the real, or it is inadequate for its moral

purpose. . . . We find a natural indication of the soundness of this rule in our tendency to forget the defects of the dead, whilst we only recall their good qualities.

“Our Goddess only incorporates into herself the dead who are really meritorious. But in doing so, she puts away from each the imperfections which in all cases dimmed their objective life. Dante had, in his own manner, an anticipation of this law when he formed that beautiful fiction, which makes the preparation for blessedness consist in drinking first of the river of oblivion, then of *Ermoë*, which calls up only the memory of good. In ameliorating, then, those whom you choose as representatives of Humanity, add but very secondary improvements, not such as impair the real impression even of their outward form, much less that of their moral character. But give free scope, always of course with prudence, to your natural disposition to clear them of their different faults. . . . Be careful that no change take place in the outer circumstances. The person you adore should in this respect be as he was in life.”

The following passage assures us how completely the teacher exemplified his own precepts in his own life, so far as the most essential part of his religion, personal worship, is concerned, by the most pious adoration of Madame Clotilde de Vaux :—

“It will be felt that” [in the “Catechism of Positive Religion”] “I have constantly kept in sight the due subordination of the reason of man to the feeling of woman. . . . This will secure respect for, and even the extension to others of my own personal worship, of the angel from whom I derive at once its chief suggestions and the best mode of expounding them. Such services will soon render my sainted hearer dear to all who shall have undergone a true regeneration. Henceforward her glorification is inseparable from mine; it will constitute my most valued reward. She is for all time incorporated into the true Supreme Being, of whom her tender image is allowed to be for me the best representative. In each of my three daily prayers I adore both together, and I sum up all my wishes for personal perfection in the admirable form by which the sublimest of Mystics was led to prepare, in his own manner, the moral motto of Positivism—(Live for others).”

“Amem te plus quàm me, nec me nisi propter te.”

Domestic worship is to consist of “a constant adoration of the types common to the whole family,” and will “avail itself of the collective invocations which in public worship are addressed directly to Humanity.” It will moreover comprise “nine social sacraments—*Presentation, initiation, admission, destination, marriage, maturity, retirement, transformation, and lastly, incorporation* :”—

“In the first sacrament of our religion, the final one, gives a systematic consecration to every birth. . . . The second marks the first entrance into public life, when the child passes, at the age of fourteen, from its unsystematic training, under the eye of its mother, to the systematic

education given by the priesthood. . . . Seven years later the young disciple receives the sacrament of *admission*. By it he is authorized to serve Humanity, whereas hitherto he received everything from Humanity, and gave nothing in return. . . . At the age of twenty-eight the sacrament of *destination* sanctions his choice of a career."

The fifth sacrament is that of *marriage*, and in the event of the death of either of the participants, is not to be repeated by the survivor. Men are not to be allowed to marry until they are twenty-eight. "The priesthood will even advise the government to give the head of the family a legal veto up to the age of thirty." Women "are ready for marriage at the age of twenty-one." The sixth sacrament, that of *maturity*, marks the full development of the human organism, which coincides in time with the completion of the man's social preparation, nearly at the age of forty-two.

"Previously, our life is simply a preparation. Naturally we are liable to mistakes, and those sometimes of a serious character, but never beyond reparation. From this time forwards, on the contrary, the faults we commit we can hardly ever repair, whether in reference to ourselves or to others. It is important then that there should be a solemn ceremony when we impose on the servant of Humanity the responsibility from which he can now no longer shrink."

The seventh sacrament solemnizes the citizen's voluntary act of *retirement* from active or public life at the age of sixty-three.

"The rich also transmit their office in obedience to the same rules; and to make their transmission complete, they hand over at the same time that portion of the capital of the race which forms the stock of the functionary, after he has made provision for his own personal wants."

In the eighth sacrament, *transformation*—

"The priesthood mingles the regrets of society with the tears of his family, and shows that it has a just appreciation of the life that is ending. It first secures, when possible, compensation for errors committed, and then it generally holds out the hope of subjective incorporation. It must not, however, compromise itself by a premature judgment."

The final consecration is solemnized as follows:—

"Seven years after death, when the passions which disturb the judgment are hushed, and yet the best sources of information remain accessible, a solemn judgment, an idea of which, in its germ, sociocracy borrows from theocracy, finally decides the lot of each. If the priesthood pronounces for *incorporation*, it presides over the transfer, with due pomp, of the sanctified remains. They had previously been deposited in the burial-place of the city; they now take their place forever in the sacred wood that surrounds the temple of Humanity. Every tomb is ornamented with a simple inscription, a bust, or a statue, according to the degree of honour awarded."

With regard to public worship—

"We cannot at present form an adequate conception of the temples of Positivism. . . . Provisionally, we shall have to use the old churches, in proportion as they fall into disuse. This preliminary period ought, in our case, not to be so long as it was for Catholicism, which for many centuries was confined to buildings of Polytheistic origin. The only general point that can at present be settled in this respect is, to the situation and direction of the building. . . . Everywhere, in all parts of the earth, the temples of Humanity must turn towards the general metropolis. This for a long time, as the result of past history, must be Paris. . . . In painting or in sculpture, equally, the symbol of our goddess will always be a woman of the age of thirty, with her son in her arms. . . . On the white side of the movable banners to be carried before us in our solemn processions, will be the holy image; on their green, the sacred formula of Positivism. . . . When we repeat our fundamental formula, we may place our hands in succession on the three chief organs—those of love, order, and progress. . . . When the habit is formed, we need not repeat the words, the gesture is enough."

The duty of prayer, private, domestic, and public, is insisted on as an essential part of the new religion. Of the elaboration of this feature of the system we must, for want of space, omit even an outline. The new religion makes one concession to our ancient customs and superstitions. Positivism, while ordaining its thirteen monthly festivals with their weekly divisions, retains unchanged the established names for the days of the week:—

"I had thought," says its author, "of substituting others; but I have given up the attempt. The old names have the advantage of recalling the whole of the past, in its three stages of fetichism, polytheism, and monotheism. . . . We open the Positivist year by the most august of all our festivals—a direct homage to the Supreme Being. The four weekly festivals are the complement of this main one. In them we respectively do honour to the various essential forms of the social union. . . . Passing to the month consecrated to marriage, its first solemnity glorifies the conjugal union in its completest form. . . . The priesthood must enumerate and explain all the essential phases of this admirable institution, from the polygamy which originally prevailed, down to the strictest monogamy, the Positivist marriage. In the following festival we honour the voluntary chastity which weighty moral or physical reasons may prescribe, even in marriage. . . . The third week of marriage leads us to honour the exceptional unions, in which a disparity, not without excuse, does not preclude the attainment of the main object of marriage. . . . Lastly, the fourth festival honours the posthumous union, which will often be the result of the normal constitution of human marriage. The truest charm of marriage is often strengthened and developed by the purity and constancy that distinguish subjective love."

The festivals of the third, fourth, and fifth months are to glorify the paternal, the filial, and the fraternal relations. The sixth month is devoted to honouring the relation of clerks, apprentices, and domestic servants to their employers. The fol-

lowing three months are to be denoted by twelve weekly festivals in celebration of the various phases through which man has passed from Fetichism to Positivism, with their corresponding social states. The tenth month is "dedicated to women, or the moral providence of the race." The four classes of the Positivist priesthood are to be "honoured respectively in the four weekly festivals of the eleventh month." The patrician body, "on which rests the whole economy of society," is also to be divided into four classes, and duly honoured on the four weekly festivals of the twelfth month. The last, or plebeian month, accords its first festival to "the active proletariat," its second to "the affective" :—

"Without this special tribute to the women of the proletary class, the general celebration of the types of women remains incomplete. . . . The third festival of our thirteenth month must find fit means for duly honouring the contemplative class of proletaires; especially those who are artistic, or even scientific. . . . Finally, the last festival of our popular month honours mendicity, whether temporary or permanent. Improve society to the utmost, still you never reach the point where this, the extreme consequence of the peculiar imperfections of practical life, shall cease. . . . It would then be as great an act of improvidence as of injustice not to give mendicants a separate notice in our idealization."

The complementary day closing each year is to be devoted to "the collective festival of the dead." Despite all the fine sentiment bestowed on "the guardian angels," they, it appears, "can scarcely ever deserve our individual and public apotheosis," so that the additional day in leap-year is to be devoted to the payment of "this honour, collectively, to women who deserve our individual celebration."

The supreme officiators in all these ceremonials will be the numerous priests constituting at once the hierarchy and hierarchy of Positivism :—

"The only classes," of society, "properly so-called, the priesthood which counsels and the patriciate which commands, are to preserve and increase the spiritual and material treasures of Humanity. They also preside over the proper distribution of these treasures amongst her servants. . . . We look to the theoretical [priestly] class, in the first place, for systematic education. Secondly, we give it an influence over the whole of life." The priest acts on the heart through the intellect by his judgment of conduct. Women should act on the intellect by the heart, and they do so by securing the spontaneous ascendancy of the nobler dispositions. The necessary co-operation of the priest and women is equally applicable in the period of preparation, and in the life for which it is the preparation. . . . The practical man begins by learning from the priesthood the more important laws of the phenomena he has to modify. . . . Should he, in the course of his labours,

feel the want of some new general ideas, he must go again to the priesthood for them. He must not interrupt his industrial action by a vain attempt at scientific cultivation You may express all the social attributions of the priesthood by adopting the Biblical name, judge. It has therefore a threefold office—to advise, to consecrate, to regulate. . . . It becomes the regular appeal, in the conflicts of life, as it inspires both the higher and the lower classes with equal confidence.”

The constitution and means of existence of the Positivist hierarchy are also definitely prescribed. It must renounce all temporal power and all property; the priests “must not even inherit the latter from their families. . . . At first they will look to the free contributions of believers, afterwards to assistance from the public treasury, when the faith is universally adopted. . . . All that is allowed is the priests’ annual budget, the amount of which must depend on the temporal power,” and which will include a provision for printing, with a few exceptions, all their works.

There are to be three orders—the aspirants, the vicars, and the priests proper—whose minimum stipends are fixed at 120*l.*, 240*l.*, and 480*l.* respectively. There are to be philosophical prosbyteries, each having seven priests and three vicars, “whose residences may be changed at the will of the High Priest.” The Western world is to be blessed with two thousand of these institutions, or twenty thousand priests:—

“The supreme power is vested in the High Priest of Humanity, whose natural residence will be Paris, in the metropolis of the regenerated West. His stipend is five times that of ordinary priests, 2400*l.*, and he must have the aid of four national superiors, each of whom has a stipend of half the amount, 1200*l.*, besides an allowance for the expense necessarily involved by his vast labours. . . . Marriage, which other citizens may or may not contract, is obligatory on the priests; for the priestly office cannot be duly performed unless the man be constantly under the influence of woman.”

The young Positivist’s education is to be thus accomplished: during the first seven years it must be under the sole direction of his mother, and must be entirely spontaneous. By adoring her he is initiated in the rudiments of Positivist worship. Up to seven all study, even reading and writing, must be carefully eschewed. But after seven, habits of intellectual exertion are to be formed. As the moral growth goes on:—

“He should practically sum up all his exercises in a song and a portrait, a hymn to his mother and a portrait of her. The first seven years before dentition he will naturally be fetishist; the next seven till puberty, he will be polytheist. . . . After receiving the sacrament of initiation, he goes each week to the school adjoining the temple of Humanity, there to hear from the priesthood perhaps one or two lec-

tures on the doctrine of Positivism. . . . The novitiate lasts seven years, for there are seven primary degrees in the hierarchy. . . . From Geometry up to Morals every young man must in seven years go through the objective ascent which it took Humanity so many centuries to accomplish. . . . During this scientific preparation the learner will be monotheistic."

At the outset, the inhabitants of Western Europe are to read only living languages; but during their last seven years they will take in the writers of Greece and Rome.

The future citizen, after developing his private worship, is qualified for the direct adoration of Humanity and for the sacrament of admission, a sign that at length—his monotheistic delusions having passed away—he has attained the exalted truth of Positivism, and is "competent to serve his family, his country, and Humanity."

Such is the religion of Positivism as revealed by Auguste Comte: a system which, practically, declares the universe godless; which substitutes for our ancient worship of the Great Source of all beings, adoration of our ancestors and of each other; which, in exchange for the belief in personal immortality, offers the possibility of fame, and the vague satisfaction of an unconscious identification with our successors; and which abolishes individual freedom in order to establish a state-paid priesthood. This priesthood, co-operating with "the patriciate"* in exclusive possession of the secular power, is to impose its laws on the great body of the community, to determine our social relations, to prescribe our religious ideas, and—by having sole control of education—to reduce existence to that dead level of apathetic uniformity which a system having a wonderful likeness to Positivism has already effected throughout China. Wrought out with an elaborateness of detail, only rivalled by the authoritative or sacred books of the Chinese and Hindoos, the *régime* of Positivism could scarcely have been produced in the Western world unless on the soil of France. To us it is but one example more of that abnormal tendency to organize and systematize which is both the merit and the bane of Frenchmen, and which, in the interests of order, has enabled tyrants over and over again to place in fetters a great nation eminently distinguished for the love of liberty. We shall hardly be expected gravely to discuss one by one each article and sacrament of the new faith. Moreover, we have not space wherein to express and justify the different degrees of approval and disapproval with which we regard it, either as held by its more

* "Two thousand bankers, a hundred thousand merchants, two hundred thousand manufacturers, four hundred thousand agriculturists—such are the numbers sufficient, in my judgment, to provide industrial chiefs for the hundred and twenty millions who inhabit Western Europe."—*Catechism*.

discriminating and independent admirers, or by those more devoted disciples who accept it in its totality as delivered to them by its founder. We must leave our readers to determine how far the following observations are applicable respectively to the two distinctive phases of Positivist doctrine and *régime* which we have attempted to portray.

The most conspicuous feature of Positivism is its reduction of all phenomena within the limits of the system which it proclaims as true. The beneficent aspect of this organizing spirit, when subordinate to the intuitions of genius or the dictates of common sense, no thoughtful observer can fail to recognise: in the domain of science it arranges and classifies our possessions, it writes the history of their acquisition and deduces from it improved methods of future conquest. It frames hypotheses to account for phenomena not yet understood; and so long as it admits that these are hypotheses and nothing more, they serve as scaffolding by which truths not previously known may be discovered. In the alternations of synthesis and analysis which manifest themselves throughout the mental growth of individuals and of nations, synthetic action is the representative and result of the organizing spirit; but a very large proportion of synthetic generalizations can only be provisional: succeeding analyses will demonstrate their limitations and inadequacy to embrace the last acquired facts. Those grand generalizations, the truth and completeness of which no subsequent knowledge can impugn, and which we therefore designate as "laws of nature," are few and far between. Very nearly approaching to this high order, we believe, is Comte's comprehensive generalization of the different phases of human progress—the theological, the metaphysical, and the scientific, with their corresponding social states. The line and order of march which he has pointed out have probably been followed by no people without deviation, and during the development of various races the divergence has undoubtedly been immense. Still we hold that the principle which he has laid down is essentially true, and that the course which he has traced out is typical of the progress of humanity. It also seems to us that a very high value should be assigned to his doctrine of the serial order of scientific development, although a large array of facts constrain us to regard it as only an approximation to the truth;* but, indeed, Comte himself does not insist that the history of science rigorously verifies it.

"This classification of the sciences is not so easy a matter as it may appear. However natural it may be, it will always involve something,

* This question is ably discussed by Mr. Herbert Spencer in his *Essay on "The Genesis of Science."*

if not arbitrary, at least artificial; and in so far it will always involve imperfection. . . . Thus, it is clear that, in the system of the sciences, astronomy must come before physics properly so called; and yet several branches of physics, above all optics, are indispensable to the complete exposition of astronomy.* . . . Chemistry was actually introduced as a distinct science, in the East and in the West, several centuries before physics."†

However these admissions, together with other evidence of the same nature, detract from the completeness of the principle which M. Comte contends for, they are far from invalidating it; and viewing his classification and history of the sciences apart even from his theory of their successive evolution, no one can fail to be impressed with the admirable method, order, and lucidity which he displays, and which have deservedly contributed in no small degree to secure for him his European fame. But, while paying this just tribute to Comte as a great generalizer and representative of the organizing or synthetic spirit, we are keenly alive to the terrible abuses of the latter, and desire to point out its usurpations and its insidious alliances with the greatest tyrants of mankind. Philosophers may differ concerning the genesis of science, and concerning different scientific methods, and the world will wait patiently until, by the efflux of time, these questions are finally set at rest; but when a system is propounded which may have a direct bearing on the daily life of millions, it acquires unspeakable interest.

We confess, *in limine*, to a horror of systems on both theoretical and practical grounds: the many attempts to formularize nature and to prescribe the future of human existence, are the attempts of the finite to construct the infinite—of the limited individual to comprehend the boundless diversities and resources, and to foretell the unprecedented developments of collective humanity. Such attempts, from the Republic of Plato downwards, have always failed; and we can only predict a like fate for the ideal organization which is to characterize the millennium of Comte. Experimentally, the history of France displays, for the instruction of mankind, how great are the evils which are generated by an indiscriminate love of system, formulæ—artificial organization. The desire of Frenchmen to secure them has always been the most powerful instrument in the hands of their oppressors, and has established and imparts strength to that system of centralization by which the life of the provinces is one of chronic atrophy—their wonted vigour being absorbed by the capital, and by which individual liberty throughout the nation is

* "Positive Philosophy." Translated by Harriet Martineau. Vol. i. pp. 22, 24.

† "Catechism of Positive Religion," p. 213.

sacrificed to the all-engrossing idea of the State, and to the delusive love of administrative perfection. How much this system of polity—the French ideal of government—by securing a national approval of despotic methods of procedure, has contributed to effect the abject slavery of France at this hour, few Englishmen need to be told. And yet it is this system which Comte holds up as a model for the world. He informs us that “Louis Napoleon’s claim to notice is entirely dependent on a rare combination of the three practical qualities—energy, prudence, and perseverance;” he eulogizes his *coup d’état* of the second of December as “the fortunate crisis which has lately set aside the parliamentary régime, and instituted a dictatorial republic,” and points to “the noble Czar” (Nicholas) as “the only temporal governor of real eminence of whom, up to the present time, our century can boast;” and “who, whilst he gives the immense empire of Russia all the progress compatible with its actual condition, preserves it by his energy and prudence from useless ferment.” Some of the ablest and most distinguished disciples of Comte emulate their master in doing homage to the autocratic form of government: Mr. Congreve has delivered to the inhabitants of “Modern Athens” a course of lectures in proof of the supreme wisdom and beneficence of the mighty despotism wielded by the Roman Cæsars; the French are envied their Napoleonism; and by faith the time is seen, still afar off, we are glad to say, when England itself shall be blest by a glorified Cromwell as its Dictator.*

Even assuming, what we are far from conceding, that the perfection of organization and administration should be the standard by which the polity of a people is to be judged, the results of this test alone justify us in denying that a system of despotism or centralization is the best for accomplishing the work proposed. It is attractive by its seeming effectiveness; but if closely examined from within, the prevalent belief in its excellence will be found to be a delusion. Where no complaint may be uttered aloud, where the press is prostituted into an instrument of servile adulation, and where the executive forbids all criticism of its deeds, it is easy to hide administrative blunders and shortcomings, to varnish over with official lies the most disastrous

* When England has become regenerate, *i.e.*, when “the gradual break-up of the colonial system” shall be accomplished, and when she has been stripped of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, according to promise (*vide* “Catechism,” pp. 337-8), the duty of government will be much more easily discharged by a single dictator than it could be now. We at length understand what for some time had greatly puzzled us, *viz.*, by what inspiration, or logical outgrowth of Positivism, Mr. Congreve was constrained to demand that England should forthwith give up Gibraltar and India. Evidently it was to prepare the way for her coming regeneration, and in order that the Scripture may be fulfilled.

consequences of a system radically wrong, and thus to present a fair face to the world. If the polity of a people influences its development and achievements—if a tree is known by its fruit, then surely that system which recognises most fully the principle of local self-government and the sovereignty of the individual, and thus virtually condemns dictatorships, central despotisms, hierarchical directors of the mind and conscience, or the imposition of the artificial organizations of philosophers, is justified by the position which England holds when compared with either of the States on which Comte and his disciples look with the greatest favour. Our empire is the largest and most powerful on the globe; our manufactures, commerce, and accumulated wealth are unequalled; the wondrous inventions which are revolutionizing the whole world are of English origin; in science and in art we need not be ashamed of comparison with the foremost nation; were we to leave out of the account the incomparable Shakespeare, our literature would still be unsurpassed; notwithstanding the diseases of our social system, which we suffer in common with other nations, we venture to affirm that, while our moral code is as perfect as that of any other people, the actual life of English men and women, considered as a whole, is purer, nobler, more generous, more just, than can be found in any despotic State; and, most important of all, in physical and mental health, strength, energy, and force of character, the English surpass every other people. Confident of the truth of these assertions, we maintain that the position and achievements of the English nation demonstrate the falseness of the doctrine that executive perfection is proportionate to the absoluteness and extent of centralization of the governing power. Moreover, as the work of the State has to be done by men who are mortal, the fate of a people whose government is concentrated in a single hand, often hangs on the life of a man; and thus the stability of the political edifice is threatened every time the ruler dies, when an interregnum of tumult or civil war may succeed. The Roman world repeatedly witnessed the terrible contests of its rival emperors; Comte's model governors of our own time had to walk through human blood to their respective thrones; Cromwell's dictatorship died with him, and who shall foretell the fate of France when Louis Napoleon leaves it?

If, however, for executive purposes, the system which M. Comte would inaugurate were proved to be perfect, we should still deplore its universal establishment as the greatest bane of humanity. Only by individual action, both physical and mental, can the human race be developed and educated. Brains, as well as muscles, suffer atrophy as the penalty of inaction. The child first creeps, and then runs. Every tumble teaches it caution, and

forces it to balance itself more perfectly. *Would it be benefited by being conveyed the length of each of its little journeys across the room, for the sake of accomplishing them faster, or for the sake of saving it a number of falls? As surely as the child would be injured by such benevolent interference, so surely would the growth of man be impeded, and his nature dwarfed by subjecting him to any system by which the need of individual activity, political, social, or religious, would be lessened, as is the case under despotic governments. They relieve him of all care and responsibility for the State of which he forms a part; they provide him with stereotyped ideas concerning his social relations, to which he must perforce conform; and impose on him a theological formula which they call religion, and which is admirably calculated to deaden the subtlest thoughts and noblest feelings of which his soul is capable. Man in his normal state is ever trying experiments; instructed by failures, and guided by the wisdom they impart, he makes his grandest discoveries, and achieves his noblest successes. Still persisting when defeated, he forces defeat itself to lead him to victory. Since the first recognition of the authority of the primæval Patriarchs to the election of the President of the American democracy, how many methods of government have been tried and abandoned! Theocracy, autocracy, oligarchy, constitutionalism, and democracy, with their endless modifications, have severally in their working yielded something to our stock of knowledge as to the forms best adapted to each stage of development, and to the distinctive conditions of men, and have thus laid the foundation of a philosophy of government which further experience only can complete. One universal and unchangeable system of government would be as fatal to human growth as, to the extent of its power, is the hierarchical government of the Roman Church. Fulness, and perfection of existence, individually or nationally, is not evinced by uniformity, but by multiformity, not by assimilation, but by differentiation—a differentiation, be it observed, the result of spontaneous organic evolution, and not, as proposed by M. Comte, the artificial creation of that conjoint authority of patricians and priests which is to be supreme in the Positivist millennium.

Fortunately for humanity, political, social or religious fanatics never obtain universal power, or all the sects would be extirpated, and human existence would be reduced to one dead level—a monotonous repetition of like thoughts, aims, and actions, from generation to generation. This is the ideal of the Roman Church, and this is what Philip II. made a reality in Spain. The mental apathy and helplessness of the mass of the subjects of States thus governed, is the irresistible confutation of those philanthropists

who, enchanted by Imperialism as the form of government which could, if it would, most effectually enforce their theoretical systems, constitute themselves its apostles or apologists. It avails nothing to say that, though despotism, as ordinarily conceived of, is founded in selfishness and is maintained by superstition, the despotism anticipated by its philosophical advocates will be founded on science and inspired by benevolence: the most enthusiastic reformers are notoriously the most persistent tyrants. Believing only in themselves, they desire to crush every individuality but their own. We shall immediately see how much more desirable, in the eyes of M. Comte, are credulity and superstition, than any tendency to independent thought. And we may add that Mr. Congreve, in his pamphlet on India, follows closely in the footsteps of his master, by turning from the educated classes to appeal to women and working-men.

If these philosophers could have their way, men, hitherto free, would be cowed and subdued by two mighty abstractions—Civilization and the State. Instead of regarding the State as instituted for the security and convenience of man, these teachers insist that man exists for the State, and that civilization is of more importance than the citizen. They tell us that, instead of regarding local self-government, municipal institutions, trial by jury, and the responsibility of the suffrage as means by which the people may be practically educated and fitted to take their several parts in the determination and maintenance of their individual rights and liberties, we should, if truly enlightened, look upon them as only occasions of confused babbling.

“The actual form of dictatorial power” [in France], says M. Comte, “already permits the direct propagation of all thought that has a tendency to reconstruction. For it has at last broken the power, which could lead to no good, of mere talkers. . . . During the last four years the reason of the people has suffered profoundly from the unfortunate exercise of universal suffrage. It has received a bad bias, whereas it had previously been preserved from all constitutional sophisms, and from Parliamentary intrigues. The rich and the literary class had had a monopoly of them. A blind spirit of pride has been developed in our proletaires, and they have been led to think that they could settle the highest social question without any serious study. The southern populations of Western Europe have been much less tainted by this evil. The resistance of Catholicism has sheltered them against the metaphysical influence of Protestantism or Deism. But reading negative books begins to spread the spirit even there. Turn where I will, it is only with women that I can find support. This is the consequence of their wholesome exclusion from political action.”

The sublime egotism implied in these avowals of M. Comte, which virtually declare that, unless we become as little children, we shall in no wise be able to apprehend his exalted teaching is

only less notable than the illustration which they afford of the mental abjectness and degeneracy demanded and perpetuated by those who would fain establish their doctrines and systems by the authority of the State. So far are we from accepting any such method of dogmatism as a means of elevating and bettering mankind, that, even though we believed all M. Comte's doctrines to be substantially true, we should still consider their *authoritative* instillation into the minds of the people as a questionable boon. There is one thing more important than truth itself, viz., Life. It is better to grow in strength and to enlarge our existence by wrestling with error, than to suffer that atrophy of our powers and that contraction of soul induced by supinely resting in the complacent consciousness that we already possess the truth. It is better that our own thoughts and deeds should be a series of blunders, than that we should be thought for and acted for by others. He who devolves his task on another, defrauds himself. Deeds are at once the means of development and the tests of truth. The Divine method of education consists in training men at once to think for themselves, and to translate their ideas into acts. In their concrete forms, truth and error, which in the abstract could not be distinguished, are easily recognised. The benefits of the one, and the evils of the other are the impressive admonitions by which God's discipline is enforced and his lessons of wisdom made memorable; while individual action—physical, intellectual, and moral—and therefore individual freedom, are the conditions of national health and strength, and thus of all national greatness really worthy of the name.

If we would live our own life and walk erect, we must defend ourselves as resolutely against spiritual as against political despotism. Great men take possession of us, and rule over us with a subtle power far more difficult to resist than that of the sword. Rome conquered Greece by her arms, but the spirit of Greece enthroned itself in the capital of the Cæsars, and mastered the Roman world. The conquest of China by the Manchoo Tartars is but another version of the same truth: these hardy warriors gained the empire by their valour, but a higher civilization than their own has overpowered them, and they have become the willing servants of Confucius and his peers, who are the real masters of the kingdom. For a long period after the revival of learning, how absolutely Aristotle ruled Europe! The dominion of Christ and Paul over the human mind is attested by the vast area of Christendom; while the densely-peopled East, together with the islands of the Indian Ocean, and a large part of Africa, is overshadowed by Manu, Buddha, or Mahomet. The millions whom these mighty spirits have awed into subjection by virtue of their diviner thoughts, now fear to interrogate nature for them-

selves: they dare not contemplate the Infinite, except through the medium of the prophets whom they worship. Though in every age some, more courageous than their fellows, struggle to free themselves from the systems which encompass them, how few there are whose spirits are not entirely subdued by the inexorable power of form! A great thinker arises and charms us by his magic: convinced of the truth of certain of his doctrines, we forthwith deliver ourselves spell-bound into his hands: discrediting our own thoughts, we accept his indiscriminately; and, surrendering our spiritual liberty, we slavishly labour for the enlargement of his individuality, and for the spread of his ideas. But this personal attraction by which great souls constrain the lesser to gravitate towards and revolve around them, is not inevitable. Truth is more powerful than persons; and in proportion as our minds are developed, and the consciousness of our individuality is awakened, so that we dare to contemplate truth for ourselves, it will counterpoise and overcome the force of personal ascendancy, attracting us to itself. Thus, obedience will be reconciled with freedom; for though, while subservient to persons, we are in bondage, by allegiance to truth we become free. *

The great reputation which M. Comte has justly earned constrains our respectful attention to any proposals or opinions emanating from him, however opposed to our own convictions; but the dogmatism with which he propounds his theories and schemes, as though the former were ascertained truths, and the latter their inevitable application, and the inflated egotism which enables him, while stamping British freedom with the opprobrious epithet of "anarchy," to justify and applaud the most despotic governments, under the miserable delusion that they will most rapidly facilitate the realization of his system, and that even at the cost of their terrible tyranny the world would be benefited by its forcible imposition, are an impressive warning against blindly yielding ourselves to the guidance of any man, however disinterested, however wise he may seem to us. Such arrogance as this calls for our most vehement protest and resistance, not only as subversive of individual liberty, but as wholly inconsistent with the true scientific spirit, or those principles of Positive Philosophy to which Comte himself professes allegiance.

Departing from those principles, he presumes to foretell what scientific truths will be capable of practical application, and actually proscribes various branches of Positive science, arbitrarily asserting that their cultivation is useless and a sign of intellectual degeneracy!—

"We subjectively, then, condense all astronomical theories round our globe as a centre; and we absolutely reject all theories which, as disconnected with our globe, are by that fact at once mere idle questions,

even granting them to be within our reach. This leads us finally to eliminate, not merely the so-called sidereal astronomy, but also all planetary studies which concern stars invisible to the naked eye, and which have consequently no real influence on the earth. The true domain of astronomy will now, as at the beginning of things, be limited to the five planets which have always been known, together with the sun, equally the centre of their movements as of the earth's, and the moon, our only satellite in the heavens. . . . We put aside all inquiries, as absurd as they are idle, as to the temperature of the stars or their internal constitution. . . . Biology may be led to lay too much stress on insignificant beings or acts."

In spite of the declamations of academicians, the intellect and heart alike demand, we are told, the suppression of all such aberrations. The elder Herschel little thought how heinously he was sinning against the ordinations of Positivism by his magnificent speculations on the sidereal universe, and by his grand conception of the nebular hypothesis—a hypothesis in no degree disproved by the resolution of the particular nebulae on which it was founded into galaxies of stars. Laplace was labouring in vain when he constructed his wonderful and truth-like cosmogony of the solar system. The piercing intellects of Adams and Le Verrier were occupied on an "idle theory" when they astonished Europe and America by the greatest intellectual triumph mankind has witnessed. We are aware that, inconsistently with the paragraph above quoted, Comte, in his *Positive Philosophy*, sheds a glance of benignant approval on Laplace, whose hypothesis, he says, "tends to explain the general circumstances of our system, viz., the common direction of all the planets from west to east, that of their rotations, and that of their satellites; also, the small eccentricity of all the orbits; and, finally, the small inclination of their planes, especially in comparison with that of the solar equator."* But even the chapter in which this passage occurs is closed by the assertion that "the field of Positive Philosophy lies wholly within the limits of our solar system, the study of the universe being inaccessible in any Positive sense." Whereupon his English annotator, Professor Nichol, observes,— "Comte speaks much too absolutely here in oversight of what astronomical researches have really accomplished."†

The marvellous, unexpected, and beneficent applications of knowledge which, in the first instance, were acquired solely in order to satiate scientific curiosity, are too numerous to be recounted. He who dares to foretel what branches of investigation will prove fruitful and what barren does but peril his own

* "The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte." Freely translated and condensed by Harriet Martineau. Vol. i. p. 211.

† Ibid. p. 214.

reputation. It is curious to observe how Comte stands rebuked by his own words:—

“Some of the most important arts are derived from speculations, pursued during long ages with a purely scientific intention. For instance, the ancient Greek geometers delighted themselves with beautiful speculations on conic sections; these speculations wrought, after a long series of generations, the renovation of astronomy; and out of this has the art of navigation attained a perfection which it never could have reached otherwise than through the speculative labours of Archimedes and Apollonius.”*

We should like to know whether M. Comte would have approved the successive researches of Dr. T. Thomson and of M. Soubeiran in 1831, and those of M. Dumas in 1834, which resulted in the discovery and accurate analysis of a substance previously known as *chloride of olefant gas*, or the *Dutch liquid*. These gentlemen certainly had not the remotest notion of the blessings to millions of millions of human beings of which they were the unconscious originators; and we very much doubt whether even Comte himself could have foreseen that, thirteen years after Dumas had truly determined the chemical formula of the fluid in question as $C_2 H_2 Cl_2$, and had appropriately named it Chloroform, Professor Simpson would immortalize himself, in the Comtian sense, by revealing to humanity that in this fluid it possesses a power by which it may abolish for ever the terrible tortures of the surgeon's knife, and annul the primeval curse pronounced on women—“In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children.”

Notwithstanding the sentimental apotheosis of women in the religion of Positivism as “the most perfect representative of the Great Supreme Being,” the contempt for her intellectual capacity which is repeatedly expressed in the new revelation, as well as the doctrine of eternal widowhood, reminds us of the Institutes of Manu. Literary “compositions of secondary importance will be generally left to the spontaneous impulses of women or proletaires. . . . Morals for women must be rather an art than a science.” We are told that women can never follow the filiation of the sciences in detail; they must be content to see in outline that such filiation is possible. “The contemplations of women can hardly pass with good result beyond the sphere of private life.” That, in their laws, “practical” legislators should reflect the ideas of their time concerning the capacity and legitimate sphere of woman, however completely those ideas have been formed from seeing her as the slave or property of man, is to be expected; but that Comte could not infer the intellectual poten-

* Ibid. p. 201.

tiality of women generally from the special instances of womanly greatness which may be cited, despite the social and legal disadvantages under which she still suffers even in England, is only another proof how completely his understanding was enthralled by his egotistic love of organization. How women will like that law of Positivism which forbids them from ever inheriting or holding property, we leave them to declare.

Comte's doctrine of subjective immortality, or of incorporation into the "Great Supreme Being," expresses an attribute of human nature which all men recognise. The incipient love of fame is probably experienced by every human being who is so far emancipated from the claims of his animal nature as to be capable of a thrill of sympathy with his kind; while the full grown passion has, with some divine exceptions, dominated the great souls of every age, has acted as an inspiring genius—transforming its votaries into heroes—and is thus a great motive power of civilization. But Comte, seemingly resolved to deny the existence of what he cannot see or verify, asserts, that this subjective incorporation is the only immortality reserved for man.

The assertion may be true, for who can sustain an affirmation to the contrary by authentic knowledge? But, whether true or untrue, is it accordant with that spirit of genuine Positivism which, affirming only what it observes, and recognising the limits of the knowable, confesses its powerlessness to penetrate beyond? As there is a credulity of scepticism, so there is a dogmatism of negation: the one deserves only contempt, but it behoves all who care for intellectual freedom to stamp the other with reprobation.

Where the sphere of knowledge ends that of imagination begins; and though even concerning the latter realm men listen to the wisest of their race with reverent eagerness, and are fain to descry its mysteries with their eyes, every independent spirit will meditate on the solemn and momentous theme for himself. To forbid the human mind from heeding its instinctive longings for a continuance of *individual* existence by declaring *authoritatively* that those instincts are perverted, is as presumptuous as it is futile. Whether the prophetic desires of the soul be or be not destined for fulfilment, they have embodied themselves as the very essence of the religious faith of almost every people of ancient and modern times, and have forced the great of all ages to give them expression. The more we extend our knowledge of the boundless regions which invite us to explore their wonders, the more intensely do we feel the littleness of our span of life, and long for an infinite future in which to satiate our awakened curiosity; while, on the other hand, the more our hearts have been nourished and enlarged by the tender and hallowing influences of personal love, and by the

wider sympathies which bind us to our race, the more deeply and persistently do we feel the need that, in some form or other, these endearing relations may endure, and the more terrible do we feel the stroke which severs them. We know too well that such pleadings of the intellect and heart avail but little to allay our doubts of individual immortality—so much is there to be said on the other side; but they surely justify us in refusing to close our eyes to the possibilities of the future at the bidding of any mortal, who, in this realm of mystery, however large his intellect or extensive his knowledge, can know no more than ourselves.

After all, however, we are not surprised that in the most benevolent minds there should be a stern reaction against that anti-mundane spirit peculiarly characteristic of Oriental faith, and which has incorporated itself as a distinctive element of Christianity: spirit and matter, God and the world, the soul and the body are affirmed to be antagonistic, or at enmity with each other. Inevitably resulting from this conception is the doctrine that spiritual perfection can only be attained by withdrawal from the world, by self-mortification, and by the denial or annihilation of all corporeal desires.

The ancient Hindoo scriptures are pervaded by this belief: the divine Krishna thus speaks,—

“When a man has put away all desires which enter the heart, and is satisfied by himself in himself, when his heart is not troubled in adversities, and all enjoyment in pleasures is fled, when he is free from passion, fear, and anger, and constant in meditation, he is called a Muni (Saint). That man possesses spiritual knowledge who is free from desire towards any object, and neither delights in nor is averse from whatever he meets with, be it good or bad. He into whom all desires enter in the same manner as rivers enter the ocean, which is (always) full yet does not move its bed, can obtain tranquillity. This is the condition of the Supreme Being.”

That is, a condition absolutely free from the influence of matter.

St. Paul says,—

“I delight in the law of God after the inward man: but I see another law in my members warring against the law in my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. . . . To be carnally-minded is death, to be spiritually-minded is life and peace. Because the carnal mind is enmity against God. . . . If ye live after the flesh ye shall die; but, if ye through the spirit shall mortify the deeds of the body ye shall live.”

How thoroughly Paul applies this doctrine to determine what is the highest relation of the sexes, is shown in the seventh

chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians. Marriage is emphatically disapproved and discouraged:—

“He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord. But he that is married careth for the things of the world, how he may please his wife. There is a difference also between a wife and a virgin. The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and in spirit; but she that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband.”

Paul's ideal life involves absolute mortification of the sexual affections, and he only countenances marriage as a concession to human frailty, in order to avert a greater evil. The great disciple's teaching was sanctioned not only by the life of his Master, but, implicitly, by his words when he said, “And there be eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake.” Co-operating with this doctrine of self-mortification and renunciation of the world—a doctrine which, under various modifications, is co-extensive with the conception of evil and the conflicting emotions of the human heart—Christianity transfers the thoughts and interests of man from this world to the next, by a power far more effective than the desire of perfection or the love of God: it terrifies the worldling with the eternal torments of hell, and to him who has become dead to the world and to all its claims on his affections, it promises everlasting joy. The young man who had kept all the commandments from his youth up could only gain “eternal life” by giving all that he had to the poor, and by severing all his social ties in order to follow Christ.

“Every one,” says he, “that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father or mother, or wife or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.”

But, powerful as these motives were for neglecting the ordinary claims and duties, and all the pleasures of earthly existence, they were enormously re-enforced by the belief of the apostles and early Christians that the world would speedily come to an end. Indeed Paul's teaching is in great measure based on this assumption, and absolutely needs it in order to become intelligible. Paul was too wise to have preached a doctrine which involved the self-annihilation of mankind, had he not believed the end to be at hand:—

“But this I say, brethren, the time is short: it remaineth both that they that have wives be as though they had none; and they that weep as though they wept not; and they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy as though they possessed not; and they that use this world as not abusing it: for the fashion of this world passeth away.”

Motives so overwhelming as are here presented to the believer, annihilated the present in view of that future where the awful drama of the last judgment transfixed his eager gaze, and filled him with contending hope and fear. Paul, after enumerating his many worldly advantages before he became a Christian, expresses for them the utmost contempt: he counts them "but dung" that he "may win Christ." The disgusting asceticism of the Christian Platonists of Alexandria; the self-mutilation of Origen; the millions of monks and nuns who have excelled the rest of mankind in mortifying or gratifying their natural appetites; and the general apathy regarding all public interests, except those pertaining to missionarism and the propagation of the faith, the discouragement of intellectual culture, hostility to science, and insensibility to art, and the ignorance of themselves and of the planet on which they live, which characterize the great body of devout Christians throughout Europe, are the monstrous but legitimate effects of that doctrine of "other-worldliness" and self-abnegation which had its most powerful advocate in the Apostle of the Gentiles.

These baneful results may well discredit the idea of immortality, associated as it has so long been with the intensest egotism, with a selfishness which is restrained now only that it may be more abundantly gratified hereafter, and with a neglect of all the highest duties which individual culture, as well as social and civic relations, impose. We hope and believe that the reaction will continue until it has accomplished its beneficent work:—

"Men are tired of straining their thought along the diameter of the universe to seek for a Holy of Holies in whatever is opposite to their life; they find a worship possible, even irresistible, at home, and on the roadside a place as fit to kneel as on the pavement of the Milky Way. The old antagonism between the world that now is and any other that has been or is to come, has been modified for them, or has even entirely ceased. The earth is no place of diabolic exile, which the 'prince of the power of the air' ever fans and darkens with his wing; and were it even, as was once believed, appointed to perish, this would be not because its failure was complete, but because its task was done. No vengeance burns in the sunshine which mellows its fruits and paints its grass; no threatenings flash from the starry eyes that watch over it by night. It is not only the home of each man's personal affections, but the native country of his very soul; where first he found in what a life he lives, and to what heaven he tends; where he has met the touch of spirits higher than his own, and of Him that is highest of all. It is the abode of every ennobling relation, the scene of every worthy toil; the altar of his vows, the observatory of his knowledge, the temple of his worship. Whatever succeeds to it will be its sequel, not its opposite, will resume the tale wherever silence overtakes it, and be blended into one life by sameness of persons, and continuity of plan."*

* "Westminster Review," Vol. I. New Series, p. 221.

When the truth thus eloquently expressed shall obtain general recognition, we believe that the sentiment of individual immortality, no longer hostile to mundane existence and happiness, will be welcomed back by the noblest of our race, and that its influence will be fraught only with beneficence. An instinct so deep and universal as this, is no result of aimless caprice, but must have a profound meaning. Whatever that meaning may be, we believe in the wisdom and goodness which has veiled it in mystery. While thus admonished that the proper sphere of our interests, our affections, and our duties is the earth on which we live, the chief constituents of our religious nature—wonder, imagination, awe, reverence, humility, and childlike trust, the bloom and flower of our being—derive their most appropriate stimulus and nourishment from those subtle influences which come from the infinite realm of the Unknown; that realm of the mysterious which lies beyond and surrounds the known, and which, though ever receding, is, in relation to us, ever widening as the area of Positive knowledge extends.

When withdrawing from the din and roar of the busy world we enter alone into the great temple of God, and contemplate its measureless canopy of stars, the circling planets of our own vast yet little system, the history of our native earth as inscribed in its strata, the mysterious procession of the myriad forms of life of which it has been the scene—when we pass from the colossal inhabitants of the primeval forests to the microscopic animals, a million of which are entombed in a square inch of rock, and call to mind that each of these possessed a complicated organism conferring motion, perception, appetites, and the power of gratifying them—it is much less by the phenomena we actually contemplate than by what they suggest and point to as beyond, that our souls are hushed in wonder or rapt in worship. Doubtless the intellect has its own intense satisfaction in adding to its stores and in generalizing its facts, but deeper far than this love of knowledge for itself are the yearnings of the heart to feel assured of its relation to the source of life—to gather from our questionings of nature even the faintest intimation of whence are we, what are we, and whither do we tend. The more conscious we are of the profound mystery of life, and the higher we lift up the outer veil by the help of science, the greater our sphere of wonder, the vaster the region which imagination—strengthened with added knowledge—is invited to traverse, the stronger our feelings of humility and awe, and the deeper our faith, our reverence, and our child-like trust in the infinite goodness as well as power of the Universal Parent.

M. Comte affirms "the necessary incompatibility of Theology and Positivism," and declares it to be "a consequence of the

irreconcilable opposition between laws and supernatural will. What becomes," says he, "of the wonderful order we have traced, which by a graduated series connects our noblest moral attributes with the lowest natural phenomena, if we introduce an infinite power? The capricious action of such a power would allow of no prevision. It would threaten our order with an entire subversion." He also asserts that "Monotheism is irreconcilable with the existence in our nature of the instincts of benevolence, the inclinations which lead all creatures to a mutual union, instead of devoting themselves separately to their Creator." We readily admit that the Monotheism of the Hebrews, of Christendom, and of Islam, is incompatible both with the Positivist's doctrine of the immutability of the laws of nature, and with his faith in the spontaneous goodness of the human heart. But we are unable to perceive that this admission affects in the least the reasonableness of Monotheism *per se*. In the childhood of our race, men created God in their own image, ascribing to him the faculties, affections, passions, vindictiveness, and caprice inherent in themselves. Science, being still afar off, gave no aid to correct or elevate their conceptions, which at length became so firmly rooted in the primeval mind, that the first historian of Monotheism viewed in reverse order the mental process here indicated, and thus, writing its history backwards, declared that "God created man in *his* image." But because the ancient scriptures of man are discredited by our discovery of the infinitely more ancient and reliable scriptures of nature, which declare the God of the Hebrews to be a being of Hebrew imagination, we do not see that man is called upon to relinquish his idea of a God who is not capricious but unchangeable. It seems to us that a recognition of our incapacity to understand the nature of God, does not necessarily involve the acceptance of M. Comte's doctrine that Theism, equally with the belief in immortality, is both unphilosophical and inimical to man, and that it is his duty to cease entirely from speculating on the subject. While humbly recognising that man's most exalted ideas of the Ultimate Principle make not the faintest approach to the reality, we look on the invariable order, amazing perfection, and general beneficence of nature, as aids to conceive of it—intimations and reflexions of the immutable will, transcendent wisdom, and boundless love, which constrain us to adore and worship. We are incapable of appreciating the state of mind which feels that such worship is irreconcilable with the duty of living for others, which Comte contends is distinctive of Positivism. The fact that children have a father to revere and love does not detract from their power of loving and of serving each other, but rather knits them together in stronger bonds—nay, it is the very basis and

origin of their union. None can be more alive than ourselves to the vast amount of misery which theological beliefs have inflicted on mankind, but the wars which they have originated, and the frightful tortures and cold-blooded murders which they have prompted and sanctioned, were not due to the existence of these beliefs simply as such, but to the egotism of their expounders, who, not distinguishing between the spheres of knowledge and speculation, between truth and opinions, delivered their own dicta as infallible.

M. Comte claims for the worship of Humanity the superiority of reality, and affirms that the creed of the Theist is mere anthropomorphism, and that he is but the worshipper of his own ideas. We accept the statement, but not the conclusion intended to be conveyed in it. The Positivist worships human beings as he knows them either in life or in history; or, he worships them after subtracting their faults and weaknesses, and idealizing their virtues. In the one case his worship, being of frail creatures like himself, can neither prompt him to noble deeds nor exert a hallowing influence on his life; in the other, his claim for the superiority of reality is annulled; while, however, he may idealize his objects, they must ever remain associated with the limitations of humanity, and consequently he is not only a worshipper of his own ideas, but of his own ideas after they are shorn of those majestic proportions which, if unrestrained, they would instinctively and unconsciously assume, while aspiring to realize even the feeblest conception of the Source of all being.

Since the mysterious and incomprehensible perfection of the Divine attributes transcends the possible perfection of humanity as immeasurably as the infinite exceeds the finite, there is a sphere for endless progress in our contemplations and conceptions of those attributes, and for the consequent reaction of those conceptions, which, in the sphere of morals, are at once the power which moulds, the spirit which inspires, and we hope and believe will become more and more the influence which hallows both our personal and national existence. Here we see the imperative reason for giving the largest scope and most unrestrained activity to our intellectual faculties when aspiring to conceive of the Divine Nature—appending only one condition, viz., an abiding consciousness and recognition of the barrier which divides the regions of imagination from those of knowledge. This alone is the insuperable safeguard against spiritual usurpation, the solvent of all thought which would otherwise petrify into dead immovable institutions, and the lasting guarantee of spiritual advancement.

The contemplations and conceptions of the Positivist who

worships his kind are bounded, as we have said, by the limitations which he knows are incident to humanity; idealize as he may, he can never free himself of the belief that no perfect man or woman has ever trod this planet. How, then, is it possible that any one but the ignorant and unreflective can ever feel the glow of genuine devotion when he bows himself to a being whose nature he knows to have been but a fragmentary representative of the ideal of man, or when he worships his best conception of this ideal itself knowing it to be an idol of his own creation? These fatal weaknesses of Positivism have no application to the Theist: the fervour of his adoration is decadened by no secret consciousness that the object of his worship is marred with imperfection; for however great and glorious may be the attributes he ascribes to it, he feels assured that they are infinitely surpassed by the Reality itself.

ART. II.—RECOLLECTIONS OF SHELLEY AND BYRON..

Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron. By F. J. Trelawny. London: Edward Moxon. 1858.

MR. TRELAWNY has done well in giving this manly and carelessly written little volume to the world: it will at least revive the personal memory of two Englishmen who, though long dead, can never be altogether of the past. Without telling much of either with which we were not previously acquainted, the information communicated is the result of intimate personal knowledge, and, gathered during the intervals of a familiar acquaintance, comes out with such freshness and vigour, that it possesses nearly all the merit of novelty; and the striking features of character are brought forward in much stronger relief, than in the tame and wearisome biography of which one at least was the victim. It is the least enviable appanage of genius that it perpetuates by its own lustre those faults and weaknesses which repose in the graves of meaner men; the biographer, even though a friend, cannot ignore these; and while he avoids giving them undue prominence, cannot forget that truth has its claims, as well as genius.

We recognise Shelley in these sketches as he appeared in his works—the gentle, guileless, noble soul who persisted in putting himself wrong with the world, and who rashly and fearlessly launched his indignant sarcasm at the cant and bigotry and sel-

fishness of society, without indicating any rational plan for its regeneration. Had he possessed a friend sufficiently influential and judicious to have delayed the publication of "Queen Mab" for ten years, Shelley's lot might have been far different. How could he reasonably expect forbearance from a society whose creed, by a portion of it sincerely venerated, he so recklessly outraged? The wisest man feels himself to be an infant if he attempts to understand the doctrine of Original Sin; and yet it was this problem that the youthful and inexperienced Shelley dared to grapple in his poem, in a spirit of unparalleled rashness and presumption.

Mr. Trelawny was for some time, as is well known, the companion of Byron and Shelley during their voluntary exile in Italy. Too manly and too honest to believe in the justice of the tremendous calumnies which drove Shelley from England, and deprived him of his children, he was yet, like all who ever came to personal knowledge of Shelley, astonished to find what manner of man was this of whom all who did *not* know him spoke so ill. We see him as Mr. Trelawny saw him, more than thirty years since, in the following scene:—

"Swiftly gliding in, blushing like a girl, a tall thin stripling held out both his hands; and although I could hardly believe, as I looked at his flushed, feminine, and artless face, that it could be the poet, I returned his warm pressure. After the ordinary greetings and courtesies, he sat down and listened. I was silent from astonishment; was it possible this mild-looking, beardless boy could be the veritable monster at war with all the world?—excommunicated by the fathers of the Church, deprived of his civil rights by a grim Lord Chancellor, discarded by every member of his family, and denounced by the rival sages of our literature as the founder of a Satanic school? I could not believe it; it must be a hoax. He was habited like a boy, in black jacket and trousers, which he seemed to have outgrown, or his tailor, as is the custom, had shamefully stinted him in his 'sizings.'"

His wife's personal appearance, *née* Godwin, the authoress of "Frankenstein," is sketched on the same occasion:—

"The most striking feature in her face was her calm, grey eyes. She was rather under the English standard of woman's height, very fair and light-haired, witty, social and animated in the society of friends, though mournful in solitude; like Shelley, though in a minor degree, she had the power of expressing her thoughts in varied and appropriate words, derived from familiarity with the works of our vigorous old writers. Neither of them used obsolete or foreign words."

The artless and natural character of Shelley endeared him to the few who had the privilege of personal knowledge; and, as appears from these sketches, contrasted very favourably with

the artificial manner and undisguised egotism of Byron—but, in truth, the latter was only himself when in the stillness of night he was engaged in composition, and absorbed into forgetfulness of his physical deficiencies and his chronic starvation.

Mr. Trelawny gives a more minute and circumstantial detail than has previously appeared, of the miserable circumstances attending the deaths of Shelley and his companion Mr. Williams. The letter which the latter had despatched to his wife on the previous day, informing her and Mrs. Shelley of their proposed return to the home in the Gulf of Spezzia, where both ladies were anxiously expecting their husbands, who had been unexpectedly detained in Leghorn, is surely, breathing as it does the warmest affection, destined to be so sadly quenched, the most touching document ever preserved from oblivion. The condition of the two bodies, when thrown ashore after many days, was such as to make incremation the most eligible means of disposing of the remains; and this proceeding was conducted in both cases—for they were not burned together—with great care by Mr. Trelawny, in an iron furnace constructed on purpose. Lord Byron may have given way to some apparent levity on the occasion; but it was but to conceal an emotion he deeply felt, but which he lacked the moral courage to evince publicly. Shelley's toy skiff, the *Don Juan*, in which they embarked with inauspicious omens on that melancholy evening, does not appear to have been capsized during the gale, notwithstanding the ominous remark of the Genoese mate of the *Bolivar* about the superfluous gaff-topsail; but from her damaged condition, when afterwards weighed by the exertions of Captain Roberts, was probably run down by some Italian speronare scudding before the gale.

Shelley stands far higher in the opinions of his countrymen now than when his gentle spirit and ardent love of truth were quenched for ever in the waves of the Mediterranean. It is not necessary to vindicate his character from calumnies which are long forgotten; but if there are any who, not knowing, yet care to know, how gentle, how generous, how accomplished, and how unselfish he was, it is written in this late testimony of one who knew him well, and knowing him well in Me, had the hard task assigned him of communicating his premature death to the despairing widow.

Shelley formed a correct and candid estimate of his own writings when he said, "They are little else than visions which impersonate my own apprehensions of the beautiful and just—they are dreams of what ought to be, or may be." He read too much, was altogether too much imbued with the ideas of others. His were the azure and vermilion clouds that float in insubstantial beauty through the atmosphere of an Alpine sunrise, rather than

the enduring creation of grandeur, strength, and beauty which we recognise in a great poem.

After Shelley's death, Byron moved from Pisa to Albare, near Genoa, where he occupied the Casa Saluzzi; but the loss of one whom he must have looked on as a friend, and respected for the nobleness of his nature, together with the failure of the *Liberal*, which could hardly succeed under the auspices of two such editors as Hunt and himself, made him dissatisfied with an inactive existence, and he looked round for some field, not of enterprise, but excitement. He was quite unfit constitutionally to encounter real fatigue or privation; he had courage, no doubt; contempt of life, and tameless pride, but neither possessed the physical or mental robustness to see in well-planned, and long-sustained action a career of distinction or usefulness. After much wavering, he determined to revisit Greece, and bought a vessel to convey himself and his larcas to the land which was to witness his own dissolution, and thus to derive from him another of its many claims to classic interest. The choice of his vessel seems to have been decided more by motives of economy than from any regard to its nautical capabilities, and when its defects were indicated by a more critical judgment than his own, he was consoled by the reflection that he had got it a bargain.

It was on the 13th of July, 1823, that he sailed in the *Hercules* from Genoa with Mr. Trelawny, Count Gamba, and an Italian crew; slowly they stood eastward up the Mediterranean, and so wretched were the sailing qualities of the vessel, that even with a fair wind the average progress was but twenty miles a day. They put into Leghorn, which they quitted for Cephalonia, on the 23rd of July.

"On coming near Lonza, a small islet converted into one of its many prisons by the Neapolitan government, I said to Byron, 'There is a sight that would curdle the blood of a poet laureate.' 'If Southey were here,' he answered, 'he would sing hosannahs to the Bourbons. Here kings and governors are only the jailors and hangmen of the detestable Austrian barbarians. What dolts and drivellers the people are to submit to such universal despotism. I should like to see from this our ark, the world, submerged, and all the rascals drowning on it like rats.' I put a pencil and paper into his hand, saying, 'Perpetuate your curses on tyranny,' &c. He readily took the paper and set to work. I walked the deck, and prevented his being disturbed. . . . After a long spell he said, 'You think it is as easy to write poetry as to smoke a cigar—look, it's only doggerel. Extemporising verse is nonsense; Poetry is a distinct faculty—it wont come when called. You may as well whistle for a wind; a Pythoness was primed when put into the tripod. I must chew the cud before I write. I have thought over most of my subjects for years before writing a line.' . . . 'Give me time—I can't forget the theme; but for this Greek business

I should have been at Naples writing a fifth canto of 'Childe Harold,' expressly to give vent to my detestation of the Austrian tyranny in Italy."

But his own earlier lines might well have recurred both to the poet and to his biographer, for surely none could be more applicable to the scene before their eyes then, as before ours now, when we look on Naples:—

"It is as though the fiends prevailed
Against the seraphs they assailed,
And fixed on heavenly thrones should dwell
The freed inheritors of hell—
So fair the scene, so formed for joy,
So cursed the tyrants that destroy."

"The poet had an antipathy to everything scientific; maps and charts offended him. . . . Buildings the most ancient or modern he was as indifferent to as he was to painting, sculpture, or music. *But all natural objects, or changes in the elements, he was generally the first to point out, and the last to lose sight of.*" p. 187. [The italics are our own.]

Mr. Trelawny echoes an old remark of Baron Macaulay's (Warren Hastings), which every one's experience will confirm, as to the effect of a sea voyage in testing temper and character, and says—"I never was on shipboard with a better companion than Byron: he was generally cheerful, gave no trouble, assumed no authority, uttered no complaints, and did not interfere with the working of the ship; when appealed to, he always answered, 'Do as you like.'" There was much enjoyment of life on board this dull sailer, the *Hercules*; and the voyage, if protracted, was under clear, warm skies, and in smooth water. One scene narrated has a grimly comic element: *apropos* to some remark, Byron exclaimed, "Women, you should say; if we had a woman-kind on board, she would set us all at loggerheads, and make a mutiny; would she not, captain?" "I wish my old woman were here," replied the skipper; "she would make you as comfortable in my cabin at sea as your own wife would in her parlour on shore." Byron started, and looked savage. The skipper went on unconscious, &c. &c.

Byron had written an autobiography, it seems, conceived in manly, straightforward fashion,—in a vigorous, fearless style, and was apparently truthful as regarded himself. It was subsequently entrusted to Mr. Moore, as literary executor, and by him suppressed, following the advice of others, it would seem. "I told Murray Lady Byron was to read the manuscript if she wished it, and requested she would add, omit, or make any comments she pleased, now, or when it was going through the press." (p. 107.) They reached Zante and Cephalonia at last; and after

an absence of eleven years, Lord Byron again saw the Morea, which he loved so well—

“The sun, the sky, but *not* the slave the same.”

The reckless greediness of the Suliote refugees at Cephalonia disgusted him; and the intelligence he received about the prospects of liberty in Greece, or the probability of assistance from the Western Powers, so long withheld, being far from encouraging, he determined to remain some time at Cephalonia, but preferred living on board to accepting the warmly-proffered hospitality of Colonel Charles Napier, or of the other residents in the island.

“One day, after a bathe, he held out his right leg to me, saying—‘I hope this accursed limb will be knocked off in the war.’ ‘It won't improve your swimming,’ I answered; ‘I will exchange legs, if you will give me a portion of your brains.’ ‘You would repent your bargain,’ he said, &c. &c.” (p. 20.)

The Greeks, it appears, very rationally desired a strong centralized authority to suppress the hordes of robbers—much more numerous than usual, since the outbreak of the war with Turkey—and talked, at least a portion of them did, of offering the crown to Byron; he might have bought it, perhaps, afterwards at Salona, and the Greeks would have had a king for three months, if he had not abdicated before, worthy of their classical renown certainly, but not quite the man to disentangle, or divide the political and social complications in which they were entangled. The beauty of Ithaca, visited at this time, seems to have justified the persevering partiality of Ulysses for his island kingdom; but there is an inexcusable piece of rudeness to the abbot of a Greek convent on that island, recorded against Byron. The poor man had received him with all the honour in his power or knowledge, but proceeded, unluckily, to inflict an harangue of such length and solemnity, that Lord Byron, who had missed the indispensable siesta, broke into ungovernable wrath, and abused his entertainer with much more emphasis than euphony, from which his character, and wish to please, should certainly have protected the abbot. No wonder that the astounded abbot could find no better excuse for the conduct of the English peer and poet than madness—“*Esplò e matto poveretto.*”

Mr. Trelawny left Lord Byron at Cephalonia, for he was long in moving when once settled, and never saw him again in life. Anxious to know something of the state of matters in the Morea, the former passed over, accompanied by Mr. Hamilton Brown. They found only confusion, intrigue, and embezzlement; and in transacting a little business, his companion, Mr. Brown, went to London, accompanying certain Greek deputies, who were con-

missioned to raise a loan there, which, wonderful to relate, they succeeded in doing; though the worthy stockbrokers could hardly have been moved to liberality, or rather credulity, by their classical sympathies; while Mr. Trelawny, quitting the Morea, made for Athens, and joined a celebrated robber chief, who had assumed political functions in the disturbed and anarchic state of the country, and bore the classical name of Odysseus. In January, 1824, Mr. Trelawny heard that Byron had gone to Missolonghi, and then, that he was dead; worn out with fatigue, anxiety, and disgust, his frame, already shattered by repeated attacks of remittent fever, acquired during former residence in the marsh-girt cities of Ravenna and Venice, succumbed in the prime of life to the miasma which in greater or less intensity, according to the season, constitutes the atmosphere of Missolonghi. Mr. Trelawny was at Salona, but left for Missolonghi directly, which he entered on the third day from his departure, and found it "situated on the verge of the most dismal swamp I had ever seen."

"No one was in the house but Fletcher, who withdrew the black pall and the white shroud, and there lay the embalmed body of the Pilgrim—more beautiful even in death than in life. The contraction of the skin and muscles had effaced every line traced by time or passion; few marble busts could have matched its stainless white, the harmony of its proportions, and its perfect finish. Yet he had been dissatisfied with that body, and longed to cast its slough. How often have I heard him curse it. I asked Fletcher to bring me a glass of water; and on his leaving the room, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, I uncovered the Pilgrim's feet, and was answered—both his feet were clubbed, and the legs withered to the knee: the form and face of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr."

The remaining chapters are exclusively autobiographical, and are not without interest, for Mr. Trelawny's name has become historical in Gordon's "History of the Greek Revolution." His adventures are not commonplace; and his intimate connexion with the family and fortunes of Odysseus afforded an opportunity of seeing and knowing more of the wilder and worthier elements of Romanic character than has fallen to the lot of any other educated Englishman. For some time he held watch and ward in the fortified, inaccessible cave on Mount Parnassus, where Odysseus had placed his family and property, with a garrison of a few men, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Trelawny, in command. He was at last desperately wounded in a very treacherous manner, by a Scotchman named Fenton, whom he had unduly trusted, but who had been bribed to act as a spy on Odysseus and himself. He tells his story, regardless of criticism, in a frank and

candid manner; and it must be a captious critic indeed, who can object to the consciousness of that superior physical strength and vigour, which sustained with ease exertions that exhausted the more delicate powers of the two celebrated companions, whose names lend so much interest to his book, and to whose intellectual pre-eminence he renders respectful and affectionate homage.

We have so recently recorded our opinions on Shelley's writings,* that we shall now offer a few remarks on some portion of Lord Byron's poetry, which, with all its popularity, has not, it appears to us, been always rightly estimated. He unaffectedly repudiated the opinion so generally entertained, that he was the hero of his own compositions—that the monotonous protagonists of his early and brilliantly successful Eastern tales, no less than the *blasé* and reflective "Childe," or the fortunate and brilliant "Don Juan," were drawn from the inspiration of a too partial egotism. We are inclined to believe in the sincerity of his protest, and to attribute to dramatic poverty the uniformity of his characters, and to his own physical imperfection the bodily strength and activity by which his heroes are so generally distinguished. In those short pieces which were the fruits of his early travels, and which at once attracted the attention of every reader by the unequalled brilliancy of the language, we perceive the immature judgment and the vehement sensation of his character; the verse flows onward in a torrent of splendour, and a false lustre is given to the passion whose fruit is ashes; beauty of form, and the easy and over-valued achievements of physical courage, are the artless and ordinary attractions of his actors; there is no depth or refinement of character, no difficult invention; the poems are but pictures of ordinary merit, in splendid frames.

But a deeper knowledge dawned upon him—a larger experience of his own heart, though little of the actual world from which he shrunk; and if he, as most men have done, regretted the delusions of the master-passion, and wished that the deception had lasted for ever, or had never existed, yet his later strains, in their deeper tone and wider sympathies, evince that better self-knowledge, without which no man has successfully mapped even the narrowest province of the human heart; for that knowledge is itself but the evidence and the record of sufferings which the conflicts of reason with passion must ever produce.

In the crude though not inharmonious products of his youth, we see how little he had felt his strength, and how he was fettered by the rules which had been the guide of his model and antithesis Pope; nowhere does he dare to be original, and the spirit which

* *Vide* Number for January of this year.

dictated his first and weakest satire, was but the natural resentment of an Englishman who had no mind to be bullied: the mere mechanical versification gives small promise of the matchless powers which produced "Don Juan" and "Beppo;" and in the matter, there is nothing to warn us of that contemplative and deeply poetical thought which is so apparent in the "Prophecy of Dante," and in the two later cantos of "Childe Harold." Even those unequalled satiric powers which culminated in the "Irish Avatar," are but shadowed, not developed, and the commonplace abuse and half-affected contempt of his first satire are calculated to produce a very different effect from the withering ridicule and careless contempt which overwhelmed those who provoked the displeasure of his later years.

The German critics, with a severity of taste that does them honour, place the three great poets, whose names at once occur to us—Homer, Shakspeare, and Goethe—so far above all rivalry, as to accord to these alone that supremacy and universality of intellect which we call poetic genius; and this may be just, but the human mind is so constituted in its appreciation of poetry, as sometimes to derive superior pleasure from strains which have emanated from minds of far inferior order. We like best that poetry which addresses most strongly and directly the prevailing sentiments of our own characters; and hence thousands in whom the finest of Homer's rhapsodies, Shakspeare's "Tempest," or Goethe's "Iphigenia," would awake no other sentiment than cool admiration, would be moved to tears or to enthusiasm by Pindar, Campbell, or Gray. It is no less certain that men of even the keenest intellect merely, are not unfrequently deficient in poetic taste and judgment. We know, for example, that Napoleon preferred Ossian, and Robert Hall Virgil to Homer; and that Lord Byron himself, utterly wanting in dramatic power, but little appreciated the true strength of Shakspeare. Poetry, indeed, especially of the first order, must be felt in the heart as well as judged by the head, and the greatest merit is least apparent to a superficial glance; long study, contemplation, and comparison are required to comprehend the consummate excellence of a masterpiece, whether it be from the hand of Shakspeare or the pencil of Raphael.

But if the very few of the first order of poets completely satisfy all the requirements of the most refined and matured intellect, the poetry of Lord Byron will always appeal strongly to those, and they are not a few, whose passions, at some period of their lives, have proved too strong for the control of reason, and where regret, if not remorse, has followed the fruitless contest—a contest which has left the mind vacant for want of strong excitement,

and wearied with a scene which offers no sufficient substitute for what has been lost. Flashes of the melancholy wisdom which follows on such experience are frequent in his later works, and their deep, and perhaps not barren truth, may sink with something of a healing and enlightening influence into hearts whose scars are not yet callous.

There is, too, a strong and ardent reverence for the nobleness of intellect, ever felt most strongly by those most highly endowed; that reverence which, rightly considered, is the only true religion, and a scorn, as strongly expressed, for the vulgar or tinsel idols of mob idolatry.

His spirit had wrestled with itself in vain; the vehement and unwise desire for something denied to mere mortality was his; the self-condemnation of performance so grievously inadequate to the lofty resolution, which more or less dwells in every heart, rebelling against the sway of low desires, was strong upon him; so that he hated life, and sought at first wildly, but afterwards more calmly, to give that feeling utterance: but the "voiceless thought" could not so be spoken, and he, the most eloquent, went to his grave without succeeding in the vain effort to unburden his full heart. Not by words, however eloquent, can man satisfy himself, or vindicate his life to others. Consistent action alone can satisfy the conscience, or justify us to our own hearts; and when action is denied or unsought, we strive for the relief, however inadequate, that words can furnish. Thus Chaucer:

"For when we may not do, then will we speken,
And in our ashen colde, is fire yreken."

Had any suitable career of action been open to him, or had he lived in feudal times, he might have surpassed Bertrand de Born in thirst for irregular warlike achievement, and in the strains that celebrated it; the monotony of a modern military career, and the subordination which can recognise no superiority but professional rank, where the opportunity of achievement is an accident, and routine the rule of life, was utterly unsuited to his character and his physical constitution. No better career offered to him than that miserable one of Missolonghi, and here he gave evidence of a moderation and self-command little to have been expected from a man whose vanity and egotism were not less conspicuous than his genius; this desire for an active career is translated into his eastern stories, and his heroes are rather models of what he wished to be, than what he was.

His forte, however, as he knew, was vivid description, varied and illuminated by flashes of earnest thought, and the results of a melancholy, if a short experience.

In sustained dramatic, or epic power, he was deficient; but this is an imperial endowment, and, in his own language,

“Not Hellas could unrol
From her Olympiads *two* such names.”

His “*Manfred*,” despite Mr. Moore’s crude criticism, is a dramatic failure; and when he calls this creation of Lord Byron’s “loftier and worse” than Milton’s Satan, the critic shows how little of the dramatic or epic element he must have himself possessed. “*Manfred*” is not a great creation—he is but a dreamer, who, finding no pleasure in an earthly pursuit, itself a morbid and unhealthy feeling, strives to o’erpass the limits of mortality, and to coerce the Spirits whom the elements obey. Such a desire, as common as it was vain, before men had emerged from the superstitious element of the middle ages, evinces no elevation or greatness of character, and if with dauntless courage he defies the spirits whom he had evoked by his spells, and provoked by his contempt of their power, he does so as one who knows they cannot injure him, and who seeks death rather than shuns it.

The great blot of the piece, however, is the doubt that encompasses the fate of Astarte; the imagination can conceive no adequate cause for the terrible implacability which could reign in the bosom of a beatified spirit, and deny to a despairing brother one word of consolation in his awful abandonment. If SHE could condemn him, how can he be forgiven?

Such a subject, however attractive to a writer of strong imagination, and however promising in appearance, proves much more difficult to treat adequately, if, indeed, it can ever be so treated at all, than scenes and characters of a more earthly nature, where, strictly human agents appeal to a kindred reason and sympathy.

The communion of the supernatural with the natural has been a favourite theme, and a certain stumbling-block, to the greatest poets. Homer succeeded best, because he invented little, taking the materials within his reach—and his gods and goddesses are but human beings, with a loftier physical and mental stature; it was easy to introduce them implementing the inferior powers of their favourite heroes, but we feel that, in all that should distinguish the supernatural Being above the human nature, the greatest of all, the tyrant Zeus, was inferior. Like some vulgar earthly ruler, he uses his power but to gratify passions unworthy of a God—and the charm of divine beauty and celestial grace which hovers for ever round the name of Aphrodite, is insufficient to overcome the disgust with which we regard her threat to Helena, when the latter indignantly refuses to return to her vanquished and fugitive paramour.

And when, in the “*Tempest*,” Shakspeare introduces Ariel to

delude and torment a set of drunken menials, or frighten a brutal and ignorant drudge, he scarcely redeems the character of that "dainty" creation by his services in reconstructing the shattered ship, or even in deceiving the wretches who were plotting the death of the Duke. An inspired genius may walk through proprieties at will, as he so constantly does, but even Shakspeare might have remembered in the "Tempest," "*Nec Deus interit*," &c.

When Goethe, following the popular superstition, introduces the Devil, thinly disguised, as the companion and mentor of Faust, he goes easily enough with the pair through the temptations and the punishment of his neophyte and of Margaret—an episode too common in daily life to require the Devil as its agent—and Faust, when on the blasted heath he upbraids Mephisto with the cruel fate of her he should have protected from all harm, and curses himself as the dupe of a pitiless fiend, does but vent the reproaches many a man has heaped on himself, shuddering, if he had a conscience, at the cruel treachery which has rent a heart that beat only for him. But when the great German leaves the popular guide to invent a sphere of supernatural action, when Faust appears in scenes where the author has no guide from tradition, and subject to temptations of a less human character, we see how little mere mortal wit can observe any semblance of probability, or appearance of cohesion, in attempting that for which there is no actual precedent in human experience. There is but one Magician, and he has long laid aside all pretensions above mortality. Patient and sagacious interrogation of nature, in disclosing the hidden properties of matter, has evoked powers which the genii of the lamp might have envied, and wealth, which would have satisfied the avarice of the alchemists.

The greatest can but draw the supernatural from knowledge of the natural, and we have but human nature exaggerated in the majority of instances: Shakspeare's Ariel, and the spirits in "Manfred" are nearly the only exceptions. Homer is greatest where he describes the actions of men, and the submissive grace and tenderness of women. Shakspeare stirs the heart, and awakens our admiration most strongly when he depicts the loving constancy of the gentler sex, and the masculine heroism of Coriolanus or of Henry the Fifth. Goethe has an easy task when he echoes the sarcastic mockery, or paints the demon heart of Mephisto; but the master-hand is seen in the calm and natural beauty of the "Iphigenia," and above all in his unequalled delineation of the female nature; he who could draw such characters as Gretchen, Clara, Mignon, and Adelheid von Weislingen, has surpassed all others, Shakspeare himself, in this the most interesting province of observation and invention.

And Lord Byron, though he has clothed his demons with

majesty and power, though he has avoided the vulgar error of too easily vanquishing evil by good, Satan by Abdiel, yet hardly introduces these for purposes worthy their supernatural powers, unless it be to justify the magnificent "Hymn of the Spirits" in worship round the throne of Ahrimanes.

In the first two cantos of "Childe Harold," the objective element is strongly ascendant, written as they were at a period of life when the world was still fresh, and the essential identity of human nature, under all its phases, hardly appreciated. The boundless command of his own language, and the liveliest susceptibility to the beauty or grandeur of nature, produced a poem which riveted immediately the attention of contemporaries, partly, indeed, due to a comparative novelty of style, and the want of sustained originality, in the poetry which immediately preceded its publication; something too may have been owing to the lesser preoccupation of the public by the floods of ephemeral and amusing literature which dissipate the intellectual tastes of the readers of our day. It is in the two latter cantos, and especially the last, in which we find his powers completely matured, whether reflective or descriptive. In these cantos he has carried those important elements of poetry to their highest excellence, though of invention, the test of the highest genius, we find no traces. There is throughout a want of cohesion, if we consider "Childe Harold" as an attempt at poetic creation, for the "Childe" is a voice, not a living pilgrim; but if we recognise Lord Byron himself under an alias, narrating what he saw, and expressing in just and vivid language what he felt, we have a poem, the various merit of which it is difficult to over-estimate.

The vigour of description therein displayed is indeed without a parallel; who has equalled, or even approached, the power displayed in stanzas 27, 28, 29 of the fourth canto; in them we see actually brought before us by the magical force of his language, the exquisite and fugitive beauties of an Italian sunset, which would have mocked the pictorial art of Claude or Turner to transfer to canvas. Mere words are made to appeal to the mind more effectively than the consummate skill of the masters of painting could appeal to the sense of vision. Even Homer is here surpassed for a moment, for nowhere does he bring before us so striking and so difficult a phase of nature's ever-varying countenance; not even in the familiar passage in the eighth Rhapsody—

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἀστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
 φαίνεται ἀριπρεπέα. κ. τ. λ.

though it well deserves the homage Byron pays, it in the fourth canto of the "Prophecy of Dante"—

“The kindled marble’s bust may wear
More poesy upon its speaking brow
Than aught less than the Homeric page may bear.”

In stanza 102, canto 3, we even seem to hear and see the busy summer forest life of birds and insects in the woods of Clarens, the rustle of the leaves in the early summer breath of June, and the very splash of Alpine waterfalls; the beautiful living solitude, unspoilt by the intrusion of man, comes before us as if in spirit, or in a dream, we were transported to the Swiss wilderness; it is transferred to paper as delicately and with truer colouring than could have been effected by the calotype: but these scenes in their quiet loveliness yet suggest reminiscences of the world which the author and the reader have for a moment forgotten, and the vigorous sketches of Gibbon and Voltaire, who had long lived within sight of that beautiful scenery, come like a cloud over the mind which had just been revelling in the laughing sunshine of a Swiss landscape. Applied to graver scenes, the same matchless power nearly rivals the merit of invention, and when by the lake of Thrasymene (c. iv., vv. 62, 63, 64), he recalls the strife that made Rome to reel on her seven-hilled throne, and strove with inexorable fate to reverse her stern decree, the ancient battle comes before us as by a lightning-flash darted into the abysses of the past, as the soldiers of Carthage and of Rome pass before us in their deadly struggle.

Nothing can be more exquisite than the various harmony of the stanzas from 86 to 104 of canto iii.: in these every variety of emotion and of feeling is characterized; of admiration, reverence, love, awe; and in the apostrophe to “Clarens, sweet Clarens,” that passion which he felt with so much of its earthly alloy is exalted to a refinement almost unearthly, and to a dignity which truly belongs to it, as in its purity the least selfish of human desires.

Was there ever a tribute to the Divinity of Love so exquisite as that contained in stanza 100 of canto iii.?—

“O’er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown
His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.”

Such language may fairly excite a rapturous admiration, resembling that which he professes, and only professes to have felt, when beholding the marble loveliness of the Medicean Venus.

But in a different mood, and with feelings disappointed or blunted, he afterwards recurs to this, the dream of youth, and the disenchantment of maturity; and as a warning against the indulgence of that passionate and eager credulity, what homily or

maxim likely to prove so effective as the wild strains of the poet of the passion—

“Of its own beauty is the mind diseased
And fevers into false creation; where,
Where are the charms the sculptor's soul has seiz'd?
In him alone, could nature show as fair.
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men—
The unreached Paradise of our despair,
Which o'erinforms the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page, where they should bloom again?”

C. iv. st. 122.

The quiet and gentle caveat of Schiller, in the “Lay of the Bell,” may excite a sigh and a smile in those who have experienced its truth, and is perhaps more suited to the sobriety of the disenchanting, who alone are likely to appreciate it:—

“Ach! des Lebens schönste Feier
Endigt auch des Liebens Mai—
Mit dem Gurtel, mit dem Schleier,
Reisst der schöne wahn entzwei.”

Das Lied von der Glocke.

The strong sensual impulses of Lord Byron's character communicated to much of his poetry its vivid charm. Tasso has somewhere said—

“Poi dietro a sensi
Vedi, che la Ragione ha corte l'ali,”

And, certainly, the poets and orators who most strongly rivet attention, are those in whom intellectual and animal vigour concur. The illustration of the abstract by the concrete is an essential element both of poetry and oratory; but the choice of illustrations will depend upon something besides the intellectual nature of the man. The similes which abound in Homer are indicative of a martial or combative disposition, and a propensity to observe the grander or more striking phenomena of nature—the rush of waters, or the destructive rage of fire; while the illustrations of the drooping poppy, and the uprooted olive, show that neither grace nor tenderness were wanting to deck the creations of that imperial genius. Milton's numerous similes, too, are in harmony with his austere and somewhat harsh character, sometimes little heedful of beauty or grace. Lord Byron's very numerous comparisons, all admirable, and often under the form of a prosopopœia, are indicative of the warm imagination which clothed inanimate shapes with the breathing realities of life; for example, where the Medicean Venus is described, in stanza 48, canto iv.—

“ Here, too, the goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which beheld, instils
Part of its immortality—”

The comparison is here delicately insinuated rather than stated, and the fragrance of flowers, addressed to another sense, suggested as an illustration of the effect produced by this matchless statue on that of sight. Again, in stanza 28 of the same canto, another simile as exquisite, as refined, and as eminently sensual, occurs—

“ Gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon the stream, and glassed within it glows.”

One sense is here, too, brought in to implement another, and the colours that glow in the clouds of an Italian sunset are presented in twofold reality before the reader by a ready, familiar, and charming object of comparison. In stanza 94 of the third canto another illustration occurs, marked by the same vigorous traits, and admirably in harmony with the object to be illustrated.

But in that wonderful stanza, the 87th of the third canto, which conveys to the mind by description all and more than all our own senses could do, we have a simile as exquisite as it is difficult,—

“ The star-lit dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of their hues.”

The simile is so subtle, as for a moment to elude perception; like the odour of violets or sweet-briar, it is too exquisite to be fixed.

But the finest comparison in “*Childe Harold*,” perhaps the most perfect in the world of poetry, occurs in stanza 72 of the fourth canto, where the perpetual rainbow that spans the flashing waters of Terni, is compared to love watching madness,—

“ But on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering moon,
An Iris sits amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed,—and unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all its beams unshorn,
Resembling 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching madness, with unalterable mien—”

This simile is in itself immortal; instinct with unfading, deathless beauty.

The character sketches scattered through "Childe Harold" are forcible and just, giving nerve and vigour to the more subjective portions of the poem. That of Napoleon particularly is probably as true and comprehensive as will ever be made, even if his life shall ever be written as it should be. That of Gibbon is excellent and characteristic; and the tributes to Italian genius in Galileo, Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, are graceful and truthful. It is not easy, however, to understand Lord Byron's sympathy with Tasso, though he is truer to history in his estimate of the Duke of Ferrara than the more politic or more charitable Goethe, who, in gratitude for his favourable experience of ducal courts, flung the mantle of his genius over one to whom History and Lord Byron may have been somewhat unjust; for Tasso was through life too conscious of his genius, and too sensitive of wrongs or slight, lacking that mental robustness which has characterized the greatest of our species. He who is conscious of that within which can court the Rhadamanthine justice of posterity, should surely, in calm self-reliance, disdain to conciliate the pity, or solicit the tardy suffrages of contemporaries. Byron himself, perhaps, indulged something too much in similar complaints, which could but serve to gratify the malice of enemies, or provoke the contempt of fools; yet no one better than he has stigmatized this weak egotism of suffering,—

"Each has his wrong, but feeble sufferers groan
With brain-born dreams of evil, all their own."

Childe Harold.

And in the "Prophecy of Dante," he has with much skill and truth to the nature of him whose verse he imitates, launched severe and prophetic strains on the part of one whose history had some points of resemblance with his own. The denunciation of the ingratitude of Florence to its greatest bard, harshly driven into exile, was not the less sincere that the ungrateful capital which had witnessed his own literary triumphs, and the land that should have been proud of his birth, were perhaps indicated in their southern prototypes.

There was a great resemblance, too, in their domestic infelicities; and if Boccaccio more than hinted that poets would do well to abstain from matrimony, past question, the wives of some of the most eminent had reason to regret that they had not practically contributed to the maintenance of Boccaccio's opinion.

Lord Byron speaks for Dante as the latter might well have spoken in his own person; had he written in a language less

flexible than his own. In spite of the obscurity, even the occasional *bizarrierie* of his great poem, and the minute historical knowledge requisite for its right appreciation, Dante has exerted even an exoteric influence, which attests the grandeur of his intellect. We know that Goethe speaks of him with reverence, calling him a 'Nature'; and the high prophetic poetic spirit which pervades the "Divine Comedy," more even than this magnificent eulogium, might justify his addition as a fourth to the grand trio, which has alone obtained the difficult suffrage of German criticism.

As there have been actors who have only wanted a stage, so there must have been many, before the invention and diffusion of printing, who wanted a theme or an opportunity to claim such share of immortality as may fall to the lot of humanity, and like the mass of common men, must be content to be as though they had never been; a tribute to such unknown potentialities, comes with peculiar grace from one who had early achieved a brilliant reputation;—

"Many are poets who have never penned
 Their inspiration, and perchance the best,
 They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend
 Their thoughts to meaner beings; they compressed
 The god within them, and rejoined the stars
 Unlaurelled upon earth."—*Prophecy of Dante*, c. iv.

There is a thoughtful melancholy wisdom pervading the four cantos of the "Prophecy," which, like passages of a similar character in "Childe Harold," are in favourable contrast with the careless levity which pervades the "Vision of Judgment," and the polemical portions of "Don Juan."

The idea of Prometheus attracted Byron, as it had done Æschylus, Goethe, and Shelley—and if the wrongs, the woes, the wrath and defiance of the Titan were to be set forth in verse, none better than he could have arrayed these emotions in words, more fitted to brave the sensual omnipotence of Olympus: but the fable is too transparent to be of deep or permanent poetic interest;—for Truth is as much the essence of the highest Poetry, as of Science itself.

Primitive human nature invented a God in its own likeness, knowing no better or higher model—a jealous and a brutal god, who used his omnipotence as the worst Cæsar afterwards used his sceptre, and by immolating on its altar a victim nobler than the god, justified itself in irreverence. But we, wiser than our fathers, may recognise a Prometheus who triumphs not vainly in defying a tyrannical omnipotence, or in proclaiming the sufferings which baffled desire of power or of knowledge, must indict—a Prometheus not equalling himself with God, and raging in his

baffled impotentiality, but a mightier Titan, who, if he has not succeeded in the autogenic creation of man, has yet brought down fire from heaven unrebuked, and who has wrung from matter its eternal secrets; and has made the modern man more potent than the gods of the ancient Olympus; who has taught him to defy the tempest, to curb and direct the lightning, to eradicate the most fatal and desolating disease, to call from their dark homes the genii of the lamp of knowledge, as patient and docile slaves of that Reason, which has taught him that through obedience, and not defiance, lies the road to power.

The elder Prometheus was a true, but unintended symbol of antique human reason striving to obtain knowledge in its own way, by questioning itself with barren activity, while all around lay, awaiting the efforts of the modern Titan, those great but unsuspected secrets which have been the magnificent reward of a wiser desire for Truth.

The exquisite music of the "Hebrew Melodies," and the half reverential, half sensual tone which pervades them, are his favourable and beautiful example of Lord Byron's powers as the finest passages in "Childe Harold;" even as in them, the objective and subjective elements of poetry blend in perfect harmony, and leave an impress on the mind and on the feelings which abstract, or merely cold representations of tenderness or reverence but feebly imitate.

If it is the whole scope and aim of the drama, as surely it must be, to hold the "mirror up to Nature," then it is useless to criticise Lord Byron's dramatic works, as such; of female tenderness, self-denial, and heroism, there are many examples in his dramas; they are the heroines of his earlier poetical tales, with a little more of the detail and amplification required by a different form of writing; the female element in our living world is like air and water in the natural world, indispensable and all-pervading, but best calm and tranquil, ministering to the daily requirements of our lives, not often rising into passion and vehemence; by so much the more as it possesses these latter characteristics, by so much the less is it feminine, or entitled to the privileges of the sex; so that heroism and resolution, that defiance of pain, danger, and hardest of all, disgrace, which we know women can exhibit better than ourselves, because impelled thereto by a more disinterested affection, or a purer love, do not constitute the natural or principal features of the sex, and as broader and more striking traits, less difficult to delineate, than the gentle, graceful, and useful qualities which they possess for our advantage.

To the male actors the same remarks apply; there is much of what is poetical in the sentiments they utter, little of what is natural or tangible in their characters; they are voices more than entities.

But if Lord Byron was a feeble dramatist, he was at least the greatest master of our language, and unrivalled in his knowledge of the varied and dangerous weapons of satiric verse. The coarse ridicule of Aristophanes, the lively sarcasm of Horace, the stern but half-acted indignation of Juvenal, the pedantic injustice of Boileau, the envenomed acrimony of Pope, the fierce invectives of Churchill, are all surpassed when Lord Byron ridicules or scourges the objects of his aversion or contempt. That he was grievously unjust in more than one instance may now be admitted, but the fierce contempt and withering sarcasm of the Irish Avatar, while they attest his unrivalled supremacy in this dangerous power, were at least justified by their object.

In surveying Lord Byron's finished works, however great and just may be the admiration they sometimes excite, there is yet a sense of something wanting to the completeness of their effect, which might have been in part supplied had he lived to finish the projected fifth canto of "Childe Harold." Perhaps, too, it had been better for this effect had he published nothing after the conclusion of the fourth canto of the poem. "Don Juan," though it could only have been produced in the very maturity of his powers, which perhaps never quite attained their full development, through his early death, comes upon us unseasonably, like the light music of a masque or revel when we had just been wrapt in the deep-toned and solemn harmony of a cathedral organ; yet in "Don Juan," the magnificent "Isles of Greece" remind us of the half-inspired strains he could still pour forth; they produce a feeling of vexation that he should have descended to employ his matchless powers of versification on unworthy topics. But our objections are on æsthetic, not moral grounds; it is idle to suppose that this witty and brilliant production ever made one man the worse for reading it, and as showing the flexibility of the language, is a sort of literary curiosity; but it should have appeared, if it were to appear at all, before those of his compositions which in their deep, sometimes reverential, always poetical spirit, had worthily berukled the death of one who was old in the prime of manhood.

He had outlived his prospects, his cup of life had, as he said, been drained too deeply: there was no fit home for him in the "inviolable isle," which he secretly loved and regretted—his heart had scarcely found a fit object for its affection, even if one so wayward and so capricious had deserved to find so priceless a treasure;—and when tidings of his death in a gallant cause, in a romantic land, and amidst a degenerate people, reached the shores of England, the strong feelings of pity, admiration, and regret, which had a place in every English heart, would have been dignified and consecrated, if the last touching and noble stanzas of "Childe Harold" had been ringing, like a peal of distant bells, in our ears.

ART. III.—CHINA: PAST AND PRESENT.

1. *Desultory Notes on the Government and People of China.* By Thomas Taylor Meadows. 1847.
2. *The Chinese and their Rebellions; with an Essay on Civilization.* By Thomas Taylor Meadows. 1856.
3. *Buddhism and Buddhist Pilgrims.* By Max Müller, M.A. 1857.
4. *The Chinese Empire.* By M. Hue. 2 vols. 1855.
5. *Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet.* By M. l'Abbé Hue. 2 vols. 1857.
6. *Five Years in China, from 1842 to 1847.* By Lieut. F. E. Forbes, R.N. 1848.
7. *Three Years' Wanderings in the Northern Provinces of China.* By Robert Fortune. 1847.
8. *A Journey to the Tea Countries of China.* By Robert Fortune. 1852.
9. *A Residence among the Chinese.* By Robert Fortune. 1857.

WE are at last in the way to know something about China. Some of us have fancied for twenty years past that we knew a good deal about China, by dint of reading the books of all travellers and all voyagers who could describe the scenery, or relate the conversation of any inhabitants of that wonderful country: but there was always an uncomfortable consciousness, spoiling the amusement of the study, that the Chinese were as incomprehensible as ever. We might sketch out the environs of the five ports for anybody going there, as if we had frequented them ourselves; and describe manners and customs, and criticise methods of government and war in the old empire, and have plenty of facts to give in justification of our opinions; and yet we felt on occasion that the entire social structure remained unaccounted for, and must, therefore, be uncomprehended. Every candid mind would take the next step, and admit that a social structure which was uncomprehended must necessarily be in many ways misapprehended, and that so much of our supposed knowledge must, therefore, be error, that the wisest way would be to begin afresh, and set to work to study the Chinese as an unexplored phenomenon, as soon as some public benefactor should furnish a key to the principles of Chinese nationality.

Such a key we seem now to have put into our hands by Mr. Meadows's latest work. His studies have not only enabled him

to give us a book of substantial and permanent value as an interpretation of the Chinese mind to the "Occidental" (a term which he prefers to "European," because our American kinsmen have to be considered), but have explained many things in other books which the authors themselves could not understand. The more our interest settles in the direction of China, the more shall we perceive, for a long time to come, how the whole set of notices of the country and people, scattered through many years, are made significant and intelligible, in proportion as they are true, by the discovery of the basis of society in China, exhibited in certain chapters of Mr. Meadows's work. It is a book which it is particularly easy to find fault with, and especially to quiz; but it is a case in which a good deal of pedantry, and a considerable excess of self-esteem, do less mischief than might be supposed. The reason of this harmlessness seems to be, that the egoism is mainly induced by peculiar and irresistible influences. A man who has lived for a long course of years under the consciousness of the eyes of a multitude of inferior people watching every movement, must grow conscious of every movement; and his reports of his own glances or broad stare, and of a wave of the hand here, and of a nod there, and a whisper, a leap, or a frown, on various occasions, are really, however amusing to his readers, affairs of faithful narration to himself. The resemblance to Mr. Urquhart in these matters must strike every reader of both; and it is evident enough that their Oriental intercourses are answerable for the full development of a weakness which, in Mr. Meadows's case, was probably no greater at the outset than it would prove to be in nine men in ten, if they were subjected to the same influences. Again, Mr. Meadows's position as interpreter and "international agent," must be answerable for much of the pedantry, as well as for the self-importance of his style. With two nations, as it were, waiting his aid and his pleasure to understand each other, and every word he uttered having to be considered as a national interest, it can be no wonder that he is unable to lay aside his besetting sense of responsibility in addressing the public, and that he renders more reasons than would ever be demanded for all his words and ways. We have noticed these weak points without hesitation, because they must be obvious to all who open the book; and we have done it purposely, for the sake of saying that they scarcely at all impair the value of the work. They are, indeed, rather amusing than offensive, and they do not interfere with the interest of those reflective and argumentative portions of the volume which supply the theory of Chinese civilization and its application:—chapters far too serious and substantial to be affected by any peculiarities in the author which do not infect his understanding.

It appears that Mr. Meadows had not been long in China (where he took office at the beginning of the new period after the war), before he perceived that "Occidental" ignorance of the fundamental ideas of the national mind of China was the bar to all progress, and the cause of perpetual mistakes in matters which Europeans believed they did understand. By this ignorance, sinologues (students of the Chinese) were blinded to the true meaning and significance of phrases which would have thrown light on whole pages of records, and broad areas of philosophical doctrine. By this ignorance, the best Chinese scholars in France, Germany, and England were misled into pronouncing many things confused, trifling, and absurd, which are very clear and serious when rightly understood; and from the same cause, the best Chinese dictionaries and manuals of philosophy, religion, and politics, present hopeless contradictions and obscurities in their explanations of leading terms, doctrines, and institutions, which are the results of those doctrines. The deep and persistent study which Mr. Meadows has bestowed, for a long course of years, on the ancient literature of China, illustrated as that study has been by perpetual and varied observation of the actual life of the people in all ranks and occupations at the present day, has at last presented us with what we want. We are now provided with a key to the interpretation of that strange polity which, for generations, we have been unable to help laughing at, while sensible that there must be something seriously rational in an organization by which one-third of the human race have been embodied as a nation for several thousand years.

The force which could originate and sustain such an organization must be the most powerful conceivable. The most powerful force known to influence the human mind is its necessary belief. Out of the necessary belief of the people concerned come all social organization in the first instance, and all essential modifications afterwards. The only way to understand the meaning of Chinese laws and arrangements, is to learn under what persuasions they were formed. In no other case is this key so essential, on account of the wide difference between the mental constitution in Eastern Asia and Western Europe; and in no other case is it so difficult to find the key, partly on account of the exclusive policy of the Chinese, but yet more because of the unconquerable tendency of Europeans to apply their own conceptions in explanation, or as a measure, of other people's. Our author, prepared by philosophical as well as philological training, has put us in the way to learn more directly and effectually than we have done hitherto; and the hope of being wiser in future must compensate to us, as a nation, for the mor-

tification and shame of discovering what prodigious mistakes we have made, and what terrible things we have done, by bringing our English notions to bear on affairs which they could in no way explain.

We are not going to be driven by these feelings, or any other, into any extremes of statement about the Chinese. There is no occasion to rush from contempt into admiration of them. There is no reason to suppose them, as a people, wiser and better than ourselves. If, from a sense of protracted injustice, any generous impulse should incite others (as Mr. Meadows declares himself to have been tempted) to lavish a new-born admiration on a people thus late disclosed, it will be wise to resist the impulse, and to keep to the main object—to understand the Chinese; an object which our author faithfully places before himself and his readers throughout his work. He makes as few comparisons as he can between the Chinese and other people; and when compelled to do it by the animadversions of missionaries and others, who carry out a spiritual yard-measure to mete out the righteousness of all nations, he simply pleads for a general moral correspondence between the Chinese and the rest of mankind, on the ground of their human constitution. In reference to the charges that the Chinese are sceptical, materialistic, and so forth, Mr. Meadows says—

“In the first place, I would ask my English, American, and French readers—What is it that the hundreds of thousands of our respective countrymen who hurry daily through the streets of London, New York, and Paris are after? Are they or are they not ‘pursuing wealth and material enjoyments with ardour’—‘absorbed in material interests’—‘utilitarians, industrious and gain-seeking’? Why have the English been called ‘shopkeepers,’ the Americans ‘dollar-hunters,’ and why do these names stick? Why are there eighty thousand women in the streets and public places of London, and why is there an enormous organized prostitution in Paris? Christianity, grafted on the old Teutonic respect for woman, has led to strict monogamy among us, and this has prevented the large prevalence of crimes that undoubtedly do exist among the Chinese, as among other polygamic nations. In addition to these, from which, be it observed, the monogamic West is not altogether free, the Chinese have, moreover, many vices and faults; but these vices and faults are mostly identical in kind with those existing among Occidental nations, and are not more prevalent in degree. And this is my position. I do not simply admit, I assert myself, as the result of a long independent study and close observation, that the great mass of the Chinese are most certainly ‘sunk in material interests,’ ‘pursuing with ardour only wealth and material enjoyments,’ just as are the great mass of English, French, and Americans. But as there exists in the extreme West, among this very gain-seeking majority, a large amount of generosity, of public spirit, and of ineradicable right feeling, which may be appealed to

with perfect confidence whenever a great cause is imperilled; and which then impels them to lavish, with unsparing self-sacrifice, alike the gains they amass, and the very lives spent in amassing them; so does there exist in the extreme East, among the mass of habitual gain-seekers, a similar public spirit, and a like right feeling. And as there does undoubtedly exist among English, French, and Americans a minority, higher in nature, actuated by higher motives, aiming at higher aims—a minority ever silently working for good, and from time to time working openly with irresistible power,—so, precisely so, does there exist a similar minority among the Chinese. My quarrel with M. Hue and the other writers is, that they either deny the existence of this minority in China altogether, or, what has practically the same effect, leave it, as well as the latent public spirit and fundamental right feeling of the majority, totally out of view in their pictures. In doing so they portray a people that *can* have no existence, any more than a nation of centaurs. Such a people as they depict would not be human beings, but *unhumans*. I, on the other hand, maintain nothing more extraordinary than that the Chinese are, as a nation, composed of men and women, exhibiting all those varieties of character, both in degree and in quality, that those other collections of men and women called nations do exhibit—nothing more and nothing less.”*

The strangest of all charges is, that the Chinese are “sceptical,” as M. Hue says, “destitute of religious feelings,” “indifferent to everything which concerns the moral side of man;” when every proclamation we read in the newspapers, every epistle addressed to our officials, sets us laughing with its moral tail-piece, and at the air of weakness given by trite moralities addressed to the public. The fact is, the whole scheme of Chinese society is a spiritual product; its aims are ethical, and its means moral. Whatever may be the corruptions which have now brought the whole fabric into jeopardy, there can never again be a rational doubt about the theory of the Chinese policy, though missionaries and other Christians, who can see nothing but through their accustomed medium, do not perceive the possibility of setting out from any other point than the Fall, and Redemption by a personal intervention. The Chinese view, however, is this.

There are, besides the new bastard Christianity, three religions in China—two of which are indigenous. The most modern of the three, Buddhism, was imported about A.D. 61. Its headquarters are in Thibet; and hence it occupied the attention of MM. Hue and Gabet in the first instance, and so prominently afterwards, that their works would almost lead their readers to regard Buddhism in China as excluding other faiths. Certain superficial resemblances to Romish Christianity also occupied their imaginations, already sufficiently indisposed to receive any

* “The Chinese and their Rebelions,” pp. 64—66.

faithful conceptions of the primitive religion. But Buddhism was never, except for short intervals, the religion of the governing class in China; and it is now entertained by the ill-informed and irrational classes almost exclusively—the lower orders of the men, and all the women, who receive it in its vulgar aspect—that of an idolatry.

Taoism is some centuries older, as far as China is concerned, than Buddhism, its founder having lived six centuries before our era. We can say nothing more of it here than that its temples are seen, like the Buddhist, all over China, and that the worship is not interfered with any more than the Mohammedan, while it remains mere worship; whereas it is checked in the same way as other faiths whenever it would encroach on the domain of social affairs. The philosophy and morality of the country are (apart from mere corruptions) exclusively Confucian. In that primitive religion we must look for the originating and sustaining force of the Chinese polity.

The religion which goes by the name of Confucius arose many centuries before him. The founder of Chinese civilization lived between 3000 and 4000 B.C. He founded the institution of the Family, by establishing marriages, and their separate households, and thereby furnished the type of the whole subsequent organization. He derived a philosophy from the study of nature, and recorded it in the celebrated Eight Diagrams which indicate the departments of science. He introduced writing in the place of the knotted cords by which events were commemorated before his time; and he divided the day into twelve watches. This was the foundation laid by Fuh-he. The writing art was so far improved that ethical and political doctrines were recorded by it 1800 years before Confucius was born. Confucius was a contemporary of Pythagoras, being born B.C. 551. To him the world owes the whole existing ancient literature of China: that is, he re-issued the Eight Diagrams of Fuh-he, with the annotations of a royal editor who lived six centuries before him, forming the first of the six Sacred Books of the Chinese; and he compiled or edited three more. He recorded his dissent from some of the doctrines contained in these books; but, by issuing them, he constituted a literary period which introduced more. He was the last of the series of Holy Men—a phenomenon which bears relation to what we understand by the same term in other connexions. To understand it, the leading points of sacred doctrine must be before the mind: first, the "Grand Extreme," as the Chinese call what we should denominate the Ultimate Principle, the immaterial, but unconscious, entity from which the universe proceeds; secondly, the alternate prevalence of the two Elements, the Positive and the Negative, which it constitutes, and by which

all existence, mental and material, is produced; thirdly, the primitive goodness of Man, thus produced, like the Five Elements, by forces which cannot err; fourthly, that when Man ceases to be perfectly good, it is when the objective world intrudes upon his nature, and disturbance arises in opposition to the harmony which holds the second place among the three great beliefs of the Confucians. The Holy Man is, he who apprehends by instinct the operation of the Ultimate Principle, and consigns himself absolutely to his own perfect nature. He is incapable of being wrong or mistaken. The Sage attains to a like condition; but it is by effort and struggle, so that the Holy Man is the higher of the two. Fuh-he was the first Holy Man, and Confucius the last: and several, whose number is not known, filled up the interval.

Thus far we find more than one political doctrine of the China of our day in its origin. No distinction between the intellectual and moral nature of man has ever been recognised, or is at this day. Rightness or actuality is the conception under which aims are sought, and methods devised. Happy would it have been for some other countries and peoples if the conceptions of truth and of goodness had been equally inseparable! But we have no space for an illustration of the misery that would have been spared, and the wisdom attained, if nothing that was intellectually false could have been morally beautiful in Christendom, any more than among the faithful Confucians of the East. We must proceed to point out that a polity of Confucian origin must exalt knowledge, must diffuse education, must test the acquirements and conduct of political officers, and, on the other hand, propose moral sanctions of all authority in a way quite different from that of any statesmanship which admits the idea of man being originally sinful, and considers any other sanction more practical than that of morality. One method of human rule may be chiefly addressed to one human faculty or group of faculties, and another to another. The response may be in one instance from veneration; in another from self-love, or fear, or sociality, or self-interest of one sort or another: but, in the Chinese case, the appeal is to Conscience. This appeal is not to any *tête* notion, such as we suppose when we laugh at the tail-piece of a Peking proclamation—"This is right:" "Obéy this:" "The virtuous thing must be done:" and so on: it is, on the contrary, a reference to the sacred political authority which really governs the country—not the Emperor at Peking, but the saints and sages who could not err.

We must proceed in the political direction which is our present object, leaving undescribed the assertions and omissions of the Confucian doctrine in regard to other matters. It must suffice

that that doctrine recognised no personal Deity, but superseded, it is believed, a general faith in a chief, if not an only conscious God: that it entertained no speculation whatever about supernatural existences, Confucius declaring that such matters were not within the limits of the knowable: that no idea of a future life was proposed by the Holy Men, or introduced into the Sacred Books; and that the secession of the ignorant classes to other religions was owing to their need of a worship which could occupy them with rites, exercise their hope and fear by the intervention of preterhuman fates and powers, and gratify their affections under bereavement with a future prospect: but that all this idolatry did not necessarily imply a denial of Confucianism, it being found on occasion that, in case of a collision of decrees, the idols went to the wall to make way for the Saints, no temple mandates availing against any clear declaration of the Sacred Books. With the statement of the three chief fundamental propositions of the Confucian scheme we shall conclude this part of our retrospect, and go on to the political operation of the whole.

The Ultimate Principle, the consequent Universe, and Man's share in it, are set forth in the three propositions:—"A fundamental unity underlies the multitude of phenomenal variety;" "In the midst of all change, there is an eternal, harmonious order;" "Man is endowed at his birth with a nature that is perfectly good." The working out of these propositions has been made a sad jumble of by even the best translators, as Mr. Meadows proves. Considering this, and that the Chinese doctrine excludes the most difficult problems that Europeans go out to solve by means of their Christianity, it is no wonder that their Confucian pupils do not know what to make of the missionaries, and that M. Hue reports as he does of the mind and morals of China. The controversy between Matter and Spirit has no place under the Confucian system; nor the problem of the Origin of Evil. Deprived of these fertile themes, and finding the whole scheme of Man's fall and redemption regarded as an unintelligible romance, disagreeable and irreverent, the missionaries must be disqualified for giving us any trustworthy and complete account of the better part of the Chinese nation.

The chief political peculiarities of the Chinese are directly derivable from their fundamental beliefs. For instance, the doctrine that man is radically good sanctions an appeal to the mass of men, whose decisions must be right, as truth or goodness is their common point of agreement, while divergence proceeds from individual want of harmony with the whole. Accordingly, for a thing to be publicly done is equivalent to its being right. Hence the publicity of appointments, and of all social transactions in China. Under the conception of harmony with natural laws,

there is no distinction between intellectual and moral qualifications; a public office of every kind is assigned to the most worthy, under a process of examination which gives an equal chance to all men, and confers the highest rank on the ablest. From this, again, proceeds the general diffusion of education, and its moral quality. When the pupils have learned what ought to be desired and done, they have learned a political lesson, just as among us children have learned a lesson in preparation for personal and social life. Public schools, in which the same lessons were taught, flourished four thousand years ago; and the system of training for public office which still works so severely, and till lately worked so successfully, was in operation when Herodotus was making his notes before the gates of Thebes. Again, from the fundamental doctrine of order and harmony arises the great popular right of rebellion in China. Revolution has always been regarded as impossible, because the form of government was authoritatively decided on as the best: but the rulers are servants, not masters, of the form: and when they disgrace or pervert it, they must be removed. Their commission is considered at an end: they are no longer in harmony with the constitution of the general welfare, and they must be deposed. Hence it is that, while the empire is so antique and unchangeable, there have been so many changes of dynasty. Hence, too, we may obtain some light on the existing rebellion. There are intermediate rules between the first principles and the political consequences which we have referred to. They are three: and they form a solemn part of the instruction of every educated man in the empire:—

"1. That the nation must be governed by moral agency in preference to physical force.

"2. That the services of the wisest and ablest men in the nation are indispensable to its good government.

"3. That the people have a right to depose a sovereign who, either from active wickedness or vicious indolence, gives cause to oppressive and tyrannical rule."*

Under these rules we find some remarkable spectacles at every step by which we penetrate into the region of Chinese politics. We find succession to the throne, while usually restricted to the reigning family, accorded to merit within that family. We read with astonishment self-accusing and penitential proclamations issued by high officials. We find the largest, minutest, severest scheme of competitive examination ever instituted, which has till recently been the only road to office for some thousands of years, and by which the way to office is kept open for all. We find, as a consequence, that the ablest and best instructed men are the

* "The Chinese and their Rebellions," p. 401.

rulers and servants of society, in theory, and, till lately, and generally speaking, in practice also. We find among a people so ruled, not only no right of revolution, but no conception of it; whereas they have not only a vivid conception, but a tenacious attachment to their right of rebellion against their Emperor.

If the question is asked whether, under the Chinese theory, the people should enjoy more or less freedom than under the opposite philosophical or religious theory of the Western world, one observer would point to the prodigious centralization of Chinese government as an evidence of despotism, while another would object that the reliance on moral force in the government of men indicates and ensures a remarkable degree of freedom. Under a doctrine of the radical badness of men there must, in all consistency, be a government of force. Under the opposite doctrine, there must, in all consistency, be a government of trust, of appeal to the highest qualities, of persuasion through the affections. How is it in fact?

To ascertain the truth, we must once more dissolve an old English association;—we must comprehend that freedom and self-government are not one and the same thing everywhere as we consider them at home. The Chinese are so far from self-government that it is an established rule of the empire that no functionary shall act in his native place,—nor even, if it can be avoided, in the province in which he was born. The whole people live under a hierarchy of functionaries, duly subordinated to each other, and all appointed from above, so that, looking only at the machinery of administration, one would suppose the Chinese the most infantine, and the most thoroughly schooled of all civilized nations. Yet nowhere is a greater freedom practically enjoyed—freedom of thought, speech, locomotion, industry, and personal characteristics. We must remember that the apparatus of government is not one of physical force; and that intellectual superiority is not engrossed by the functionaries, though it ought to distinguish them. The multitude approve and admire the system, as an affair of right and natural order; and the perpetual opportunity of filling the ranks of administration from their own order gives all classes a stake in the government. The universal cultivation which produces hundreds of competitors for one successful aspirant to office provides a strong check of criticism, and security against abuse. The absence of the learned professions of our part of the world answers the same purpose in another way, by concentrating attention on the administration of public affairs. In a great nation where there is no educated clergy, and no bar, and where the practice of medicine is not a dignified occupation (through the low condition of physical science), there are more retired scholars than in Europe on the one hand, and more men

perpetually occupied with public affairs on the other. Mr. Meadows's opinion of the actual liberties of Chinese citizens agrees with that of observers who knew much less of them, and were less serious and orderly in noting their remarks. He says:—

“As to practical freedom, mark the following. The Chinaman can sell and hold landed property with a facility, certainty, and security, which is absolute perfection compared with the nature of English dealings of the same kind. He can traverse his country throughout its 2000 miles of length, unquestioned by any official, and in doing so can follow whatever occupation he pleases. In open defiance of an obsolete law, he can quit his country and re-enter it without passport or other hindrance. Lastly, from the paucity of the military and police establishments, numbers of large villages (towns we may call some), exist in every district, the inhabitants of which scarcely ever see an official agent except when the tax-gatherers apply for the annual land tax.

“In some provinces the people are more prompt than in others to resist every kind of practical tyranny. In all, Chinamen enjoy an amount of freedom in the disposal of their persons and property, which other European nations than the Russians may well envy them.”*

Lieutenant Forbes gave us his view of the same matter ten years ago, and in his own loose nautical style. In the same passage we find references to two or three matters presented above:—

“Under the despotic sway” (as the Lieutenant is pleased to take for granted,) “of the Son of Heaven, the subject enjoys a fair portion of liberty, and more happiness than falls to the lot of most nations. The empire is as one family, and if the Imperial Father sometimes visits severely the error of a member of it, yet is he slow to exercise his authority; and though death be the penalty that the law awards for many offences, capital punishments are extremely rare; and the bent of the legislation aims at providing against the ills of humanity, by relieving its wants, and preventing rather than punishing crime. For this purpose education is general, arts are encouraged, gigantic undertakings are completed for facilitating trade, agriculture is held in honour, and every possible means adopted for feeding the people and preventing or alleviating famines, which, without some such regulations, would perhaps oftener occur.

“The whole system of government, from its antiquity, is necessarily most elaborate, the constitution has lasted almost entire from times when the rest of the world was barbarous, and has had the advantage of centuries of peace to consolidate itself.

“The history of the country presents an extraordinary number of different dynasties; but their revolutions have done little more than to put a new monarch on the throne, who has found it his interest to leave the great body of the people to pursue the even tenor of their way much as before.”†

* “The Chinese and their Rebellions,” p. 28.

† “Five Years in China,” pp. 5, 6r

Further on, after a review of the agricultural system of the country, Lieutenant Forbes thus gives his final impressions:—

“If some of the above particulars do not square with European notions of economy, amongst their fruits may be mentioned the most contented, good-humoured, well-fed, industrious, and happy population that, in the course of sixteen years of service in the navy, and rambles in most parts of the globe, I have ever met with.” (p. 92.)

The centralization is so extensive and thorough that it could not have subsisted for a tenth part of its actual duration if it had not been congenial with the national mind. When we consider that it has come to include one third of the human race, it must involve some strong principle of vitality which distinguishes it from the precarious and perilous centralization of an Austria, a Russia, and a modern France. A brief glance at the distribution of the empire will indicate what it amounts to. If M. Huc had been in a position, and in a mood, to reconcile the existence of such an apparatus with the popular freedom and confidence to which he testifies as strongly as any other traveller, he would not have rushed to the conclusion that the long duration of the Chinese polity is owing to the indifference of the people to public affairs. “Were it not so,” is his speculation, “a nation of 300,000,000 persons could scarcely have a moment’s repose, with such elements of discord and insurrection among them as the freedom of association and the liberty of the press.”*

Such is the truly French and Romish interpretation of peace and contentment in China!

Descending no lower in the scale of division than the District, which is somewhat like an English county, we find in China an average of eighty Districts constituting a Province. As there are eighteen provinces, there are in China about 1440 cities answering to the county towns of England, except in regard to their population, which mounts up from 500,000 to 3,000,000 of inhabitants. These cities are walled, and supposed capable of standing a siege. Each has a high dignitary, a civil mandarin, who is judge, director of police, receiver of taxes, and, in short, general administrator, aided by one or several subordinate officers, and especially by educational functionaries, who assist in the primary examinations for public office. These are all commissioned by the central government, taking rank accordingly, and separated from the lower agents required in a concentrated population. These Districts are grouped, according to convenience, into Departments,—two or three in one place, fifteen or eighteen in another,—the average being six Districts to a Department. A Prefect or Department Judge presides, and the district city in which he lives is

* “The Chinese Empire,” ii. 86.

elevated to the rank of a departmental city. This judge receives appeals from the District courts below ; and his judgments, again, may be appealed against in the Circuit courts, where an Intendant reviews the proceedings of a small group of Departments, but is more fully occupied in general administration. Here begins, *ex officio*, authority over the military ; an authority given to meet cases of local risings. The Intendant may reside in any of the cities of his circuit, but usually prefers one of the departmental cities. Hence there is a long step to the next rank ; for the next highest functionary corresponds directly with the Emperor, and reports to the Cabinet. The number of great men thus honoured is eighteen at one time, the Governors, or Governor-Generals of the eighteen provinces of the empire. Their power over all officials below them is great, from their access to the sovereign ; and each is Commander-in-chief as well as civil ruler in his province. A limited power of life and death resides in him. Three officers of high rank enjoy, under him, an authority, limited only by the provincial boundary, but purely sectional,—one undertaking finance, another criminal justice, and the third educational examination. Each province has its army, as well as its complete system of civil government, and educational institutions. It has also a certain number of unattached officials of proved quality, who are always ready for exceptional or unexpected service in any part of the empire. The army of the province (containing a territory and population answering to that of Great Britain) averages about 35,000 men, the calm, level, contented interior provinces having much less, and the mountainous seabord provinces, inhabited by a more turbulent population, requiring at times nearly 70,000. The governor of a territory like Great Britain, with several towns, rising from the extent of Birmingham to that of London, is a great man—very like a considerable sovereign, except that he works hard. His levée at sunrise is a scene of various business ; and the amount of correspondence to be despatched afterwards is immense.

From his particular London, we next step to metropolitan Peking, where there is a concentration of public offices, like those of a European capital. The Inner Council is the oldest ruling body in the empire, and may at one time have held everything in its own hands. At present there is a more limited and confidential council,—the Strategical Office—which despatches a good deal of the Emperor's business. Finally, there is the Emperor himself—the law-giver, the judge, the magistrate, the universal functionary, who is to the empire at large what the Governor-general is to the province, the Prefect to the department, and the District Magistrate to the District. He is aided by a peculiar body, the Censorate, who are called the Eyes and Ears of

the Emperor, who report the proceedings of all the officials appointed from Peking. The check upon them is that they are put in the places of those they inform against, and told to succeed at their peril. The Emperor's tenure is somewhat like theirs,—“despot” as he is called by superficial observers. He must succeed at his peril. If disorder and unhappiness encroach, and corruption spreads, the nation concludes that their ruler is out of harmony with the universe, or that there has been a mistake about his commission, or that the commission has expired. In the absence of a parliament, and without a dream of revolution, they depose him and try another.

Such is the order of affairs in an empire whose duration has become the proverb of the human race. Its distinctive principle is the application of moral instead of physical force; and its distinctive institution is the competitive examination, through which alone office is attainable, and by which the greatest amount of ability is, in theory, secured for the public service.

It has been observed above that the principle of selecting the wisest of the community for the public service has been more or less applied in China during the whole course of its history. The method of bringing ability to the surface, and establishing it in office by common consent, was founded under the Tang dynasty, which reigned from A.D. 618 for three centuries; the institution continues at this day, though the present dynasty has grievously corrupted the public service by the sale of offices. The primary examinations of the young men who desire to prove their quality, either for public office or private life, take place in the district cities, whence a specified number from each district are sent, distinguished by the title of Bachelor, to the provincial capital, to go through the rest of the probation.

“Every three years,” says Mr. Meadows, “the Bachelors of each province are examined, in the provincial capital, by two examiners who are sent from Peking, assisted by a large staff of officials on the spot. From five to ten thousand bachelors attend these triennial provincial examinations, though only a very limited number, averaging about seventy for each province, can pass. These have then the degree of *Keu jin*, or Licentiate. The licentiates from all the provinces are at liberty to attend the triennial metropolitan examinations at Peking, where some two or three hundred of them attain the degree of *Tsin sze*, or doctor. All these titles may be shortly described as marking degrees of extent and profundity of knowledge in the national philosophy, ethics, principles of government, history and statute laws, as well as of powers of composition. Bachelors have no right to expect office, their degree merely marking those who have stood the sifting process of the primary district and departmental examinations. But the degree of Licentiate, when China is socially and politically in a normal state, entitles the possessors to expect a post after some years waiting; while

that of Doctor ensures him, without delay, a district magistracy at the least.

"From all this my readers will see that there exists an enormous difference between the administrative system of the Chinese and those of certain other Oriental nations,—Persia and Turkey, for instance. Eastern Asia differs as widely from Western Asia as does this latter from Western Europe. Such a thing is unknown in China as the sudden elevation by the Emperor of grooms or barbers to the high official posts. Hard and successful study only enables a Chinese to set foot on the lowest step of the official ladder, and a long and unusually successful career is necessary to enable him to reach the higher rounds."*

About sixty-five mandarins are engaged in examining about twenty thousand candidates for the Licentiate degree in one province. About two hundred of these are the successful candidates. Their ages vary from fourteen to above forty. It must be remembered that much credit and many advantages may be obtained short of the highest success; and it is universally known that a large number are so equal in merit that the awards are a matter of almost as much anxiety to the examiners as to the candidates. The ordeal is a fearful one; and few of these occasions pass without more than one death in the cells in which the candidates are shut up alone for the trying days of probation. The inquiry ranges over a wide field, and appears to be as strict as it is various. The pre-Confucian relics, and the Sacred Books, and their commentators, come first in order, and a thorough acquaintance with these is indispensable. Next comes a review of the histories of each dynasty. Next, a survey of the ancient and modern divisions of the empire, with the history of all changes in them. A survey of literature and its history follows, with an account of all state collections of books and remarkable catalogues. Finally, there is some department of public administration to be described—roads and bridges, flood-gates and watercourses, agricultural business, or the like. The candidate has to answer questions, specially and secretly prepared for the occasion, and to write papers, without books or any communication whatever. He is searched, even to the soles of his shoes, that he may not carry in a scrap of print or memoranda; he brings his own food, and gets through the fearful days of toil, solitude, and suspense, as best he may. It is no wonder that some sink under it, signaling every examination by funerals. There may be some variations in the programme—the one just given being that used at Nanking in 1851, and communicated to the "Shanghai Almanack."

The first question which occurs to Englishmen is—Why is not China better governed, after such a preparation as this? Why is there not more success in the social experiment, if the country

* "The Chinese and their Rebellions," pp. 21, 22.

has, for scores of centuries, been "ruled by the most worthy and able," according to the theory of the empire—such pains being taken to secure the highest worth and ability? The answers to these questions arise very naturally from the perusal of the entire group of books on China which have appeared since the war of 1840-1842, though each work, with the exception of Mr. Meadows's, might leave an indistinct impression by itself, as to the relations of the Government to the lot of the Chinese people.

In the first place, what is failure? Can there be success in any polity, if not in that which has preserved an empire in an ever-growing condition for several thousand years? What is success, if not in securing such a duration of prosperity to one-third of the human race, keeping them well fed and cheerful, contented and peaceful—free from revolution, satisfied with their polity, and never even attempting to change it, though occasionally compelled to depose a ruler or a dynasty? The Chinese themselves consider this success; and no statesman will differ from them. But, if it be asked, with more particularity, how it is that the Chinese are not the most enlightened of all nations—why their great inventions (as that of printing) seem to have done nothing for them—why they are not modest in proportion to their learning, and wise in accordance with their knowledge—and why there is corruption in the administration, and cruelty in the executive—the reasons are easily found.

We must remember, in the first place, that the people of China are most respected by those who know them best; and it is absolutely necessary to put aside, not only such gross and wild representations as Mr. Bayard Taylor has stooped to publish in his otherwise agreeable "Journeys in India, China and Japan," but such pictures as M. Huc has drawn, under the unfavourable conditions of his theology and of his position as a missionary. Residents who know the interior, and have no call to interfere with the education or the opinions of the people, can tell us most about them; and it invariably turns out that they estimate the Chinese character the most highly. There were, however, the faults inseparable from a patriarchal system to begin with; and, as the system has gradually ceased to be patriarchal except in terms, the faults have not been outgrown. The value of male heirs has prevented the entire purification of marriage, though it is far higher in character than the gross polygamy of many eastern countries. The practice of concubinage, thus upheld, impedes that progress in refinement which diffused education would otherwise secure, and depresses the female sex. Slavery accompanies concubinage, as the shadow the substance; and we need not stop to expatiate on the evil influences of assuming that human beings can be property. As to the common suggestion

that Caste must be very demoralizing, the answer is, that European ignorance has mistaken the Chinese classification of employments for the institution of Caste. A moment's consideration will show that civil service competitive examinations, open to all, cannot co-exist with caste; and, in fact, every man in China may employ himself as he pleases, whatever his father's calling may be. The principle of moral rule, and the honour paid to intellect in the whole scheme of polity, secures the first place in social honour for the literary class. In ancient days, agriculture came next to literature; but, as civilization proceeded, the more intellectual vocations rose above it, so that the bankers and merchants now rank next to the learned class; and even the artisans are higher than the husbandmen. The maxim is, that men who work with the mind are the rulers, and those who work with the limbs are the ruled.

If we proceed to inquire how, under this aristocracy of the brain, the administration can be what it is, there are two kinds of answer. First, the national practice has been infringed by the Manchoo rulers, who are paying the penalty of their treason in awaiting their destiny from the rebels. Under temptation, the reigning family did the fatal deed which is never passed over in China—never forgotten or forgiven, or left without retribution—they sold office. Once having begun, they could not stop; and in the present condition of the empire they can certainly never recover themselves; and it is this which makes their downfall certain in the eyes of all who understand the Chinese. Incapable officials abound, in the most lucrative regions of public employment; and the old right of insurrection is asserted accordingly, its success being only a question of time. The strict puritanical tone and temper of the rebels commands the sympathies of all true patriots, however strange or unintelligible the divinity of the new sect may appear to the unprepared native mind; and thus, if it had so happened that the foreign relations of the empire had been undisturbed, there would have been scarcely a doubt of the regeneration of the government, and of the steady, unbroken march of the old polity. The true policy of the European powers at this moment is, in the opinion of the best judges, to come to an understanding with the rebel reformers, simply enabling them to complete their work without delay and further bloodshed—turning out the Manchoes (both court and troops) and bringing back the administration to its old principles and conservative virtues. With such a theory, and such a principle as those of the Chinese polity, there must be an indomitable vitality—an inextinguishable recuperative power, under which the empire might renew its youth, even after such a period of misrule as will attach disgrace to the Manchoo dynasty through all future time.

These sovereigns are answerable for the bloodshed, as well as the corruption, which is a new feature in Chinese life. In the face of the ten commandments and the golden rule, which the Confucian religion presents as conspicuously as that of Christendom, these rulers have slaughtered the rebels by hundreds and thousands—causing the public to stand aghast in the first place, and then, in some instances, to retaliate, though more frequently to admit that the sacred commission has certainly passed away from the reigning dynasty, and that there will be nothing but misery till it is replaced by one worthy to rule.

Still we return to the question why, under a system of such elevated pretensions, matters have gone so ill? Is it not true, we ask in reply, that the most hopeless conceit in the world is found among the moralists? Is it not so all the world over? Among our village neighbours (possibly in our own households), in our municipal councils, in metropolitan society, in the religious world, in parliament, in international intercourses, who are so hopelessly at a stand-still as the moralists? We need not stop to account for this on philosophical grounds; for the fact is admitted by all but the class themselves. Suffice it that, ignorant that morals are themselves subordinate to the intellect, and that goodness is precarious and imperfect till it becomes wisdom, moralists (who stop at being moralists) suppose erroneously that they have found the basis of things, and that the universe and all its doings must be accommodated to their notions. They never get on, because they suppose that the thing wanted is for all the rest of the world to come up to their high ground; while, to admit that they can grow wiser in any other direction is to yield up their high ground. But how came the Chinese into this state of mind,—this misuse of their own social theory, after having so long ago adopted the noble doctrine that there is no separation between intellect and morals? Their holy men were irrefragable at once in insight and in goodness from the same cause, and by the same process. How is it that, after such a recognition as that, and while professing the theory which accounts for the wisdom of the Saints, the Chinese administration, if not the social system, has degenerated, under the loftiest moral professions?

It appears to us that this grand failure—so mortifying to the advocates of government by a hierarchy of worth and wisdom, so late, and yet so signal—is owing to a mistake (inevitable in the old centuries) as to the nature of knowledge: There is a long stage in civilization, during which literature is prodigiously overrated. The Chinese reached this stage long before anybody else—as far as we yet know—and they have got no further, though some glimpse is obtained, here and there on the globe, of the fact

that books are only one means of knowledge, and that hopeless ignorance is a certain consequence of an exclusive attachment to them. Before it is declared, on the one hand, that the social system in China is a realization of the theory of government by the wisest and best; and before China is pointed to, on the other hand, as an illustration of government by the wisest and best, it has to be settled whether the Chinese qualification for public service is real or sham knowledge. The Chinese cannot, of course, admit a doubt of this while their Sacred Books and Holy Men are the source of their wisdom, and their ideas of wisdom. But if we clearly perceive that their doctrines, and the studies to which they lead, have no claim to the title of knowledge at all, we must deny that the experiment of government by the wisest has been put upon its trial at all in China. The Saints and Sages of the Celestial Empire never got beyond the metaphysical stage of cultivation (they would have been prophets in an age of miracle, if they had, in the infancy of society); and the last thing any of their disciples would dream of would be that there was a stage beyond theirs. So the mind of China has been exercised by nothing higher than metaphysical speculation; its so-called knowledge amounts to a perpetual accommodation of the phenomena of life and the world to those speculations; and literature is supposed to be the one-only field and storehouse of knowledge. Thus, while professing that worth and ability shall rule—that goodness is inseparable from insight—and that morality is the supreme law of, not man only, but collective men, the Chinese are, rigorously speaking, intensely ignorant, probably the most ignorant of civilized nations—stationary in morals, and retrograde in government, though probably with a sufficient power of recovery. They compare with “outside barbarians” as a closet student of the mediæval schoolmen would compare with the best constitutional statesman of our day, who would doubtless be condemned by the disciple of the metaphysical saints of Europe as “sunk in materialism,” and so forth. No doubt, a great deal of sound, substantial, practical knowledge is common in China, as elsewhere; but nowhere does science—truth which can be demonstrated—bear so small a proportion to the amount of cultivation. There will probably be time enough, before their theory is (without being changed) adapted to the progress made by the human mind, for the rest of the world to perceive that before any society can be governed by the wisest and best, that society must be wise as to the nature of knowledge, and must be in a position to secure the true qualification in its rulers;—that they should have gone furthest in the regions of the knowable, without having gone beyond them.

What is life in China like, under such conditions? It is cer-

tainly a much merrier affair than we have been given to understand, and much like life in those countries of the world in which individuals enjoy most freedom, whatever the theory of government may be. We all of us remember the old and true story of the collector entering a remote Chinese village, with a log padlocked on his neck, and his shoulders blue with stripes, exhibiting his troubles to the people, and saying, "See what I suffer because I have not paid in your taxes. You will pay at once, no doubt, to save me another beating;"—the beating and the log being self-imposed, as a short way of getting his business done in a place where the official countenance was an unknown phenomenon, and the people had taken care of themselves and one another for a generation or two. Such is no unfair specimen of rural life in many parts of China, at least till the rebels began their march northwards. It probably is so still; for there are multitudes of settlements where the rebels had never been heard of, so lately as two or three years ago. Those are the places in which to see the inexhaustible, perdurable life of China. In the plain, the villagers do nearly the same things on the same day of the year, for the whole of a long life. In the spring, the peasants turn out to scrape the river banks, and clean the canals, and gather together the sodden grass and all refuse, and throw it into heaps; and then they convey the fertilizing material to their fields and gardens, watching the melting down of the clods, in order to cast in their seed at the right moment. Supposing the crop to be cotton, here is the harvest picture:—

"As the pods are bursting every day, it is necessary to have them gathered with great regularity, otherwise they fall upon the ground and the cotton gets dirty, which of course reduces its value in the market. Little bands of the Chinese are now seen in the afternoon in every field, gathering the ripe cotton, and carrying it home to the houses of the farmers. As the farms are generally small, they are worked almost entirely by the farmer and his family, consisting sometimes of three or even four generations, including the old grey-haired grandfather, who has seen the crops of fourscore years gathered into his barns. Every member of the family groups has a certain degree of interest in his employment; the harvest is their own, and the more productive it is, the greater the number of comforts they will be able to afford. Of course there are many cotton farms of larger size, where labourers are employed in addition to the farmer's family; but by far the greater number are small, and worked in the way I have just described. It is no unusual sight to see the family goats, too, doing their share of the work. Several of these animals are kept on almost every farm, where they are, of course, great favourites with the children, and often follow them to the cotton-fields. Although the children with their little hands can gather the cotton as well as their elders, they are not strong enough to carry it about with them; and

it is amusing to see their favourites, the goats, with bags slung across their backs, receiving the deposits of cotton, and bearing it home to the houses, evidently aware that they, too, are working for the general good."*

One of the pleasantest particulars in the subsequent history of the family is the independence of the farmer in transacting his sales. He trots into the city, with his sacks of cotton swinging from the bamboo pole balanced on his shoulder; and he trots from warehouse to warehouse till he gets his price. It is probable that the diseases which are exhibited by the roadside, in a country where every stranger is supposed to be a doctor, have created that impression of popular poverty in China, which is thoroughly disproved by every narrative of modern travel in the interior. Something may be owing also to the opposition of taste in viands, which makes the Chinese and Europeans wonder, perhaps equally, at each other. An English sailor who eats tripe, mushrooms and periwinkles, and likes his roast beef half raw, thinks that Chinamen, who eat stewed dog and broiled rats, must be half-starved; whereas it is now made pretty clear that, amidst their rivers, shoaly with fish, their swarms of game, their rich gardens and fertile fields, and incalculable swine, the Chinese are the most plump and well-fed population in the world. It must be the disease which gives an impression of mendicinity to minds full of New York, London or Paris associations. When the stranger sees rows of lepers, or fever-stricken wretches, and especially an exhibition of the maladies which arise from dirt and mismanagement, on the causeways or canal banks near every settlement, he may easily imagine the people sunk in poverty, though a nearer examination would show him the loom and the spinning-wheel busy and gainful, and the cottage stored, above and below, with food for the year, and clothing for a lifetime. It is knowledge which is wanted in the sanitary case—science in the physician, and prudence in the patient. If the following was the treatment undergone by M. Huc in a large inland city, what hope is there from doctoring for the villagers in the hills or on the plain? MM. Huc and Gabet being seized with pains and sickness, the mandarins about them sent for an eminent physician, and, till he arrived, discoursed on the nature of the malady from *a priori* premises. Humidity being essential to harmony—

"It was finally agreed, unanimously, that nothing more was necessary than green peas, boiled cucumbers, and water-melons, to set us on our feet again, and enable us to pursue our journey; and in the meantime the doctor arrived. The ceremonious, yet perfectly easy manner in which he presented himself, pointed him out as a man who passed his time in paying visits. He was a little roundabout man, with a

* Fortune's "Three Years in China," pp. 270, 271.

pleasing countenance, and of a redundant plumpness, calculated to afford the most advantageous ideas of his hygienic principles: and a pair of great spectacles, seated on a very little rudimentary kind of nose, and tied behind his ears with a silk cord, gave him quite a finished medical air. A small grey beard and moustachios, and hair of the same colour tied behind in a pigtail, afforded additional evidence of long experience in the art of healing. As he approached our bed, he gave utterance to some aphorisms that did not seem to us altogether worthless.

"I have learned," said he, "that the illustrious patient was born in the countries of the west. It is written in the books that maladies vary according to the country; those of the north do not resemble those of the south; every nation has some that are peculiar to it, and every country produces particular remedies, adapted to the ordinary infirmities of its inhabitants. The skilful physician ought to distinguish different temperaments, in order to understand the true character of maladies and prescribe suitable medicaments; it is in this that his science consists. We must take good care not to treat the men of the Western Seas in the same manner as the men of the Central Nation." After having laid down these principles, with very striking inflexions of voice, and abundance of gesticulation, he drew towards him a bamboo arm-chair, and seated himself by the side of our bed. He then asked for our right arm, and having laid it on a small cushion, he began to feel the pulse by playing on it with all his fingers, as if he were playing the pianoforte. The Chinese consider that there are different pulses corresponding to the heart, the liver, and the other principal organs. To feel the pulse well you must feel them all one after the other, and sometimes several together, in order to understand their several relations. During this operation, which lasted a very long while, the doctor appeared plunged in profound meditation; he did not speak one word, but kept his head bent down, and his eyes fixed on the points of his shoes.

"When the right arm had had its turn, the left was taken, and the same ceremonies performed with it; and then at length the doctor majestically raised his head, stroked his beard and moustachios two or three times, and pronounced the sentence: 'By some means or other,' said he, shaking his head, 'the cold air has penetrated into the interior, and has put itself in opposition, in many organs, with the igneous principle; thence arises the struggle, which must necessarily manifest itself by vomitings and convulsions; we must, therefore, combat the evil with warm substances.'

"The mandarins, who a minute before had said precisely the contrary, did not fail to agree entirely with the opinion of the physician."*

According to M. Huc's way of reading his Bible, "we are told to honour physicians, in case of necessity;" and he therefore submitted to a few remarkable processes, to which he evidently considers his recovery in no degree owing. He got well, however;

* Huc's "Chinese Empire," ii. 4-6.

but his narrative leads us to consider the small chance left for lepers, and victims of liver and lung and cerebral complaints, in the hands of doctors who boast of their eight hundred volumes on medicine, and of drugs as ancient as the Egyptian mummies, and then treat disease on principles derived from "the five elements," or correspondences with the stars.

Life on the water is at least as gay as on the land, in China. There is fishing by day, with always a good market; and fishing by torchlight, with lots of fun. There is the voyage to town, with a heaped-up deck of tempting fruits and fragrant flowers, with eager buyers at the wharf, and a good sleep in a quiet cove on the return, with a pocketful of money. The middle-class landed proprietor has his mansion in the midst of fields which never entirely disappoint expectation—so perfect are the agricultural methods in use for the drainage and irrigation of the soil, and the mastery of "the five elements" which constitute nature to the Chinese mind. The fruity gardens, the leafy lawns, the flowery conservatories, and fish-ponds, and poultry-yards, are agreeable appliances of Chinese country life; and none enjoy them more than the great mandarins, when the toils of office—toils really great and long-continued—permit them to repair to their estates.

As for town life, it seems to be as gay for the public in general as for the gayest classes in Paris or Rome. The impression given by the whole series of recent works on China is of a prevalent vivacity, such as the untravelled English have no conception of. Open shops, displaying gay colours; dandy shopmen, of whom the same thing may be said; court-yards with gold fish, aviaries of singing-birds, and, in the evenings, painted lanterns; fruit-shops piled with grapes and melons, and pine-apples iced at command; eating-houses, with such tables as those described by the *Times*' correspondent; tea-houses at the elevation of observatories, for the sake of air and the view; public gardens, with jugglers, fortune-tellers, dancing and singing girls, tight-ropes, and dramatic interludes; while at every corner, and in every open space, are itinerant tradesmen, from the *restaurateur* to the dentist and the craniologist. From "tinker and tailor" to "apothecary, thief," there are plenty of each order who live an outdoor life: and those who stay at home contribute to the general amusement by their signs. "A doctor's shop," says Forbes (p. 36), "will be ornamented with a patriarch leaning on a crook, and by his side a deer or stork, the stork being the emblem of longevity, which, as is well known, at least in China, pulverized dried deer's flesh affords the surest means of attaining." Nothing seems to have struck Mr. Fortune more than the gaiety of the streets, and of the people in them, in the great interior cities.

“The old curiosity-shops are numerous,” he says, “and contained articles of great value among the Chinese, such as ancient porcelain jars, bronzes, carved bamboo, jars cut out of the beautiful Jade-stone, and a variety of other things of like description. I observed some large silk shops, as I passed along, and, judging from the number of people in the town who wear silk dresses, they must have a thriving trade. . . . The people of Hang-chow dress gaily, and are remarkable among the Chinese for their dandyism. All except the lowest labourers and coolies strutted about in dresses composed of silk, satin, and crape.”*

This does not look much like pressure on the means of subsistence, or the ever-urgent famine in which we used to suppose the Chinese to be living. It must be remembered, however, that this dressy city is in the heart of the chief silk district, where, over an area of about a hundred miles each way, scarcely any trees but the mulberry are to be seen. But there are other silk districts; and some notion of the production may be formed from the fact that when, after the opening of the port of Shanghai to us, the exportation of silk suddenly rose from 3,000 to 20,000 bales, the difference was unfelt in the home market of China. An additional export of 17,000 bales, wholly unprepared for, had no effect on the price of either the raw material or the manufacture. Such facts disclose a magnificent prospect to British commerce, whenever the great rivers are opened to our merchants.

The towns exhibit tea even more prominently than silk. Between the gay shops, presenting monsters on the walls, and fountains, and grottoes, and odd trees in the courtyards; and the making and painting of tea-chests; and the packing and embarking by boats; and the union of tea and theatrical and other amusements, Chinese life seems to be embalmed in tea, in fact, as it has always been in the European imagination. Mr. Fortune leads us on into the hills, where the commodity is produced, and enables us to see the broad upland slopes dotted over with the shrub, which gives a comfortable subsistence to millions of people there, as it affords solace to millions more in Europe and America. Tea brings in the idea of priests, for more reasons than one. The first green tea was made under the instruction of a priest on the hill of Sung-lo. No doubt he must have been inspired; but he made the ignoble end of turning layman, through the profits of his green tea. Buddhist temples are sprinkled all over China; and among the tea hills they abound, the situation being favourable. There, perched on some height, live the bonzes and their idols, all in yellow, and making themselves abundantly heard with their gongs, and seen at their studies and devotions, while they tempt strangers by providing seats at good points of view,

* “Tea Districts of China,” pp. 36, 37.

and by the turtle floating among the waterlilies in their fish-ponds, and the delicate entertainments within doors. These are the great monasteries; and the gradation is pretty complete, from those which have a tooth or toe of Buddha to exhibit, to the shabby edifices where the prayer-wheel will not turn, and the lanterns are torn, and the robes dirty, and the priests living on the broken victuals they beg.

Life in the mountains of the southern provinces is a very different affair. There is a population in the mountainous regions there which bears traces of a different origin from that of the Chinese generally, though it has become completely assimilated in the national estimation. Instead of the ruddy, plump, luxurious aspect and habits of the northern Chinese, these people have sallow faces, more expressive countenances, and a readier enterprise and courage. These mountains have cradled young rebellion again and again; and secret societies have flourished in their valleys. These highlanders make the best soldiers; and their raids into the lowlands are much like those of other half-civilized mountaineers. Bands from the hills pillage the custom-houses and treasuries, take toll on merchandize and cattle, and levy black mail on the wealthy, sparing individuals, thus gaining popular sympathy, and preserving it by controlling the oppressions of the mandarins. Everywhere in China the mandarins may tremble in their sedans if they have been guilty of injustice or extortion: for the doctrine of tyrannicide is popular there,—citizens frequently showing themselves ready to sacrifice their lives to rid the community of an oppressor, or even to draw the attention of the general government to the locality where such misery exists: but the mountaineers have been wont to do things on a larger scale. Beginning on the Robin Hood or Rob Roy scale, they have often become a banditti, formidable to all ranks of mandarins within a long distance; and have even repeatedly grown into a rebel army which has changed a dynasty. M. Huc, not distinguishing between political revolution and rebellion against a sovereign or a dynasty, charges the Chinese with having revolutionized their polity at least as often as any other nation. The duration of their polity, unaltered in all its essential principles and organization, for several thousands of years, is a sufficient answer to the charge; but that the executive head of this polity has frequently been changed by means of popular risings is not a contradiction but a consequence of the stability of the system to which the sovereigns are themselves subservient. From the recesses of his palace at Peking, the Emperor of the day looks with apprehension to the opposite extreme of his territory, where there are whole populations whom he cannot reach or terrify, whom his soldiers cannot face, at whose mercy his southern

mandarins lie, and who may upset his throne any day, as their forefathers upset the thrones of his predecessors. There is nothing to be done, the great man supposes; so he will forget those people; and henceforth it is forbidden to mention them. Worse, perhaps, than the marauding on land is the piracy at sea; and it is carried on in an analogous way, and by much the same sort of people. The mountains make the harbours, creeks, and coves of the coast; and these are almost all in the south of China. There has always been comparatively little foreign commerce towards the north, where the great central plain melts into the sea. There will be more, of course, when Europeans obtain access to the interior and its products; but while foreign trade existed only on sufferance, it was, as all the world knows, confined to the south. In the recesses, and among the islands of that coast, native traders and pirates have always sheltered themselves, combining, as Mr. Meadows observes, the characteristics of the mountaineer and the mariner. It is conceivable how we may have been misled about the average life of China when our informants have, till quite lately, formed their conceptions from the corrupted hangers-on of Canton, the ill-conditioned, servile class in the northern ports, and the pirates of the south-eastern coast, who constitute about as fair specimens as "the Mean whites" would be of the American citizen, or our city Arabs of the English youth, or the wreckers on the Connaught Isles of the British nation generally.

Our readers will have anticipated the fact that the rebels who now command a wide and populous region in the very heart of China issued from the mountain districts. They secured their first footing in the southern highlands of Kwang-se. First consisting of a religious reformer, obtaining converts slowly, and afterwards of a body of ascetic regenerators of faith, the rising was some-years in becoming politically formidable. When at length it became so, the avowed object was the overthrow of the Manchoo dynasty, which evidently might be effected, and ought to be effected, if the mischief done by that family is not now too desperate to admit of reparation. The practice of bloodshed, rendered horribly familiar by the Manchoo soldiery and officials, seems to have essentially impaired the national character of the Chinese; and so has the official corruption which appears to have spread a dry rot through the whole administrative system.—long the best that the world ever witnessed. The practice of selling office destroyed at a stroke the characteristic virtue of the polity; and it must be a serious question whether it can ever be restored, even by such a vigour of puritanism as the rebels carry with them. It is quite true that if the Chinese system had been all that it assumed to be, it could not have lain at the mercy of any Manchoo or other dynasty. If the Sacred Books on which the whole was based had

contained genuine philosophy, instead of abstract conceptions drawn from the human brain alone, without any rectification from the rest of the universe ; if the qualification for the public service had been real knowledge, instead of mere literature ; and if the individual liberty which undoubtedly existed under the ancient scheme had been combined with some sort of appeal to the popular interest in political affairs, such a system could not have been so undermined. The people would have been vigilant, the hierarchy faithful in the main, and the Manchoo family helpless under the spell of the national maxims of peace and integrity. Again, there is no superiority in the doctrine of the rebels which should entitle them to overthrow the Sacred Books and the Holy Men, though their moral reforms give them power against imperial defections. It is a case of gross superstition against baseless metaphysics. Those who are disposed may make a choice between them ; but it is not easy to say which the Chinese would prefer, if their own case could be shown to them as it appears to others. At present, though almost every man, woman, and child reads and writes, and thinks books the highest of created things, scarcely anybody takes the least interest in public affairs. In the canal-boats the poorest people who have no other house, have books and writing apparatus on board ; and there is not a passenger in any street who cannot read the proclamations on the walls. Moreover, there are few families which do not furnish one candidate or more for examination, with a view to the civil service : and yet the apathy about public affairs seems to be unequalled by anything witnessed among any other educated population. The people leave it all to the mandarins, not even caring to put aside any other reading for the "Peking Gazette," which is very cheap, and would tell them a good deal. M. Huic shows how small is the popular interest even in the death of an Emperor, who is not necessarily succeeded by his eldest son :—

"In ordinary times," he says, "and when they are not under the influence of any revolutionary movement, the Chinese are not at all inclined to meddle with affairs of Government ; they are a delightfully quiet people to deal with. In 1851, at the period of the death of the Emperor Tao-konang, we were travelling on the road from Peking ; and one day, when we had been taking tea at an inn in company with some Chinese citizens, we tried to get up a little political discussion.

"We spoke of the recent death of the Emperor, an important event, which of course must have interested everybody. We expressed our anxiety on the subject of the succession to the imperial throne, the heir to which was not yet publicly declared. 'Who knows,' said we, 'which of the three sons of the Emperor will have been appointed to succeed him ? If it should be the eldest, will he pursue the same system of government ? If the younger, he is still very young, and it is said there are contrary influences, two opposing parties at court : to

which will he lean?' We put forward, in short, all kinds of hypotheses, in order to stimulate these good citizens to make some observation. But they hardly listened to us. We came back again and again to the charge, in order to elicit some opinion or other on questions that really appeared to us of great importance. But to all our piquant suggestions, they replied only by shaking their heads, puffing out whiffs of smoke, and taking great gulps of tea.

"This apathy was really beginning to provoke us, when one of these worthy Chinese, getting up from his seat, came and laid his two hands on our shoulders in a manner quite paternal, and said, smiling rather ironically:—

"Listen to me, my friend! Why should you trouble your heart and fatigue your head by all these vain surmises? The mandarins have to attend to affairs of State; they are paid for it. Let them earn their money, then. But don't let us torment ourselves about what does not concern us. We should be great fools to want to do political business for nothing.'

"That is very conformable to reason,' cried the rest of the company, and thereupon they pointed out to us that our tea was getting cold, and our pipes were out."*

If there were any other agency by which the empire could be retrieved, one would rather it should be by some more promising intervention than that of leaders who, however well-meaning and earnest, set out three teabowls for the Trinity, and rest their entire project on the inspiration of their Heavenly Princes. But there seems to be no alternative. We will not regard as an alternative the suggestion we now and then hear,—that we ourselves must conquer China. It is bad enough that we are embroiled with it. It was the height of rashness and folly to make a dishonest quarrel, as our representatives unhappily did, and more unhappily were upheld for having done. It would be madness to desire to do more than obtain good security for a free commerce. If this can be best done by getting rid of the Manchoo Emperor who has offended us and Europe, then we may perhaps be wise to quicken the process by which the rebels propose to expel the dynasty. Beyond that, we ought to abstain from meddling more or less in Chinese politics. Our special object gained—a secure and free commerce, including access to all parts of the empire (to which the people have clearly no objection), and reparation for the damage of the war—we have no further business on the stage of public affairs there. The Chinese have changed their dynasty and reformed their procedure before: we have no right to conclude that they cannot do it again; and least of all can we thrust in our own notions and our own will, disqualified as we are by ignorance of an empire hitherto secluded from the world's observation, and by associations so different from the Chinese as to

* Huc's "Chinese Empire," pp. 96, 97.

constitute a widely different mental structure. We know what we want. Let us obtain it, and there stop. We may possibly prevail on Yeh, as a prisoner, to introduce us and our demands to the Emperor,—a thing never done while the great mandarins were at large; so that it even appears doubtful whether the treaties on which the last peace was founded were ever heard of at Peking. If the captive Commissioner can be prevailed on to act as master of the ceremonies, there is no saying what we might not obtain in the way of our object. Next, there is the opportunity of the rebel establishment in the heart of the empire. The last thing desired, we believe, by anybody is that we should have to undertake any political or territorial business whatever in China, beyond the limits of our own stations, established for commercial purposes.

But after our somewhat protracted survey, our readers may ask—"What of the household in China? What of the Family, which is the recognised type of the whole polity?" There is but little to tell. M. Huc, as a priest, cannot speak with authority or acceptance on domestic subjects, even if he had had opportunity of observation. He amuses us with little sketches which would suit other countries, with some slight alteration of costume;—the dandy-son of the household, flirting his fan in Woo-chang, as he would twirl his moustache in New York, and bleat or baa in London; the student-son of the household, the same everywhere for paleness, and pedantry and slovenliness; the pompous father, the tyrannical or indulgent father, the ambitious or the phlegmatic father;—all these are common to all countries. The tutor is, perhaps, a distinctive personage in China. Here is M. Huc's account of him, as he appeared in the house of a mandarin where the missionaries were quartered:—

"We used to talk to him of Europe, and he, in return, told us stories of China, which he seasoned plentifully with sentences from the classic authors of his country. * This learned Chinese resembled very much those erudite personages of former days whose conversation was always bristling with quotations from Latin and Greek. In France the race is almost extinct, but it is still flourishing in full vigour in China. The man of learning is accustomed to present himself with a considerable amount of easy assurance, indeed with not a little vanity and pomposity, so convinced is he of his own value.

"He is the diapason of every conversation; for he is erudite, and, moreover, a fine speaker. His vocal organ is mostly of a marvellous flexibility; and he has the habit of accompanying his words with much stately gesticulation, of emphasizing many of them, and indulging in great variety of intonation.

"His language, being in a very sublime style, is not always very intelligible; but that is perhaps rather an advantage, as it gives him an opportunity of assisting the comprehension of his hearers, by de-

scribing with his finger in the air explanatory characters. If any one else begins to talk in his presence, he listens to him with a shake of the head, and a compassionate smile that seems to say, 'Well, well, you have not the gift of eloquence.'

"But when one of these erudite gentlemen fills the office of tutor, although at bottom he may have the same amount of conceit, he is forced to put on a little modesty over it; for he understands very well the imprudence of displaying his pride before those who require his services.

"These *magistri* form in China an extremely numerous class. They are usually men of no fortune, who, not having been able to attain to the dignity of the mandarin, are obliged to resort to this method of obtaining their living. It is not necessary to have passed all the examinations in order to become a *magister*, for in China education is quite free, and any one is at liberty to set up a school, without the Government interfering with him in any way whatever. The interest a father must feel in the education of his children is supposed to be a sufficient guarantee for his choice of a master."*

As to the women, as a part of Chinese society, other travellers have as little to say as the Jesuit priests. We read of the women in the cotton-field and at the loom, and in the tea-factories, and the silk-shops, and wherever cooking is going on: but this and the little foot is about all we know. Mr. Meadows gives us the sum and substance of his own knowledge here:—

"Woman is still more the slave of man among the Chinese than among Anglo-Saxons. The quality of her slavery is, however, much tempered by the great veneration which Confucian principles require sons to pay both parents. The Imperial Government dare not refuse leave of absence to a mandarin if he, as an only son, requires it in order to tend his widowed mother during her declining years; even though the Government may know that the real cause of his asking for leave is to escape from some impending official difficulty. On the other hand, a mandarin dare not (as we may do) ask for leave in order to tend a suffering wife, or to visit one from-whom official duties have long separated him. Nothing surprises and amuses mandarins more than the frequent reference which foreign functionaries *will* make to their conjugal relations as affecting, in one way or the other, their official avocations and duties. A Chinese will rarely introduce his most intimate male acquaintance to his wife. It is hardly considered a compliment. Introductions to mothers are, on the other hand, not unfrequent. The friend introduced then performs the kow tow to the lady, *i. e.*, he kneels before her, and touches the ground repeatedly with his forehead. The son does not prevent him, but he returns the salute by kneeling and kow towing to his friend. Thus two men, and often, of course, grey-bearded men of high station, will in China be found knocking their heads against the floor in honour of a woman of their own class in society. Add to this that if a mother accuses her

* Huc's "Chinese Empire," pp. 109, 110.

son before the magistrate, the latter will punish him as a black slave is punished in an American flogging-house, *i.e.* without inquiry into the specific offence. The reader will conclude that this great social and legal authority of mothers in China must operate to raise the position of females generally; and this it does in fact; though in the contraction of their own marriages each is but a passive instrument.”*

As a whole, what we have related will not accord with the picture most of our readers have put together in their own minds in regard to the people of China. Where, they will ask, is all the moral degradation? Where is the thieving, the lying, the opium-smoking, the infanticide, the ferocity towards foreigners, the frivolity, and everything else that is bad? The best authorities declare or imply that most of all this is in the imagination or narrowness of experience of the narrator. Here is one instance,—relating to the worst crime on the list, infanticide, which is taken for granted as a consequence of a cause which appears not to exist.

“I venture to say, that even now the Chinese are nowhere what they are represented as having been a few years ago in M. Huc’s ‘Chinese Empire.’ For instance, M. Huc broadly asserts that the birth of a daughter ‘is in general regarded as a humiliation and dishonour for the family; it is a manifest proof of a curse of heaven!’ Can any English fathers and mothers believe that? I have seen hundreds of fathers walking about with such little dishonours and curses in their arms, handsomely dressed and prattling away to the pleased and proud papas.”†

We have seen, in the results of some recent controversies, how enormously exaggerated are the accounts given in Europe of the opium-smoking, and how small indeed the total consumption of opium is in China in comparison with that of spirits and tobacco in the United States, and even in European States. As to the rest, sharpers and thieves are sure to congregate where foreigners appear in a country whose language they cannot speak, and, above all, where there are impediments to their entrance and free locomotion. There is no reason to suppose that the citizens are cheated in their own streets as the British are on the wharves or in the canal boats: and the emigrant Chinese seem to be easy to deal with, except in regard to their conceit. Abroad and at home they are eminently industrious, fair in their bargains, and cheerful, frugal, and so far sensible as that they are all educated. The frivolity is probably true of more people than we have at home. The Chinese are a pleasure-loving and merry people. In the lower classes, this cheerfulness is a virtue and a grace, relieving their strenuous industry. In the idle of a higher class the same

* “The Chinese and their Rebellions,” pp. 634, 635. † *Ibid.* p. 397.

tendency appears as frivolity. Women who are kept ignorant and secluded, and regarded as incapable of securing respect except in virtue of years, must be frivolous till those years are attained. The so-called frivolities of official men and merchants are seen out of business hours, we must remember; and what the business hours of a conscientious mandarin must be any one may conceive by reading Mr. Meadows's account of what the function includes.

While dwelling on these imputed immoralities, we are apt to take for granted others which usually attend idolatry and gross popular superstitions in "pagan" countries: but it is a fact which should not be thoughtlessly neglected that the sacred books of the Chinese are absolutely pure in thought and expression, so that every line of both text and commentary might be read aloud in any drawing-room in England; and it is another pregnant fact that idolatry itself is in China perfectly exempt from licentious associations. Neither the idols themselves, nor any celebrations connected with them, are offensive to decency. Mr. Williams's testimony is as express as Mr. Meadows's in this matter. "One pagan nation," he says, "has come down from ancient times; and this alone is distinguished for its abstinence from religious slaughter of innocent blood, and the unsanctified licence of unblushing lust." To this kind of purity he attributes the unequalled duration of the Chinese empire.

On the whole, it appears that the Chinese are pretty much on a par with other civilized nations, after all the pains they have taken to shut themselves up from time immemorial with the intention of being far superior. Looking at the present and past condition of other Asiatic countries, we cannot undertake to say that the Chinese would have been so advanced as they are without so peculiar a polity and training. The point of interest is not so much this as what may be expected, and what can be done, now that the polity is seriously undermined by corruption, and the peculiar experience brought to an end. China is virtually thrown open, and the great padlock cast down a well. The polity has, through all its corruptions, admitted of the people's advance in knowledge, arts, and morals. May this truth be accepted, or may it not, as a sign that some truer doctrine may grow out of the correction supplied by fact to metaphysics, and be incorporated as the old doctrine was with an administrative system which had proved its power of preserving the vitality of an empire for several thousand years?

ART. IV.—PARTY GOVERNMENT.

ENGLAND collectively has not made up its mind what organic changes in the conduct of public affairs are desirable; but we may without rashness assert, that the nation, as distinct from the public men and from the journalists, is unanimous in desire for the overthrow of government by *Party*. By what means *Party* may be set aside, and National Policy be made to take its place, is a truly difficult problem; because the evil is an immorality, and is supported by false immoral theory, which infects nearly all public men: hence we are as yet a long way off from the cure. Nevertheless, the nation was never in former days more of one accord in wishing the power of the King to be restricted, than it is now accordant in dislike and contempt for *Party* interests; which, even in a petty state despicable, become a hideous monstrosity when allowed to pervert the government of a great empire. We do not use too strong a word, in saying that *disgust* is the feeling prevalent in the nation, as soon as it believes that a public struggle is a mere effort of *Party*. The very idea seems to it a disintegration of national feeling, a dereliction of a statesman's duty, a contest for Power among those who have been entrusted to do battle for Right. Those who do not profess to have particularly studied affairs of State, yet understand and feel that the Right and the True ought to be the most precious interests to the statesman; and generally imagine that English gentlemen, legislators or high officers of State, could never dare to avow in open Parliament that it is legitimate to serve one's *Party* by the conscious sacrifice of truth. On the other hand, those in whom the habits of the world have blunted the simple faith which confidently connects *public immorality* and *public disaster*, are yet scandalized to observe the weltering helplessness of Parliament and the preternatural scarcity of possible ministries. The dreary alternations of Russell-Palmerston and Derby-Disraeli and Aberdeen-Russell and Palmerston-Russell, and Palmerston *consul sine collegâ*, and Derby-Disraeli back again, make a jingle far worse than Chinese music. What would come to us (men ask) if three or four old men were to die? would England sink in the sea? or are we to be driven to wish that they *would* die for the nation's convenience? For it does seem as though the petty resentments of some, the inordinate claims of others, the banding together of public men under two or three chiefs, who ought to be pronounced politically dead, drive the Queen and the Nation to their wit's end for a government. Do not these officials call themselves servants of the Queen,

and responsible to the Parliament? What right then have they to introduce a secret organization under special leaders,—not an Imperium in Imperio, but factions and cabals, distinctly aiming to secure that neither Queen nor Parliament shall control them?—Some such as these, from opposite points of view, are the matters of the nation.

Yet at this very time there is perhaps no political axiom more deeply fixed in the minds of all the statesmen who have hopes of office, than that "Constitutional Government" means government by Party, and that to dream of anything else is utopian. They admit, no doubt, that Party, like every other good thing, may be carried to excess; that it is a reprehensible excess, in time of war, to play into the enemy's hand in order to harass and damage your political opponent; that one's Party ought not to be loved more than one's Country; hence on great critical and overpowering exigencies it does become the duty of a thoughtful and patriotic statesman to break the bonds *even* of Party. But this they regard as a calamitous necessity, entailing an endless train of mischiefs, a necessity, therefore, to be extremely deplored, a necessity which in its own nature must be quite exceptional, being to our administrations what a *coup d'état* is to France. Hence they look with indignation, suspicion or contempt on a public man, who, except on those rare occasions where the whole public welfare may seem to be at stake, should dare to separate himself from his party, and give his vote by a mere consideration of the right and the wrong. Such a man seems to them to be playing a dishonourable or very conceited part, and to manifest his utter "unfitness for office," to which he is regarded as bidding adieu for ever.

In the abstract, they will admit that Party, like War, is not to be desired; yet "in the existing weakness of human nature," (when they choose to moralize) they tell us, each is alike inevitable. And as with War, so with Party, a morality comes in appropriate to it, a peculiar code of right and of honour. To become a spy, to use a false passport, to steal on the enemy by night, to give him false information, are honourable in war; and corresponding deceptions are honourable in party warfare. On the other hand, war forbids those violences, as mere cruelty, which do not tend to final victory; and Party forbids those attacks which do not tend to a secure possession of power. Of late it has peculiarly exhausted virtuous indignation against that wicked factious thing called a *Coalition*. A ministry commits some deed so foolish, base, or atrocious, as to strike indignation to the hearts of all parties, and make its own supporters shrink with silent dismay. Nevertheless, like the soldiers of Xerxes, driven into the field by the whip from behind, they manifest the power of faction by accordant votes in favour of their chief. All who

are not subjected to this degrading compulsion vote on the other side,—not his ordinary opponents only, but thoroughly independent men, and those who have been his steady friends; upon which, quite unconscious of faction himself, he exclaims, "What a *factions* COALITION!" and the press, catching the cue, re-echoes the indignant cry. The very men who have opposed him are annoyed and ashamed at the imputation; for its breath is a stain, as is an evil report to a woman's virtue. A *Coalition*! That would be a sin indeed! Derby was horrified at it in 1852, Palmerston in 1857, and again in 1858. For, what happens after it? Either there is a coalition-ministry,—a mongrel thing, odious to a pure-born party-man, in which "the principles of Mr. Fox," or "the good old Tory doctrines" are marred and mutilated;—or (what is still more horrible to an official) a *weak* ministry results, *forced to obey Parliament instead of commanding it*. This is, in the judgment of all contingent office-holders, an evil of so black a dye, pregnant with so many horrible mischiefs, that they both fear and reprobate Coalitions, lest, the sacred traditions of Party being lost, Party itself should perish.

Thus the statesmen on both sides are in collision with the nation, which will find it hard to fight against their alliance. Nor indeed is it possible to do so, unless we definitely understand what we are aiming at, what is the stake to be won, and what are the conditions of victory. For on all these points the statesmen are clear and firm. They know their own game, and pursue it continuously, on system, with unanimity. Party is indeed opposed to Party; but neither Party will oppose the principle of Party-government: on the contrary, they will coalesce to support it against the nation whenever it is gravely threatened.

The same desire of upholding that power of the Executive, which each hopes in turn to enjoy, in many remarkable ways softens party hostilities, and even assumes the form of collusion, where simple honesty might demand hostile votes. Our bureaucracies on neither side will drive the other to despair; else the beaten party would have to choose between political extinction and a renunciation of Party in favour of Nationality.

Whigs and Tories alike would persuade us that the existing state of things is a *Responsible Government*. This phrase indeed they interchange with "Parliamentary Government," and "Constitutionalism;" such are the ostensible titles, while "*Party-Government*" is only whispered. Yet it appears clear enough that Responsibility is a grand name for a much smaller thing; and that it *must* be so as long as affairs continue in their present routine. To this point we must devote some attention, since the press here almost universally aids the statesmen in perpetuating a delusion.

Of course we do not mean to say that any English Executive is able to break the laws with impunity. In this respect the Queen's ministers are as responsible perhaps as unofficial men, but certainly not more. They dare not to arrest men arbitrarily, and detain them in prison unlawfully; to seize our goods without process of law or authorizing statute; and in so far a progress has been made since the days when, in order to establish a despotism in the Crown, many such violences were used by the King's servants to intimidate individuals. But we can no more admit this progress as matter of present congratulation, or as an apology for existing evils, than we could accept it as a panegyric or a modern Bishop that he is "no striker, nor given to much wine;" or regard this as a fit apology for ecclesiastical malversations. Under every imaginable change of government, (unless England were for two full generations crushed by vast armies, and her spirit tamed by massacres and executions,) the people themselves will resist any attempts at the old lawlessness of the executive. To the spirit of the people, not to the Party-rule, nor to any details of the existing system, we owe our present liberties; nor would that spirit be lessened, but increased, if a more national policy were to supersede corporate bureaucracy. When we deny that the ministers are responsible, we mean that they cannot be punished for wickedness of policy, however great, for folly, however disastrous, except if it should be in violation of an express statute,—a circumstance never likely to occur. They are not punishable, even by solemn personal censure, for any wrong use of the enormous power committed to them, so long as they act together as a Party, observing the forms of routine.

The fundamental idea of a Party is, that after they have collectively agreed on a policy, each individual is publicly to adopt it as his own, even though he dissuaded it previously in private; and is both to act for it, and to argue for it, as if he sincerely approved it. Even the head of the party is subject to its vote, except in extremely rare cases: for though his personal will may sometimes command obedience, no continuous despotism from him could be endured. Thus not only does each act under command, as a soldier executing the orders of his general, but it is never certain that the ostensible chief himself sincerely approves of the policy pursued; and though acute observers, who have watched a man's whole course, will generally discern whether an official is arguing from his heart or only for party reasons, still this discernment is but matter of opinion; and of no legal or parliamentary value. Out of this fundamental subjection of individuals to the corporate vote, rises a necessary inference, that it shall be concealed how each voted in the Cabinet. The ministry could never show their faces publicly, as unanimously promoting

a certain measure, if it were known which of them had previously opposed this very measure. Of course that is kept in profound darkness. Nor only so; but each one of them, being liable to the humiliation, (so intolerable to all minds in which ambition is not stronger than truth,) of having to argue in solemn Parliament against his secret sentiments,—demands that *no record shall be kept* of the reasonings and votes in which his sincere judgment was testified. This is the essential difference between a Cabinet, (which is nothing but a Cabal,) and a legitimate Privy Council, like that of Queen Elizabeth. In the latter, a register is kept of every proceeding which leads to practical result; the presence of all is enforced; and each member signs his name for permanent record of his vote. It is then open afterwards to demand of the sovereign the names of those who have given pernicious advice; hence to enforce responsibility, though always difficult, is not wholly impossible. But, so long as it is uncertain which of them opposed in secret Cabinet the baneful acts which they collectively carried out, no legal punishment is imaginable, nor indeed any strong ban of parliamentary opinion. On the ministry collectively no worse punishment can possibly fall, than that of losing office temporarily; a lot which ordinarily befalls the most innocent of cabinets from mere accident, as, from the death of a leading man. And the contingency of such temporary displacement is called Responsibility! *Ejectable*, not *responsible*, is the word which describes the fact. Moreover, when they are ejected, the indignation which ejects them is cumulative; the final act is an occasion, not the cause: hence their worst deeds avoid any public stigma, and often any parliamentary discussion.

All this might seem to us transparent; but, with ever-repeated fallacies from all sides dinned into our ears, it is not superfluous to illustrate the general principle by a particular case. No one any longer defends the Afghan war. Its direct object was criminal,—that of imposing a king on a people who hated him; imposing him, not because we thought him likely to reign well, or to have any sacred claims, but because we desired to have on that throne a puppet of our own creation, submissive to our policy. To achieve this object, we violated the neutral territory of Scinde, and laid the foundation of new quarrel there and in the Punjaub. The result of the war was, to the Afghans much ravage and desolation, to us the horrible slaughter of a noble army, twenty-three millions sterling added to the Indian debt, and a permanent deficit in the Indian treasury. What we lost in reputation, and how far our expulsion from Cabul has aided the recent Indian insurrection, no one can compute. Twenty years have passed since that war was begun. Sir John Cam.

Hobhouse (Lord Broughton) was the ministerial organ, nominally responsible. But no one has been called to account, except the fellow-countrymen of the guilty, nor will ever be on this earth. Parliament knows well how impossible it is to visit the crimes of policy on the head of the authors, however deadly the results to the empire.

We believe that constitutional lawyers are well aware that every attempt to bring *guilt* home to ministers for their policy must necessarily break down, for purely legal reasons, whatever the moral aspect of that policy. Even in popular compendiums the truth slips out. We turned, quite at random, to Hugh Murray's able Encyclopædia to see how this subject would be treated, and read as follows, p. 355 :

"1578. A Cabinet Council is not, strictly speaking, recognised by the Constitution, but by usage it is regarded (!) as a body selected by the Sovereign to conduct the business of State, and the members composing it are held (!) to be the responsible advisers of the Crown. This responsibility must rest on their honour (!), for it is by no means evident that any advice could be legally traced to them as confidential servants of the Crown; and they are not liable to impeachment in their simple capacity of Privy Counsellors, which they generally share with others who are opposed to them in opinion on matters of policy. *The responsibility, however, is imposed by the constitutional maxim that 'the king can do no wrong;'* and it is virtually acknowledged by the act of resignation generally adopted by the members of a cabinet, when the course of policy recommended by them is not approved by the king."

"By the King!" Any simple reader might have expected "by the Parliament." This would have been an argument more on the surface. We of the laity hardly know how to think a lawyer serious who reasons: "Ministers resign when the sovereign will not take their advice; *virtually confessing hereby that they fear to be punished at law, if they let him guide them.*" Surely, besides the fear of punishment, there are obvious reasons why a ministry likes to dictate to the sovereign, rather than become his mere agents. Lawyers must be hard up for arguments in proof of "virtual" responsibility, when they can get none better than this.

Moreover, of the apparent responsibility no small share, whenever a minister thinks it worth his while, is successfully cast on the House of Commons, through the inability which the present routine imposes on that House of commanding more than one thing at a time. Undoubtedly, if the nation and the House have set their heart on a particular thing, they can always get it; not perhaps at once, but in a year, or two years: as the great Reform Act was demanded in 1830, and carried in 1832, by the vehement

efforts and extraordinary unanimity of the nation. But, meanwhile, the Commons have little power over anything else, except the one thing upon which it and the nation are bent. During that struggle for Reform, Lords Grey and Palmerston yielded up unfortunate Poland to Russia, by dissuading Louis Philippe and Austria from interfering with the Emperor Nicholas's "undoubted rights"! Secret diplomacy shielded this from public knowledge until 1848; but even if it had been known, Parliament was helpless to prevent it, while preoccupied with Reform; nor would the Grey Cabinet have found it difficult to carry, in the Commons any vote they chose concerning foreign affairs, by a mere threat of resignation. Temporary dictatorship in one man is at certain crises both valuable and safe to a free nation; but of course the higher the power entrusted, the more complete and weighty ought to be the responsibility. But in our existing routine, *the more powerful a ministry, the less is its responsibility*. For, a ministry is chiefly powerful when the nation is resolved on some one thing, and has elected a Parliament to secure this object. At such a crisis the ministry which becomes the organ of the nation for that one thing, being supported by a strong majority in the Commons, can hardly be restrained even by Lords and King united. It is free utterly to neglect the true and just policy in all foreign or colonial affairs, though they react most powerfully upon our entire state. It may at one time make away the breadth of North America to a mercantile company, at another give vast tracts of land to the clergy or to Court favourites; and hereby lay the foundation of colonial discontents and future wars. Moreover, it can at pleasure cast its deeds upon the Commons by extorting a vote of assent to any of them: if afterwards blamed, it turns upon Parliament as equally guilty. Our readers must remember how the Coalition Ministry (after the election-pledges to Reform of Parliament) forced the India Bill of 1853 upon an unwilling House by Lord John Russell's whisper,—“If you do not take our India Bill this session, you will not get my Reform Bill next session.” Most readers must also be familiar with such arguments as the following, which dropped in our hearing on a certain occasion from a member of Parliament, an “advanced Liberal.” What a scandalous bill! said some one to him: of course you will vote against the ministry?—*What?* (replied he) *you do not want to see Lord Derby in again; do you?* In the same spirit that incorruptible, right-hearted, and useful man, Joseph Hume, on the occasion of the Russo-Dutch Loan, in July, 1832, declared that he would rather vote that black was white than give a vote that would let in the Tories; and did in fact vote with the ministry, while avowing that they were wrong. Few are so frank as Joseph Hume, yet undoubtedly his logic is predominant with

even those who are called "independent" members. Nearly all think their *first* duty is, so to vote as to keep a certain ministry in, or another ministry out; their *secondary* duty, to vote on the merits of a bill. As for the men who vote always on the merits of each case, they are so few, that they may be counted on the fingers; and for their honesty, they are generally reproached and taunted even by the pretended liberal organs; which account every man to be an unpractical, conceited, wrongheaded simpleton who so votes as to offend their party zeal. While such is the morality of public men and public journalists, ministers can always draw Parliament into complicity, provided that they affect zeal in the one great question of the day, whatever that may happen to be. And such compulsory participation of Parliament in the deeds of ministers is called *Parliamentary Government!*

We must add, that the Crown also finds its advantage, while the nation is pre-occupied with its single object. Concerning living royalty, it is difficult and dangerous to speak; but the events of the old Reform Bill already belong to history, and may be freely mentioned here. At the crisis of those events, King William IV. plainly told Lord Grey that he insisted on a settlement of £100,000 a year on Queen Adelaide for her life. The King was so resolved to exact it, as to be prepared to eject the ministry if it were refused. Lord Grey computed the certain and contingent mischiefs to the country to be worse than two millions paid down, and therefore promised assent. This enormous settlement was virtually the price of the Reform Act paid to the King. After the ministry had yielded, the Radicals of the House had to yield also, when told with winks and whispers that it *must be*.—This single instance can but be a type of the mode in which the Crown is able to clutch either money or (what is far worse) unwise appointments or concessions concerning dynastic interests and foreign affairs, and to make the Commons itself formally assume the responsibility.

No despot has ever complete despotism. There are many things which no Sultan of Turkey could ever have dared to do, many which no Emperor of Russia, nor the British rulers of India dare. But if, after certain things are deducted, over all other (very numerous) things, a man or cabinet has arbitrary power, this is popularly called Despotism. Just such is the despotism of an English ministry, as against the people and the Parliament: the ministry is *residuary legatee* to an extremely valuable estate. In a very poor country, having no outlying empire, the restrictions laid on our ministry would reduce its power to sufficiently narrow limits. But the enormous wealth and vast empire of England gives as the *residue* of power something far beyond

ordinary despotisms; and, in fact, the ministry even lays hold of the public purse (the great source of power) at its pleasure. The nation deludes itself with believing that Parliament holds the purse, and can "stop the supplies" when it pleases; but our cabinets have left off even the formalities of getting leave to spend the public money. It is not long since, in reply to an objection made to a money vote, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer coolly said, "it was too late to object, for he had already spent the money;" and the House, instead of showing indignation, laughed! In the Russian war, the ministry took on itself to guarantee a Turkish loan, and afterwards called on Parliament to countersign the act; and when a minority resisted the demand as an insult and a violation of privilege, the pretended Liberal journals held them up to hatred and contempt. So uniformly does *party spirit* lead the most influential public organs to aid in crushing all independent action of Parliament; which becomes (like the old French Parliaments) a machine for registering and endorsing the deeds of ministers, and hereby screening them from even the shadow of responsibility.

The gravity of this state of things is not fully understood until it is perceived to how great an extent we are forced to rely on practical responsibility as our *only* guarantee for the good government of the empire. In a hereditary monarchy the chief of the State is accepted by birth, without election. In our case it is accompanied by hereditary nobility and other high families, in whose hands office is transmitted by a sort of self-election, no direct choice being ever granted to the people or its representatives. But even where free appointment is exercised, its value is very secondary compared to that of being accountable for the exercise of power. If the high offices of State were filled by casting lots among the *same class* of nobility and gentry as now actually fills them, it is probable that we should have quite as good officers as now. This was in fact the way in which the Athenians appointed their archons; and however much Socrates derided it, we believe it succeeded as well as did any elections of those days. Our East India Company, until the last two years, filled their civil offices almost exclusively by private favour. As they have no means of ultimately ejecting that fraction of their servants which (from natural want of capacity) is hopelessly incompetent, it has in so far been a grave evil. But if any secondary machinery could in a few years have worked these off; after their infirmity had been proved, the original hap-hazard appointment would have been of no great harm. Certainly the Indian service has reared eminent men not a few, and men of sound competence in great numbers. The Directors elected by the Proprietors of East India Stock have hitherto been at least

as good as those appointed by the Crown. If, indeed, the appointment to high place could be counted on as guided by none but pure and simple motives, appointments made by clever men would be better than the random chances which so often determine power,—viz., birth, Court favour, wealth, seniority, popularity. But to obtain appointments at once pure and wise implies a state of national virtue far, far beyond anything attained, or for a long while attainable; and if it were attained, still this could not supersede responsibility. Meanwhile, *just in proportion* as the office-holders (however appointed) become really punishable for bad government, in that proportion does government become good. The fear of ejection for *personal misconduct* is undoubtedly a very powerful stimulus to exertion; and so, indeed, is the fear of a public censure. This fear cannot impart high talents to those who have them not; but it will do wonders in securing diligence in duty and abstinence from criminal enterprise. But so long as a ministry can only be ejected in mass, their ejection will almost always be deficient in moral dignity, and will leave less censure upon them for crime than for petty disregard of the national pride. Their fall *seems* to be (even when it is not) a mere stroke of party, animated by greediness of power and envy; and the struggle has so much heat as to leave no permanent stigma on any of them. Indeed, most ministries are clever enough to foresee disaster, and manage to fall by some lesser blow, in order to avoid the disgrace of one more serious. Thus their *ejectability* suffices to secure that they shall not knowingly offend the nation in any very sensitive point; but, avoiding this, they may and do commit infinite injustices, of omission and commission, in the name and to the ultimate disaster of the nation, without any check, and generally while even the Parliament remains in profound ignorance.

We have no belief in the scaffold and axe by which Mr. Urquhart would keep ministers in the right way. If every high act of power could be traced to its legal author, and he were liable to have to defend it publicly, and while it was still fresh, this alone might perhaps establish just rule. Even the purest despotism, unless armed by foreign overwhelming soldiery, dares not knowingly misgovern, so long as its deeds are public. *Secrecy and corporate action* are the two great screens for every kind of malversation. An avowed dictator, if at all wisely chosen and for a very limited time, will often rule better than a cumbrous machine, especially if the honour which is to be his reward will depend on the success of his measures. But the lamentable result of the present rule of Party is, that the very ministers who are so overpowerful to indulge in foolish and ruinous appointments; to mispend vast sums of money; to entangle us in wars of

hideous criminality, and to throw away foreign liberties by intrigue,—these same men are by the very same agencies made feeble to repress malversation, to enforce justice towards our weak dependents, or to support foreign and rightful freedom by purely moral means. They dread to offend great families or a single obstinate colleague, to encounter the enmity of fanatics, to resist foreign ambassadors, and above all, to offend the Court. Within certain narrow limits, even a minister not very strong in votes may yet screen himself against the Court by means of Parliament, just as he holds up to Parliament the name of the Crown as his screen, whenever an inconvenient question is asked. But every minister knows that if he offends the Court *too often*, he will soon be condemned to permanent exclusion from office; and cases abound which show how active and fruitful is this principle. With real publicity, and the sounder confidence which ministers would under it enjoy, they might become far braver against incompetence than is now to be expected, and braver against the pressure of foreign courts. At present,—since nobody really trusts men who may not speak their hearts' truth, but each ministry is kept *in* barely to keep *out* some other,—they look on their term of power as very doubtful; and are more anxious to do what they do with the least risk to their stability, than to do what is best. To begin what they cannot carry through, appears to be mischievous as well as humiliating. To propose a highly popular measure, and be driven out upon it, is proscribed in party warfare as quite unfair; and is compared to setting on fire the lodging which you are about to give up to your successors. And while a timid ministry haggles over and shrinks from decisive and much needed legislation,—(perhaps the mere abolition of laws which never ought to have been made,)—it is an effectual block against legislation proceeding from independent members of either House.

All that we have said is true against Party Rule, when it is at its best; that is, when parties are separated by some real and strong contrast of opinion on a great question; in which case individuals *as such* are of less account than the great principle of the party. But when, as now among ourselves, the contending parties have no contrast of opinions, the sacrifices of truth and manliness are made for mere personal objects. *Once* the difference of this or that ministry was felt instantly in State prosecutions; *now* the difference is not felt even in Foreign Affairs:—for both parties are aggressive in Asia, subservient to despotism in Europe, and amicable to the United States. Scarcely even in legislative measures do we detect the colour of the party: for every ministry acts to please the country as much as it must, and the aristocracy as much as it can. Thus it is almost entirely

a question of personality, as to *who* will sit with *whom* in the same cabinet, or *who* will submit to take office under *whom*: and we get back into that condition which all philosophic historians regard as characteristic of barbarism;—in which attachment to *leading men* takes precedence of attachment to *institutions*—to law and to right. Out of this rises a monstrous result, that in order to keep tight the bands of party union, every chief thinks himself in honour bound to support his subordinate, even where he disapproves of his conduct. To undertake an unjust war (against a weak power) is treated as a less evil than to disown the precipitate* deeds of an official who “acted to the best of his judgment.” When, for the sake of party union, all shield each even in the commission of public crime, what else does Party become but a criminal conspiracy?

Is it not also an odious infliction on public business, on public and private interests, for a whole ministry to go out of office, because one man's conduct is disapproved of? or, what is still worse, for Parliament to be dissolved at the will of a minister, because it has voted something unpalatable to him? We are so accustomed to these things, that few see their enormity and violence, and the great force which they lend to party warfare and to ministerial or royal intrigue. Is it a law of nature that we must lose a good Chancellor of the Exchequer because we find a Minister of War to be unable to control his subordinates, or a Prime Minister to be half-hearted? Must we lose a good President of the Board of Trade because a Foreign Secretary is mean-spirited? or shall a Lord Chancellor leave his causes half finished, and hand the suitors over to a successor, because the ministry is outvoted about the Sacramental Test or about a Ten-hours' Bill? If each were asked why he resigns, when his special department is not censured, his sincere answer would be: “We are bound together in a league of self-defence. We will not let the Parliament censure and dismiss us singly, lest we fall *really* under its control, and become responsible to it, as we pretend to be;—lest the Parliamentary Government turn into something of reality. Therefore, as workmen strike against their employer to limit his power of controlling them, so do we *strike* against the Parliament.” This reply does not give the whole truth, yet it is true. If, recently, any subordinate of Lord

* This is no singular case. Lord Auckland mildly censured, yet adopted, the very violent deed by which Colonel Baillie extorted the treaty of 1837 from the prince whom he forced on to the throne of Oude. Lord Dalhousie, re-proved and adopted the bombardment and blockade by which Commodore Lambert, against positive orders, made the second Burmese war. Lord Palmerston disowned (as not commanded, foreseen, nor wished for), and yet adopted, the hostilities by which Sir J. Bowring brought on our present Chinese war.

Palmerston's ministry, in or out of the Cabinet, had refused to resign when the chief resigned, the rest would have treated such a one as *recreant to his party*, and would have refused to act with him again, even though individually he were perfectly clear of the Parliamentary censure. To be thus banded against the House might seem a grave offence. Indeed, if the House were as anxious for its own authority as the employers of labour are anxious to have the control of their own business, it would put a ban on those who "strike," and declare them unworthy of office in future. Yet the very opposite is the feeling; (and therefore we said above, that that reply was not the whole;) for, because the triumphant opposition is greedy of place, an individual who refused to resign with his chief would be not merely scorned by his own party, but trampled down and ejected by the new ministry; unless indeed he avowedly "changed sides," and swore allegiance not to new principles, but to a new chief. Thus the House is forbidden to interfere at all, unless it is willing to go so far as to eject an entire ministry, with all the contingencies of convulsion: nor can there be any cure for this, unless it deliberately set itself to break in pieces not only existing parties, but the very principle of party government.

More surely to prevent such a result, dissolutions are used; a violent and utterly mischievous procedure. They punish every member of Parliament severely in the purse, (so long as the pernicious practice exists of allowing candidates to bear the expenses of an electioneering contest); but besides, they damage public and private interests by the loss of all the bills which have gone through several stages of legislation, with grave pecuniary expense to all the promoters of private bills thus cut short, beside the loss of time to every great undertaking, and every valuable public bill. By holding out the dread of this infliction, a minister constrains (what he calls) an obstinate House; and since each party in turn claims to wield this engine of constraint, neither will yield it up until forced by the nation. Yet those who undertake to represent the nation rejoice at the dissolution of a House which is too Tory, not understanding that the principle of permitting a minister to hold in his hand the power of dissolution *at all*, is far more adverse to real Parliamentary Government and true national interests than any temporary advantage to be gained by dissolving a particular House. At the same time, journalists who would be spokesmen of the national liberty, write tirades against the "obstinacy" of Parliament, and triumph to see it punished if it stand up for common justice against one whom the journalist regards as merely the least bad of the very few possible prime ministers.

Of course it is pretended that without the power of dissolution

things would "come to a dead lock." No evil system ever existed which did not find defenders to use that argument. Just so the Austrian archdukes and kings have always persuaded themselves that *Parliaments* bring Government to a dead lock; and have held the difficulty such as to justify perjurious usurpation and civil war. But it suffices to ask in reply, why our House of Lords does not involve the very same difficulty; or how the President of the United States manages to get through business, when his ministers have not even seats in Congress, and he has no power of dissolving either House." The pretended "necessity" of dissolution, equally as of ministers sitting in Parliament, simply means, that each of the two great Parties counts ministerial irresponsibility to be necessary, and will not endure the ignominy of doing what Parliament bids. No Roman Consul ever was so proud.

As if to add insult to injury, the minister who startles the public with a sudden dissolution, at a time selected by him as favourable to his own intrigues in the elections, pretends dutifully to consult the national will on some one point, which he presumptuously dictates to the electors as that by which they are to guide their votes. Thus at the last election Lord Palmerston ordered England to elect a Parliament (to sit for seven years) on the question of the Chinese war. Men are led by names, and it is well to protest against this mockery of "consulting the nation." If there were a sincere desire to consult it specially, a special convention should be summoned to vote on this question, and on this only, and to be forthwith dissolved. Lord Palmerston had not the decorum to bring before the new House the question of China, which he summoned it professedly to decide; so empty is the whole affair. The opponents of the war dreaded lest by the threat of resignation the Premier (after he had, under compulsion, promised a Reform Bill) should extort from those who were pledged to "Reform" as the one great necessity, enough votes to turn the scale. Hence they also were too timid to reopen the Chinese question, though there is no reason to suppose that this House morally approves the war any more than the last. Thus the dignity of Parliament is trodden under foot, and its unrescinded vote is despised.

"Party Government" is identical with the ascendancy of intrigue and secrecy: nor would anything more strike a fresh eye than the absolute predominance of this in our leading public men. Nothing can be done straightforward. No broad simple principles are endured in Parliament. Every minister dreads them as liable to hamper him in the future, and every aspirant to power is thought imprudent if he commits himself to a wide and fruitful truth. Acts of Parliament which ought to be simple as

morality itself (for we are all punishable for not knowing them all) are tedious, intricate, unintelligible through those details which an Executive loves to foist in, and perpetually need new acts to remove their blunders. English natures have indeed for their weak point a dread of general principles, and mistake this weakness for a virtue. If bills were drawn by Committees of the House, and were passed for the *instruction* of the Executive Government, there would be a better chance of their being concise and broad; but the Executive, having the initiative of legislation, confirms and exaggerates the English weakness. Every ministry is a creature of the moment, living from hand to mouth, doing only the work that it is driven to do, satisfied to provide for the day, and counting it folly to look forward farther than it is obliged. And is not this "a broken reed that will pierce the hand that leans on it," for the enactment of laws which ought to express the permanent simple wisdom of the country? To attain any great and noble object, as the extinction of slavery or the elevation of the Irish peasants or (say) the abolition of the National Debt, the improvement of the Army,—nay, slighter things such as penny postage, free newspapers, decimal currency,—no ministry stays itself till compelled by out-of-doors agitation or horrible disaster. This indeed is counted their wisdom; meanwhile Parliament itself, infected by cabinet intrigue, worn out with long hours and excessive work, becomes uncertain as the weather, and, to a great extent, the plaything of the cunning. From day to day events painfully remind us of Adam Smith's expression, "that crafty animal a statesman;"—plainly because intrigue must supplant manly openness, and petty shifts supersede broad moralities, wherever the noxious influence of Party prevails.

Let it not be said that we write misanthropically. The late Sir Robert Peel is surely no unfavourable type of a modern statesman: indeed, his excellent conduct from the day when he renounced all idea of again holding office, and confined himself to his single task as a member of Parliament, shows by contrast what the very same men might be, when not spoiled by this ambiguous and false position. But take Sir Robert for all in all, and we believe that it will be nearly unanimously agreed, that he is an honour to his class, which for fifty years has hardly produced two that equal him. Yet what was his career? In youth he rose as a diligent, useful, unblemished Tory of the High Church, opposing Catholic Emancipation though Pitt and Castlereagh and Canning avowed its necessity. When this necessity assumed (as they had predicted it would) the stern aspect of impending civil war, he turned round to carry the measure, although, the very year before, he had aided to hunt Canning into

his grave by untiring opposition on this ground. The bill, thus passed, broke up the Tory party. Sir Robert in opposition occupied himself in preventing the pacification of Ireland, to effect which he had passed the bill of Emancipation; and strenuously resisted admitting Catholics into municipal rights, when he himself had admitted them into Parliament. When the Whigs had at length made themselves hateful to the Chartists by preaching "finality," to the Dissenters by their Episcopalian zeal, to the Radicals by the infamous Canadian war, to the Irish by their fraudulent abandonment of the "appropriation-clause," and to the nation at large by nepotism and place-making, Sir Robert beat them in Parliament on their proposing to lower the duties on corn, sugar, and timber. For many long years he supported the old corn-laws, and at last, when the famine of 1846 set in, he destroyed them. Such conduct is widely different from that of Canning, who publicly advocated Catholic Emancipation and Negro-Freedom, while avowing that the opinion of Parliament forbade him to initiate those measures. A statesman who thus speaks out, prepares and advances public opinion; but this is no longer endured by our ministries. Every premier says, that this is to permit his subordinates to catch popularity at his expense; and a man must be as singular for eloquence as Canning, and as needful to his party, else it will not be endured. In fact, Sir Robert Peel did what is now admired as constitutional wisdom;—took no pains to lead the nation, but allowed himself to be driven *by it*, and to drift with events;—left other men out of doors (never mind who) to plant and ripen the fruit, and in full time stepped in to pluck it. Surely this rather describes Adam Smith's "crafty animal," than an intelligent, foreseeing, directing mind; nor can any legislation, proceeding on broad, philosophical, and therefore simple, just, wise principles, be expected, when such men initiate law.

The *Westminster Review* at its origin was entitled the organ of the "philosophic Radicals;" and although, through the new moral and intellectual influences which, in the third part of a century have acted on England, we cannot pretend any proper identity of sentiment with its founders, this Review has always held, and has endeavoured to illustrate, the principle, that the movements of English freedom should proceed from intelligence, not from blind instinct; that theory is not opposed to practice, but that a true theory is of all things most healthfully and fruitfully practical. And if any theory has borne the wear of time, and has seen empires rise and set, it is the eternal theory that Truth is better than Falsehood, and that Man was made to be upright; the theory that the crooked intrigue of glozing statesmen will never bring blessing to nations; and that no system which

demands sophistry of officials can tend to the permanent good working of a political constitution. The (so-called) practical men are apt to tax others with fine-spun theory and transcendentalism; as if anything could be more paradoxical, more fine-spun, more opposed to homely daily experience, more thoroughly refuted on the broadest scale of history, than the theory that simple Truthfulness in the conduct of internal affairs, and Publicity as to all judicial relations with foreigners, would be ruinous to a great nation, and needs to be corrected by checks and counterchecks of cunningly-managed falsehood. It does not rest with us to show "how the Constitution would work," if we became really honest, truthful, simple-hearted. When men sincerely desire the change, and insist upon it, plenty of possible ways will be found. Every great empire has hitherto fallen by internal corruption; not one yet ever got damage by too much honesty. To proclaim the impossibility of making the machine of empire "work" without untruthfulness, is nothing short of a moral insanity.

May we here venture to confess, that the school of Bentham, out of which the "philosophic Radicals" rose, in their just eagerness to remove temptation out of the reach of weak man, trusted too exclusively to mechanism and organization? as if these could ever make up for the want of personal truthfulness and uprightness. They too much reasoned, as if our problem were (in Mr. Thomas Carlyle's words), "Given a world of rogues, to construct a good constitution." As it were, abandoning in despair the moral state of the world, accepting it in all its wickedness, they tried to make men's vices neutralize one another by a clever juxtaposition. The great, the calamitous defect of statesmen is a *want of faith in morality*,* nor have the Benthamites helped to supply this want: unhappily, therefore, the defect is as visible in the democracy of the day as in bureaucracies. Of course nothing is more intelligible than that purity and uprightness would often cause a ministry to fail or to fall: the bad man fights with more weapons than the good. To gain immediate success, the temptation is great to clutch at unlawful means. But though to that which is so frail of life as a ministry moral goodness is by no means fruitful of power, yet to a long-lived nation the case is widely otherwise. To the momentary glitter of a great minister, as of a great monarch, falsehood, intrigue, corruption, perjury, atrocity, may and often does conduce; but to the welfare of a

* "Necessity, the tyrant's plea," is proverbial. One who expects truth, honour, and justice, in high places, is treated as a closet-theorist, who does not know *the exigencies of public affairs!* We once heard this phenomenon translated by an eccentric divine into his own phraseology as follows:—"Satan conducts no man to hell, without giving him plenty of good reasons why it is *absolutely necessary* for him to walk on that road."

nation, never. Hence it is to the representatives of the nation, which (as such) is never tempted to immorality, that we must look, to uphold moral interests against the officials, who (as such) are under severe temptations to immorality, even when they are virtuous persons. If, on the one hand, the national representatives are immoral,—open to bribes of money or place or patronage, sympathizing with gainful violences, admirers of success however won; or, on the other hand, are so implicated with the Executive as to be chargeable with its guilt, or desirous of lightening the checks on its misuse of power;—then they are no longer serviceable in upholding moral interests, which are the only true interests of the nation. In short, if the Executive is to be responsible to Parliament, the functions of the two must be kept separate. The (so-called) “*Parliamentary Government*” makes *Parliamentary Control* impossible.

To serve God and Mammon is not harder than to combine the duties of a minister of State and of a member of Parliament. The very first duty of a member of a deliberative body is, to give sincere advice when he speaks, and vote accordingly. Exactly as a Privy Councillor swears to give true advice to the Queen, such is the solemn duty of each member towards the Parliament. To argue sophistically there, is a crime of a deep dye, and must corrupt a man’s morality, however he may justify it for its convenience in making the machine *work*. Every legislator is a Trustee of the nation, and has far higher interests entrusted to him than Cabinet-making; nor can he be justified in voting this way rather than that, because a ministry (upholding its own theory that it ought to dictate, and not be dictated to) threatens resignation. But the instant a member of Parliament becomes an official, neither his speech nor his vote is free. It is all well to say, that he may at any time resign, and so save his conscience: we admit that by doing this *once*, some credit might be gained: but all know that a rising man who did this a second time, would be looked on as wilful and headstrong, and would never again be permitted to enter office. Hence, this does but show emphatically the incurable contradiction of the double position. Above all, a Cabinet minister, being behind the scenes, learns secrets which he may not tell; secrets of a peculiarly delicate kind in a monarchy, where dynastic leanings complicate foreign affairs, and Court favour is ever seeking to control the public appointments. No one is so unreasonable as to expect a minister to speak frankly or fully: then the less he talks, the better. He may announce to us his resolutions, or those of his colleagues; for his business is to act: but it is folly to call him into council, to ask his advice, to accept him as a deliberating colleague, when it is his duty not to speak his mind. As well might you ask a military subordinate

what he thinks of the wisdom of his general's plans. The position of such a man is stultified by allowing him to sit in Parliament, nor can immoral results be avoided when men are thus set to self-contradictory duties.

But does it "*work well*?" As to the administration, we might leave the Administrative Reform movement to answer: but the late exposure of the Barracks shows that only a few corners of the veil are yet lifted, and that the hidden malversation is far beyond what can be proved in Parliament. Then as to legislation,—can any one look at the masses of Blue Books, and at the heap of laws passed in one reign, or even in one year, and not shudder? We have but to enter the rooms which groan under the folios produced, and ever growing since this system has been in vigour; and the mere sight of these mountains of books is an argument which no statesmen, no lawyers, can overcome. The system does *not* "*work well*" for legislation, any more than for administration; for it makes Law, which ought of all things to be most fixed, to become of all things most uncertain, and indeed impossible to be known. Confusion of results is to be expected from confusion of functions.

As a general principle, all union of many functions in the same hands is confessedly dangerous; but especially the union of Legislative, Executive and Judicial power. The combination of these three is Montesquieu's definition of Despotism. In the free States of antiquity, it is regarded by modern writers as a piece of most incongruous and unintelligible barbarism, that executive officers were allowed to become judges of their own dues and avengers of their own quarrel,—at least in the first instance, though appeal was often managed: and again, the same assembly was apt to be alternately legislative and judicial. Perhaps our very greatest advantage, as citizens, over the citizens of the best known ancient States, lies in the strong separation which we have effected between the Judicial power and the Deliberative; so that it is by a question of *right* (or at least of *law*), and not of *policy* or *expediency*, that our lives and fortunes are judged. Unhappily, in all questions between ourselves and foreign nations—and, until lately, in very grave questions between ourselves and the colonies,—the Ministry exercises the highest Judicial power in secret Cabinet, and without any of the forms of justice. In deciding whether treaties have been violated and whether war is just, a ministry performs a *Judicial* act, and often without control. But so emphatically has it possessed itself of the initiative in *Legislation*, that the public habitually regards this as its primary function. If a Cabinet is about to enter office, the eager question is, What bills does it promise? will it bring in a Reform Bill? will it admit the Jews? will it agree to the Ballot? will it give us a better law of Partnership?

will it stop Church Rates? In fact, people have come to petition the Prime Minister to insert this or that clause into an expected bill, just as though he were supreme arbiter of legislation. Meanwhile, the Ministry has upon its shoulders the whole weight of empire; is liable to be distracted from the most important bills by a squabble at Naples, by a paragraph in the *Moniteur*, by grave events in India, or by a panic in America and Australia. No good or sound meditation of measures can be reasonably expected, where all is distraction and forced work. Yet officials, and expectant officials, tell us that the Government cannot go on unless they are allowed such and such multifarious powers!

There are several ways of hindering the despotism of official men, which in all times have been familiar to free States: yet they are not often definitely considered in contrast. 1. To assign a short term of office; 2. To reserve a means of ejection; 3. To distribute separate functions to separate persons; 4. To divide power, by lessening its local area; 5. To share it collectively between partners; 6. To facilitate trial and punishment for misdeeds after quitting office.—Of these the last is sometimes possible in a little State, or in a vigorous democracy; yet on the whole it was difficult even to antiquity, and is all but impossible to us. If to prevent public malversation is difficult, to punish is far harder, except where the very letter of law is flagrantly broken: hence we must concentrate effort upon preventing.

Again, a *short or precarious tenure* of power may hinder despotism, but at the cost of producing a timid unenterprising rule, under which neglects accumulate and bad men go unpunished. It is good for power to be long in the same hands, if only there be a check in the background able to interfere in case of misconduct. Evidently, then, it is a delicate question of practice, whether to have frequent reappointments, or to commit power "during good behaviour." The latter method has sometimes great advantage.

The *distribution of functions* may be applied very absurdly and hurtfully, so that the parts of a machine work ill together. If one officer has the control of troops, a second of artillery, a third of ships, they are apt to keep so bad time, that no army is forthcoming: or if the commissariat is in yet another hand, the army may be starved, and nobody is to blame! Every executive system which is to work as a single whole must be under a single head. A Minister of War has been lately introduced; but he has not full power over the Horse Guards. There is still a "Double Government," and danger of a "dead-lock." The movement of opinion undoubtedly is towards *unity* in every such department: and if any fear arises of the mass of business or the power being too great for one man, the proper mode of dividing is purely *local*. Thus, if it were thought proper, we might have four Ministers of

War, for England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland (or any other number), without loss of efficiency, provided that each was supreme over his own district, and all, in time of war, subject to the orders of the Prime Minister. Much more would it be easy to have in India an Indian Minister of War, co-ordinate with the English Minister. Similar remarks apply to all other subdivisions.

But the sharing of power among a *Board* is probably the worst method of all, being precisely that to which the instinct of office-holders betakes itself to avoid responsibility. Where indeed the numbers are very great and *publicity* is effected, as in a modern Parliament, they are to a great extent a security against despotism: but notoriously, secret oligarchies are a more terrible centre of tyranny than an avowed despot; nor could despots themselves exercise so much power, did they not screen themselves behind some sort of Cabinet, which bears a large part of the odium of their violent deeds. We must here distinguish two cases. The one is a legal council, which is empowered to ask information and give advice to a high officer, who is yet free to disregard its advice, and who therefore (in legal aspect) is the only actor. The other is that of a council, to whose vote the chief man himself is subject. In the latter case (unless all the proceedings are liable to be made public, with full manifestation how each voted), the system is a complete security against any personal responsibility. Nor in any case is it easy to effect publicity: danger to the public interests is always pretended.

The stronghold of mischief to us in this subject, and practically a support of Party with all its evils, lies in a false theory concerning Imperial Unity, out of which it is deduced that *every Cabinet must be the creature of its Head*, and that *all the officials must be of one policy and must be political friends*. We quite understand that this is pleasant to them; for it is not agreeable to let opponents know too much of hidden transactions. But if any one ask, at what time in English history the Executive Government displayed most continuous harmony and energy, probably the reply will be,—Under Queen Elizabeth. Yet the ministers sitting at the same council table with that great queen were often bitter enemies. The council fixed the policy, the individuals had to execute it, and did execute it ably. So also in Republican Rome, when its executive was highly energetic and everywhere successful, and never made Crimean blunders; yet the government contained men of most opposite policy: two consuls, perhaps personal enemies; four or eight prætors; and so on. But the Senate, with bold broad lines, mapped out the policy, and the business of the Executive was *to do it*. All fully admit this in regard to the army and navy, and expect equally good service, whether the generals and admirals are Whigs or Tories. But

how any more is this distinction important to the Admiralty, or to the Board of Trade, or to the Woods and Forests, or to the Exchequer? If war is decreed, and a general is sent to conduct it, he is not allowed to refuse on the ground of disapproving the war (though here there is some reason in it); why, then, should a Chancellor of the Exchequer, when ordered to collect an additional ten millions for the war expenses,* be expected to resign if he disapproves the war? There is no natural relation between these executive offices and the settlement of the general policy of the nation. If Parliament would itself settle the policy (and what a Roman Senate did so effectually, surely ours could do), the proper business of the Prime Minister is to carry out that policy, and make all the rest of the Executive obey, whether Whigs, Radicals, or Tories. *Activity* is wanted, not *opinion* or *theories*, from the Executive.

It is indeed a favourite idea of centralizers, that all the Executive Government of the empire needs to be managed by one mind. To carry out this theory consistently, all the local executives in counties or municipalities should (as in France) be delegates of the Central Power. We do not yet admit so much in England, but far too many steps have been made in that direction. The Parliaments of Scotland and of Ireland were successively got rid of, to secure a single Imperial Executive. Tories and Whigs have been equally zealous in this cause: we cannot forget Lord Macaulay's frenzied declamation against the idea of an Irish Parliament, when O'Connell talked of "Repeal." If Hanover had not been part of the German Union; or if it had been an island, it is hardly probable that its independent Legislature would have been respected. It would have been pretended to be matter of absolute necessity to melt it into our Imperialism, in order to avert the contingency of its taking the opposite side of a war. We suppose it was in zeal for Imperial Unity, that the pink of the hereditary Whigs, Lord John Russell, plunged us into the cruelly unjust Canadian war: nevertheless, all the fruits of that war were instantly sacrificed, and it is now irrevocably conceded, that in every colony, as fast as it obtains a native legislature, the internal administration, as well as legislation,* shall be

* Lord Metcalfe partially struggled against the principle. He asserted, that the Governor of Canada could not yield to the demands of his responsible ministry as he might if he were king, *because* he himself is responsible to his superiors, the Home Ministry. Thus he reserved (in theory) a veto of the English Ministry against the Canadian Parliament and Ministry. But events have shown, that no such veto can or will be used, except to uphold principles which are universal to the empire; especially, 1. to forbid disintegration of the empire, by the separation of any part; 2. to forbid slavery; 3. to maintain free trade against differential duties.

independent of the Home Government,—certain general rules of the empire alone being observed. This is a most important step forward; so important that it seems nothing short of a civil war would have sufficed to extort it. We have now learnt that Unity of the Empire does *not* necessarily imply a single executive government. There is no longer any insuperable reason why Queen Victoria should not have as many prime ministers as there are colonial legislatures. A late Colonial Minister was reported to say in a large company, that the only function of the Colonial Office towards Canada was to sit still and be snubbed by it; and probably this familiar speech does substantially set forth the disagreeable consciousness of our ministries, that the young colonial executives are uncontrollable by them. It is a valuable piece of experience, that such independence can exist, not only without convulsing the empire, but with an increase of its contentedness, and thereby of its loyalty and true unity.

Our unity, as that of the United States, turns chiefly on the *public defence*. The Home Government is undoubtedly expected to defend all the colonies against the greater powers of the world, and indeed against neighbouring barbarians. Yet on the latter point opinion is on the move. Mr. Gladstone, some six or seven years ago, after he had been Colonial Minister, avowed in Parliament that the Cape Colony ought to take upon itself its own wars against the Kafirs, and with a view to this, have a right to determine its own frontier. But hitherto the decision of war and peace has rested exclusively with the mother-country; and it is understood, that if *we* are engaged in war with Russia, forthwith Australia and New Zealand, and the Cape Colony and the West Indies and Canada, are liable to attack, and of course must be defended by us. This is the weak point of England at present, in all her dealings with the States that possess a great marine, viz., France, Russia, and the United States. Our Ministry allows Russia to violate the neutrality of the Black Sea established by the treaty of Paris, because the mere *threat* of war at once involves so vast an expense to defend all the colonies. The load upon us becomes greater and greater with their number, distances, and wealth, while we cannot command their resources of men or of money. The obvious and ever increasing unfairness of this relation leads active and sanguine minds to speculate on a grand union, which (in imitation of Panslavism) we may call *Panangliism*. It is supposed either that the colonies should send representatives to the British Parliament (an arrangement which, if effected, certainly could never work satisfactorily), or that a CONGRESS should be erected over the head of our Parliament, in which deputies should sit from all parts of

the empire; and that questions of war and peace should belong to Congress alone.

Of course the mere novelty of such an arrangement would make it impossible to English natures, until some severe necessity pressed it upon us: but this very thing is a good reason why it should be previously discussed during our times of calmness. Parliament at present passively allows the Ministry to take the initiative of war and peace, and even to make treaties at will; and hereby it yields up the control of finance, so far as the amount of taxation is concerned. Indeed, it has never attempted, as far as we are aware, systematically to dictate to the Ministry a maximum for the yearly expenditure. The Executive Government, certainly in time of war, states *how much it wants*; and Parliament obediently votes the sum, in one way or in another. Hence, if a Congress were established for the control of war and peace, its functions would be so much deducted from the arbitrary power* of the Ministry, not from the practical rights of the Parliament. If Congress declared a war, and voted the total sum to be raised for its support, apportioning that sum between England and the colonies; and voted also how many men should be enrolled from each quarter;—it would remain for Parliament to enact the taxes in detail, exactly as now, without any perceptible deduction from its authority. Thus, on the face of the matter, whenever things ripen for such an arrangement, no fatal difficulty seems to arise out of the ambition and pretensions of Parliament: the great difficulty would be from the love of arbitrary despotism which infects individual statesmen.

On the other hand, there is inherent in such an institution a difficulty which, by Providential goodness, is insuperable to every other influence than JUSTICE. Namely, so long as wars are made by calculations of partial crooked Expediency, it is simply impossible that such a Congress could act harmoniously. It must split in pieces by internal discord. How could the same war be "expedient" to England, to Canada, to New Zealand, unless the doctrine were enshrined in the noblest niche of our archives, that *Justice is the true Expediency*? All the countries will admit, that to keep the police of the high seas is a common good. Neither would England grudge the expense of putting down piracy in the South Seas, nor New Zealand grudge to protect British Oregon from Californian filibusters.

* This is precisely the way that good government established itself during the prime period of the old Roman Republic. The newly-risen assembly (*Comitia Tributa*) gained its power, not so much at the expense of the older assembly (*Comitia Centuriata*), as at the expense of the Executive officers. (Bekker, *Rom. Ant.*)

So also, if war for stated and limited objects were voted against a continental power by a solemn public *judicial* process, it would be possible for the distant branches of the English family cheerfully to accept the award, with all the sacrifices which it might temporarily entail. When the Congress which is to control war shall first vote its rightfulness with all the religious forms of judicial acts, each man giving his verdict on oath "as in a jury-box" (we thank Lord Palmerston for the phrase); then, and not till then, will a real union of all the forces of the empire be imaginable. And until that time, England alone, as the penalty on her extended empire, must bear the whole burden of its defence, even though her colonies rapidly outgrow her.

At present, Party interests utterly forbid all broad and noble changes. The fatal supremacy of Party corrupts men's truthfulness, by forcing them to affect plausible convictions against their secret sentiments. It accustoms public men to mutual distrust, since all officials know all to be sophistical: and with simplicity of character, the chief strength both of Freedom and of Justice is lost. It screens the originators and advisers of every criminal deed, makes responsibility impossible, and taints as with a bad conscience even those who secretly tried to prevent or stop evil. Thus it ruins the moral strength of the best-meaning men. It ensures aggressive rapacity in Asia, where no strong power from without keeps us in check. It makes the reign of nepotism and court favouritism eternal. It draws nearly all the "independent" members of Parliament into the vortex, and implicates the whole House in deeds which bring it into a false position the moment it tries to be just. Party rule ensures that all who on either side lead the Parliament, *shall feel more tenderly for the powers of office than for Parliamentary rights.* Hence the rights of the nation, which are entrusted to the representatives, are bartered away by the Trustees through the force of Cabinet-jobbing. Lastly, its intrigues prepare Ministers to lavish fulsome eulogies on foreign despots, while opening a secret ear to their criminal projects; makes their conscience quail before the recriminations of Austria, and secures the aid of their secret influence to ruin European liberty and slander continental patriotism. This state of things was well understood by the late Emperor Nicolas, who entitled it, to the Marquis Custine, "the government of lies, fraud, and corruption." But while quoting his words we do not adopt his mental inference, that these evil spirits can be cast out by a Russian regimen.

What then can we at present do *in the direction* of those changes which are needed, to overthrow Party, and to establish a true National rule? Evidently, before any organic change is possible, or can be thought of, we want changes in public opinion,

manifesting themselves in journals, in public meetings, and finally in Parliament. We will venture to mention a few.

First, the constituencies may cultivate franker relations with their representatives, and esteem *honesty* in them far more highly than at present. If the constituencies will not discard party zeal, it is not for them to blame the same thing in Parliament, which to a great extent reflects their passions.

Next: we should never taunt a Ministry with remaining in office while weak in voting-power, or insult it because it obeys Parliament when outvoted. Nothing is commoner in our self-styled Liberal journals than this conduct; which is, to preach that the Executive ought to be able to dictate to the Legislative. Rather, a Ministry is to be praised for obedience as to all matters which Parliament can constitutionally control; and, as to internal affairs, nothing more should be exacted of them by public opinion than good administration of the existing laws. As to foreign affairs, the thing to be demanded is publicity, and an early appeal to Parliament.

Thirdly. When legislation is needed, we must never allow a Ministry to make political capital out of it, by merely *coming over** to the measure we want. The deccivableness of the nation is here wonderful. In 1852 Lord John Russell's Reform Bill was the bait of the elections; in 1857 it was Lord Palmerston; who was to be kept in power, because (people convinced themselves) he would *rather* give a Reform Bill *than* be driven out of office. The nation, in truth, speculated on his dishonesty, and was ready to reward him for it. We see the result.

Fourthly. Never let a member be put to any cost for an election. To accept cab-fare and hotel-accommodation at his expense, is to sell oneself to him, and must drive away all but the richest from competing. This and the expenses of Parliament fatally narrow the number of men available as representatives. Some talk of paying their members, and of abolishing the pecuniary qualification. Prior to either of these measures is the abolishing of election expenses. Every constituency should have a right to tax itself for the necessary expenses of *electing* and of *keeping* its representative.

Fifthly. Let the constituencies, equally with Parliament, wash their hands of Cabinet-making. The task is not given to them, and they cannot do it. Let them declare the measures that they want, demand the widest possible choice of representatives, and

* In this respect the Lord Grey of the Reform Bill was peculiar. He had been out of office for twenty-four years from persistent advocacy of Parliamentary Reform, having on this ground refused even to join Mr. Canning in 1827. Of course the nation rallied to him with confidence.

that the persons whom they choose may not be put to too much work.

We here touch on a vast subject. Parliament is enormously overworked: so are Ministers,—when they try to do all that they undertake. Here is an Augean stable to clean. And now, instead of the labour of Parliament being lightened, are the cares of India to be really heaped upon its shoulders?

Lastly. The constituencies must insist on the independence of their representatives. If, on this ground, most of them absolutely refused to elect an official, they would soon enforce a total change. But any extension of the franchise which is adverse to this, must give a premium to the dishonest candidate who will indulge the humour of the constituency in the *one* point which they happen to have in common, and will on all other points sell their dearest interests to the convenience of Party and to the schemes of ambition.



ART. V.—THE BOSCOBEL TRACTS.

1. *Boscobel; or, the compleat History of his Sacred Majestie's most miraculous preservation after the Battle of Worcester, 3 Sept., 1651.* Introduced by an exact relation of that Battle, and illustrated with a Map of the City. London. Printed for A. Seile, over against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street. 1662.
2. *Boscobel; or, the compleat History of the most miraculous preservation of King Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester, September the 3d, 1651.* To which is added *Claustrum Regale Reseratum; or, the King's concealment at Trent.* Published by Mrs. Anne Wyndham. The fourth Edition, adorn'd with cuts. With a Supplement to the whole. London. Printed for J. Wilford, at the Three Golden Fleur-de-Luces, in Little Britain. 1725.
3. *The Boscobel Tracts relating to the escape of Charles the Second after the Battle of Worcester, and his subsequent Adventures.* Edited by J. Hughes, Esq., M.A. Second Edition. William Blackwood and Sons. Edinburgh and London. 1857.
4. *Woodstock; or, the Cavalier.* A Tale of the year Sixteen Hundred and Fifty-one. By the Author of "Waverley."

THERE is, perhaps, no country where, in so small a space as in England, so much romance, so many relics of the past, are crowded together. All have their own tale of peculiar

interest to Englishmen. Insulated by the sea, which has not always been a "sparkling marriage-ring" of land with land, but has rather divorced us from our neighbours, we have fought out our quarrels on our own soil. Our history is written on our land. Abbeys, and cathedrals, and parish-churches, where lie our fathers sleeping still and cold as their own images of brass and stone; moated granges, now guarded only by the tall poplar-trees; old grey manor-houses, dropped down, as it were, amidst our hills, with their secret chambers, where our forefathers were concealed in times of distress; old battle-fields, over which now the vacant ploughman, driving team, is at times startled when he turns up with his plough some broken sword and some bleached arm which once wielded it in the full strength of manhood—all speak to us with no indistinct voices. The spirit that built these abbeys, the spirit that fought upon these battle-fields, may have passed away, and there is little hope of recalling it by a mere antiquarian study of these remains—yet with what feelings of true reverence we may possess let us still cherish them. Dinted gateway and broken rampart still silently speak of the past; whilst local tradition, with less truth, perhaps, but more noisily, tells its own tale. We should like to have these old traditions preserved, and see how far they would tally with what is already known. Much, no doubt, would be valuable, and the future historian could use it as Lord Macaulay has done the Somersetshire traditions with reference to the battle of Sedgemoor.

These reflections are forced upon us as we take up the new edition of the "Boscobel Tracts." By our side lies a copy of the early edition of 1662, which has always remained in one of the very houses in which King Charles was concealed. We hardly like to venture on comparisons. Curious is the old, tattered copy, bethumbed by many a cavalier, and peeped into by the curious villagers, with its quaint woodcuts, its map of the city of Worcester, which would certainly confuse the most enlightened visitor; and its representation of Boscobel wood, in which if the King and Colonel Carlis had not been better concealed than the loyal draughtsman here represents them, they would assuredly have been soon captured. If we have a greater affection for the old, we must own that the new edition is far better suited for general use. Its editor, Mr. Hughes, has done some service by bringing together most of the documents that bear upon the subject; we wish, however, he had reprinted one or two more, especially the rare tract of "White Ladies." He has, too, given us descriptions from personal observation of some of the places where the King stopped. Much more he might have done; "the loyal city of Worcester"

would alone have furnished him with much material which he has neglected. We think, too, he might have given us some of the traditions which still linger in so many parts of England on the subject. He has, though apparently unconscious that there were great doubts on the matter, given the authorship of the "Boscobel Tracts" to Blount, without any comment. Had he looked in so common a book as Nash's "Worcestershire," he would have found the fact strongly disputed.

"The story of the King's escape, after the battle of Worcester, is given in a book entitled 'Boscobel;' the first part contains the history of this event to his leaving White Ladies and Boscobel; the second, his adventures in the west of England: who was the author is not known, certainly not Mr. Blount. . . . Many have supposed that 'Boscobel' was written by Thomas Blount, Esq., born at Bordeley, in Worcestershire, son of Miles Blount, of Orleton, in Herefordshire, fifth son of Roger Blount, of Monkland, in the same county, who died 1679, aged sixty-one; married Anne, daughter of Edmund Church, of Maldon, in Essex, Esq.; he was a very industrious antiquary, and made large collections for the history of Herefordshire. In a MS. I have seen, he denies that he was the author of 'Boscobel;' and says the first time he ever saw the book was at Lord Oxford's, at Brampton Bryan, as will appear by the following letter."

Nash proceeds to quote a letter which he received from Blount's grandson, in which the following occurs:—

"My grandfather's name was Thomas Blount; he died at Orleton. I dare say he was not the author of 'Boscobel,' for in a letter (of his) to my father, I have seen the following sense expressed—'The other day, being on a visit to Lord Oxford, I met with a tract entitled 'Boscobel.' My lord expressed great surprise on seeing me eager to peruse it, saying I was deemed the author. How the world comes to be so kind to give it to me, I know not; but whatever merit it may have, for I had not time to examine it, I do not chuse to usurp it; I scorn to take the fame of another's production. So if the same opinion prevails amongst my friends in your part of the world, I desire you will contradict it; for I do not so much as know the author of that piece.'"*

Nothing can be more decisive than this; yet Mr. Hughes has passed the question of authorship over in silence. We can add nothing to unravel the matter. Whoever the old author of these tracts may be, he was a staunch Royalist, who, in his excess of loyalty, compares Charles II. with King David, and calls the Protector such hard names as "arch rebel," "bloody usurper," and lastly, as most sarcastic of all, "the chief mufti." Nothing to our author is of any account, unless it is

* Supplement to the second edition of Nash's "Worcestershire," 1799, p. 90.

clothed in robes of state. The divine right of kings is a belief and a reality in his mind, but the rights of the quarrel between the Houses and the King he could not understand. Personal feelings, interest, affections, and what not, dimmed his eyes to the truth; we stand on the eminence of many years, and can look calmly down upon the past. "These prodigious rebels," "these blood-hounds," "this skim and filth of the earth," as he calls Cromwell's soldiers, turn out in these later days something very different.

Our author very likely could see nothing in plain Cromwell, "with his linen not very clean, a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar," as Sir Philip Warwick describes him, but perceived every virtue breathing from robes of state and gold crowns. Because Cromwell did not come like some stage king, with stage body-guards, and stage tinsel, and stage wardrobes, men will not allow that he was a king.

Many years ago, before the days of railways, a nobleman and his lady, with their infant child, were travelling in the depth of winter across Salisbury Plain. A snow-storm overtook them; their child became ill from the cold, and they were forced to take refuge in a lone shepherd's hut. The wild shepherd and his wife gathered round the child in awe and silence. The nurse began undressing it by the warm cottage fire. Silken frock and head-dress did the baby wear. One rich baby-dress came off to reveal another more beautiful. Still the shepherd and his wife looked on with awe. At last the process of undressing was completed, and the now naked baby was being warmed by the fire. Then was it, when all these wrappings and outer husks were peeled off, that the shepherd and his wife broke silence, exclaiming, "Why, it's just like one of ours!" What if all the world, like the shepherd and his wife, could see that ordinary kings and queens, when their state robes are off, "are just like one of us." Perhaps they would then discern that the real king with his state robes on or off is something very different.

It was but natural that the old writer of these tracts should feel some personal bitterness against his political enemies. They were regicides—the worst term that could be then applied to living men. We do not care in this matter to defend the Puritans by precedents or references to other rebellions. Great men, as these were, want no such apologies for their deeds; fools only require precedents. These Roundheads saw that the doctrine of non-resistance meant nothing else than the indulgence and encouragement of one individual's licence and crime; they saw through the fiction that the king can do no

wrong, and saw also that he is accountable, like any other man, for his faults, and fully, like any other man, deserves the penalty due to them; they felt, too, that it was far better that one guilty man should suffer a speedy death, than that thousands of their innocent countrymen should suffer prolonged tortures, and that England should groan, for ever it might be, under cruel and unjust laws. Theirs was true patriotism, which loves its country better than its king; and they committed their deed, not in a corner, but in the broad daylight, before all England and all men.

We cannot here, at any length, well discuss the further question of the different governments of the Puritan and the Cavalier. The whole matter is answered by the fruits the two systems produced. Look for a moment at Cromwell's government: England basking in the sunshine of peace, though ruled, it might be, with a sceptre of iron; Ireland enjoying the novelty of quietness; our navies riding triumphant from sea to sea, and the English name feared by every despot, and Englishmen at home reverencing God, striving to walk uprightly before Him, according to the best light they had. And then look a few years after at this England, plundered by noble bastards; the court itself nothing but a harem, without the decency of eastern manners; our exchequer bankrupt; our ships rotting in our rotting dockyards, and England fawning like a beaten hound to a foreign potentate:—and the general question, we should think, would be easily answered by most men. But, descending into particulars, we should find much to blame in the Puritan, and not a little to love and admire in the Cavalier. The Puritans, in their crusade against sin, were noble soldiers, whose pay was not in this world's coin. Great and glorious were they in that they saw that life was no paltry farce, played upon a poor stage, with clap-trap shows, and a little paint, and a few oil-lamps, but a deep, mysterious, never-ending tragedy: for this is true transcendentalism, true idealism, by whatever name it may be called. But they erred lamentably when they thought to dragoon men into virtue; to banish crime by edicts, imagining because vice was no longer apparent that it did not exist. *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio* may, perhaps, hold good in law, but is not true of morals. Such a view nourished hypocrisy and a thousand evils. We cannot enforce the seventh commandment, and the other sins that the seventh commandment implies, by physical force, by driving vice into holes and corners. Immorality seems to be a plant that grows ranker and stronger covered up in darkness, and there bears its most deadly fruit, and its subtlest poison. The Puritan theory of this world was no complete one. Their answer was not the whole answer to this problem of life, and therefore could

not last. Their dearest defenders seem to feel this.* Life is a tragedy, but it is as one of Shakspeare's tragedies, where mirth, too, plays a part—a secondary part—but still plays. Though a man's sorrow is in proportion to a man's capacity for feeling and experiencing the mysterious wonders of the world and of his own soul, and its intensity is measured by his own nobleness and greatness, yet we know also that there is a spirit of gladness thrown like a calm, gentle light over all great minds, beautifully shining on the darkness and the deep cloud; that there is, ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ these, too, above all others, a soul of cheerfulness, gladly accepting, ~~and~~ ^{and} whatever troubles life may bring, with the gentle, happy spirit of a child. Nature herself is ever joyful, and, in spite of the Puritans, she still kept on her way the same, the glad sunshine ever renewing itself though chequered, it might be, with the shadows of the clouds; the green grass springing up so fresh and bright, that it makes the heart joyful to look at it; the birds still singing their old tunes in the deep green-woods, whether the Puritan would listen or not. The Puritan allowed no play to those faculties of men, which, properly developed, constitute so much of the enjoyment of life. A black mask fell over everything. No sunny smiles with him that warm the heart—no songs that cheer the labourer, heavy with the business of the day, until—surely enough to make the very angels weep, men almost believed a mother's kiss on the lips of her child to be a crime.

Such men as Cromwell and John Milton are not, of course, to be included in our censure. The one, it is said, preserved for the nation the cartoons of Raphael and Andrea Montegna's "Triumph," was fond of music, even encouraged the theatres, and gathered the poets to his court: the author of "Comus" and "L'Allegro," though a Puritan, was not of them; and we could have told from his works how deeply he loved the drama, had he not left his noble tribute to Shakspeare. Such traits as these show us not merely how great these two Republicans were, but how good also. Assuredly, they had little sympathy with such men as Prynne and Stephen Gosson, who, in their fanaticism, denounced both poet and sculptor, as well as player.

But let us return to our author, and, before proceeding, do him the justice of acknowledging his extreme accuracy in all matters of fact. These words of his in the address to the reader may be read with advantage by most historians:—

"I am so far from that foul crime of publishing what's false, that I can safely say, I know not one line unauthentick; such has been my care to be sure of the truth, that I have diligently collected the par-

* See Mr. Carlyle's "Cromwell," first edition, vol. ii. p. 655.

ticulars from most of their mouths, who were the very actors themselves in this scene of miracles. To every individual person, as far as my industry could arrive to know, I have given the due of his merit; be it for valour, fidelity, or whatsoever other quality that any way had the honour to relate to his Majesty's service. . . . And though the whole complex may want elegance and politeness of style . . . yet it cannot want truth, the chief ingredient for such undertakings."

We willingly corroborate this, and readily forgive the writer his creeds and theories for his ardent desire for accuracy, which makes his history in this respect contrast favourably with Clarendon's account of the same matter.

Of all romantic tales in English history, this of King Charles's flight is, perhaps, the most so. His hair-breadth escapes, his sufferings, his disguises, the incidents that befell him, all contribute to throw a rather fictitious light over his character, as well as to heighten the colouring and interest of the story. The Charles of 1651, however, was a very different man from the one we generally know as Charles. He was then in the prime of youth; his features, though irregular and swarthy, lit up by his expressive eyes, were not yet marked with sensualism; his manners were winning, and free from that overdone courtier-like air which he picked up abroad in after years; his gallantry and wit took captive every maiden's heart; whilst his warm and open disposition, which had not yet budded into open libertinism, was acceptable to the freest of the Cavaliers, whilst it did not displease the more severe. He possessed then, too, a certain firmness of mind, and a spirit of self-denial, which all, however, melted away during his residence in foreign courts. In addition to this, he was one of the best walkers and tennis-players in England, and was as courageous as he was skilful in the use of his sword—qualities which are always respected by Englishmen. He came forward as the avenger of the murdered King, when the reaction of feeling had just set in, and his cause alone with some constituted him a hero. He seemed just then to have possessed the bravery and valour of his grandfather, Henry of France, joined with the better parts of his father; and his trials and sufferings, as they often do, brought out the good points of his character, and threw the worst into the shade. The story of his escape has always been popular. Children and grown-up people read it with equal attention. Oak-apple day is still kept up by schoolboys. Rival villages contend for the scenes of different adventures. Scott has made the tale the groundwork of one of his novels; and there is scarcely an historical romance which is not for ever alluding to old haunted castles and priests' hiding-places where Charles II., rightly or wrongly,

is supposed to have been concealed. His route might to this day be traced by the traditions which may be still gathered at the different places along the road where he stopped. And yet Charles was far from a hero; and the centre of every story should have something heroic and ideal in it. Still, even in this tale of his flight, there is many a curious anecdote, many a noble trait exhibited in quarters where it might be least expected. The old grey houses are many of them still standing where Charles hid, the old traditions are still in the mouths of men, and we should like to say something of them before they pass away for ever.

We would, however, here protest against the novels we have just been speaking of. Teaching history by such means is not teaching history at all, but only the theories and views which certain writers may choose to adopt. Not even Sir Walter Scott's great name can give credit to the custom. Chatham may learn history from Shakspeare, but not every reader is Chatham, nor every writer Shakspeare. What we want to know is not what certain people who once actually lived and played important parts on this earth, from which we, their descendants, are now reaping the results for good or evil, might or might not do under certain circumstances existing only in the writer's mind, but what they actually did do in the circumstances in which they were placed. The use of history is not to make men sympathise with this or that party, but to make men sympathise with whatever is good and noble in any party. Setting aside the presumption of putting our poor words into the mouths of great men, there must be always a dangerous tendency to darken or to ennoble certain characters for the exigencies of the plot; and in spite of all the beauties of "Woodstock," it is to us a most painful tale, showing how far a great man like Scott could misrepresent for artistic and other purposes the character of Cromwell. If we must have fiction, let us also have fictitious characters, who shall become real to us in proportion as they are truthfully and naturally delineated; for if novelists once become historians, we shall soon have historians novelists.

And now at last for our tale. In the beginning of August, 1651, Charles II. marched from Scotland into England. He seems to have thought that the English would speedily at his presence forget the oppressions of his father and the Star-Chamber—that they would forget, too, the verse, which they seemed at that moment to know better than any other, which told them "to put not their faith in princes." There was far more of Quixotism than chivalry in the enterprise. Charles had succeeded but indifferently in Scotland, where his strength

lay; and he thought to be victorious in England, where he could hardly count upon a man. Manifestoes were published, offering pardon to all the rebels, with the exception of some of the leaders, who would submit, and promising further, "a lasting peace settled with religion and righteousness;" but manifestoes are easily published, and the English just then did not seem to think them necessarily true, even though published by a king. The Scotch army, inferior to Cromwell's in number, made up for their numerical weakness by harsher discipline. Apple stealing was punished with death; what punishment was allotted to graver offences we are not told.* At Warrington the first encounter of any importance took place, where Lambert and Harrison had concentrated some 7000 men. The bridge over the river had been partially broken down, but Charles in person, leading his troops over planks hastily thrown from pier to pier, gallantly led the way. Harrison and Lambert retreated, in pursuance of Cromwell's orders. On the 22nd the Royalist army reached Worcester, *civitas et in bello et in pace semper fidelis*, with its walls in ruin, but with a very loyal mayor. The hostile garrison fled, and Charles, abandoning his intention of going on to London from the fatigued state of his army, ordered the walls to be immediately repaired.† For the next two or three days the King occupied himself with royal ceremonies, and his Scotch soldiers occupied themselves with quarrelling with an eminent divine of the city, a Mr. Crosby, who, in his ultra-loyalism, had unduly exalted the King to the headship of the Church. Meanwhile, the Earl of Derby was defeated in Lancashire by Lilburn, and was forced to seek refuge at Boscobel House, on the borders of Shropshire and Staffordshire; from whence, having recovered from his wounds, he joined the King at Worcester. On the 26th, Charles held a review of his forces on the Pitchcroft, a large meadow on the banks of the Severn; and on the same day, in London, the

* "Prisoner's Letter from Chester:" in the Oxford edition of Lord Clarendon's "State Papers." The object was of course to conciliate the English as much as possible along the road.

† One of the original orders is still in the possession of Mr. Page, of Salwarpe, near Droitwich, and runs as follows:—

"CHARLES R.

"You are hereby required to send out of your parish thirty able men, to work at the fortifications of this city, and in regarde of the necessity to beginne to-morrow morning (Monday, at five o'clock), whereof you and they are not to faile, as you tend our displeasure. Given at our Court at Worcester, the 24th of August, 1651.

"To the constables and tything men of Salwarpe.

"And you are to bring with you spades, shovels, and pickaxes."

The postscript proves with what haste the order was given.

Lord Mayor publicly burnt by the hands of the common hangman Charles's manifesto, and in its place issued another, wherein Charles Stuart is ominously spoken of as a traitor and a public enemy. Cromwell, too, was now fast approaching. The county militias had, on his way, all flocked round his standard, and on the 28th he was with some thirty thousand men before Worcester, taking up his position at Perry Wood and Red Hill, eminences commanding the city on the east side and nearly opposite to the Royal Fort. On the same day Lambert had forced the passage of the Severn, at Upton, some little way below Worcester, his men "straddling across the parapet" of the nearly broken down bridge, and maintaining themselves in the tower of Upton Church against Massey, who, being wounded, retreated across the Trent by Powick bridge into Worcester. Affairs now looked hopeless for the Royalists. But Englishmen, Royalists or Puritans, are not in the habit of despairing: so on the next night, Charles perceiving himself to be gradually surrounded by a net-work of soldiery, determined on a night attack; and some 1200 to 1500 men, under General Middleton, wearing their shirts over their armour to recognise each other in the darkness, attacked Cromwell's head-quarters at Red Hill. But a Puritan in the city, one Guise a tailor, had given information of the project, and the Royalists were defeated with loss. Poor Guise suffered the next day for his information. He saved his friends' lives, but lost his own. The Republicans, however, did not forget his services: Parliament soon afterwards voted his widow 200*l.* in money, and an annuity of 200*l.* During the next three or four days Cromwell poured in strong reinforcements to Powick, on the river Teme, which, together with the Severn, separated his troops on the west side from the city, and was now guarded by the Royalist Montgomery. The third of September saw Charles on the Cathedral tower, watching the movements of the enemy. The Lord General had detached a thousand men to cross the Severn by means of pontoons, at a place called Bunshill, a little above its junction with the Teme, with a view to outflank Montgomery, whose force was now being attacked at Powick bridge. Charles hastened to the scene of action. But, simultaneously with this movement on the western side, the Fort Royal on the east of the city was attacked. Charles returned to head-quarters, leaving Major Pitscottie, with three hundred Highlanders, to oppose the one thousand men at Bunshill. The battle soon became general. Cromwell led on his men in person. In vain Pitscottie and his gallant three hundred offered resistance. As soon as Cromwell was over, he laid a bridge

across the Teme, close to its junction with the Severn, over which Fleetwood's right detachment^r passed, whilst his left marched on to Powick bridge to help in the engagement against Montgomery. The bridge was fiercely contested. Cromwell's men there now seeing that assistance was coming up, and that Montgomery would be cut off in the rear, plunged boldly into the river. Montgomery, his ammunition being exhausted, was forced to retreat, bravely fighting, though, at every hedge and ditch, till driven across the Severn bridge into Worcester.*

So much for the battle on the western side of the city. As soon as the Protector saw that his troops would be victorious, he hastily returned by his bridge across the Severn to Red Hill, and redoubled the attack on the Royal Fort. Charles now marched out of his entrenchments, leading on his Highlanders and best infantry, supported by his English Cavaliers. Desperate was the struggle. The Puritans gave way, leaving their cannon: but they gave way only to come back stronger, as a wave retires to the ocean for fresh strength. Charles's men fought with all the valour of despair; their ammunition was gone, but they still fought on with the butt-ends of their muskets. Now was the time for Lesley to charge with his cavalry; but he hung back. The Royalists at last broke. Cromwell seized the guns in the Royal Fort, and played them upon the fugitives. Through Sidbury they fled in confusion into the town. An ammunition wagon was overturned in the gate-way, and the King was forced to leap off his horse and hurry into the town on foot, his pursuers close upon him.†

* Letter of Robert Stapylton, dated "from our quarters on the east side of Severne, near the river, 10 at night, Sept. 3, 1651." From *Perf. Diur.*, Sept. 1 to 8. *Merc. Pol.*, Sept. 4 to 11.—*Cromwelliana*.—"Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," by Thomas Carlyle, vol. ii. Letter 123, first edition.

† This is the version in "Boscobel," which proceeds to say, that in "Friar's-street his majesty put off his armour, and took a fresh horse." Now in that copy of the old edition of 1662, which we have before alluded to, there is written, in the handwriting of the 17th century, against these words, "given to y^e king by Mr. Bagnal," which is curiously corroborated by Nash, who at the same time, however, gives a rather different version of the ammunition story: "The king would certainly have been taken by Cromwell's cavalry, who were close at his heels, had not one of the inhabitants drawn a great load of hay into Sidbury Gate, which blocked up the entrance, so that the horse could not enter. The king, who was a very small distance before his enemies, dismounted, and crept under the hay into the town; as soon as he was entered the city, a cry was made to mount the king; when Mr. William Bagnal, a loyal gentleman who then lived in Sidbury, turned out his horse ready saddled, upon which his Majesty fled through St. Martin's Gate, and so to Boscobel. To a son of this Mr. William Bagnal, Dr. Thomas, when Dean of Worcester, of which diocese he was afterwards bishop, married his eldest daughter; and from his papers this anecdote is transcribed."—*Collections, for the city of Worcester*,

Charles's men now began to throw away their arms. In vain did Charles, having mounted again, ride up and down the streets hat in hand begging them to stand by him and fight like men; in vain did he implore them. At last, seeing all hope gone, all courage lost, he cried out, "I had rather that you would shoot me, than keep me alive to see the sad consequences of this fatal day." And now Cromwell's men were pouring into the city on all sides. General Dalzell's brigade in St. John's, on the west side of the town, threw down their arms. Lord Rothes and Sir William Hamilton gallantly defended the Castle Hill until fair terms of surrender could be obtained. Some of the English Cavaliers made a desperate resistance in the Town Hall until they were all cut to pieces or made prisoners; whilst Lord Cleveland, Major Carlis, and others rallied a handful of men and charged the enemy, "filling the streets with the bodies of horses and men,"* and thus securing the King's retreat. By six in the evening Charles had fled through St. Martin's Gate; once more at Barbon's bridge, just out of the town, he tried to rally his men; but it was to no purpose. Behind him now lay Worcester, with its houses pillaged and its citizens slain for his sake, and he forced to fly for life. Well might he say, "I had rather that you would shoot me, than keep me alive to see the sad consequences of this fatal day." Sad indeed they were; his poor Scotch soldiers, betrayed by their accent, wandered about the country starving, until at last mercifully knocked on the head by the peasantry. So ended the battle of Worcester, "as stiff a contest for four or five hours as ever I have seen," as Cromwell wrote.†

Charles's expedition could have but one result: and that which took place was the quickest and the best. Had Lesley or Dalzell fought that day as they should, the issue must still have been the same with increased misery a few days later. For it was impossible that a boy like Charles with a handful of men, their ammunition ill supplied, could withstand a veteran like Cromwell, with England at his back. The bravery and devotedness of Charles's men will ever command respect, and shed a lustre round a worthless cause.

And now at this day at Worcester, many of the places con-

made by Mr. Habington: in the Appendix to Nash's "Worcestershire," second edition, 1799, vol. ii. p. 106. See also pp. 323, 324, where Nash states that Bagnal never received either his horse or saddle, or any recompense for them. We have followed the author of "Boscobel," as he is supported by Bates in his "Account of the Rise and Progress of the late Troubles in England."

* "Prisoner's Letter from Chester."

† "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," by Thomas Carlyle, vol. ii. first edition, Letter 123.

nected with the battle are still in existence. Perry Wood still stands, and the entrenchments are still visible, and the peasant will show you as a balance against all the royal oaks a tree where the devil is said to have appeared to Cromwell. The railway now runs along where the hottest engagement took place. Sidbury and St. Martin's Gates have disappeared, and large lime trees are growing on the site of the Royal Fort; but the Commandery is still standing, and the rooms may be seen where Charles slept and the Duke of Hamilton died. Powick old bridge still stands, crooked and narrow, spanning with its massive arches and abutments the streams of the Teme and Langhern, and was admirably calculated by its position for defence. A brass cannon is preserved in the Town Hall, presented to Charles by the Count de Berg, thus refuting the statement in the prisoner's letter from Chester that the Royalists were only supplied with sixteen leathern guns. A curious item too is met with in the corporation annals with reference to the poor Scotch soldiers,—“Paid for pitch and rosen to p'fume the hall after the Scots, 2s.”*

All along the Kidderminster road that September night was hurry and confusion; the King knew not whither to fly. London was proposed, but no one except Lord Wilmot fell in with this plan. Scotland was next thought of, and the royal party, separating themselves from the main body, turned northwards. Darkness overtook them, and at Kimer Heath, near Kidderminster, they lost their way. In this dismal plight Lord Derby remembered Boscobel House. So on their perilous journey they again went. Stourbridge must be passed through where bodies of the enemy were quartered. Through its silent streets they went with all secrecy, stopping at a lonely roadside house out of the town for refreshment: and just when daylight was dawning they found themselves at White-Ladies, a seat of the Giffard family. The King's horse, by way of

* It seems to be a trait with the English people, especially with the commonly, to adhere staunchly through good and ill to their favourites, and as an example of this we may notice with what affection Worcester has ever held to the Stewarts, in spite of all their black ingratitude. To this day is the custom of placing oak boughs, on the 29th of May, over the doorways still kept up in Worcester, and it is still there popularly believed that a figure over the entrance of the Guildhall of a man's head, with his ears nailed back, represents Cromwell in pillory, whilst the two Charleses stand comfortably below in their royal robes. Mr. Noake in his “Notes and Queries for Worcestershire” gives a portion of an old song bearing on this point, which may still be heard among the lower orders:—

“The Worcester people being hurt full sore, sir,
Nail'd Cromwell's head by the ears above the Town-hall door, sir,
Chorus. Heigho, what will they do?
They're always finding something new.”

precaution, was stabled in the very hall. No time could be lost. Mr. Giffard sent for Richard and William Penderel, who with their other brothers, were tenants on his estate, and to them committed the King. Blue ribbon, and George of diamonds, and garter, and princely ornaments had to be flung away. The King's long black hair was cut country fashion. His hands and face smeared over with soot. He had to exchange his own clothes for a coarse noggen shirt, a common countryman's green and greasy suit, and leathern doublet. Whilst they are busy disguising him, news is brought that the enemy is close at hand. The King is hurried through a secret door, and hid in Spring Coppice. Into the thickest part of it do they plunge. Morning has broken, and the rain is pouring heavily on the royal fugitive as he sits shivering at the foot of a tree. All his friends, with the exception of Wilmot, who remains in the neighbourhood under the protection of John Penderel, have now left him, not even daring to know where he is hid, for fear that under coercion they might betray the secret. They attempt to rejoin Lesley's horse, which is as useless in retreat as it was in battle, and is soon cut to pieces. Lord Derby, with many others, is taken prisoner. The Duke of Buckingham, Lord Leviston, with a few more contrive to escape. Richard Penderel manages to procure a blanket for the King, and his sister-in-law, "the good wife Yates, brings a mess of milk, and some butter and eggs," declaring with true womanly affection, "that she would rather die than discover him." A poor court this wet wood for a King; and yet these poor people were sincerer courtiers than ever Charles had before known.*

In the dusk of the evening Charles and his guide stole out of the wood with the intention of making for Wales. At his guide's house Charles was again disguised, and assumed the name of Will Jones: kings even in our times have been reduced to such necessities. They then started for Madeley, on the banks of the Severn. On their road there an incident befel them which we give in the words of the author of "*Boscobel*:"—

"Before his Majesty came to Madeley he met with an ill-favoured encounter at Evelin Mill, being about two miles from thence. The miller, it seems, was an honest man, but his Majesty and Richard Penderel knew it not, and had then in his house some considerable

* The peasantry to this day, along the road from Worcester to White Ladies Hill, still point out with more or less truth the places where the king halted; and at Wolverley, in the dell upon which Lea Castle stands, the spot is still shown where the king crossed.—See Mr. Noake's "*Notes and Queries for Worcestershire*," p. 325..

persons of his Majesty's army, who took shelter there in their flight from Worcester, and had not been long in the mill, so that the miller was upon his watch; and Richard unhappily permitting a gate to clap through which they passed, gave occasion to the miller to come out and boldly ask, "Who is there?" Richard, thinking the miller had pursued them, quitted the usual way in some haste, and led his Majesty over a little brook, which they were forced to wade through, and which contributed much towards the galling of his Majesty's feet, who, as he afterwards pleasantly observed, was here in some danger of losing his aide, but that the rustling of Richard's calves'-skin breeches was the best direction his Majesty had to follow him in that dark night." (pp. 225-226.)

Madeley, the seat of Mr. Wolfe, is reached safely about midnight, and the tired king, for better safety than in the house, passes the night and the whole of the next day in a hay-loft, for the Welsh expedition had to be given up, as the enemy had posts on the Severn, which it was found impossible to evade; and a little before evening the King and his guide beat their retreat to Boscobel, Charles's hands and face having been previously stained with walnut leaves by Mrs. Wolfe. To avoid their friend, the miller, they were forced to wade the stream, Charles plunging in first, being a swimmer, and helping his guide over. About five in the morning they reached Boscobel-wood, where the King found Major Carlis, who led the forlorn hope at Worcester, and who, as the author of "Boscobel" quaintly says, "had seen not the last man born, but the last man killed at Worcester." The King and the Major climbed up into a thick pollard oak, or, in the language of the country people of the present day, "a dorrel tree." Through its thick, close branches and its yellow autumn leaves they could peep and see the red coats of their enemies passing close under them, peering into every corner of the wood. Evening at last rescued them: and now—

When all the paths were dim,
And far below the Roundhead rode,
And humm'd a surly hymn,

they returned to Boscobel House, where William Penderel lived, and where his good wife, Joan, provided the King with a supper of chickens. At supper a council is held as to the next day's provisions, and Major Carlis proposes a campaign against a neighbouring sheep-fold, which he successfully performs the next morning, killing a sheep with his dagger, and William Penderel bearing it home in triumph; an exploit which reminds us of some of the scenes which Charles Edward must have witnessed in the Cave of Coiro. The next day, which was

Sunday, the King appears to have spent partly engaged in cooking mutton chops; and in his own private devotions.

We must now return to Lord Wilmot's proceedings; the reader will remember that he still remained in the vicinity. He had found refuge at Moseley Hall, the seat of Mr. Whitgreaves, only eight miles from Boscobel, and from thence had gone on to Bentley Hall, at Colonel Lane's invitation. Communication is opened by the means of John Penderel between him and the King, and it is determined that Charles, on this Sunday evening, shall join him: so bidding Carlis farewell, who afterwards escaped to France, the King mounted on Humphrey Penderel's mill-horse, set out for Moseley Hall, with the five brothers for an escort. The King complained of his steed's action, and we must not forget the reply,—“Can you blame the horse, my liege, to go heavily when he has the weight of three kingdoms on his back?” Cheered up by the honest miller's joke, they reach Moseley in safety through the rain and darkness. And here we take leave of the Penderels; they were a right loyal brotherhood, whom neither threats nor bribes could prevail to betray their king. It is the faithfulness and devotedness of such true men that gives the real interest to our story, and proves how good human nature ever is, and what noble, faithful hearts are beating beneath coarse vests. Refreshment is brought to Charles, who stands sorely in need of it; once more his spirits return, and he fights his battles over again, exclaiming, “I am now ready for another march, and if it shall please God once more to place me at the head of eight or ten thousand men of one mind, and resolved to fight, I shall not doubt to drive these rogues out of my kingdom.” It is here that we first make acquaintance with Father Hodleston, whom the reader will remember as administering the Sacrament to Charles on his death-bed. Monday morning is breaking on the tired King, who tries to take some rest in one of the narrow secret chambers where he is concealed. He has but just left Boscobel in time, for to-day two parties of the enemy closely searched the house in every direction, taking away all poor William Penderel's stock of provisions, and threatening his life. Lord Wilmot goes over to Bentley Hall to make preparations for the King's reception there. The next day Moseley Hall itself is surrounded by soldiers, but thanks to Mr. Whitgreaves' address, all suspicion is warded off, though at White-Ladies Mr. Giffard is not so lucky, and his house is thoroughly explored, the very wainscoting being torn down in pursuit of the fugitive. Tuesday comes, and with it a number of false rumours, and one also quite true, that a thousand

pounds is offered for the apprehension of Charles Stuart. That night the King, attended by Colonel Lane, reached Bentley Hall.

We shall not dwell on this portion of the narrative, as Mr. Hughes has given not only a detailed account of all matters of interest connected with it, but also sketches of Boscobel House and Moseley Hall, but shall pass on to the next stage of the journey, where the editor's knowledge is more limited. It was arranged at Bentley that the King should attend Colonel Lane's daughter, Jane Lane, who had a pass from the enemy, and endeavour to reach some sea-port; so on Wednesday morning we find Charles transformed from Will Jones, the woodman, into Will Jackson, a groom, clad in a suit of grey cloth. His new part he did not play well, for in handing Jane Lane on to her horse he gave her the wrong hand, which caused old Mrs. Lane to laugh heartily at his expense. However, the party, consisting of Jane Lane with Will Jackson riding before her, a relative of hers, Mr. Lascelles, and Mr. and Mrs. Petre, who were going to their place in Buckinghamshire, set out. They had not proceeded far when Jane Lane's horse cast a shoe, which the King must see replaced. Going into the nearest forge, Charles was soon chatting with the smith, who was bewailing the non-capture of that "rogue, Charles Stuart." The King replied, that "if that rogue were taken, he deserved to be hanged more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots." The horse is again shod, and the party proceed safely as far as Wootton, some six or seven miles from Stratford-on-Avon*. Here, however, they are met by a troop of horse, through which the King would pass, but Mr. Petre refuses. Jane Lane, who seems to have possessed courage equal to her tact, in vain remonstrates, and the party "wheel about a more indirect way," as the author of "Boscobel" writes, or as the King says, "we turned quite round, and went into Stratford another way."† Very curious is this, as it shows how accurate at times is popular tradition. The country people in the neighbourhood still say that Charles came to Wootton, and turned off at a spot called Bearley Cross, although the name of King's-lane has been given to a modern road, only a portion of which can claim that appellation. The old lane can still be traced, along which Charles rode that September afternoon, although in places it is quite overgrown with under-wood. It ran where Bearley-grove now stands, along the ridge-

* The author of "Boscobel" falls into one or two trifling inaccuracies just here, as when he says Wootton is within four miles of Stratford; and again, that Long-Marston is three miles from the same place; for three read five.

† An account of his Majesty's escape from Worcester; dictated to Mr. Pepys by the King himself, p. 164.

top, and so into the Wootton-road again. We made our way down it a few days ago. Its track in places was covered over with primroses which gleamed in the March sun, and the catkins of the nut-trees waved golden in the March wind, whilst their pink tufts gleamed here and there like rubies. The one elm in the Wootton-road has only within a few years been cut down, under which Charles must have passed that day, for we know from parish documents that it was standing in Shakspeare's time, as a boundary tree; but the peasant has his revenge, and can show you the oak under which the King took shelter in a storm. At Stratford Mr. and Mrs. Petre, ignorant of who Will Jackson might be, went on to Buckinghamshire. What Charles's thoughts were as he passed along, who shall say? In sight of him were the Edge-Hills, where his father first fought the Houses: beside him there ran the river Avon, which flowed from the fatal field of Naseby, where his father for the last time encountered the same foe. In the town, too, he passed not very far from where his mother, Henrietta Maria, had kept court—New Place—where a greater than she had once lived, even William Shakspeare. The royal party now keep on for Long Marston, or Marson, as the King writes it, and still so pronounced by the peasantry to this day, the same "dancing Marston" in Shakspeare's well-known rhyme. Here Jane Lane puts up at the house of Mr. Tombs: and here it was that the well-known attempt of the King to wind up the jack really occurred;* we shall give the story in the words of the author of "Boscobel:"—

"That night, according to designment, Mrs. Lane and her company took up their quarters at Mr. Tombs' house, at Longmarston, some three miles west of Stratford, with whom she was well acquainted. Here Will Jackson being in the kitchen, in pursuance of his disguise, and

* The story of King Charles winding up the jack is popular in many villages, and it is but just that the honour should be given to the place where it really occurred. A writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," No. 63, claims Boscobel House as the scene of the occurrence, and in the neighbourhood of Bentley Hall tradition loudly asserts the claim of the latter place, whilst Trent House as firmly maintains its own right to the same honour; but there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the author of "Boscobel," supported as he is by the direct family tradition of the Tombs. The truth is, as we have said before, that no tale is so popular among the lower orders as this of King Charles's escape, and many villages, where he could never have been, in their loyal enthusiasm show you the identical room where he slept. Thus, at Knightwick, in Worcestershire, King Charles is said to have hid himself at the Talbot Inn, disguised as a shoeblick; the error arising possibly from the fact that Colonel Lane possessed property in the neighbourhood. Again, at Philips Norton, in Somersetshire, a house is shown where King Charles was concealed, the mistake arising in this case from the confusion of the words Phelps and Norton, as connected with the history.

the cook-maid busy in providing supper for her master's friends, she desired him to wind up the jack; Will Jackson was obedient, and attempted it, but hit not the right way, which made the maid in some passion ask, 'What countryman are you, that you know not how to wind up a jack?' Will Jackson answered very satisfactorily, 'I am a poor tenant's son of Colonel Lane, in Staffordshire; we seldom have roast meat, but when we have, we don't make use of a jack: which in some measure assuaged the maid's anger.'*

The old house still stands, and is still in possession of the same family, who now, however, spell their names rather differently—Tomes. The people in the village even now call the house "Old King Charles." "So and so lives at Old King Charles," they say. The old jack still hangs up beside the fire-place, and from its construction would, we should think, puzzle, at first sight, a wiser man than Charles to wind it up. The villagers have their own version of the story, which is somewhat more romantic than the plain narration in "Boscobel," and runs as follows:—That the King, hard pressed by the soldiers in pursuit of him, fled for refuge to the house into the very kitchen, disclosing his perilous situation to the maid at work, who instantly set him to wind up the jack; the soldiers rushed in after him; the King, in trepidation, turned round, when the cook, with wonderful presence of mind, hit him with the basting-ladle, adding, "Now then, go on with your work, instead of looking about." The manœuvre was effectual, and the soldiers departed on a fresh track. *Valeat quantum valere debeat.* Quaint and curious is the old place, with its oaken staircase and closets, standing a little back from the village, in the midst of trees and green pasture lands; it surely deserves a better fate than to be used as the granary of an adjoining farm-house. We are sorry Mr. Hughes did not investigate this portion of Charles's journey, which would have yielded him quite as interesting results as his other inquiries. The family of the Tombs's, although ignorant at the time who was their guest, turning the jack in their kitchen, appear to have suffered for their night's hospitality. There is still in the possession of Fisher Tomes, Esq., the present owner of the house, a warrant issued by Edward Greville, of Milcote, directed to the constable and tything-men of Marston, desiring them to bring before him John Tombs, to answer to such matters as may be brought against him. He was obliged in consequence to leave the country for a time, and part of the estate was given to his half-brother, Francis Blower, who had taken the Parliamentary side. After the Restoration, family tradition says that they received, by way of

* "Boscobel," Part ii. p. 263.

recompense, a grant of liberty to hunt, hawk, and fish from Long Marston to Crab's Cross, near Redditch, in Worcestershire, though it seems that the grant was never entered in the King's Register Book—Charles in this, as in many other instances, rightly estimating the true value of his life by the rewards he bestowed on his preservers.

We have dwelt thus long on this part of the journey because Mr. Hughes has barely alluded to it, and must now compress our story. From Long Marston the Royal party proceed by Camden along the Cotswold Hills to Sirendbster, where they stayed the night, and from thence to Abbotsleigh, the residence of the Nortons, passing through Bristol on their way.

In Colston's "Life and Times" may be found a very elaborate description of Charles and Jane Lane riding through the streets of Bristol, and meeting the corpse of Ireton just landed from Ireland; but, unfortunately, Charles passed through Bristol on September 12th, and Ireton did not die till November 26th. At Abbotsleigh, for greater security, Charles feigned sickness. The butler, however, who had once been in the King's household, recognised his former master. Lord Wilnot, who had left Charles in Warwickshire, arrives in the neighbourhood on the 12th; but it is thought advisable that he should stay away from Abbotsleigh for fear of detection. All hope of embarking from Bristol being gone, owing to the enemy's close watch, it is determined that Charles shall proceed to Trent House, the seat of Colonel Wyndham. An account of his sojourn there is still preserved in a pamphlet, entitled *Claustrum Regale Reseratum*, supposed to have been written by either Colonel Wyndham's wife or sister; but whoever she was, she exceeds the author of "Boscobel" in virulent royalism. We quote its commencement:—

"His Majesty's journey from Abbots-Leigh, in Somersetshire, to the house of Colonel Francis Wyndham at Trent, in the same county, his stay there, his endeavour, though frustrate, to get over into France, his return to Trent, his final departure thence in order to his happy transportation. A story, in which the constellations of Providence are so refulgent, that their light is sufficient to confute all the atheists of the world, and to enforce all persons, whose faculties are not pertinaciously depraved, to acknowledge the watchful eye of God from above, looking upon all actions of men here below, making even the most wicked subservient to his just and glorious designs. And indeed, whatsoever the ancients fabled Gyges's ring, by which he could render himself invisible; or the poets fancied of their gods, who usually carried their chief favourites in the clouds, and by drawing those aerial curtains, which so conceal them, that they were heard and seen of none, whilst they both heard and saw others, is here most certainly verified; for the Almighty so closely covered the King with the wing of his

protection, and so clouded the understandings of his cruel enemies, that the most piercing eye of malice could not see, nor the most barbarous bloody hand offer violence to his sacred person; God smiting his pursuers, as once he did the Sodomites, with blindness”

Alison is accused of writing history to prove that Providence was on the side of the Tories; but Mistress Wyndham seems to have been admitted at once into the Almighty's counsels.

On September 16th, Charles, attended by the faithful Jane Lane and Mr. Lascelles, set out for Trent, but that day they only reach Castle Cary. Lord Wilmot, however, has gone on to Trent to tell the news to Colonel Wyndham, who the next day sets out to meet the King, having intrusted the secret to his wife, his niece, Juliana Coningsby, and some of his domestics. Charles remained in close quarters at Trent, in a secret chamber which commanded a view of the village, where he overheard one of Cromwell's troopers boasting that he had slain the King with his own hands; could see, too, the bonfires that the people lit in their joy, and hear his own death-knell rung from the church-tower. Colonel Wyndham now set out for Lyme, where, through the means of his friend, Captain Ellesden, he engages with Limbry, the master of a coasting vessel, to take some Royalists from Charmouth over to France, whilst the Colonel's servant, Peters, hires some apartments at an inn at Charmouth for a runaway bridal party from Devonshire. By September 23rd all the arrangements are completed; Jane Lane takes leave of the King, thinking that he is now safe, and knowing that she had faithfully played her part, and returns with Mr. Lascelles to Staffordshire. She may not equal Alice Lec or Flora Macdonald in her attractions, but there is quiet, unassuming grace about her which gives the real charm to her character; and the reader will gladly learn that she and the Penderels, and some others, were rewarded by Charles with substantial pensions, which, however, do not appear to have been very regularly paid.* The King, riding double before Juliana Coningsby, sets out, with the Colonel as his guide, for Charmouth. Ellesden met them at a lone house among the hills, and about dusk they went on to Charmouth. The hour fixed for their embarkation had already arrived, but no boat

* “The gold pounce-box given by the King to Mrs. Jane Lane during their journey from Bentley to Bristol, after the battle of Worcester, and a beautiful miniature portrait of Colonel Lane, were exhibited by Miss Yonge, at the Archaeological Institute meeting at Stroudsbury, October, 1855.” “Notes and Queries for Worcestershire,” p. 326. The gold watch which Charles gave Jane Lane, and which he requested might descend as an heirloom to the eldest daughter of the house of Lane for the time being, was till lately at Charlecote House, near Stratford-on-Avon, from whence it was stolen, and melted down in some Birmingham receiving-house.

came; the tide flowed in and was ebbing out; Peters was despatched to Ellesden, who could give no explanation. In alarm the King and the Colonel made for Bridport, which was then full of sailors and soldiers; Charles pushed his way through the crowd at the inn-doors, joking with the troopers, when the ostler cried out, "I have surely seen your face before." The King cleverly drew from him that he had once lived at Exeter, where it was concluded they must have met. Lord Wilmot joined Charles about three o'clock, and it was determined to leave at once. Barely had they passed out of Bridport when the alarm was given; the old Republican ostler at Charmouth had noticed that the horses were kept saddled and bridled in the stable all night; had seen, too, the frequent and anxious visits down to the sea-shore. Hammet, the blacksmith, had remarked of Lord Wilmot's horse, which had cast a shoe, that "this horse has but three shoes, and they were all set in different counties, and one in Worcestershire." The ostler communicated with the Puritan divine, who seems to have had something of the Cavalier about him; for, going down to the inn, he salutes the hostess with—"Why, how now, Margaret? you are a maid of honour now." "What mean you by that, Mr. Parson?" she replied. "Why, Charles Stuart lay last night at your house, and kissed you at his departure; so that now you can't but be a maid of honour," he answered. The woman abused him at first, but with a woman's true vanity soon added—"If I thought it was the King, as you say it was, I would think the better of my lips all the days of my life; and so, Mr. Parson, get you out of my house, or else I'll get those shall kick you out." The divine, not liking the goodwoman's rebuff, applied to the nearest magistrate for advice in the matter; but he treated the subject as lightly as mine hostess.* Captain Macy was next applied to, who viewed the matter in a very different light, and instantly equipped a picket, and spurred off after the fugitives to Bridport. At Bridport he learnt they had gone on to Dorchester. Along the London road he galloped in hot haste, but the fugitives, unconscious of their danger, had just turned down a narrow lane leading to Broadwindsor, whilst Macy, overshooting them, proceeded to Dorchester. At Broadwindsor the Colonel was acquainted with the host; but the night was again spent in alarm and confusion. Some soldiers came in to be billeted, and at midnight one of their wives was confined, and soldiers and parish-officers were engaged, in a squabble as to who should be chargeable for the expense. The next morning, all chance of

* Letter of Mr. William Ellesden.

embarking from the Dorsetshire coast being gone, the friends return to Trent House again, and form plans for an attempt from some Sussex seaport. And here, while the King is safely concealed, we will tell the story of the former mis-carriage. Limbry, the master of the vessel, had, it appears, concealed his intention of sailing from his wife, who, at the last minute, when he came for his sea-chest, reasonably asked why he was going to sea without any cargo. He replied, that Captain Ellesden would pay him better than any cargo would, if he would ship a Royalist friend of his over to France. His wife, who had just come from Lyme fair, where she had seen the offer of 1000*l.* reward for the King's apprehension, and also the threats and punishments for harbouring or aiding any of the Royalist party, begged of him not to go: his entreaties were in vain. She, with her two daughters, locked him in the room, exclaiming that she and her children would not be ruined by any landlord. The more the man entreated, the more violent she became; threatening, at last, to tell Captain Macy of the circumstances; which threat reduced her husband to quietness. When the tide had run down, she allowed him his liberty; and, as the Colonel and his man Peters were returning from their bootless errand to the inn, they saw a man dogged at a small distance by two or three women—this was the unfortunate Limbry, followed by his wife and daughters.

The alarm had now been given, and the Republicans were on Charles's track: the neighbouring counties were scoured over; every hiding-place was explored. Pilisdon Hall, the seat of Colonel Wyndham's uncle, Sir J. Wyndham, was searched. In their zeal the Puritans suspected that a young lady of the family was Charles in disguise. Trent House itself was next to be searched: a tailor in the village gave the Colonel timely information, who, to blind his enemies, accompanied Lord Wilmot to the village church. This *ruse* had the desired effect—nothing in this world being then as now more deceptive than an outward show of religion. The sectaries were satisfied, and Trent House escaped molestation. On the 6th of October, Charles again set out, riding with Juliana Coningsby, on a double horse, under the guidance of Colonel Phelips, of Montacute House, for Hele House, near Amesbury, the seat of Mrs. Hyde, widow of the Chief Justice's elder brother, in order that he might be nearer the Sussex coast. Colonel Wyndham did not accompany them, for fear of suspicion. On the road they stopped at the George Inn, at Mere—a little town in Wiltshire, where mine host after dinner asked Charles "if he were a friend to Cæsar's?" The King replied, "Yes." "Then here's a health to King Charles," cried he. That night the

royal party reached Hele House, where good Mrs. Hyde's overzealousness and loyalty nearly betrayed her guest's rank. She, so writes the author of "Boscobel," "would give two larks to the King, when the others had but one;" and scarcely could she be prevailed from toasting a bumper to him. The next day it was arranged that Charles should formally take leave of the family, but return secretly at night. So, for the next five days, he lay concealed at Hele House, waited upon by the widow. News at last is brought that Lord Wilmot, through the agency of Colonel Gunter, has succeeded in hiring a small coasting vessel. So, on October 13th, Charles, accompanied by Canon Henchman, who had acted as a medium of communication for him to his friends, and being met on the way by Colonel Gunter, and Wilmot and Phelips, proceeded to Hambledon, in Hampshire, the residence of Mr. Symons, who married Colonel Gunter's sister. The visit was so unexpected, that Mr. Symons was absent, and did not return till supper-time, and was at first by no means pleased with the appearance of Charles, whose hair had not yet recovered from William Penderel's scissors: being satisfied, however, that his suspicions are wrong, he is only sorry that his beer is not stronger, and fetches down "a bottle of strong water," drinking to Mr. Jackson, as Charles was still named, jokingly calling him "brother Roundhead." The next morning the royal party set out for Brighthelmstone. A curious scene takes place at the inn, where Charles is recognised by the host, who, the instant he finds himself alone with the King, seized his hand to kiss it, exclaiming, "God bless you wheresoever you go! I do not doubt before I die but to be a lord, and my wife a lady." Charles, to make everything safe from another certain lecture, detains Captain Tattersal, the master of the vessel, with him. The next morning Charles and Wilmot embark from Shoreham; and on that day, too, does the gallant Lord Derby lay down his head on the block at Bolton.

So ends the story of Charles's escape: it is a story of old halls, many of them now gone, some of them still standing, grey and weather-worn, their slates covered with a golden thatch of moss, full of hiding-places, where our forefathers, Cavaliers and Puritans, were alternately hid,—a story, too, which the peasant in many parts of England still tells in his own rude way,—a story of human fidelity, which, if told of a better man, would bring tears into our eyes. This much-abused human nature was, after all, true and faithful; for, though some score and more people were entrusted with the secret, not one of them revealed it. No one broke their word, though intin-

dated by threats and tempted by bribes. Peasant and peer were equally true; cottage and hall were both equally open to the homeless fugitive. One instance, and one only, is there approaching to flunkeyism in that of poor Smith, the innkeeper. Well, perhaps, would it have been for Charles's memory had he been captured. His youth and bravery would have filled in a picture very different in colours to that which history now draws of him. Men would have remembered how he led the van over the broken arches of Warrington-bridge; how, too, sallying from the Royal Fort, he met face to face even Cromwell himself and his veteran troops, and for a time, too, drove them back; how, too, when the battle was going against him he once more rallied his troops, and when all hope was gone he tried to cheer them on again to the charge. But, as it is, we only learn from Charles's subsequent life that, sometimes, nothing in this world is sooner forgot than benefits—that experience does not make some men one whit better or wiser, but quite the reverse—that the fact of knowing what persecution is does not necessarily make men generous to the suffering, but only qualifies them to inflict it all the more; and that acquaintance with fidelity and heroism only serves, with some, to inspire practical distrust in the existence of all virtue in women, and all honour in men. Instead of Charles's chivalry and his valour, we remember him only as having allowed the English flag to be insulted; instead of his patience under his hardships, we know of him only as one to whom his father bequeathed a rich legacy of his worst vices—as one who possessed the most winning manners but the lowest morals—the dupe of mistresses and the slave of favourites, who held a levee of panders and kept a privy council of buffoons, and elevated adultery into a science.

ART. VI.—OUR RELATION TO THE PRINCES OF INDIA.*

1. *Oude Papers.*
2. *The State and Government of India under its Native Rulers.*
By J. SULLIVAN, ESQ. London: Saunders and Stanford,
Charing Cross.
3. *Dacoitee in Excelsis, or the Spoilation of Oude.* J. R.
Taylor.
4. *The Way to Lose India.* By MALCOLM LEWIN, Esq., late
Second Judge of the Sudder Court of Madras, and Provi-
sional Member of Government. J. Ridgway. 1857.
5. *Summary submitted to the R. H. the President of the Board
of Control.* By W. THEOBALD, Barrister, on deputation
from Calcutta and from the Lower Provinces of Bengal.
W. Benning, Fleet Street. 1857.

AN old and stagnant civilization cannot fulfil the destinies of man or the purposes of God. It may retain from antiquity many elegant arts and hereditary taste for beauty. It may abound with industry, cleverness, and docility, and when favoured by soil and climate, it may hereby enjoy much material abundance. But where freedom and research, and inventiveness and genius, have no field and no development, man rather vegetates than lives. His prosperity is at the mercy of some royal family or cabinet, and is liable to the most terrific overthrow from their follies; nor is onward movement possible. The irruption of robber chieftains may suddenly prostrate the fabric of rotten civilization, whose weakness was not known till the strain fell upon it. Such was the violent shock which India endured in the eighteenth century; such perhaps is coming upon China now.

A sense how inadequate to the dignity of man is a permanent state of stagnation, may reconcile us to many painful events, while we cannot justify, or perhaps must abhor, the actors; especially where an old religion, which once did good service to the human mind, has become bloated with foul excrescences, overladen with honours and wealth, and canonized in its worst estate; then, to overthrow its empire over the minds of its votaries is so high a benefit that, should this be effected through the miseries

* Attentive readers will see that the views taken in this article are not always identical with those of our last number. In events so recent, three months add sensibly to our information and to the opportunity of calm combination; and truth is best attained by allowing the free expression of minds which, desiring the same great ends, cannot always agree.—EDITOR.

of foreign conquest, the price is sometimes not too great. Much as we may find in old Egypt to move awe and admiration, none could wish its national independence to have stood firm, unless its grotesque religion could have been overthrown from within. When the national institutions embalm errors which paralyse the human mind itself, a *casus belli* is made out, not indeed to justify an invader, but to reconcile our feelings and judgments to the Providence that permits invasion.

Looking with such eyes upon India, and seeing no reasonable hope that, if left to itself, it could have escaped a long night similar to our middle ages—a period of decay, necessary that new forms of mind should grow up—we feel no difficulty in adopting a part of the language employed by Christian propagandists, who talk of the *mission* towards India which has been entrusted to England. Not that we see, hitherto, any ground to believe that Christianity, as understood by British missionaries, will propagate itself on that soil: English practice has not taught Indians to love our religion. But if the empire of England in India last another half century (which now seems a not unreasonable assumption), our physical science will have overthrown Hindooism very effectually in the minds of all the more polished, and a purer religion (such as the followers of Rammohun Roy are cultivating) will spread wide. Caste will be overturned in its only stronghold—our northern presidency—by a proper organization of our army; and the revenues of Hindoo religion will be applied to nobler purposes under our sanction. Political knowledge also will so diffuse itself, as to prepare the people for changes now unimagined; the applications of art will have revolutionized industry, and if, after this, the English conquerors shall be swept out clear by the vigorous rise of national spirit, it will no longer be said that in a century and a half we conferred no benefits on India.

Assuredly, as Englishmen, it is our desire and hope that our rule may not come to a violent end, nor is it at all too early to study how that may be averted. Our dangers must increase with the further extent of our direct dominion, and in proportion as we reduce it to homogeneity, as our most sagacious Indian statesmen have vehemently warned us. A foreign rule, resting solely on military power, and displacing not only all the native aristocracy, but all the native talent of all orders from aspiring to high position, can be permanent only under peculiar and rare conditions;—when the rulers rest on a basis of power overwhelmingly superior to the ruled; when the rulers belong to a race far more highly endowed with talents than the ruled; or when both nationally and individually they manifestly much excel them in virtue. As to the last point, it is easy to praise English-

men among the English. Nothing is commoner with us than to chant English uprightness, moderation, and wisdom, and to vilify the natives of India; but our most distinguished men do not speak thus: and, however we may flatter ourselves, neither the native Indians nor the British settlers in India, nor the Americans, nor the Germans, nor the French, nor any intelligent foreigners (as far as we can learn), will consent to swell the chorus of praise. Surely it is wise, in such a matter, to listen rather to other voices than to our own self-complacency. We have virtues which Indians have not; but we sell our virtue dearly to them. Nor can it be pretended that we have any superiority in talents to the subtle and active-minded Indians. Moreover, the wider our direct rule reaches, and the longer it lasts, the less will be our military superiority to that of the Indian subjects. Already there is danger of our suffering a drain of men for Indian armies, and if we are so mad as to try to rest our supremacy on force alone (as so many advise), the mere argument of safety would suggest a contraction rather than an extension of our territorial area.

Nothing can be more decisive, simple, and clear, than the arguments by which such men as Wellington, Sir Thomas Munro, Sir John Malcolm, urge the importance of maintaining the native princes of India *for the sake of our own safety*: and although among our officials a dangerous reaction appears to have set in, yet of the generation not yet past, Elphinstone and Melville and General Briggs, and (we are glad to add) Lord Ellenborough, are staunch to the old doctrine. We recommend our readers to the 4th and 9th tracts of the Indian Reform Society, for a valuable sixpennyworth on this critical subject. Sir Thomas Munro says:—

“The strength of the British Government enables it . . . to give to its subjects a degree of protection which those of no native power enjoy. Its laws and institutions also afford them a security from domestic oppression unknown in those states: but these advantages are dearly bought. They are purchased by the sacrifice of independence, of national character, and of whatever renders a people respectable. The natives of the British provinces may, without fear, pursue their different occupations, . . . and enjoy the fruits of their labour in tranquillity; but none of them can aspire to anything beyond this mere animal state of thriving in peace; none of them can look forward to any share in the legislation, or civil or military government, of their country. *It is from men who either hold or are eligible to public office, that natives take their character*: where no such men exist, there can be no energy in any other class of the community. The effect is observable in all the British provinces, whose inhabitants are certainly *the most abject race in India*. No elevation of character can be expected, &c. . . . The consequence, therefore, of the con-

quest of India by the British arms would be, in place of raising, *to debase the whole people*. . . . Among all the disorders of the native states, the field is open for every man to raise himself; and hence, *among them there is a spirit of emulation, of restless enterprise and independence, far preferable to the servility of our Indian subjects.*"

The abjectness of the British provincials is not only attested by many especial witnesses, but is even insisted upon by our panegyrists, in tones which assure us that it is notorious. They say, that the mass of the people under our rule are totally indifferent who are their rulers, and are incapable of any national feeling; and this is made the justification of perpetuating their political slavery. That, as Sir Thomas Munro states, the abject servility of the people is greater under British than under native dominion, is what every man of sense would confidently infer from the public regulations, if even we were angels. The principle of our administration has been, and, with trivial exceptions, is, to exclude natives from all high office. This is that which, as Sir Charles Napier emphatically remarked, debases a nation. There has never been anything like it in the Mussulman kingdoms of India. Under Mogul kings, Hindoos have frequently been prime ministers, and from every rank persons have risen into high offices. Nor in China has there been any such degradation of the natives under Tartar dynasties; but superior native talent has always been allowed to rise. We can look nowhere for a parallel to the English rule, except to the Roman empire, where none but Roman citizens could hold office in the provinces. Notoriously this degraded the provincials into a sort of tame cattle—industrious, thriving, rich, sensual, without public spirit, without bravery, incapable as women of self-defence, and liable to be slaughtered by barbarians the moment the trained troops were withdrawn. Out of this came the ruin of the empire. In the *spirit* of our rule, and in important moral respects, we have a vast superiority over the Romans—nor would it be just to draw a close parallel here—but, on the other hand, the *form* of our imperial rule is worse, greatly worse, to the subjects than theirs. For *first*, large numbers of the provincials were adopted into Roman citizenship from the very beginning, and the ease of admission continued to increase, until at last all the freemen were made full citizens, though not until the word "citizen" had long ceased to denote political freedom. *Next*, the climate of India forbids our taking root in it, except in very limited districts. Mere youths go out from England to assume high power, all aspiring to return while still in ripe manhood. To have to submit to youthful rule is in itself degrading, much more when the young stranger is foreign in soil, tongue, and aspect, and never can visibly identify his permanent interests with those of

the natives. In both respects the form of our despotism is more offensive to human feeling than that of the Romans.

Moreover, however good our intentions, the circumstances must thwart them. If we could have English officers from highest to lowest, we might hope for faithful execution of orders; but when (as the nature of the case makes inevitable) it is only the higher and lucrative posts which the British occupy, and the worse paid lower offices are filled by natives, we virtually commit to them the enormous force of the British executive. While our own officers were ill-paid, they were notoriously corrupt, and flagitious in avarice; and who can seriously expect anything better from the Indians whom we employ? If any one is sanguine, let him reflect on the recent revelations concerning the practice of torture, as the ordinary mode of collecting the revenue. This was notorious to the missionaries, notorious to the few independent English settlers, but was unknown, and long stubbornly denied, by the English officials—who, sitting indoors, learn nothing but by the information of the very men of whom they are supposed to be the directors. The officials were proved to know less about the facts of India than anybody else; yet too large a part of the public is apt to think that it is solely to officials that one must look for information.

In the affairs of "Baroda and Bombay," it was brought to light by General Outram how naturally every honest, free-spoken Hindoo is driven away by a bureaucrat as a rude and bad fellow, while a smooth, false, cringing man seems to the English official loyal and trustworthy. Nothing else can be generally expected from those who leave England before getting practical acquaintance with English freedom, and immediately step into power; and the result is, that while nominally our provinces are ruled by Englishmen, practically our executive power is wielded by many of the worst of the natives, in our name, without control, for their own vile purposes.*

Englishmen, who derive their ideas of India from our officials, imagine that the natives are sure to desire to be under our rule, because we do not cut off heads arbitrarily. It is of interest to

* Readers may consult the evidence given before the Committee of the House of Lords in 1853, if they desire to see the horrid results attested in detail. But down to the most recent time, the testimony is equally terrible. Mr. Malcolm Lewin's pamphlet at the head of this article quotes the confessions of the Parliamentary Commissioners, of the Court of Directors (March 13th, 1857) and of Mr. Haliday, Deputy Governor of Bengal, also in 1857, as to the frightful violences and cruelties of our police. The Commissioners call them *the pest of society and terror of the community*. Mr. Haliday says, *they are all thieves and robbers, or leagued with thieves and robbers*. He adds, that *the administration of justice is little better than a lottery*.

read Bishop Heber's testimony, about thirty-eight years ago, on this subject. He travelled into Oude, expecting to find a disorganized, wretched, barren land (such were the accounts given to him of its ferocious and sensual rulers), but, to his surprise, he found a quiet, industrious people, and land well cultivated. When he asked an intelligent native whether he wished to become a subject of the British Government, he received the reply—"Of all calamities, heaven keep us from that!" In fact, it is not four or five years since the *Edinburgh Review*, writing with the caution natural to a Whig organ, when Whigs are in power, ominously remarked, that the natives of our provinces show a profound indifference as to the repelling of invaders, such as never was shown by natives under any other sway. At every previous invasion of India from the North-West (argued the Whig writer), the natives of India always rallied patriotically against the invader, in aid of the existing dynasty; but when the Sikhs invaded India in the first Punjab war, no native gave us warning where the enemy lay; and, in consequence, the English army marched unconsciously almost into the lion's mouth, and had to fight the battle of Moodkce against superior numbers, just when it had thrown itself to rest after an exhausting march. So peculiar and unprecedented is the apathy of the people under our rule. The inference was drawn by the *Edinburgh Review*.

Now if this really were *all* our influence, we should but import that Chinese equality, and a stagnation worse than Chinese, which we (as the type of progress) ought to counteract. Under the native princes we find a community, where individuals may, no doubt, meet with calamity by the caprice of some great man (which they bear as we bear a railway accident or a fever), but where every man of energy and talent may rise to high station. Could we then endure to confess, that among our native subjects nothing but the mere private household occupies care and thought? Since Sir Thomas Munro wrote, new influences have entered British India, influences destined to affect it more and more. The Indians have become accustomed to a free press, and neither they nor the British settlers can be deprived of it. The deeds of the Government are criticised, and will be criticised. Science and literature must and will steal in, and Chinese stagnation will be impossible. Especially the increased facility of visits to England is destined to affect the Hindoos powerfully. Those who come to us find, that, as they approach England, they rise in importance. In India they are snubbed by officials, and scoffed at by youngsters. At the Cape, or in Egypt, they are treated with quiet unconcern or respect. In England, they are courted and petted. To their surprise, they learn here what a land of freedom means, and that the English

people have no interest in their slavery, but desire their real freedom, and are at once innocent, ignorant, and incredulous of their grievances. They go back admiring England more, but less contented with their own state. Here, and in Calcutta, they learn the freedom of public meetings and of petition, and gather up determination not to be trampled down. But few out of the whole can visit us; nevertheless these few, through the press, diffuse their spirit widely; so that, if affairs go on steadily in their present channel,—and especially if the Indian Government resolutely makes enemies of the British settlers and Anglo-Indians, as hitherto,—we do not apprehend stagnation in our dominions, but much rather a stern discontent, ever increasing with knowledge.

Meanwhile, the native governments open a career to spirits too warlike for business, science, or literature, and “absorb many elements of sedition and rebellion,” as Sir John Malcolm expresses it:—

“The respect,” adds he, “which the natives give to men of high birth with claims upon their allegiance, contributes greatly to the preservation of the general peace. Such afford an example to their countrymen of submission to the rule of foreigners. *They check the rise of those bold military adventurers with which India has and ever will abound, but who will never have the field widely open to their enterprizes, until our impolicy has annihilated or suffered to die of their own act, those high princes and chiefs, who, though diminished in power, have still the hereditary attachment and obedience of millions of those classes who are from habits and courage alike suited to maintain or to disturb the public peace.*”

To this Lord Ellenborough emphatically assents. He says:—
“I never stood so strong with my own army, as when I was surrounded by native princes. They like to see respect shown to their native princes.”

And in recent events the above has been strikingly confirmed. Had there been no Indian prince on the throne of the Nizam to resist the popular tide, the whole vast area of Hyderabad might have been overflowed by insurrection. So, again, Scindia and Holkar in Central and Western India checked the ambitious and dangerous spirits. We write these words, of course, from an English point of view; but let us try to rise to a cosmopolitan eminence. In the British provinces of India, as at present governed, the natives are depressed to one dead political level, and are exterior to the foreign dynasty: in the native kingdoms, a career of honour is reserved for natives; and, nevertheless, the princes are open to our counsels in domestic affairs, and are submissive to our decision as to all external politics. The vast moral influence which we have over them is certain to introduce

among them all the *really good things*, which we can impart to our own provinces. If we do but rule well at home, our example will indeed speak for itself. Our advice will be most efficacious to put down all *immoralities* of superstition, and all that is destructive and self-decaying in despotism. To improve the government of the princes, nothing can be so potent as good example. Some territory we must have, and, indeed, we must be the most powerful of them all, if our authority is to have weight: but to absorb more and more, while the people of our own dominions are excluded from office, is greedy infatuation. Our officials, and too many of our journalists, use a summary logic, which is appalling by its icy violence. In the opinion of most Englishmen, our Stuart princes ruled badly enough. Now if a benevolent Louis the Great had then been powerful enough to invade us for our own benefit, and to depose Charles II. or James II., what should we think of the logic of his ejecting *all* Englishmen from *all* high office, and giving every lucrative place in army or State to Frenchmen;* *because* these kings had ruled badly? So long as we dare not admit Indians into our highest posts, our dynasty is not identified with their national feelings. So long, our relation to them is dangerous, critical, uncertain; and to extend our dominion farther and farther, while among the millions of our subjects there are few who actively love us and many who energetically hate us, is good neither for India nor for England.

Greater powers, like the Nizam and Scindia, are to us in a more exterior relation, and might by their resisting power usefully balance our too pure despotism, if they improved by our side. But the small principalities, encompassed by our overwhelming force, are comparable to baronies and dukedoms in old England or in Germany. The prince looks up to the English Government as a little German prince in old days to the Emperor. Surely, if a varied society is desirable in every empire, we ought to rejoice that the dead level under our foreign bureaucracy is broken by the presence of a native nobility. To get rid of this nobility in its various grades, is to clear the ground for democratic republics. Perhaps, as some think, this is to be in another half-century the form of national existence in all the foremost countries of the world. *Perhaps* our Indian Government, like the European despots, is preparing the way for this; and Americans, Italians, and many others, may rejoice in it. As Englishmen, we are not afraid of this result, if it comes in course of justice

* This does not tell the whole. From the day that an Indian State is annexed, it loses power over the things most vital to its prosperity. It has no security of keeping up its roads or its tanks, because its *local moneys are liable to be spent in foreign war.*

and reason ; but certainly we cannot desire it at the expense of bloody struggles and ignominious expulsion : and to avoid such conflicts by moderation and justice, is not a mean and narrow policy, but true wisdom.

Of the greater Indian powers it is but natural to be jealous ; but the little princes ought to be on every ground fostered by our Government as a cement between us and India, and as the germ of a truly organic inward growth of English principles. And the humbler the relation of these princes to us,—the more they have come into the position of our dependents and *wards*—so much the more sacred is the solemn duty of fidelity to them as *guardians*. To sweep them away is a policy like to that of usurping kings, whose darling idea is to annihilate aristocracy and leave nothing between their absolute power and the units of the nation. Moreover, the argument used is the same : the royal faction justifies itself by the vices and domineering spirit of an aristocracy, which, deprived of all political action, has no use for its wealth but in sensuality and folly. At the same time, in India, principalities excellently administered and very prosperous under native princes have been confiscated, have declined, and have brought a deficit to the revenue when administered by us. Thus Sattara and Coorg ; the former without even a quarrel, or any other special reason, than because its revenue (said Lord Dalhousie) would aid the British treasury !

This nobleman is the visible type of a great reaction in favour of an exclusive bureaucracy far worse than Chinese, because foreign. Evidently the Indian officials generally—ever since 1833, when Parliament decreed that natives of India should be eligible to all high offices except two—have been increasingly alarmed at the prospect of their admission, and have taken blacker and blacker views of the native character. None of our distinguished servants* in old days talked of the absolute untrustworthiness of natives for rule, as do our contemporaries. But in regard to the princes of India, Lord Dalhousie seems to have turned suddenly round, reversing with a word the policy and the principles of all his predecessors in the high office of Governor-General. We presume he must have been authorized by Lord John Russell, who was Prime Minister when he went to India, to make this violent, ominous, and fatal change : and it is remarkable that his avowed policy is directed peculiarly against the *little* principalities which are encircled by our force ; utterly unable to resist, every way valuable to us ; which honour, as well as advantage, bound us to respect. Sattara was his first victim. As if he had been an Austrian or a Russian, it did not

* Quotations may be seen in Mr. Sullivan's Tract.

ever occur to him that there were any national rights in the people. The petty nationality, of which every native might be proud, and in which any deserving man might rise to high station, is swept away, because the prince had no natural, but only an adoptive son; adoption with religious rites being the native law. This is as though the Emperor of France were to annex Belgium, to exclude all Belgians from office, and seize its revenues to spend in the distant wars of France, because the King of Belgium died without lineal heirs. Yet the same Lord Dalhousie, who totally forgot the people of Sattara, became very tender over the interests of the people of Oude, when that tenderness would give a plea for annexation. Sattara is annexed avowedly because it has been well ruled,* and Oude because it is ill-ruled. In each separate case the argument is different, but the results are the same—annexation of the territory, appropriation of whatever private funds the prince may have lent to the Indian Government, and on one ground or other, invalidating the tenures of landed estates.

Lord Dalhousie's whole foreign policy might deserve ample discussion. We cannot here dwell on details; for the argument of this article is independent of such details, and to verify them would only draw off the reader's attention from the main points, which are those of principle. We point only at notorious facts. The case of Sattara was pressed upon an unwilling Parliament, which was not disposed to eject a ministry, in order to save the national rights of a little people, whose name was wholly new. But in little cases of law, great principles are involved: the appeal was virtually judicial, and its rejection on grounds of policy was a fatal injustice, fatally punished. Had Parliament considered, that, however convenient a particular minister may be, justice is something more than a convenience, it would have cut the chain of causes which ended in the Indian insurrection. Lord Dalhousie's new principle would have been canvassed in an early stage, and we should not have had to contend against that

* The Sattara State was prosperous and well doing; its princes were prudent and economical. They spent their revenues beneficently on roads, bridges, and other public works; nor did they overspend themselves, for they had always large cash balances in their public and private treasuries. Their administration drew down the applause of Residents, of the Bombay Government, of the Supreme Government, of the Court of Directors, of the Board of Control. It produced them laudatory and flattering epistles, and procured for them complimentary presents of jewelled swords and medal field-pieces. Better still, their rule was blessed with the contentment and prosperity of their subjects: and "unquestionably," said Sir George Clerk in 1848, "a native government, conducted as that of Sattara has been, is a source of strength to the British Government."—Tract IV. of India Reform Society.

despair, which, according to the Mussulman historian of British India, would have overthrown us long since, had we encountered it. Already in 1848, the Governor-General plainly expressed his new doctrine: “I cannot conceive it possible* for any one to dispute the policy of taking advantage of any just opportunity for consolidating the territories that already belong to us, by taking possession of States which may lapse in the midst of them.” When this first came to the knowledge of the Indian princes, the important epithet “just” may have been variously interpreted. But the first reason given by the marquis for the new policy is ominous enough, viz., that these principalities while independent “may be a means of annoyance, but can never add to the resources of the British treasury:” and the annexations made by Lord Dalhousie sufficiently explained his doctrine. The last and most momentous application of it is, to the case of Oude, which was annexed under Lord Palmerston, who must have given his deliberate sanction. This noble lord nevertheless will grant, that it is morally impossible for natives of Oude or of India to see the justice† of our summary process, whatever may be English opinion; hence the exasperation to them is as certain as from any deed which we ourselves avow to be high-handed crime. The English Government argues as follows:—Oude is misgoverned; and the fact gives us a “just opportunity” of pronouncing that its crown and nationality have “lapsed;” hence we can happily promote the welfare of the people by taking into English hands all high and lucrative office, and using the surplus revenues for the benefit of the Indian treasury. The Oude princes reply, that Oude has not been so ill-governed by them, as Bengal by us; that nothing hinders them from governing better, but our interferences, based on treaties violently imposed, and our perpetual extortions by annual subsidies and forced

* It is remarkable, that the opinion which he pronounces to be *impossible*, is pointedly maintained by the greatest Indian statesmen; as, besides those we named, by Lord Auckland and Lord Metcalfe.

† The word *just*, thus used by English statesmen towards Asiatics, means *in accordance with treaty*, quite regardless of the questions whether that treaty was obtained by unjustifiable violence, (as were *all* our treaties with Oude,) and whether the party who made the treaty had any legal or moral right to make it. An exiled pretender to the throne of Egypt bought the aid of Lucius Sulla to aid his restoration, by signing a will, in which he bequeathed Egypt to the Romans; but though Crassus and Cæsar wanted to make this a pretext for seizing the kingdom of Egypt, Catulus and the senate had virtue enough to refuse. Nevertheless, our successive administrations treat it as obvious, that if a prince whom we violently put on a throne signs away the national liberties of his kingdom at our dictation, this constitutes a *just* instrument to be acted on fifty years later.

means; and that now we take advantage of our own wrong, making ourselves judges for our own benefit, and executors of our own sentence.

That we do this, is plain fact, avowed by ourselves, open to the whole world: yet writers and talkers go on overlooking this, and insist how sensual was one King of Oude, and how ferocious another, and how mild is our government, how good our intentions; and warn us not to believe the reports of ill-minded persons against it; and that in fact it is incredible that amiable Christian men should not govern better than such immoral creatures as these Mussulmans. All this talk elaborately overclouds the fact, that we have entered into solemn public treaties with these dynasties, have condescended to accept large moneys from them, have bestowed in return the title of king, have avowed that our friendship and alliance is to last for ever, until the crisis when we constitute ourselves judges of a question contested by them—whether the treaties have been fulfilled, and whether they justify our pronouncing a foreign kingdom and foreign nationality to be confiscated to our own aggrandizement. That we do act thus is a fact published by ourselves.

By such a process the princes are driven to that "despair" which the earlier historian declared that we had sagaciously avoided. But this was not enough. On taking possession of power in Oude, one of the earliest measures "for the benefit of the people" was to eject all the great landholders (talookdars), with a view to introduce the village system, which, as we have recently experienced in the north-west provinces, gives local independence to the people with large payments to the treasury. Let not the reader suppose that we are undervaluing the village system, which is truly native to India, and appears to promise great advantage. The pity is, that for a century together we have swept it off from all parts of India under our rule; so that its re-establishment called rather for contrition and self-abasement from the East India Company than for the claims of praise recently advanced. But whatever the merit of the village system, we cannot expect the great landholders of Oude to discern it. There are those in England who think, that if the rents now drawn from landed estates by all our dukes, marquises, and other great men, were put into the Queen's Exchequer, it would tend to the welfare of our farmers and peasants, and of the nation in general; nevertheless, if, with however pure motives, Queen Victoria were to improve her administration by a measure of this kind, it would certainly cause a commotion that could not stop short of civil war. Besides this, the entire displacement of all the holders of high office in the State and in the army, is in itself a social revolution. Conceive the famishing ruin, first, to

respectable families, next, to crowds of their dependents, which would be produced in England by ejecting all the Queen's servants of the rank of gentry, all the judges and magistrates, with all officers of the army, and replacing them by foreigners of opposite habits, who spend their money in quite new channels. Such is the financial convulsion in every native State when it is annexed by the East India Company, to say nothing of the natural displeasure which must always attach to the face of new and foreign rulers. On the whole, Indians must be made of a different flesh and blood from ourselves, if an intense and burning indignation had *not* been produced in Oude; and an insurrection seems of all things the most natural under the circumstances. Nothing but the terror of our arms was likely to avert it; nor is it wonderful, that when Lord Canning stepped into the place of Governor-General, he was presently anxious as to the possible results of ejecting the landholders of Oude,—the firstfruits of our new regimen. It is not likely that his secret letters to Lord Palmerston's Government will be allowed to see the light in our days; but so soon as Lords Palmerston and Clarendon, without consulting Parliament or even the Privy Council, determined to declare war at Bombay against Persia, the Indian newspapers asserted (truly or erroneously) that Lord Canning had declared he could not be answerable* for the peace of India if the English regiments were drawn off against Persia. Nothing was more reasonable. This must have been the thought of all considerate men who had any knowledge of the affairs of Oude; and if Lord Canning did not write to this effect, he ought to have written it.

But, as though sufficient impunity of revolt were not yet granted to Oude, Lord Palmerston further accepted a war against China; moreover, the year 1856 closed in Calcutta with a furious feud between the Government and all the non-official British subjects settled in India, concerning what the latter call the "Black Act." Lord Canning had espoused the bureaucratic doctrine, that all unofficial Christians in India ought to be deprived of trial by jury, and put upon a level with native Mussulmans and Hindoos: and in November, 1856, it was discovered by the planters, landed proprietors, merchants and others in Calcutta, that a bill was pending in the Legislative Council of India, to deprive them of what they regarded as their birthright, and subject them to the absolute power of the Company's courts, which they hate and despise with a hatred unutterable. Those who

* In one paper it was positively asserted that Lord Canning, in indignation at the Indian armies being taken out of his hands, had resigned office, and was coming straight to England.

wish to see their disgust and determination to resist, may read Mr. W. Theobald's pamphlet and its appendices. It is not to our purpose now to arbitrate between the Company's courts and the claims of English settlers; but merely to insist upon the fact, that the year 1857 found the British in India, divided into two fierce factions, which, to any other nation but ourselves, might have been highly alarming. The exasperation was the greater, because the projected law reserved trial by jury for all office-holders, even when they happened to be Pagans or Mussulmans; while it refused the same to all British settlers, and to that highly intelligent Anglo-Indian community which is eminently proud of its British blood, and is likely to be the most permanent support of British rule. Englishmen thus excited do not hold their peace. A public meeting of seven hundred persons was held in Calcutta; and the indignation and contempt felt by the resident English for the courts and for the policy of the Company, was proclaimed in tones surely loud enough to reach Oude and Delhi.

The people of Oude are accustomed to carry arms,* and so notoriously warlike is their capacity and disposition, that they have long furnished to the Bengal army a most formidable fraction of its whole strength. Nor were the men thus enlisted denationalized. It was a public fact, that they looked to Oude as the abode of their old age, and returned to it with their families whenever their time of service was ended. All of these soldiers found their home invaded, and their sense of national freedom ruined, by our annexation of their native soil; and that they should sympathize with the royal family and with the ejected landholders was a thing of course. The Court of Oude was already driven to despair. It had heard that the embassy of the Queen Mother to England had been futile; that she had been introduced (as if in mockery) to Queen Victoria, but that political communications were forbidden; and that neither the Parliament nor the Courts of Law would listen even to their claim for the moneys which they had lent to the Indian Government: for, consistently enough, the Directors or their dictator had ruled, that royal money was public money, and belonged to the Company from the day that it absorbed the State of Oude. To despair of all mild remedy, was joined the intense indignation which men feel who believe that their benefits have been met with the direct

* So warlike a people as that of Oude was quite able to prosecute its own quarrel against its king or princes without our aid. If we thought the king to rule ill, we had merely to withdraw our forces, and leave him exposed to the indignation of his people. *He* seems to have desired nothing more ardently, while it is most clear that *we* never for a moment contemplated such a mode of acting.

ingratitude. One prince of Oude dying prematurely and without visible cause, declared that he died of a broken heart under our exactions. Of late, the deaths of the Queen-dowager and of a prince (aged thirty) in Europe, have been publicly attributed to the same cause. Such facts may hint to us the intensity of feeling which the polite native of India conceals under a gentle exterior. Now, when such passions had been aroused, and such opportunities afforded; when England was distracted by war in Persia and war in China, when the English troops had been withdrawn, when the Oude portion of our Sepoys was sure to aid the insurgents, and the English in Calcutta were in fierce controversy;—so far from wondering at the revolt, who would not marvel indeed if it had* not taken place? Yet at the very crisis when it was being planned, the wealthy men of England were listening with complacency to the assurance, that if the Emperor of China did not do our bidding, we would visit him in Peking at the head of the Sepoy army! So inveterate is the belief on our Stock-exchange, that Asiatics have not hearts, do not remember injuries, and may be safely trampled on.

The mercantile part of our nation has rejoiced in every Asiatic process which can add to us portions of rich and well peopled soil. It disliked the Affghan and the Persian wars, in which this condition was not fulfilled. The Stock-exchange having applauded all Lord Dalhousie's annexations and warmly adopted Sir John Bowring, those who cater to its prejudices and cupidity could not confess that the annexation of Oude and the Chinese war had anything at all to do with the Indian rebellion. Hence every kind of absurd device has been used to avoid such a confession. Mutiny no doubt was likely to follow the cruel punishment of *ten years* in irons, which the court-martial at Meerut pronounced on the Sepoys for refusing to bite the greased cartridges,—by withdrawing which we afterwards confessed our wrong: but this local mutiny could not have spread into a general insurrection, without deep-seated and wide-spread causes; nor could the savagery which has been manifested, have arisen, except from intense passions † long pent up. It is lamentable to see clever

* We do not overlook that religious antagonism inflamed the animosity. This is natural when nations of very opposite religion fall into bitter conflict, whatever the original quarrel. In our case it was more certain to happen, because both religions of India well discern that our continuance in power is undermining them, and will be fatal to all their characteristic beliefs. And this was a spur to rouse against us those who had neither patriotic feeling for Oude nor reverence for the name of the Great Mogul. Besides, the "greased cartridges" had given the cue.

† Historians moralize over the cruel massacre of Romans, men, women, and children, in the Greek towns of Asia, at the outburst of the Mithridatic war

men deceiving themselves and their readers by declaiming against the "*ingratitude of the petted Sepoys*,"—declaring that they had "nothing to complain of:" as if selfishness were the only right and the only intelligible motive of human conduct, and as though the Sepoys in general did not know that under dark-faced kings all dark-faced men may rise to every high place of power in army or court, while under white-faced rule it is quite impossible. Rather than admit that we have reaped as we have sown, the most ridiculous hypotheses have been started as to the "*uncalculable impulsiveness*" of the Hindoo mind, which, we are gravely told, acts without motives; and by carefully keeping out of sight the connexions of cause and effect which make the whole dreadful tale natural, plain, straightforward, our conjurers undertake to blind the British nation into the belief that justice and goodness are *not* the qualities best adapted to attach the natives of India to our rule, and that we must never attribute to them either memory of wrong or love of right.

Before these lines can meet the public eye, it is possible that the details of the trial of the King of Delhi may reveal facts as yet uncertain; we can at present only refer to certain private statements as *reports*. It is reported from Calcutta, that the King of Delhi was aggrieved by our refusing to recognise as his successor the young man whom he regarded as his genuine son; while another, whom we had recognised, was believed, among all the gossips of Delhi, to be really the son of an English officer; and that, after many vain attempts to get our determination reversed, the king proposed the scheme of revolt to the King of Oude, so soon as the project of annexation got wind. The advantage of such an ally was immense. If Delhi could be secured, our material of war was intercepted, and all our native forces were paralysed; for after the representative of the Great Mogul was in open war against us, neither would the rest of our own armies, any more than those who came from Oude, nor any of the contingents kept for us by the native princes, fight on our side. To the feeling of the Indians (up to our late capture of Delhi), the King of Delhi was the legitimate suzerain, of whom the East India Company was but a sort of *vizier*. Even the powerful Nizam was proud to receive honours from this king, who with us was a mere pageant. Nor was his grant to us a mere nominal thing when we accepted it; it *then* was of high moment to reconcile the people peacefully to our sway; and with the grant we accepted the duty of keeping all property on its own

as an awful proof of the intense oppression which the Greeks must previously have endured. How many of us have thought whether such a topic was applicable in India?

footing, not excepting the religious revenues and the religious law of succession to landed rights. The theoretic supremacy of the Great Mogul being that which saved the military population of those provinces from feeling the degradation of conquest, it is not likely ever to have slept in *their* remembrances, however much *we* may have forgotten it. And, as a fact, such was the result. The Gwalior army, for instance, would no longer obey English rule, but rose upon its officers as soon as the Great Mogul was in arms; yet it is manifest that it had no direct enmity against us, for it remained quite inactive during all the most critical period, when it might probably have decided our irreparable ruin. Nor did it move until our generals at Delhi and at Cawnpore had positively refused *all* terms of compromise with mutineers; Sir A. Wilson threatening to hang any who came with a flag of truce, though they were willing to surrender all criminals. When the Gwalior army had had time to learn that *all* mutineers were by us treated alike; that no quarter was given; that the war was implacable; that they had already committed an inexpiable offence; then at last they began active hostilities. Similar after-claps took place in Eastern Bengal, all of which our most active-tongued journalists regard as proofs that Indians are inexplicably contrarious, and have not like passions with ourselves! It will not suit such writers to admit the question, whether possibly the whole Gwalior army might have been induced peaceably to submit, after the King of Delhi was our prisoner, *if* we would have treated them as open honourable enemies, and not as mere mutineers.* But we have digressed. To the proposals of the King of Delhi, it is said, the King of Oude replied that he must first try the effect of peaceable protest, and of embassy to England. The embassy took place, in vain; and after this the insurrection broke out.

Perhaps the English nation, now that the crisis is past, imperfectly understands how narrow has been the escape. Nothing saved us but want of enterprise at the two centres of revolt.

* Whether our countrymen are yet calm enough to listen to truth on this subject, we do not know. According to Vattel, when a rebellion takes place, and rebels are powerful enough to meet their sovereign in arms, *he is bound to treat them according to the laws of war*; and this, *for the very same reason for which there are any laws of war at all, viz., that to disown such laws makes retaliation barbarous and horrible*. No power, by invoking a bad name (rebel, mutineer) gains a right to degrade human nature into atrocities which belong to the past. But here the curious thing is, that according to Indian legitimacy, *we* were the rebels, fighting against our suzerain! This may seem to Englishmen a ridiculous view of things; but it is very hardhearted not to allow the possibility that Indians so looked on it, and that many of them had a sense of honour which forbade their fighting against the representative of the Great Mogul. Besides, is mutiny never justifiable? is no palliation of its guilt ever to weigh?

which were actuated by strong local feeling. The main object with those of Oude, was to drive us out of Lucknow; the main object at Delhi was, at any rate to secure Delhi. Happily for us (and oh! may we not say happily for all India?) they did not understand that to spread the revolt while they were able, before succours could arrive, was the most deadly thing they could do against us. Holding the enormous stores of Delhi, they might have marched southward in numerous lines, and have called the warlike people of the west into their ranks, furnishing them with arms. The Bombay troops would assuredly have been unfaithful to us, if in the early stage of events native levies had come down into that Presidency. So again, the armies of Oude might have marched down upon Calcutta, leaving only a fraction of their force to blockade Sir Henry Lawrence. But instead of assuming the offensive while they were immensely superior, they thought of nothing but local defence, and of new and new secret conspiracy; this alone saved us. Military skill and bravery may do wonders, as we have seen; but there are odds against which it is helpless. To our enemy, superior as he was, genius was not needed, nor indeed personal bravery, but merely active enterprise—a quality so common in young men that its absence is remarkable. What if it at length appear, that we have been saved by the predominance among our adversaries of the counsels of *princes* over those of bold commoners?

The English nation is now called upon seriously to consider whether no steps can be taken to prevent the recurrence of such horrible struggles. Is it to be thought, that, even without our effort, this is naturally and necessarily the last? It is but a few years since, in our direst distress, after our defeat at Chillianwallah, in the second Punjaub war—when all India might have risen against us if any one prince had stood up—the King of Oude re-established us by his liberal supplies, and enabled us to bring that dangerous struggle to a successful issue. So also after the terrible loss of our army in Cabul, it was the King of Oude who supplied Lord Ellenborough with transport not otherwise obtainable, and enabled him to push a new force into Afghanistan. It is not public enemies only, but faithful allies, whom we absorb. Is it not certain that the same Charybdis will swallow the rest also, unless new principles and new organs hinder?

But here, what might seem incredible, Englishmen urge the unvarying constancy of our encroachments as a sufficient defence and justification of the fact. In the journals and quarterlies of highest pretension, this is gravely argued. Do you not see, it is said, that the very men who in England talk of peace and moderation, uniformly become warlike and aggressive when they are put to the proof in India? Of our Governors-General, one

may be characterized as unscrupulous, another as religious, another as benevolent, one as magnanimous, one as cautious—and so on—but they all* act alike. Is it not clear then, that some hidden necessity presses them on—an influence that cannot be written in Blue-books, which show only the form, not the spirit of their action—an influence of which we in England can ill judge? What so many of our noble countrymen have done, cannot be wrong.

To this argument of philosophical necessity we have not room to reply at full: it suffices to suggest, that the same will justify Russian encroachments. All the Russian monarchs since Peter the Great have acted alike. The amiable and religious Alexander I. violently seized and kept Finland and the Duchy of Warsaw, and made war upon Turkey to get the Danubian Principalities. But in fact, whatever plausibility this bold defence has, arises from its confounding the wars which we accepted in India, with the extortions practised upon feeble allies. While the Indian princes hoped to expel us, it was hard for the most peaceful Governor to avoid war; and after conquest he of course tried to prevent its recurrence. But this has nothing in common with proceedings against our allies and good friends, too weak to dream of attacking us; proceedings which are denounced by all our high-principled governors. Let us not deceive ourselves. A tradition of deadly hatred against the English name is henceforward to sink into the heart of each successive generation, certainly in Oude, and probably in many other parts. When our next time of quarrel comes, perhaps with the Nizam, forthwith we have Oude and Berar hostile; the next war will spread over a far greater area than the present, nor will the errors of our adversary be repeated.

The details of our dealings with Oude cannot be produced here. A majority of readers (and not the least thoughtful part) will not believe them, unless fully and minutely proved; and that takes, not an article, but a book; and when the book is written (as *Dacoitee in Excelsis*), though every statement be guaranteed by quotations from Blue-books and from *Mil's History*, they still say that it is too bad to be true; it *must* be garbled; they must read the Blue-books themselves before they believe it:—and since they have no time to do this, it is impossible to convince them. We therefore merely say,—it is perfectly certain that at least the people of Oude believe the story in the very darkest form which it can assume in our English narratives; for these are compiled from the *ex-parte* documents furnished by the very men who are liable to be incalculated by

* What of Lord William Bentinck?

them. We professed to annex Oude for the benefit of the people ; but in Outram's advance to Lucknow, the people were found so hostile, that terrible accounts came home of our wide-spread burning of their villages, which the writers justified by military necessity. If Oude was ill-governed of late, at any rate it was well governed and in high prosperity down to the day that we first interfered with it. Such is the testimony even of our own historians, as of James Mill ; therefore it is beyond a doubt, that such is, will be, and must be, the permanent tradition in the hearts of the people. Nor are the violences of this dreadful war (while we write) at all ended : if we can believe the public letters from India, they are "as yet only in the beginning.*"

The tyrannical spirit is confined to no latitudes and to no race ; it grows apace with power and with fear. We are shocked at the American sentiment towards his "nigger," but we have a nigger of our own in India. Listen to the outcries of the popular press : it will tell us that nothing can succeed with Indians but violence. Forsooth, "Orientals" are so accustomed to be ill-treated, that they will despise you and rebel if you treat them well. Just so our grandfathers and great-grandfathers used to speak of the Irish : it is the universal doctrine of the tyrant. Our ears have scarcely rested from the outcries of joy about the blowing of men from guns ; the hanging goes on unabated ; but it is no longer proclaimed to be good fun. A veil is now drawn over it ; men are "disposed of," not hanged ; but the belief is not yet laid aside, that wholesale summary atrocities are politic to terrify, *whether you have or have not men's conscience on your side*. It is only in our own cowardly moments that we fancy mankind to be so cowardly and so base. The plain fact is, that the unarmed, and those who are not writhing under a sense of injustice and indignity, are restrained from guilt by far less ghastly inflictions ; but the armed and the indignant are only exasperated into frenzy, when our violences find no justification in their consciences. And when the crisis is past, and we wipe our hands of blood, what then is our legacy to the future British rulers of India ? * To ourselves we may justify our indiscriminate severities by the massacre of Cawnpore, but the Indians will have forgotten that massacre, as swallowed up in the afterdeeds. If we had retaliated atrocities on the heads of *none but the actual perpetrators*, this would not have lowered our

* To treat the men of Oude, not as public enemies, but as *misdoers*, rebels (scoundrels, rascals, &c. &c.) for defending their land and princes against our forcible seizure, certainly has a parallel in the Russian treatment of Poland. Yet Russia never received so many benefits from the Poles, as our Indian Government from the successive rulers of Oude.

fighting prowess, or given us one victory fewer; and *after* the victory, oh! how would the moral glory of the English name have shone pre-eminent, and how much brighter would be our prospect! It is now too late. We must accept as a fact, that the military part of the Indian population in the north will in the future hate us more than ever, unless some NEW, GREAT, and STRIKING CHANGES obliterate these deadly remembrances.

It does not appear difficult to see what is the first great thing needed in the relations of our Indian Government towards the Indian princes. It is, *that the Government must not be judge in its own quarrel, and to its own aggrandizement*. The greater our pretences of justice, and the higher the English self-opinion, the more intensely galling to the native mind is the injury and monstrosity of this process. Take an illustration. The Rajahs of Coorg had been to us faithful and valuable allies. The last Rajah got into high words with our resident at Mysore, from whom he demanded the surrender of a fugitive, whom he alleged to be a murderer. This demand, pressed by him in a regal way, which we justly disapproved,* was accepted by us as a *casus belli*. We invaded Coorg, dethroned the Rajah, and *annexed his dominions!* His predecessors, our good friends and allies, had prudently invested money (about 100,000*l.*) in the Madras public debt, and the last Rajah had received the dividends until we quarrelled with him. Instantly upon the war the payments of course were stopped; and after his deposition, apparently the capital was judged to be forfeited. To the ex-Rajah's letters no reply for fourteen years was given by the authorities in India. At last he came to England with his daughter, whom he wished to bring up as a Christian (having become a Christian himself), and Queen Victoria became godmother to the young lady; but when the Prince applied to the home authorities about his 100,000*l.*, he could get no other reply, than that *they had no information about it from India, and therefore could take no notice of it*. Moreover, by threatening to stop his salary, and starve his family at Benares, the India House forced him to return. Such is the Rajah's† story. Now, we admit there *may be* other circumstances, if the India House or the Indian officials were called to public judgment, which would soften the hardship of the case; but the intense essential hardship remains, that the Executive Government should be made judge in its own cause. How strong was its motive to pick a quarrel! First, it takes possession of 100,000*l.* which had been trustingly invested; next, it annexes the principality, and overthrows every

* The Rajah arrested a native official of our government, as a hostage, to enforce the surrender of the fugitive.

† We take it from the 7th Tract of the India Reform Society.

political right of the natives. What sort of high spirit could an English duke afford to indulge in, if the Government had power to pick a quarrel with him, to confiscate his funded property, invade his baronial estates, and make his children outcasts? Nothing is so certain to produce a deeply burning sense of injustice as a state of public affairs in which such procedures are possible. India needs a HIGH COURT, supreme arbiter in international Indian questions over the Indian Government, just as our Courts of Law are over our Executive. Every prince of India, and the British Government, should be liable to be sued, and be able to sue, publicly in this court; and, except by verdict of the court, the Government should have no more power to touch a prince's inheritance, than our Executive to touch a baron's estate.

The establishment of such a court would be a safety-valve to India, still more needed than the Supreme Court in America, to prevent the conflict of authorities—President, Congress, State Legislatures. When a man's cause is publicly heard, freely pleaded, decided by a learned judge, with reasons solemnly given; even if he lose his cause, he is not galled and stung to the heart, as when he is worn out by the shifts and secrecies of a despotic bureau, deciding in its own quarrel, from its own point of view, and pushing every quarrel to the point of ejecting native rule, and overthrowing nationality. Before a public court, who would dare to plead that all natives of Oude ought to lose their nationality, their local revenues, and their personal eligibility to office, because their king was sensual, and fond of seeing dancing-girls? Yet such, and other such things, are whispered as reasons why it was for the people's own good! Or who, before such a court, would plead that the map itself is the best argument for annexing Oude; for it inconveniently separates Bengal, and we really *want* it? Such is the unblushing language which bold and just Britons use in private.

On the establishment of such a court, the difficulties, otherwise apparently insuperable, of reorganizing the Indian Government, vanish of themselves. The only alternatives hitherto proposed yield a vexatious dilemma. The Council for India will either be removable by the Prime Minister, or not removable; if the latter, then the "Double Government" comes back upon us, and it is doubtful what we gain by the change; if the former, then India is liable to become the sport of faction; and besides, we inevitably take on ourselves the Indian debt, and all the contingent debts of the new wars which are certain to be incurred unless there is some great change of principle. In our last Number, we expressed a belief that India ought to be placed under the Crown, and the same judgment has since received the

sanction of a Parliamentary vote. Lord John Russell, while voting with the majority, pronounced it impossible to shut out the danger of faction by any organic mechanism, but trusted to the good sense of Parliament to overcome it. But surely it is better to cut away the danger, by separating the two Executives entirely. It is less observed how large a part of the miseries and dangers of India, to herself and to us, flow out of the systematic wars which must ultimately fall on this nation, even in financial result. Hitherto, the expense of the wars has been wholly borne by India, yet only by cursing that country with the European vice of ever-growing national debt: and is it not disgraceful, unjust, and odious to import such a vice, previously unknown to them? But a revenue which cannot expand must break down in the process; and as the wars have been made by the Board of Control (that is, by the English Ministry), none could wonder or complain if all the expenses came on us. At the same time, it is the Indian officials who have been the prime movers to war, and have acted on the Board of Control, which, in turn, has constrained the Directors of the Company; and it is always the Indian service, especially the civil service, which has had everything to gain by annexations. In Oude alone, Lord Dalhousie estimated that there would be needed, "in the first instance," four Commissioners of Divisions, twelve Deputy Commissioners of Districts, eighteen Assistant Commissioners, and eighteen Extra Assistants, the Commissioners receiving 3300*l.* a-year, and besides Judicial and Financial Commissioners, 3900*l.* a-year. In England, a juryman may be objected to if he will gain a shilling by his verdict. Are we Pharisees and hypocrites, straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, that in great national questions purely judicial—as whether our neighbour has kept his contract—we permit our officers to judge absolutely, secretly, and on grounds of State policy, against the princes and the nations whose rights are confiscated to the zeal of our Executive for rich appointments? So soon as all questions between native States and our Government were decided by a public judicial court, wholly independent of the Executive, at once there might be a Prime Minister and Cabinet for India, in direct connexion with the Queen, and in as close connexion as might be thought proper with one or both Houses of Parliament, but entirely co-ordinate with the Ministry for the United Kingdom, with which it would of course co-operate, but only as an equal. In an extreme improbable case of vital danger—as from an attack of Russia on India—the Cabinets would act together as natural allies; at all other times they would be merely in amicable relation. Thus it would be possible to construct a Government for India by considering solely what India most needs, without being embarrassed by

English faction; and until India can have Legislatures of its own, the Indian Executive might be bound to give publicity of all its measures to either or both of our Houses of Parliament, and be liable to removal by any hostile vote.

It is perfectly clear that the Asiatic wars have been ruinous to our Indian administration. The constant deficit in the treasury not only prevents good government, but saps the very instrument of power. In vain did Sir Charles Napier proclaim that the barracks were pestilential through smallness; in vain did he commence the building of larger barracks; the money could not be afforded; his plans were disallowed, and the soldiers continued to rot. In vain also did he represent the inadequate number of English officers to the Sepoy regiments; the treasury was too poor to listen. Surplus revenue is the first condition of improvement, and surplus revenue is impossible until the wars are stopped. At present every native prince keeps up a great army against himself to please us, and a second army against the first to maintain his honour in the eyes of his people; thus we force him to oppress them with taxes. If the princes once understood that our judicial court would protect them, they would gladly lessen their armies, and our Executive would have no motive for burdening them with a needless force. Thus the military establishments would be limited to real necessity. India collectively has little or nothing to fear from foreign attack, if only the Rajpoots and Sikhs are our firm friends, as they easily may be made; and we should need but a moderate force on the north-west frontier; we have no excuse, unless cupidity of territory be an excuse, for not remaining in profound peace. Yet it is certain that if, as hitherto, the English ministry, stimulated by Indian residents, is allowed to plunge us into Asiatic war, these wars will continue. Already a cry has been made that we "really need" Kashmeer; and it is "really ill governed:" already it has been advised by official men that we should annex Candahar. Equally certain is it that Pegu will not satisfy their cupidity without another slice of Burma. Highly probable also we must judge it, that the recent treaties made with the unsuspecting and friendly Kings of Siam, (treaties in which ambiguities, and indeed contradictions, are already pointed out,) will afford material first for quarrel, then for new conquest. As to the absorption of more and more native kingdoms, that is regarded by the English in India as a *thing of course*. The pious Sir John Shore in 1798 planned the annexation of the country between the Ganges and Jumna, then belonging to our ally; Lord Wellesley extorted it in 1801, and committed to writing his conviction that we ought to take possession of all the rest of Oude. The conquest of the Punjaub was, to our knowledge, spoken of familiarly twenty-five years ago by

old Indian servants, as that for which we were waiting. Shall we endure that our procedure be hereafter described in the words of Bishop Thirlwall, speaking of the Roman Republic? "Such was the lingering process," says he, "by which Rome enclosed her victim in the coils of her insidious diplomacy, covered it with the slime of her sycophants and hirelings, crushed it when it began to struggle, and then calmly preyed upon its vitals." And what can be the issue of this? Will England never leave off praising herself, but begin in earnest to do justice to foreigners? The case is most clear. When we assume judicial forms, as in the Admiralty Courts, all the world admits our honour and impartiality: but when we decide in secret cabinet, without judicial forms, all the world reproaches and curses us, as equalling Russia in unscrupulosity and surpassing her in Pharisæism a hundredfold. If we will erect a High Court of Judgment as a barrier to the native States against the greedy encroachments of our bureaucracy, we shall save the institutions of England itself: for the morals of our public men are sapped, and made to sympathize with despotism, by their despotic conduct in Asia. A beginning will have been made, auspicious to the world, of deciding international quarrels judicially. The Indians, gaining a new confidence in our honour, will become reconciled to us and loyal. It will no longer be unsafe to admit them into high office, and our deadly wound will be healed.*

* Since this article was in the Printer's hands, the very satisfactory debate in the Commons of March 18th has taken place. Oh, had it been possible even three months earlier!

ART. VII.—MEDICAL REFORM.

1. *Report from the Select Committee on Medical Education ; with the Minutes of Evidence and Appendix.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 13th August, 1834. Part I. Royal College of Physicians, London. Part II. Royal College of Surgeons, London. Part III. Society of Apothecaries, London.
2. *Copies of Letters addressed to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, by the President of the Royal College of Surgeons.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 6th August, 1844, and 20th July, 1847.
3. *Report from the Select Committee on Medical Registration ; together with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 16th July, 1847.
4. *First and Second Reports from the Select Committee on Medical Registration and Medical Law Amendment ; together with the Minutes of Evidence and Appendix.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 28th and 31st March, 1848.
5. *Third Report from the Select Committee on Medical Registration and Medical Law Amendment ; together with the Minutes of Evidence and Appendix.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 25th August, 1848.
6. *Medical Licences. Return to an Address of the Honourable the House of Commons, dated 14th April, 1856.* Ordered to be printed, 17th July, 1856.
7. *Report by the President and Council of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, 9th March, 1856, upon a document entitled, Draft Bill for an Act for Regulating and Improving the Medical Profession.*
8. *Memorial of the Senatus Academicus of the University of Edinburgh, relative to two proposed Bills for regulation of the Medical Profession. Submitted to the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for the Home Department, June 1, 1855.*
9. *Statement of the Universities of Marischal College at Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, relative to degrees in Medicine.*

IN April, 1856, we called the attention of our readers to the subject of Medical Politics. We endeavoured to show that the Medical Reform Bill, which was at that time pressed on the House

of Commons, and which, wonderful to relate, actually passed a second reading, would, if enacted, prove a great evil both to the profession and the public. We have been informed that what we then said contributed in no small degree to the defeat of that Bill. But though the so-called medical reformers were defeated, they were not discouraged: the following year they renewed their attempt; and we are now informed by Lord Derby that "so great is the excitement on the subject, that no fewer than three Bills had been brought into the other House, by three different members."* But however great the excitement reported by the noble Earl, it is of the chronic form. The disease of which it is an expression is of long standing. The medical body has over and over again during the last half century besought successive ministers to devise a remedy for its sufferings, and for several years past Parliament has been annually constrained to listen to its complaints. But, alas, so numerous and conflicting are the symptoms, that they have baffled the diagnostic skill of the ablest statesmen, who, powerless to comprehend the nature of the disease, have for the most part wisely abstained from sanctioning the numerous nostrums which differing doctors have urged them to adopt. From Pitt to Palmerston, the history of the unceasing attempts to devise a remedy is a history of the faltering of Ministers, the ignorance of Parliament, and of the irreconcilable divisions and quarrels of the profession itself. The usual resource of legislators in embarrassment—Parliamentary committees and Blue-books—has been exhausted; the efforts that have been made in this direction may be appreciated by a glance at the titles, at the head of this article, of the numerous reports of evidence which successive committees have elicited from 1834† to 1856. But all in vain: the complex maladies of the professional body, as attested by the evidence collected, seem to have so filled each committee with despair, that all have equally shrunk from expressing a formal opinion founded on the information obtained. After all the weary labour of examining a "cloud of witnesses," whose evidence, even to the first committee alone, occupied three months in the delivery, not a single document describing the state of the profession, and recommending a legislative remedy, has been laid before Parliament. We regret extremely that the Committee of 1834 did not draw up a report of its opinions on

* *The Times*, March 19, 1858.

† The reports published by the Committee of 1834 represent only half its labours. They contain only the evidence of the metropolitan part of the profession; whereas physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries from the numerous provinces of the United Kingdom were also examined. But the whole of their evidence, copied from the notes of the shorthand-writers, was destroyed while still in manuscript during the burning of the old Houses of Parliament.

the evidence, together with a recommendation of remedial measures. No reflecting person can read the report of the examinations instituted by that Committee without being struck with the wisdom of the examiners. In face of the generally expressed belief by the examinees in the efficiency of legislation as a remedy for the evils pointed out, and the demand for more thorough and detailed Governmental interference, the examiners, by the nature of their questions, repeatedly imply their conviction that the medical profession is already suffering from too much law, and evince throughout such sagacity and common sense, and such a comprehensive appreciation of the subject in its multiform aspects, as we are only justified in expecting from statesmen who are really worthy of the name. Among the distinguished members of that Committee we may mention Mr. Warburton (the chairman), Mr. Goulburn, Mr. Spring Rice, Mr. Hume, Mr. O'Connell, Lord John Russell, and Sir Robert Peel; but we believe that the merit which we have ascribed to the examiners is chiefly due to Mr. Warburton, who was generally the sole conductor of the examinations. If this Committee, after patiently listening to evidence which occupies 1700 folio pages, left the question of Medical Reform where they found it, we can scarcely expect that Lord Palmerston or Lord Derby should even attempt to learn the causes of the professional agitation, and how to pacify it; and so, after a gladiatorial display between the knights of the faculty, Mr. Headlam and Lord Elcho, the Premier dismisses them and their respective supporters at the end of the Session with the comforting assurance that, so soon as the different sections of the profession will concur in the adoption of a plan of reform, it shall receive the sanction of Government.

Ministers justly feel that no public opinion, and no satisfactory legislation on medical affairs, is possible until they, as well as Parliament and the people, become acquainted with the history of our medical institutions, and of their effects on the public and on each other. But no such history at once sufficiently brief and intelligible to command attention exists. We shall endeavour, therefore, to describe in outline the origin, growth, influence, and conflicting interests of the medical bodies of the United Kingdom, in the hope that we shall contribute to the formation of public and Parliamentary opinion on a subject of vast social importance, and that, while supplying many instructive and curious illustrations of the effects of legislative interference beyond its legitimate limits, we shall be able to indicate the only direction in which a remedy for the long sufferings of the profession may be found.

After the decline of literature and art in Ancient Greece,

and the fall of Rome into the hands of the Barbarians, the science or practice of medicine was chiefly cultivated by the Greeks of Alexandria and Constantinople. During the most flourishing æra of the Byzantine Empire, numerous votaries of Esculapius, studious of the Greek fathers of physic, distinguished themselves both by their theories and practice. Among the most eminent professional writers were Oribasius, Ætius, Paulus, Jacobus, Psychrestus, and Alexander—the latter, called, by distinction, Alexander the Physician, was particularly noted for his diagnostic skill. Most, if not all, of these men were educated at Alexandria; and the medical literature treasured there and at Constantinople was enriched, or at least extended, by their original contributions, or their compilations and abridgments from the writings of their predecessors. If the celebrated library of Alexandria were really burnt by order of the pious Omar, when the Moslems conquered Egypt, it is probable that many of the most highly prized medical books were rescued by the physicians of the city, or by the discrimination of the conquerors themselves. At all events, it is certain that, speedily after the conquest, numerous Greek medical works were translated into the Syriac language, and that by these versions, and by translations of them into Arabic, the medical science of the Greeks became known to the Arabs.* Thus, coeval with the decay and final ruin of the Byzantine Empire, Hippocrates and Galen, under the protection and patronage of the Caliphs, were appreciated and revered in the holy cities of Mecca, Medina, and Bagdad; and, by means of the Mahomedan physicians of successive generations, the influence of their genius, with the accumulated knowledge of their disciples, was continued through the dark ages, and extended along Northern Africa and Spain to the eastern shores of the Atlantic.†

Besides the medical school of Alexandria and the numerous

* Even before the conquest of Egypt by the Arabs, as early as 622, Aaron, an Alexandrian presbyter, compiled thirty books in Syriac, chiefly from the Greek: these he called the "Pandects of Physic." These Pandects were translated into Arabic in 683 by a physician, Maserjilms, who was a Syrian Jew.—*Friend's History of Physic.*

† The most illustrious physicians who adorn Arabian history were Mesue, Rhazes, Haly-Abbas, Avicenna, Avenzoar, and Averrhoes. Mesue, a Nestorian Christian, was famous during the first half of the ninth century, was patronized by several Caliphs, and made numerous translations from the Greek into the Arabic; Rhazes, a Persian, succeeded him towards the end of the same century, and practised at Bagdad; Haly-Abbas, also a Persian, flourished about fifty years after Rhazes, and wrote a complete system of the theory and practice of medicine; the celebrated Avicenna was born at Bokhara, A.D. 980, and lived for the most part at Ispahan; Avenzoar flourished at Seville until he was 135 years old; and Averrhoes, who was called "the soul of Aristotle," because

hospitals of Western Asia, Bagdad* (of whose hospitals Mesue and Rhazes were successively chief physicians), Antioch and Harran were distinguished as seats of medical learning. In these several cities, under Moslem rule, the true disciples of the Prophet shared the study and the practice of the healing art with the ubiquitous Jews, who possessed or acquired a knowledge of the Arabic tongue, and enjoyed the patronage of the Caliphs, or of the Commanders of the Faithful.† These national wanderers spread themselves over the West; and, not confining their practice to their own tribes, or to the subjects of the Caliphs, they also became the most esteemed physicians of the Christians. In the tenth century they were to so great an extent the representatives of Arabian learning, that they were the principal physicians in Europe. The most distinguished were employed at Christian courts, and were entertained by the Moorish Kings of Spain. But their remorseless persecutors, the Christian clergy, having constituted themselves the avengers of Christ, resolved to deprive them of their honourable profession, and to appropriate its emoluments to themselves: a canon was enacted prohibiting Jews from prescribing or supplying physic to Christians. Notwithstanding this canon, the superior skill of the Jewish physicians constrained Christian monarchs, and even popes, to have recourse to them for a long time after its enactment. But it gradually effected its purpose: in the eleventh century, Salerno,‡ already celebrated for its school of medicine, was the resort of monks and bishops, who learnt, taught, and practised the art of physic, the knowledge of which they derived from resident Mahomedans, or from the distant seats of Arabian learning.§ .

of the many volumes in which he illustrated or obscured the doctrines of the Stagyrice, was a native of Cordova, and died in Morocco. He was bred to the law, then studied mathematics, and finally took to physic.

* Almamon, the son and successor of Haroun-al-Rashid, founded the Academy of Bagdad, which was one of the most celebrated of the middle ages. In that city alone eight hundred and sixty physicians were licensed to exercise their lucrative profession. (*Gibbon's Decline and Fall*, vol. vi.) Almamon did his utmost to induce the learned of all countries to settle there; ordered his ambassadors to buy up all the writings of philosophers and physicians which could be found, and employed his interpreter, Honain, a Christian for forty years, to translate them into Arabic. The fortunate translator, for each version handed to his patron, was paid its weight in gold.

† During the peaceful and prosperous reign of Malek Shah [1072-1092] "the cities of Asia were adorned with palaces and hospitals, with moschs and colleges."—*Gibbon*, vol. vii.

‡ The College of Salerno, probably the earliest in Western Europe, was founded by Charlemagne in 802.

§ "After a pilgrimage of thirty-nine years, Constantine, an African Christian, returned from Bagdad a master of the language and learning of the Arabians ;

The practice of medicine was at length so completely in the hands of the clergy that a certain mediæval Jeremiah bewailed the fact as a stratagem of the devil to supplant religion, by drawing the holy fathers out of their convents under the pretence of ministering to their suffering brethren. Certain it is that during several centuries they combined and monopolized the profitable callings of curing or killing bodies, and of saving or damning souls. The ecclesiastical authorities became alarmed by the general alienation from theology to medicine; and a Council, convened by Pope Innocent II. in 1139, decreed that the entire clergy should abstain from the practice of physic. This decree, however, proved unavailing, for in 1163 the Council of Tours, presided over by Alexander III., ordained that no one, after having taken the vow, and professed himself, should even go out to hear any lecture on physic; that any one who should thus go out, and should not return within two months to his cloister, should be avoided as an excommunicated person; and that all bishops, abbots, and priors, who consent to such enormities, and correct them not, shall be deprived of their dignities, and expelled from the Church. Even this stringent caxon, which was again confirmed by Alexander in 1179, failed to recal and restrict the clergy to their spiritual duties. The ineffectiveness of these decrees seems to have resulted in a compromise: while the higher clergy were still prohibited from practising any branch of physic, the lower were only forbidden to perform surgical operations, especially those involving the use of fire or cutting instruments. Henceforward, the medicines prescribed by the monks were compounded by others, and the practice of surgery fell into the hands of the barbers and smiths, the former of whom had usually been employed by the monks to assist at the baths, in the application of ointments, and in surgical operations. In 1216, when Europe teemed with physico-spiritual advisers, Pope Honorius made another attempt to suppress their practice of physic altogether; but still in vain. In England, so late as the reign of Henry VIII., the medical functions of the clergy were formally recognised by

and Salerno was enriched by the practice, the lessons, and the writings of the pupil of Avicenna."—*Gibbon*, vol. vii. ch. 56. Constantine was a native of Carthage, whither he returned after his long terms of study at Bagdad and Babylon; but in consequence of designs against his life, he fled from his native city, and took refuge in Apulia, whose first duke, Robert Guiscard, recognised his merits, made him his secretary, and afterwards installed him as professor of his favourite science in the College of Salerno. Disgusted with the world, he finally retreated to the Monastery of Mount Cassin, where, by numerous compilations and translations from original but inaccessible works in Greek and Arabic, he powerfully contributed to popularize medical knowledge in Europe.—*See the Histories of Medicine of Friend and Renouard.*

Act of Parliament; reverend doctors of medicine have been Licentiates or Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians, which, until a recent date, recognised the intimate relationship between orthodox Christianity and medical skill, by ordaining that its officers should take the sacrament three times a-year; the Archbishop of Canterbury (and, we presume, each of the spiritual Lords) retains the power of granting medical degrees; in 1827, Sir Charles Clarke, lately deceased, obtained the degree of M.D. from the palace of Lambeth; and at the present time a gentleman, whose orthodoxy, if not his professional competency, is unquestionable, is practising medicine in England by virtue of the title and authority which his Grace of Canterbury graciously conferred.

The following is the preamble to the Act by which the Parliament of Henry VIII., in the third year of his reign, confirmed the supreme functions and jurisdiction of the bishops as chiefs of the faculty of medicine:—

“Forasmuch as the science and cunning of Physick and Surgery (to the perfect knowledge whereof be requisite both great learning and ripe experience) is daily within this Realm exercised by a great multitude of ignorant persons, of whom the greater part have no manner of insight in the same, nor in any other kind of learning: some also can no letters on the Book, so far forth that common Artificers, as Smiths, Weavers, and Women, boldly and accustomedly take upon them great cures and things of great difficulty; in the which they partly use sorcery and witchcraft, partly apply such medicines unto the disease as be very noious, and nothing meet therefore; to the high displeasure of God, great infamy to the Faculty, and the grievous hurt, damage, and destruction of many of the King’s liege people; most especially of them that cannot discern the uncunning from the cunning.”

The Act then ordains:—

“That no person within the City of London, nor within seven miles of the same, take upon him to exercise and occupy as a Physician or Surgeon, except he be first examined, approved, and admitted by the Bishop of London, or by the Dean of Paul’s for the time being, calling to him or them four Doctors of Physick, and for Surgery other expert persons in that faculty.”

Persons afterwards practising within the limits defined without this ecclesiastical authority, were to be fined at the rate of, *5l.* a month—half the amount to go to the King, the other half “to any person that will sue for it by Action of Debt, in which no wager of law nor protection will be allowed.” The country was also provided with authorized practitioners in like manner by the Bishop of each Diocese, or, he being absent, by his Vicar-General; and all unauthorized practitioners were prohibited, by terror of fine or imprisonment, as in London itself.

This curious enactment definitely fixes the date when the practice of physic in England, passing from the hands of the priesthood, became an independent profession. From about this period we find the physicians and surgeons of England, Ireland, and Scotland, organizing themselves into distinct institutions, and, in accordance with the spirit of the times, obtaining, by Royal favour or Parliamentary enactments, exclusive rights and privileges, most of which have been preserved and cherished with the jealous care of corporate interest to the present day.

There are now in the United Kingdom twenty institutions which exercise the power of conferring medical degrees, or of granting licences to practise medicine or surgery. They are as follows, with the number* of their respective graduates or licentiates during the last ten years attached to each:—

University of Oxford	17
" Cambridge	61
" Durham	5
" London	241
" Edinburgh	524
" St. Andrew's	497
" Glasgow	359
University and King's College, Aberdeen	263
Marischal College and University of Aberdeen	161
University of Dublin	143
Queen's University, Ireland	34
London College of Physicians	242
Edinburgh "	68
Dublin "	97
London College of Surgeons	4915
Edinburgh "	1066
Glasgow Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons	367
Dublin College of Surgeons	582
London Apothecaries' Company	2823
Dublin " "	214
	12,679

The Oxford degree of Bachelor of Medicine confers the licence to practise "per universum Angliæ regnum," according to the terms of the diploma; but there are exceptions to this universality, as we shall hereafter see. The Oxford degree of M.D. confers membership of Convocation. The Cambridge degree of

* The number of degrees or licences conferred, not the number of persons who have graduated. For instance, the number opposite to the London College of Physicians is 242; but, in the ten years mentioned, that college has only granted 181 licences to practise, the difference being made up by the admission of 61 licentiates to the fellowship.

M.B. gives no privilege; the Bachelor must become either a Licentiate or a Doctor before he can legally practise; then he acquires the same privilege as that conferred by the Oxford degree of M.B.. The Cambridge doctorate confers membership of the Senate. The University of Durham first ventured to grant medical degrees within the last ten years. The five which it has bestowed were without examination, and "confer, it is presumed"—we quote the words of the University authorities—"the same privileges as the same degrees in other Universities in the United Kingdom." Until recently, both Oxford and Cambridge refused their degrees to all who declined to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles. To obviate the evils of this exclusiveness, a number of liberal men sought to establish an University in London. As early as 1831 the Government approved of this endeavour, and in 1835 the Attorney-General prepared two charters—one for University College, and one to constitute the University of London. In the same year, Mr. Spring Rice, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, thus defined the object of the new University:—"It should always be kept in mind that what is sought on the present occasion is an equality in all respects with the ancient Universities, freed from those exclusions and religious distinctions which abridge the usefulness of Oxford and Cambridge. . . . The principle of the absence of all religious tests or distinctions must be set forth distinctly in the charter, so as to preclude any possible doubt or alteration hereafter."* The charter, which is dated Nov. 28, 1836, confers no privileges on the graduates of the University; and only in 1854 did it obtain the power of giving the possessors of its medical degrees a licence to practise medicine "in any part of the United Kingdom except London, and within seven miles of it."

The physicians of London were incorporated as a separate College in the tenth year of the reign of Henry VIII. The charter then

* After the University was established, with the inter^o described in the words of Mr. Spring Rice, the great principle of intellectual and religious liberty on which it was founded was all but subverted, and the institution had a very narrow escape from priestly dominion. Dr. Arnold and the Bishop of Norwich, who were created members of the Senate, co-operating with others who shared their opinions, framed, proposed, and carried by a majority of one, a bye-law rendering it imperative on candidates for degrees to submit themselves to an examination in the Hebrew Scriptures! Fortunately, that indefatigable champion of mental freedom, Mr. Warburton, succeeded in carrying a motion to refer this bye-law to the Privy Council for approval; whereupon Lord John Russell, then Secretary of State for the Home Department, recommended the Senate to revise its decision. It did so; and the result was, that Mr. Warburton virtually gained his object by a nominal compromise. A new bye-law was enacted, giving to candidates the option of submitting to the Scriptural examination.

obtained transferred to them, so far as concerned the practice of medicine, the authority and power previously vested in the Bishops by the Act already described. Both in that Act and in the charter is a clause providing that nothing "therein contained be prejudicial to the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge." This charter was confirmed by Act of Parliament 14-15 Henry VIII., and again in subsequent reigns.

In the time of Henry VIII. there were "two distinct Companies of Surgeons" practising in London: one was called the Barbers of London, and was "incorporated to sue and be sued by the name of Masters or Governors of the Mystery or Comminality of the Barbers of London, by virtue of the Letters-Patent" of Edward IV., which gave them power to admit "in dicta Misteria Sirurgica—personas habiles et sufficienter erudititas;"—this charter was confirmed by Henry VII.;—"the other Company, called the Surgeons, be not incorporate." These two companies were made one by Act of Parliament, 32 Henry VIII., under the name of Masters or Governors of the Mystery and Comminality of Barbers and Surgeons of London for evermore, and by none other name. Two of the four elected Masters were to be Surgeons, and two Barbers. Notwithstanding this union, the Act of Incorporation ordains that the functions of Barbers and Surgeons shall in future be distinct, with the exception of tooth-drawing, which Barbers may continue to practise. The reason for this division of labour is given as follows:—"Forasmuch as all persons using of the mystery or faculty of Surgery oftentimes meddle and take into their care and houses such sick and diseased persons as been infected with the Pestilence, great Pocks, and such other contagious infirmitics, do use or exercise Barbbery, as washing or shaving, and other feats thereunto belonging, which is very perilous for infecting the King's Liege People resorting to their shops and houses, there being washed or shaven." This Act restrained all persons, not members of the Company, from practising within the City of London, or within a one-mile circuit of the same, and empowered the Company to levy a fine at the rate of 5*l.* a month upon all persons, so long as they should trespass on its privileged area as unauthorized barbers or surgeons.

Whether these newly-incorporated barbers and surgeons availed themselves of the power of fining or imprisoning their unprivileged rivals, with even more rapacity and less discretion than were evinced by the College of Physicians, whose authority was equally great, and whose jurisdiction was greater, we know not; but seeing that the physicians, as a class, stood far higher, intellectually and socially, than did the barber-surgeons, it is pro-

bable that the latter were less discriminate and considerate, and more exclusively selfish than were the physicians in exercising the large powers of prosecution entrusted to them. Certain it is that those powers, though diminished, are still possessed by the physicians, whereas only two years after they had been confirmed to the surgeons as a separate corporation, they were completely withdrawn by Act of Parliament, 34-35 Henry VIII., in the curious preamble to which the reasons for this speedy revocation are thus set forth:—

“Sithence the making of which said Act (*i.e.*, 3 Henry VIII., already quoted), the Company and Fellowship of Surgeons of London, minding onely their owne lucre, and nothing the profit or ease of the diseased or patient, have sued, troubled, and vexed divers honest persons, as well men as women, whom God hath endued with the knowledge of the nature, kind and operation of certain Herbs, Roots, and Waters, and the using and ministering of them, to such as been pained with customable diseases, and yet that the said persons have not taken anything for their pains or cunning, but have ministered the same to poor people onely for neighbourhood and God's sake, and of pity and charity. And it is now well known, that the Surgeons admitted will do no Cure to any Person, but where they shall know to be rewarded with a greater Sum or reward than the Cure extendeth unto; for in case they would minister their cunning unto sore people unrewarded, there should not so many rot and perish to death for lack of help of Surgery as dayly do: but the greater part of Surgeons admitted been much more to be blamed than those persons that they trouble. For although the most part of the persons of the said Craft of Surgeons have small cunning, yet they will take great sums of money, and do little therefore, and by reason thereof they do oftentimes impair and hurt their Patients, rather than do them good.”

In the year 1745, the surgeons being desirous of separating from the barbers, “and having no friends to whom to commit their request, they applied to Mr. Ranby, who had been Surgeon-general of the army at Dettingen, in the time of George II., and was his Serjeant-Surgeon; and Mr. Ranby agreed to obtain an Act of Parliament, provided he got a sufficient return. In those days very few men were members of the Corporation, and he himself was not one; the condition he made was, that he should be made a member, that he should be put on the Council, and made their Governor or Master on the day on which they obtained the Act. The bargain was struck, and he became the first Master of the new Corporation of Surgeons,” which was then separated from that of the barbers, and established independently by the Act of Parliament, 18 George II. The College has since obtained two charters, one in 1800, and another in 1843.

The London Society of Apothecaries was originally part of a

company called "The Wardours and Fellowship of the Mystery of Grocers of the City of London," which was formed by a charter granted in the fourth year of James I. In the fifteenth year of his reign he divided the grocers from the apothecaries. The charter incorporating the latter empowers them to restrain "any person or persons whatsoever, unless such person or persons have been brought up, instructed, and taught by the space of seven years, at the least, as apprentice or apprentices with some apothecary or apothecaries, and have been approved, after examination, by the Company," from presuming "to keep, prepare, or sell any medicines, or to exercise the art of an apothecary, within the City of London or within seven miles of the same city." The Company is authorized to enter the premises of all apothecaries within these limits, "and to burn before the offenders' doors all drugs and all other things belonging to the aforesaid art which they shall find unlawful, deceitful, inveterate, out of use, unwholesome, corrupt, unmedicinal, pernicious, or hurtful;" power is also given to the Company "to impose and execute punishments and other pains and penalties by fines and americiaments upon such offenders, according to their sound discretions." The charter moreover empowers the Company "to try all and singular persons" exercising or about to "exercise the art or mystery of apothecaries" within the area already defined, "touching their knowledge, skill, and understanding in the aforesaid art or mystery, and to prohibit all those from the practice of the said art or mystery whom hereafter they shall find either unskilful, ignorant or insufficient, or obstinate or repugnant to be examined." And lastly, says His Majesty, "We will and declare Our intention to be, that expert and approved chirurgeons may exercise their art and faculty, and use and enjoy all and singular their proper practice, as much as belongeth and appertaineth to the composition and application of outward salves or medicines only, so that they do not vend or expose to sale to others such salves or medicines, according to the common manner of the apothecaries of Our City of London." In 1815, an Act of Parliament extended the jurisdiction of the Apothecaries' Company over the whole of England. Chemists and druggists strenuously opposed the Bill during its passage through Parliament, and their opposition, was only silenced by the introduction of a clause securing to them their rights,—so that from that date the druggists of London, who were previously under the control of the Company, obtained their independence; while, on the other hand, no physician, surgeon, or apothecary who commenced practice after the same date in any part of England, could thenceforth dispense or supply any medicines prescribed by him for his patients, unless he first became a member of the Apothecaries' Company—the condition of membership

being, submission to an examination in London, approval by the examiners, and payment for the diploma conferred.

The medical institutions of Scotland which grant medical licences or degrees are nearly equal in number to those of England and Ireland together. The University of St. Andrew's was founded in 1413, by a Bull of Benedict XII., at the request of James I. of Scotland, and Henry, Bishop of St. Andrew's; the University of Glasgow was founded in 1450 by Pope Nicolas, at the request of James II. of Scotland; the University and King's College, Aberdeen, was founded in 1494, at the wish of James IV., by a Bull of Pope Alexander VI.; the College and University of Edinburgh was founded in 1582 by a charter of James VI.; and the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen was founded in 1593 by a charter from the Earl Marischal, under royal authority—the charter being confirmed by an Act of Parliament of Charles II., in 1661.

It is contended on behalf of these universities, and we think justly, that the right to practise medicine which their diplomas confer extends over the whole of Scotland—and, indeed, so far as the right conferred by a Pope's Bull can be sustained and perpetuated, the right extends over Christendom:—"Eique potestatem damus plenissimam, de re medicâ legendi, docendi, consultandi, scribeudi, et disputandi . . . omnesque denique tam theoriæ medicæ quam praxeos actus, ubique gentium exercendi; et omnes simul honores, prærogativas omnes, ei concedimus et privilegia quæ vero Medicinæ Doctori usquam gentium conceduntur aut concedi solent." This is an extract from the diploma of the University of Glasgow, and the terms of it are all but identical with those of the diplomas of the other four universities.

The Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, founded by a charter of Charles II., enjoys the power "of calling before them and fining unlicensed practitioners, and of punishing doctors of medicine, licentiates, and fellows practising within the City of Edinburgh, its suburbs, and privileges, who shall violate any of the laws of the College." But the rights and privileges of the universities are expressly reserved, power being given to their graduates to practise in Edinburgh without fine, and without undergoing any examination by the College.

The Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh is equivalent to that of London and the London Society of Apothecaries combined. It not only examines in surgery but in pharmacy, and hence its licentiates are most correctly called surgeon-apothecaries. It owes its origin to a "*Seill of cause* granted by the Town Counsell of Edinburgh to the craft of surgery and barbouris,"

in 1505, and confirmed by James IV. in 1506. The privileges then granted to the College included "ains in the year ane condampnit man after he bi deid to mak anatomia," and "that na person, man or woman, within this burgh, mak or sell bny aquavite, except the saidis maisteris." The exclusive privilege given to the barber-surgeons of practising surgery and pharmacy was originally restricted to Edinburgh; but "a gift and patent" by William and Mary, ratified by an Act of Parliament of 1694, extended it over the three Lothians, and the counties of Fife, Peebles, Selkirk, Roxburgh, and Berwick. In this charter the privileges of the Edinburgh College of Physicians are especially preserved.*

The Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow was founded by virtue of a charter granted by James VI. in 1599, and ratified by Parliament in 1672. It gives jurisdiction to the faculty over the counties of Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, and Burgh and barony of Dumbarton. Within the bounds of these counties no person—until 1850, when this exclusive privilege was resigned—could practise as a surgeon, unless he were a member of the Glasgow faculty.

The Colleges of Surgeons and of Physicians of Edinburgh and the Faculty of Glasgow have the power of inspecting drugs sold in Edinburgh and Glasgow respectively, and of destroying them if disapproved.*

Ireland enjoys the glory of having aided in the revival of learning nearly a hundred years before the first university in Scotland (St. Andrew's) was founded. In 1311, John Lech, Archbishop of Dublin, procured a Bull from Pope Clement V. for the establishment of an university in that city. It was founded by his successor, Alexander de Bicknor, in 1320. But medicine does not seem to have received any attention; and for want of funds the university dragged on a precarious existence until the time of Henry VII., when it became extinct. From 1568 to 1593 attempts were again successively made, and at the latter date students were first admitted into a new university founded by Queen Elizabeth, and of which Lord Burghley was appointed the first Chancellor. From this university, degrees "in all arts and faculties" were to be obtainable; one medical fellowship was created; and all persons were prohibited from professing or teaching the liberal arts in any other

* For the statements in the text concerning the universities and medical corporations of Scotland, we are chiefly indebted to the valuable pamphlet, "Letters on the Charters of the Scotch Universities and Medical Corporations, and on Medical Reform in Scotland." By J. A. Lewis, M.D., 1856.

place in Ireland without the Queen's special licence. Her beneficence was imitated by succeeding monarchs, but especially by the magnificent endowment of James I.* "The Dublin degree of M.D. entitles to a vote at the election of members for the University; that of M.B. gives the privilege of becoming a licentiate of the College of Physicians (Dublin) without further examinations; the diploma in surgery (established in 1851) is a legal licence to practise, and enables its possessor to hold any public surgical appointment, with the exception of that to a county infirmary in Ireland.

The recently founded "Queen's University in Ireland," to which the Colleges of Belfast, Cork, and Galway are affiliated, also grants degrees in medicine, and the Royal charter ordains that its graduates "shall be fully possessed of all such rights, privileges, and immunities as belong to similar degrees granted by other universities or colleges, and shall entitle the persons on whom they may be conferred to whatever rank and precedence is derived from similar degrees granted by other universities."

The "King's and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland" was first constituted by a charter of Charles II., in consideration, says the preamble of the subsequent charter granted by William and Mary, of "the daily abuses of, the most laudable and necessary art of physic in the kingdom of Ireland, by the practice of mountebanks and empirics, and other ignorant and illiterate persons, to the impairing of the health and hazard of the lives of his good subjects there." Charles's charter was not found effectual for putting down the "mountebanks and empirics," and in the year 1692 was surrendered in exchange for the one granted by William and Mary. They allege that the "noble design and intention of our said Royal Uncle hath not met with such good success as was expected," partly because the College had not sufficient power to punish and reform abuses, and partly because its power and jurisdiction, such as it was, did not extend further than seven miles from the city of Dublin, "so that all the rest of our kingdom of Ireland was exposed to the same inconvenience it was liable unto before the said grant, whereby the number of unskilful and illiterate practisers of physic hath much increased, and the frauds and deceits of empirics, apothecaries, and druggists doth abound, to the dishonour of our Government, and to the great prejudice and destruction of our good subjects in that our kingdom." The reconstituted College, which was expected to remedy these fearful evils, was very closely assimilated in organization, government, and jurisdiction to the

* "History of the City of Dublin, &c." By J. Warburton, J. Whitelaw, and Robert Walsh.

College of Physicians of London. The Dublin charter "strictly commands that no person or persons whatsoever," unless a member of, or licensed by, the College, be allowed to practise within the city of Dublin, or seven miles of it. Any offender is to forfeit 10*l.* for every month during which he practises without the College licence. The authority of the College was also extended, beyond the city and limits mentioned, over the whole of Ireland. All persons were forbidden to practise beyond the metropolitan bounds, unless licensed by the College, except graduates in the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin. The penalty payable by provincial offenders was 5*l.* per month. By a clause in this charter, the College jurisdiction, with power to "survey, correct, and punish," is extended over chemists, apothecaries, druggists, distillers, and "sellers of waters or oils;" and the censors of the College are authorized to enter their shops or warehouses to inspect their goods and to destroy such as they may disapprove. Power is also given to fine to the extent of 10*l.*, or to imprison for fourteen days, any person who "hath at any time ministered or prescribed any noisome, unwholesome, or unfit medicine," within the limits above defined. If the fine be not paid, "it shall be lawful to detain such offender in prison until the said fine shall be satisfied."* The arbitrary powers conferred by this charter were not confirmed by legislative enactment, and being therefore deemed unconstitutional, "the noble design and intention" of William and Mary shared the fate of the charter of their Royal uncle: "it hath not met with such good success as was expected." To supplement the defects of the charter, an Act, introduced by Dr. Lucas, passed the Irish House of Commons in 1761. Among other things, it provides that no quack medicine or nostrum shall be exposed to sale but under the sanction of the College; and that, in the first instance, its composition shall be made known; the College is also empowered to prohibit its sale altogether if disapproved.

The most ancient medical body in Ireland, of whose incorporation there is any record, seems to have been an association of barbers, the "Guild of St. Mary Magdalene, of the City of Dublin," which was established by a charter of Henry VI. in 1446. The guild was both a sisterhood and brotherhood, was to consist of "men as well as women," and obtained its charter for the advancement and exercise of the art of chirurgery. It does not appear, however, to have enjoyed the exclusive right of surgical practice, for a charter granted by Queen Elizabeth in

* "The Charter of the King's and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland." Dublin. 1856.

1576 unites into one corporation the separate guilds of St. Mary Magdalene and of the Fraternity of Barbers, "it being necessary," says the preamble, "to blend, joyn, and reduce the said distinct and separate societies of barbers and chirurgeons into one body, that in one close, aggregate, and connected fellowship, the art and science of chirurgery may flourish as well in theory as in practice."

This new corporation was empowered to prohibit any one from exercising the art of barber or chirurgeon within the city, suburbs, and franchises of Dublin, unless a member of the guild. Offenders were to be fined 5*l.* for every month of their trespass. In 1686, a struggle on the part of the Catholics, headed by the Earl of Tyrconnel, then Lord Deputy, to obtain admission to the freedoms and offices of the city, issued in a trial in the Irish Court of Exchequer. By the judgment then delivered, "the minor guilds, composing the great body corporate, were dissolved," says the preamble of a charter granted by James II., in 1687, by which the corporation was reconstituted. The new body consisted of one master, two wardens, and of the brotherhood, by the name of "the Master, Wardens, and Brothers of the arts of Barber-Chirurgeons, Apothecaries, and Periwig-makers of the Guild or Fraternity of St. Mary Magdalene." According to this new charter, women were still admissible as members of the guild, and power was given "to punish every falsity, fraud, deceit, oppression, extortion, and every crime committed by barbers, chirurgeons, apothecaries, or periwig-makers in Dublin, or within six miles of it."

As the importance and dignity of surgery increased, its professors in Ireland felt the incongruity of their union with the barbers, and, following the example of their English brethren, effected their separation in 1784, when, by a charter of George III., they were formed into "The Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland." In 1828 this charter was surrendered in exchange for a second one from George IV., which, like those granted to the English College, gives no power of preventing the practice of surgery by persons not belonging to the College. The same defects in the constitution of the governing body as these which characterized that of the English College, induced Sir James Graham to press the acceptance of a "supplemental charter" on the Dublin surgeons in 1843, the time of his notable reform of the constitution of the London College—a reform we shall hereafter describe.*

The first legal recognition of the Irish apothecaries appears in the charter of James II., just cited. From the date of that

* Vide "The Charters, Bye-laws, and Ordinances of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland." Dublin. 1841.



charter certainly, and perhaps much earlier, the members of the Guild of St. Mary Magdalene practised as chirurgion-apothecaries as well as barber-surgeons, and thus occupied a position identical with that of the Edinburgh surgeon-apothecaries. In 1745 the Dublin apothecaries separated from their brothers (and sisters?) of the Guild of the repentant Mary, having obtained a charter from George II., forming them into the Guild of St. Luke the Physician, and therefore, we presume, a more efficient presiding genius. Power was given to this corporation to impose fines on those practising as apothecaries without its licence, which, however, was obtainable, without admission to the guild, by a certain quarterly payment. This system of quarterage was abolished in 1782. The guild freely exercised its powers of prosecution, and even tried to bring distillers within its jurisdiction by making them pay quarterage for manufacturing "bryony water" and "hot cinnamon water;" but the attempt failed.

In 1791 an Act was passed transforming the Guild of St. Luke into the Corporation of Apothecaries' Hall, which was to consist of not more than sixty members, who were to be "judicious apothecaries," resident in the city, liberties, or suburbs of Dublin. This Act of Incorporation professes to be "for more effectually preserving the health of his Majesty's subjects, for erecting an Apothecaries' Hall in the City of Dublin, and regulating the profession of an apothecary throughout the kingdom of Ireland." It submits all Irish apothecaries to the control of the Company; no person is to open a shop or dispense medicines, and no apprentice, foreman, or shopman, is to be taken by an apothecary until examined and approved by the governors and directors of the Company. In one respect this body has extended its interference with the proceedings of its members further than any other medical institution: ever since its formation up to the present time, it has authoritatively fixed the amount of the fees payable for professional attendance.*

The intensely national and exclusive character of the medical institutions of the United Kingdom, which we have now briefly described, has resulted in centuries of selfish conflict—it has been the source of ceaseless injustice, and has forced from the profession at large that long-protracted cry for reform which, as we have said, annually resounds through Parliament on the public ear. Clearly to understand every part of the labyrinth of conflicting rights or interests possessed by the several institutions, our readers

* We are under special obligations to Dr. W. D. Moore, of Dublin, whose excellent pamphlet, "An Outline of the History of Pharmacy in Ireland," (Dublin, 1848,) is a mine of information.

must appreciate the distinctive rights of medical graduates of universities, and those of licentiates of medical colleges or companies. The rights of the universities do not conflict with each other; the medical corporations, not only do this, but, by their possession of exclusive privileges and local jurisdiction, they deprive university graduates of the rights conferred by the degrees which they hold, whenever such graduates enter within the limits of the provinces or cities over which the medical corporations exercise jurisdiction.

All doctors of medicine who have taken their degrees in Scotland, or at the University of Dublin, and possibly at the Queen's University of Ireland, are legally incapable of practising as physicians in any part of England, and can only acquire the legal right to practise either by again graduating at an English University, or by becoming licentiates of the College of Physicians of London. Before they can legally practise in London, they must become licentiates of the College of Physicians, whether they have also graduated in one of the English Universities or not. It is true that, according to the terms of the diplomas of the Scotch and Irish Universities, the holders of them are not restricted to practise only in the country in which they are conferred. The extract from the diploma of the University of Glasgow, already cited at p. 490, and the following extracts, sufficiently prove that they are intended to be universally available:—

“Amplissimam potestatem medicinam *ubique gentium* legendi, docendi, faciendi concessam, aliaque omnia privilegia, immunitates, jura quæ hic aut usquam alibi ad doctoratus apicem evectis concedi solent,” are the words of the Edinburgh diploma; while those of the diploma of St. Andrew's are equally explicit. But the privileges accorded by these diplomas were completely overridden, so far as England is concerned, by the Act of Parliament, 3 Henry VIII., already described, and still more emphatically by the Act of 14-15 Henry VIII., in which the following words occur:—

“And where that in Dyoceses of England out of London it is not light to fynde alway men liable to sufficiauntly examyne after the Statute such as shall be admitted to exercise Physyke in them that it may be enacted in this present Parliament That noo person from hensforth be suffered to exercyse or practyse in Physyke through England until such time that he be examined in London by the said President and three of the said Electys (of the Colloge of Physicians) And to have from the said President or Electys Letters Testimonialæ of their approving and examination Except he be a Graduat of Oxford or Cantebrygge which hath accomplished all thing for his fourme without grace.”

As a matter of fact this law is not now enforced, but its abey-

ance is not due to the voluntary concession of the College. In 1806 it asserted its jurisdiction over the provinces, and denounced all medical practitioners except its own licentiates, and medical graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, as unauthorized and legally disqualified "for the important duty of prescribing for the sick." This denunciation was in the form of a circular letter addressed to the magistrates throughout the country and enclosing the extract cited above from the Act of Parliament, together with a list of the fellows and licentiates of the College, "in order that the names of all those may be known who, having been examined by the College according to law, have been deemed competent to act as physicians." Similar but more effective efforts for the suppression of metropolitan interlopers have since been made, as the following extract from a return made by the College to Parliament in 1834 will show:—"Dec. 22, 1809.—An action was commenced against Dr. Dick, for practising without a licence, to which the defendant appeared, and after having obtained time to plead, suffered judgment by default, and paid the penalty, 50*l.*, with the taxed costs. June 27, 1810.—Dr. John Clarke was ordered by the College to be prosecuted for practising without a licence, but on the 6th November, in the same year, it was ordered that no further proceedings should take place in this prosecution. July 26, 1827.—A suit was instituted against Dr. Edward Harrison for practising without a licence. The defendant pleaded that he had practised only in surgical cases, on which ground a nonsuit was ordered." We do not know what were the professional qualifications of Doctors Dick and Clarke, who, we presume, were, at all events, Doctors of Medicine of some University; but certainly the authorities of the College were not animated by a desire to shield the public from an ignorant, and therefore dangerous practitioner, when they prosecuted Dr. Harrison. He and the celebrated Dr. Baillie were fellow-pupils of Dr. William Hunter; he was a graduate of Edinburgh; he visited Paris and other parts of the Continent for the further prosecution of his studies; and had been practising many years in Lincolnshire before he settled in London. His real sin was, that he was an ardent medico-political reformer.

The Act which in 1815 empowered apothecaries to prescribe, the judicial decision in Dr. Harrison's favour—on the ground that he was practising as a surgeon, and the Act of 1854—shielding from the power of the College the graduates of the University of London so long as they practise only in the country, so reduced the authority of the College, that it finds the task now left to it by Parliament, that of prosecuting only Irish and Scotch graduates practising in the English provinces, not only extremely invidious, but of very uncertain issue. It also finds that though

all physicians who practise in London without the College licence do so at their peril, the legal difficulties now lying in the way of their successful prosecution render a reluctant tolerance of such practitioners expedient. That we use the word "reluctant" advisedly, is evident from the statements of Sir Henry Hallford, President of the College, to the Parliamentary Committee of 1834 :—

" ' You have stated that the College is not able to exclude irregular practitioners from practice, and that the College have abandoned their attempts to put down such practitioners by legal proceedings ?'—' Not altogether ; for it is within three years a prosecution was instituted, which cost the College 200*l.* . . . They are deterred only by the great expense, and doing it with a great improbability of success, by its being pleaded that they are practising as apothecaries, or that they have administered those medicines as surgeons . . . But we do not abandon it (the power of prosecution) ; if a gross case occurred it would be prosecuted . . . They must be gross cases ; for no funds we have from our resources could meet general prosecutions.' "

The prosecution of Dr. Harrison shows us what Sir Henry Hallford considered "gross cases!" Besides retaining its diminished powers of prosecution, the College prohibits all its fellows and licentiates from meeting in consultation any physician not of the College—the penalty for doing so being 5*l.* for each offence. We suspect that the penalty is never exacted.

We believe that the authority conferred by the Oxford and Cambridge degrees, of practising "*per universum Angliæ regnum,*" except in London and Dublin, is, unlike that of the Scotch degrees, real ; in no other respect has it been circumscribed within national bounds by any Charter or Act of Parliament in favour of any other university or corporation, and is therefore as effective in Ireland and Scotland as it is in England itself. The refusal to reciprocate this authority, by according to the holders of Irish and Scotch degrees the legal right to practise in England, is an international injustice of the kind which a conquering people is wont to deal out to the conquered, but which ought to be at once abolished, if those principles which are assumed as the basis of the union of the several parts, of the United Kingdom are to be honestly carried out. The English Universities, however, have never attempted to restrain the graduates of their rivals in Ireland or Scotland from practising in England ; the prohibitions have always issued from the London College of Physicians ; and though it no longer actually repels them from England by fine and prosecution, it still opposes them with great and effective influence, and retains, as has been shown, the power of prosecution as a force in reserve, to be used at its discretion. Surely, justice demands that these graduates should not merely be

enabled to practise in England on sufferance, but by the common right of citizenship, and by the law of equity, which is violated so long as English physicians can legally practise in Ireland and Scotland, while Irish and Scotch physicians cannot legally practise in England. As if to increase the indignity offered to Ireland and Scotland through their universities, Parliament trenched on the privilege of the London College of Physicians, in 1854, only in so far as was necessary to enable it to confer on the possessors of the degrees of the *University of London* licence to practise medicine in any part of the United Kingdom. Thus another exclusive advantage was created for Englishmen: the graduates of an additional university were empowered to invade Ireland and Scotland, and to compete with the native physicians; while the latter, as such, are still legally forbidden the English soil! Surely, instead of such partial and provincial legislation as this, the *Imperial* Parliament of England of 1854 might have been so far animated by the spirit of the nineteenth century as to sweep entirely out of the statute-book an Act which, however in keeping with the ideas of privilege and exclusiveness of the sixteenth century, has signally failed of its purpose, and has only been the means of perpetrating, an incredible amount of injustice and oppression. The hardship of this exclusiveness is increased, in the case of the Scotch graduate, by the fact that, though he may pay 5*l.* 17*s.* to become a licentiate, he can never claim to become a Fellow of the College of Physicians by virtue of his qualifications; whereas the Fellowship is accorded to graduates of Oxford and Cambridge as a right, and is therefore no evidence of professional superiority. Neither of these universities will, in consideration of the diploma he already possesses, confer upon the Scotch graduate a degree without residence; although graduates of the University of Dublin can obtain from either of those universities an *ad eundem* degree—*i. e.*, a degree conferred without residence, the candidate going through a merely formal examination, and paying the customary fees. The University of Dublin enjoys this privilege, because she found favour in the eyes of Oxford and Cambridge by virtue of her Protestant origin and episcopal orthodoxy, to which the Universities of Scotland can lay no claim. On the other hand, as the members of the Dublin College of Physicians possess the exclusive right to practise as physicians in Dublin, and within a circuit of seven miles of the same,—also the exclusive right to the office of physician to the county infirmaries of Ireland, and, in conjunction with members of the London College of Physicians, the exclusive right to appointments as physician to Irish gaols and prisons,—English and Scotch graduates have small chance in Ireland if they should compete with her protected natives. The Dublin

College still cherishes the charter granted to it by William and Mary, and frames its bye-laws by its authority; and though never having gained Parliamentary confirmation of that charter, the College may shrink from attempting to levy a fine of 10*l.* a month on such as invade its city domain, and though, since its provincial privileges are now shared, not only by the graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, but also by those of the Queen's University and of the University of London, it is not likely to assume the invidious task of exercising the only provincial authority left to it—that of prosecuting Scotch graduates who may practise within its limits, still the prestige attached to its chartered authority will long continue to place mere university graduates, if even better educated than its own licentiates, at a comparative disadvantage. The Edinburgh College of Physicians never had exclusive powers of equal magnitude to those of the College of London or of Dublin. It is compelled to allow Doctors of Medicine of any of the Scotch Universities to practise in Edinburgh, on the mere production of their diplomas; but it has the power of fining English and Irish physicians, unless graduates of the University of London, for practising within the city or suburbs without its licence.

As we have before stated, the diploma of the London College of Surgeons confers no exclusive privileges; and that of the Dublin College is, in a legal point of view, nearly as powerless. No one, however, can become a surgeon of any of the county infirmaries of Ireland unless he holds the diploma of the Irish College of Surgeons. This vestige of the old spirit is practically but a small grievance, but it must be effaced before the surgeons of each country can reciprocally practise in the other on equal terms.

The exclusive medical jurisdiction over the counties of Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, and Burgh, and the barony of Dumbarton, enjoyed by the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, was voluntarily resigned in 1850; so that now the holders of English, Irish, or any Scotch diplomas, may practise in those counties. The exclusive right of general practice within the counties of the three Lothians, Fife, Roxburgh, Berwick, Selkirk, and Peebles, is still retained by the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh; but the College formally states that this right is never enforced against the holders of diplomas of any other College of Surgeons of the United Kingdom. Were the College to follow the worthy example of its Glasgow rival, by formally resigning *the power of exercising* its present exclusive rights, its complaints of the exclusive rights of the London Society of Apothecaries would have increased force.

The two great international grievances of the profession, which

consist of exclusive rights, not more or less in abeyance, but in full activity, are the powers possessed and exercised by the Society of Apothecaries of London and by that of Dublin. The foolish public persists in the pernicious practice, all but universal, of paying its medical advisers in proportion to the quantity of medicines with which they supply it. The great majority of medical men have no choice, and make out their bills accordingly. So long as this custom obtains, to prohibit a physician or surgeon from dispensing and supplying his own medicines is virtually to prohibit him from practice. For how small a proportion of the population will call in a physician. Indeed, the small disposition to do so is still further checked by the conventional but continually evaded system of guinea fees. By virtue of the legal enactments in favour of the English and Irish Apothecaries' Companies, no physician or surgeon, however excellent may be his education, however great his experience, can conform to the established custom by dispensing his own medicines, in England or Ireland, until he has submitted himself to an examination by one of these Companies of Apothecaries, and has paid them a fee for their diploma! A gentleman who has received a good preliminary education before entering on the study of his profession, and whose professional studies are therefore likely to be more profitable than they would be if his youth had been consigned to the intellectual idleness of a long apprenticeship, has no chance against his more tradesmanlike rival of the Apothecaries' Company. Nor can he remedy his ill fortune unless, though arrived at manhood, he will retrace his steps and become an apprentice; for unless he should possess an indenture of apprenticeship, and a certificate that he has duly served his term of five years, these Companies will not ever admit him to examination. By this exclusive system, all who receive their education in Scotland are incapable of becoming general practitioners in England or Ireland; while Englishmen and Irishmen are each incapable of practising in the country of the other, until they undergo a fresh examination and pay additional fees, even if they should be so fortunate as to possess indentures of apprenticeship. This great and glaring injustice is especially hard upon the many Scotch graduates who wish to practise in England as general practitioners, and affects the interests of a greater number of persons than does any other act of provincial legislation under which the profession labours.

The foregoing account of exclusive, local, and conflicting interests comprehends, we believe, all the international grievances of which the profession can justly complain. But the folly of attempting to regulate the practice of medicine by charters

and Acts of Parliament, already illustrated by the international jealousy and exclusiveness of the different medical bodies which such Acts and charters foster and alone render powerful for evil, is demonstrated still more convincingly by the character of the professional broils of each of the three countries within its own limits. These intestine wars have been waged the least fiercely and persistently in Scotland, but still in full proportion, we imagine, to its relative population. The contest there has been and still is between the universities and corporations; though the physicians and surgeons—as in England—also seem to have invaded each other; for in the “gift and patent by William and Mary” in favour of the Edinburgh surgeon-apothecaries, it was found necessary to define the boundaries within which physicians and surgeons are henceforth respectively to keep themselves: “Itaque nos volumus et declaramus curam morborum omnium ab origine internorum ad solos medicos privatim pertinere, et morbos omnes ab externâ causâ provenientes ad chirurgos et Chirurgos Pharmacopœos propriè pertinere, et volumus et definimus hæc veros, rectos et fixos inter utramque artem futuros perpetuo limites.”

The Scotch Universities have never claimed any exclusive rights of practice for their medical graduates; but the Edinburgh Corporation of Surgeon-Apothecaries, and the Corporation of Glasgow Physicians and Surgeons, has each obtained, as already stated, a separate part of Scotland over which it has held jurisdiction with exclusive privileges, the members of the one corporation being legally forbidden to trespass on the domains of the other; so that a practitioner in Fifeshire could not migrate into Lanarkshire, and *vice versâ*, without submitting himself to a fresh examination and paying for a fresh diploma. The injustice of this system, so far as regards the mere *members* of these corporations, was maintained, we presume, on account of the hard cash which the limited number of *Fellows* received as examiners. Of late years these corporations, having found it expedient no longer to insist on their exclusive rights as against each other, have joined their forces in order to co-operate against their common enemy—the Scotch Universities. They began the attack by roundly asserting that “Scotch medical graduates possess no legal right of practising any branch of medicine even in Scotland.” In 1834, the Glasgow Corporation commenced an action, which was terminated in 1840, against the University of Glasgow, for the purpose of maintaining its assumed exclusive right of licensing both physicians and surgeons to practise within the counties of Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, and Burgh, and the barony of Dumbarton. The decision arrived at was, that in those counties the Corporate Faculty possess the exclusive right to examine

and license persons practising surgery, and to interdict others from such practice; but that, according to the words of their charter, they have only the limited power of forbidding any person "to exercise Medicine without a testimonial of ane famous University where Medicine is taught, or at the leave of our and our dearest spouse's chief medicinar." This judgment, which confirmed only half the powers claimed by the Faculty—and that half by far the least important, so far as general practice, and therefore pecuniary worth, is concerned—virtually destroyed the exclusive privileges of the Faculty; for the general practitioner must unite both the functions of surgeon and physician. Nevertheless, as each party gained a partial victory—the exclusive power of the Faculty's surgical diploma being confirmed, while the right of graduates of "famous" universities to practise medicine was maintained—both triumphantly refer to the decision in the contest which is still carried on. The Edinburgh College of Surgeons ransacks the records of medico-legal trials for precedents in favour of the rights and power of corporations, and in proof of the total inability of universities to confer by their diplomas a licence to practise. In reply, the University of Edinburgh asserts, "that by usage the graduates of universities have possessed immemorially the right of practising medicine in every part of Scotland," and "that a sixth part of the medical practitioners of Scotland are at the present moment practising without any other than a University qualification," and expresses its opinion that there is "only one substantial reason for the proposal advanced by some of the corporations for restricting the privilege of practice to licentiates of corporations—viz., that, as they themselves confess, they are afraid they cannot encounter a fair competition with the universities." Such is the present attitude of the Scotch contest.

As the Act of Parliament, 34 Henry VIII. cut off the claws of the London College of Surgeons, so, as already stated, subsequent Parliaments, fortunately for the Irish branch of the profession, refused to strengthen and reposit those furnished by William and Mary to the Dublin College of Physicians. In 1695 the College petitioned Parliament for confirmation of its charter. The barber-chirurgeons and apothecaries put forth a counter-petition, alleging that the sought-for confirmation would endanger their exclusive right of practising surgery in Dublin, seeing that the physicians' charter "restricts the practice of physio, and preparation of medicines to the licentiates of the College," whereas "surgical cases cannot be completed without the use of internal medicines, and the poorest people are the most liable to accidents requiring the assistance of the surgeon." The prayer of the

barber-surgeons prevailed. In 1725 another attempt was made by the College to get its powers confirmed, setting forth that their charter had been insufficient "to restrain unskilful, illiterate persons from practising physic." Their ancient opponents again effected their defeat; and since that time, the only additional authority which has been conferred upon them was by an Act passed in 1735, and amended in 1761, subjecting the druggists to their control, and authorizing them to burn or otherwise destroy any unsound drugs which might occur to them in their inspection: penalty for obstruction, 10*l.* Any person who should act as an apothecary, unless he gave proof of a five years' apprenticeship, and of his professional competency in the eyes of the College, was liable to a fine of 5*l.* a month. The area of the added authority was Dublin, and within seven miles thereof. In 1761, Parliament extended the radius of the circle of jurisdiction three miles further beyond Dublin, increased the penalty for obstruction to 20*l.*, and empowered the College to frame a pharmacopœa which all apothecaries were to observe, under a penalty of 10*l.* for every offence. On the passing of this last Act, a certain Dr. Lucas, who was at once a member of Parliament for the City of Dublin and the keeper of an apothecary's shop, obliterated all the labels of his drugs, and disguised many of the drugs themselves. "When the inspecting physicians came to examine, they were exceedingly embarrassed to ascertain the different kinds; and he boasted that they actually acknowledged a substance to be good rhubarb, which he afterwards proved to be toast and turmeric."

In defence of their own interests, the barber-surgeons, or surgeon-apothecaries, while opposing the confirmation of the physicians' charter, assumed themselves the protectors of "the poorest people, who are unable to fee physicians," and whom, they allege, they "often relieve and cure for little or no charge;" but this argument having answered its purpose, they were not slow to prosecute any one not of their guild who should presume "to relieve and cure for little or no charge." Only a few years after their first defeat of the physicians, they prosecuted "Thomas McAwee, 'for setting up a shop, and exercising the trade and mystery of an apothecary or surgeon,' without being free of their guild; and expressed their determination to punish all who should be guilty of a similar offence." Since the apothecaries have been a separate Company, the authority to fine or prosecute outsiders who may practise pharmacy has continued among their privileges, and, as already stated, is not only exercised as against any English or Scotch surgeon or physician who dares to dispense medicines in Ireland, but native graduates of Irish Universities, or licentiates of the Dublin Colleges of Physicians or

Surgeons, are forbidden to supply medicine to their patients unless they go through a five years' apprenticeship, and become members of this Company.

The relation of the English medical institutions to each other has always been distinguished from that of Ireland and Scotland by the supremacy of the metropolitan College of Physicians, which from its foundation has enjoyed the patronage of Royalty, the respect of Ministers, the authority of Parliament to vindicate its exclusive privileges, and the cordial amity and co-operation of Oxford and Cambridge. While actively engaged in the maintenance of these privileges, it doubtless conceived itself acting also *pro bono publico*. How eagerly such an idea would be formed and cherished, when harmonizing with personal interest, is easily understood by all who submit human motives to the most superficial analysis. Throughout the history of the College, the surgeons of London seem to have been regarded as its most tormenting enemies: they would not confine themselves to outward ministrations, but persisted in invading the domains of the physicians by prescribing internal medicines. We presume the quarrel began as soon as the surgeons were separated from the physicians by Henry VIII. In the third year of Queen Mary's reign, both surgeons and apothecaries were prohibited from the practice of medicine; and as early as the thirteenth year of Elizabeth, a surgeon was fined 20*l.* for offending in this respect. In 1595 the physicians addressed a letter "to our very loving friends" the Company of Surgeons, stating that among the "manie offenders" intruding themselves into "their liberties, no few of the Company are culpable in the same;" and that, notwithstanding their great forbearance, "this inconvenience more and more increaseth, insomuch that both in credit and otherwise [say they] it seemeth to touch us more neere than can well be endured." The letter admonishes the surgeons to avoid practising physic in future, and closes with a threat that, if the request be not attended to, it will be legally enforced. Obedience, however, was not yielded; for in their own annals the College authorities honour with the name of surgeon twenty-six persons out of the many whom they fined or imprisoned (often both) during the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. The usual method was to levy a fine, frequently of 20*l.*, and also to send the culprit to prison during the pleasure of the College. If the money were not at once forthcoming, he was generally kept in prison until it was paid. In 1602, Jenkins, a member of the College of Surgeons, was along with others charged with "illegal practice." He "denied being guilty thereof, which notwithstanding was proved by his giving judgment upon Urines, undertaking cures," &c. The College censors sent him to prison. He then "procured a

Habeas Corpus from Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice of England, for his appearance before him. . . . 'What!' saith the Judge, 'did you never procure the College seal to justify your practice?' 'No,' saith Jenkins, 'but I practised as a surgeon, and in that art the use of inward remedies is often necessary.' To which the Chief Justice answered, 'that in such cases a physician was to be called, it being on no such account lawfull for the surgeon to invade the physician's province.' Jenkins was accordingly sent back to prison, and the pious Goodall thus joyfully closes his account of the case, which conclusion he prints in italics:—"In short, the sum of the Chief Justice's opinion was the following:—1st, There is no sufficient licence without the College seal; 2nd, No surgeon, as a surgeon, may practise physick, no, not for any disease, though it be the great pox; 3rd, That the authority of the College is strong and sufficient to commit to prison; 4th, That the censure of the College, rising from lesser mulcts to greater, was equal and reasonable;" and 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th—with which we will not trouble our readers.* *

In the reign of James I., the "Masters or Governors of the Mystery and Commonalty of Barbers and Surgeons" petitioned Parliament against the authority of the physicians, "by reason whereof they restrain your petitioners from using unto their grieved and wounded patients such wound-drinks, potions, and other inward remedies as they, by their long practice, study, and tried experience have found most necessary for the recovery of their diseased patients." They further allege that the exclusive power delegated to the College "will prove a great and heavy burthen to the commonwealth in general, when for every hurt appertaining to the chirurgion's cure the patient must be forced to entertain a surgeon, a physician, and an apothecary." The petition was rejected. A curious illustration of how much the power of the physicians was dreaded is seen in the cringing and cowardly attitude which the surgeons then assumed:—"Being informed how highly the College resented this ill action (of petitioning), they protested that there was nothing attempted by them to infringe College privileges yet confessed that their Bill was very unjust and unreasonable, which (they said) was not theirs but their counsell's fault, who, designing to express great cunning and subtilty in drawing of it, perverted the true sense intended by them!"† The surgeons, however, did not cease to struggle, until at length they acquired, by judicial decisions, not only the power of prescribing and supplying medicines *in surgical*.

* Goodall's "Royal College of Physicians of London." 1684.

† Ibid.

cases, but of recovering at law the amount of their bills for such medicines.

Simultaneously with the long-continued war against the surgeons, the apothecaries, who seem to have been persistent offenders, were prosecuted with equal zeal. The Act of Queen Mary, which prohibited the medical practice of surgeons and apothecaries, shows how completely the latter were under the thumb of the physicians; they were required not to "divulge the names of medicines, nor deliver physicians' bills (prescriptions) to the patients."* Murett, a physician, complaining in 1669 of the encroachments of the apothecaries, says these encroachments were due to the physicians themselves, who, "sending them to visit their patients to give them the best account they could of the state of their health and effect of their medicines, and of late years taking them with them in their visits," enabled them, "in the plague time, 1666, most of the physicians being out of town," to take "upon them the whole practice of medicine."† These apothecaries, who thus bravely earned their right to practise medicine by confronting death in his most appalling shape, after the physicians had retreated, were repeatedly prosecuted, fined, and imprisoned, until their final appeal to the House of Lords, in 1703, when the case of the College of Physicians against Rose was decided in favour of the latter. This decision affirmed the right of the apothecaries to prescribe as well as to dispense medicines—a right which the College of Physicians has not disputed by any subsequent trial.

No longer able to exercise legal authority over either the surgeons or apothecaries, the College could not, however, forget the time when the former were barbers as well as surgeons, and when a majority of the apothecaries were petty tradesmen, carrying on the businesses of grocer and druggist together; whereas its own members have always been distinguished as gentlemen, most of whom have had an university education. How could men so far apart in social, educational, and professional status, meet together on equal terms? Impossible. But this real difference must be denoted by an artificial barrier visible to all beholders. It is true that, by the Act of Parliament, 32 Henry VIII., surgery is regarded as a part and parcel of medicine, and that all who are members of the College of Physicians have a right to practise surgery; but could a physician undertake the mechanical duties of a surgeon, or so far descend to the business of an apothecary as to dispense the medicines he may prescribe, without soiling his

* *Ibid.*

† Cited by Dr. Moore in his "Outline of the History of Pharmacy in Ireland," from "A Short View of Frauds and Abuses," published in 1699.

hands or compromising his dignity? And if not, was it possible that any physician who thus disgraced himself could remain a member of the College without lowering the rank and respectability of his whole order? Clearly, of these problems there could be but one solution: no surgeon or apothecary must be allowed to become a licentiate of the College until he has solemnly sworn to renounce his surgeon or apothecaryship for ever; and any licentiate who may so far forget his dignity as to practise surgery, or to supply his patients with medicines, must be expelled from the College, his name must be effaced from its records, and his existence as a physician must be ignored by his former brethren. "Antequam quispiam in permissorum numerum admittatur, si fortè chirurgorum aut pharmacopolarum sodalitiis olim donatus fuerit, sodalitiis istius privilegiis omnibus renunciet, necnon emancipationis suæ literas firmâ auctoritate comprobatas registrarario proferat."* Such authoritative documentary evidence as is required by the terms of this clause, that a man has formally severed himself from the College of Surgeons or the Company of Apothecaries, is not to be expected for nothing. A Council must meet to authorize the deed; and, according to the sound financial views of the College of Surgeons, councils must be paid for. Here are the cogent reasons of Mr. Guthrie, late President of the College:—

"Where money is concerned, nothing can be done without being referred to two councils in order to prevent any irregularity or injustice. Now, when a gentleman comes to us and says, 'I want a disfranchisement, and I must have it immediately,' the answer is, 'The regular quarterly meeting of the Council for doing business will not take place for two months,' or some time, as the case may be, 'and you must wait until the time expires.' But if he says, 'It is very inconvenient to me to wait, and I wish you to call a special Council for the purpose,' that special Council, as the members receive a guinea each for their attendance, provided they are present, costs the College twenty-one guineas It appears to be the custom in this country that all business is paid for, and therefore I think the College has acted not improperly nor unjustly towards its members in making them pay a fee to be disfranchised."

In 1758, Dr. Wathen paid forty guineas for a disfranchisement; since that time the fee has been reduced—first, to twenty guineas (the amount which Dr. Arnott paid in 1818), and subsequently to ten guineas (the amount paid by Sir Charles Clarke).

"The Council," says Mr. Guthrie, "desirous of being as liberal as possible, have lately" [*i.e.*, under the stimulus of the Parliamentary Committee of 1834] "taken into consideration the propriety of doing away even with that charge. . . . But they have not agreed to it, in

* Statutes of the London College of Physicians.

consequence of a circumstance I will now state. It is very inconvenient to have dead people enrolled in the list of the members for many years after their decease, and therefore in printing the list, when we have not heard of a gentleman for seven years, his name is omitted. Not hearing of a particular gentleman for seven years, his name was omitted, though, as afterwards appeared, he was alive and residing abroad. While abroad, he declared himself to be a member of our College. Some curious people took the trouble to send for a list of our members, in which, as his name was not found, they declared that he was not a member—very much, as he says, to his detriment. When he came to England, he thought it would suit him better to become a member of the College of Physicians. They insisted that he should bring a certificate of disfranchisement from us, and he applied to me for that certificate. I said that our College would give it, having no doubt, at the time, about his paying the usual fee. He said, however, that he would not pay the fee, because he was not on the list of the College. I replied, 'Very well; all you have to do is to go to the College of Physicians, and tell them that you are not on the list of the College—that you are not there, enrolled as a surgeon.' 'Aye,' he replied, 'but they say I am; and they will have my disfranchisement, and I will not pay the money.' So I said, 'Well, what is to be done?' He said, 'You must disfranchise me.' I said I could do nothing of the kind, but I would replace him. He said, 'No; I am as good as dead.' I said, 'Well, you shall be either dead or alive, whichever you please.' But he determined he would be neither; he would be nothing but disfranchised. Here the matter stands at present. We agreed that we would disfranchise him, taking the fee first, and afterwards returning him the money, because we thought it was a hardship upon him that he should have suffered the inconvenience alluded to. But the Doctor is a little pugnacious, and he will not pay the money first, and have it returned to him."

It appears that the Edinburgh College of Physicians could maintain its dignity without compelling its members to renounce their membership of other professional bodies; that though a statute of the Dublin College of Physicians declares that "no Member or Licentiate of any Company of Apothecaries shall be admissible to the licence of the College," Irish physicians petitioned Parliament for permission to participate in the establishment of the Dublin Apothecaries' Hall; that holders of the Paris degree of Doctor of Medicine (we believe the best medical testimonial in Europe) do not feel degraded by being surgeons as well as physicians; and that a large majority of English practitioners think, with Dr. Arnot, that "there can be no reason, in the nature of the physician's profession," for the disfranchisement on which the College of Physicians insisted. He suggests that "there may be some corporate reasons, arising from conflicting interests between the corporations." Sir Henry Halford, President of the College in 1834, stated to the

Parliamentary Committee the reason for the exclusiveness: "We wish," said he, "to keep the practice as respectable as possible, and as distinct;" to which his examiner replied, interrogatively: "At all events, to keep it distinct?"

The Edinburgh College of Surgeon-Apothecaries are so far from appreciating the necessity of disfranchisement as a means of exalting the dignity of the physician, that, according to the laws of that corporation, a Fellow cannot be separated from it unless he commits some act which renders him liable to expulsion. Moreover, a part of the admission fee of every Fellow goes to a widows' fund, from which his widow, if she should survive him, would derive an income. But the London College of Physicians had no respect for such provident arrangements. Dr. Alexander Tweedie, physician to the London Fever Hospital, who paid nearly 300*l.* to the Edinburgh College of Surgeons on his admission to the fellowship, subsequently applied for the licence of the London College of Physicians; he was told that he was not admissible even for examination until disfranchised by the Edinburgh College of Surgeons, and that, notwithstanding the peculiar difficulties of his case (the chief one being the loss of his interest in the widows' fund), an exception could not be made in his favour. To get over the difficulty, the Edinburgh College of Surgeons were kind enough to tell a "white lie," by giving him a "nominal disfranchisement," while his name continued enrolled among those of the College Fellows, and he continued his annual contribution to the widows' fund. Having forced the Doctor and his Edinburgh confreres through this process of immoral jugglery, they admitted him as a licentiate in 1822.

The public insists on employing men who are at once surgeons and physicians—hence the great body of what are called general practitioners. During the ten years ending 1856, the London Society of Apothecaries granted 2823 licences to practise; the Irish Society, 214. All or very nearly all these licentiates are also members of a College of Surgeons; while the diploma of the Edinburgh College of Surgeons, and of the Glasgow Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, is a testimonial of competency to practise both as a surgeon and apothecary. These two bodies have granted 1039 and 324 diplomas respectively during the last ten years. Thus it appears, that of the medical men educated within this period, 4000 are surgeon-apothecaries. All the universities of the United Kingdom examine their medical graduates in surgery, and all except one prescribe the study of surgery as an indispensable part of their curricula. Testimony to the practical inseparableness of surgery and medicine was given to the Parliamentary Committee of 1834 by nearly all the distinguished physicians and surgeons who were then examined,

while no valid argument was adduced to the contrary. Sir Henry Hallford reluctantly admitted that "a certain degree of knowledge of surgery," and an acquaintance "with the composition of drugs," is "necessary" for a physician; Dr. Seymour thought that, "excepting the manual skill of the surgeon, all the principles of the various branches of medical science ought to be known in common by both" surgeon and physician; Dr. Billing said, "I do not think any man can be a great physician who has not studied surgery;" Sir David Barry, M.D., stated that in the course of his experience in the public service, he had "never noticed any situation in which the physician might not be sometimes obliged to practise as a surgeon, and the surgeon as physician;" Dr. Copland conceived "that the separation of the profession into surgeons, physicians, and apothecaries is injurious, and that the physician and the surgeon should be both educated alike, as on the Continent;" Dr. Farre said, "I should not have been qualified for the office of a consulting physician, if I had followed the rules of the College. . . . I consider that the surgeon ought to be a physician, and the physician a surgeon; but that it is still more necessary for the physician to be a surgeon, than it is for the surgeon to be a physician." Considering this important evidence, our readers will not be slow to conclude that the resolution of the College, which compelled every candidate for its licence to lay aside whatever evidence he might possess of surgical competency or distinction, directly discouraged surgical study, and in so far as it did so, impaired the efficiency of the very men upon whom the public is wont to rely as the most highly educated and trustworthy of the profession. Only those candidates who had a rare sense of duty, and unusual moral courage, would go through the laborious course of study which an adequate knowledge of surgery involves, seeing that of surgical attainments, however extensive, no testimonial was permitted, while those attainments themselves were systematically ignored.

We rejoice to learn that the College of Physicians profited by the weighty opinions just quoted so far as to consent, after the publication of the Report of the Parliamentary Committee, to receive candidates for examination without demanding proof that they are not members of a College of Surgeons, or of a Society of Apothecaries. But the greatest evil of all, both to the profession and to the public, is persistently maintained: though a licentiate of the College may now be a member of the Society of Apothecaries, he is still prohibited from dispensing the medicines he may prescribe. The importance of pharmacy as a branch of medical education, needs no proof. The examination in this department, conducted by the Society of Apothecaries, excels all others in thoroughness; it seems, therefore, that the

diploma of this Society ought to be welcomed by the College of Physicians as evidence that the candidates for its licence are well grounded in the knowledge of medicines and their effects. Many members of the Society of Apothecaries would doubtless be glad to become licentiates of the College, and would cheerfully labour for the higher classical, and perhaps professional, education which it demands, provided they were not called upon to give up the privilege of dispensing medicines to their patients which the Society's diploma confers—the public in this instance, as in that of the surgeons, being signally benefited by the arrangement. No valid reasons can be alleged why physicians should not have the power of dispensing medicines. So long as patients persist in wishing to be supplied with medicines by their medical advisers, they will be so supplied; and he who is willing to supply them will be the real physician, by whatever name he may be designated.

The most accomplished physicians, so far as education is concerned, would only be too glad to commence practice by yielding to the common custom of supplying the medicines prescribed; while, on the other hand, they would slowly effect a beneficial change, by pointing out and evincing their inclination for the more rational system of being paid for advice instead of medicines. Now, between the guinea fee of the physician and the mere charges for medicine of the general practitioner, no intermediate rates of remuneration are recognised; whereas patients are willing to give guinea fees only to already celebrated physicians. Consequently, young physicians, however highly educated and skilful, have no chance beside the man who, by simply charging for his medicine, can virtually reduce his fees to whatever minimum he pleases; and thus, in the words of Dr. Arnott, "well-educated physicians, owing to the difficulties there are in the way of practising with the denomination of physician, under the bye-laws of the College, have joined the inferior bodies, and the prospect is that before long the body called physicians will wear out." This statement was made in 1834; how far it has been justified may be proved by the fact that, out of the 11,089 qualifications to practise granted in the United Kingdom during the last ten years, only 181 have been granted by the London College of Physicians. There are other reasons why the method and rate of remuneration to be adopted should be left entirely to the discretion of the physician himself. In small villages, where there is no one competent either to read a prescription or to make it up when read, it is absolutely essential that the functions of both physician and apothecary be discharged by one and the same person. Moreover, a benevolent physician would often be disposed to prescribe for the poor gratis, if only he could charge

the cost of the drugs supplied; while to those but one step higher in the social scale he would gladly give advice, charging but a slight profit on the medicines supplied. It is also important that an intelligent physician, *en rapport* with the numerous discoveries of his time, should be able to avail himself of newly-approved medicines which chemistry is incessantly bringing forward, but which no provincial druggist, unless in the largest towns, is likely to keep on sale. Such medicines the physician can rarely use in country practice unless he have a dispensary of his own.

From the 10th of Henry VIII. to 1815, the College of Physicians of London held undisputed sway over the medical practice of England—Oxford and Cambridge granting so few medical degrees as virtually not to interfere with its authority. Had it ever seriously considered the peculiar needs of the country, it would have allowed its extra licentiates to meet the exigencies of the people by practising both as surgeons and apothecaries as well as physicians, and indeed would have taken care that such licentiates were really competent in each of these three departments, but, intent on keeping the practice of the enlightened physician “respectable and distinct,” rather than on extending its benefits to every district of England, it has persevered in its resolution that none of its licentiates shall, under any circumstances, dispense the medicines prescribed, and in the conventional agreement that it does not become respectable physicians to take less than a guinea fee. Such a resolution being a practical prohibition of physicians from practising in the provinces except in the large towns, the country, while nominally and indeed legally under the guardianship of the College, was left really destitute of efficient medical aid. When the necessity of securing something like medical education to the great body of English practitioners was pressed upon Government, the offer was made to the College of Physicians of becoming the authoritative administrators of an Act of Parliament similar to that which subsequently conferred on the Apothecaries Company its present powers. But tempted again by its evil genii, *Respectability and Distinction*, it refused that offer, and thus the last and greatest opportunity of re-establishing its power and influence on the broad foundation of common sense and public need was lost. Dr Seymour was asked—“Do you think it would have become the College of Physicians, standing as it does at the head of the medical profession, to have itself taken up the question of licensing the apothecaries throughout England and Wales, and examining into their possessing the due qualification to practise?” “I think,” said Dr. Seymour, “it would have been well; but this great difficulty existed, that if the apothecary was examined by the College:

of Physicians, and had precisely the same examination as a physician, it would have raised the question, in what was the difference; and if he had an inferior examination to a physician, it was making a difference which was very insidious on the part of that body." The College not only failed to supply the country with a body of well-educated physicians who might if needful dispense their own medicines, but it used its power to prevent others from doing so; hence the incredible and disastrous ignorance which characterized the great body of provincial practitioners prior to 1815. We have described the preventive effort made by the College in 1806, when the wants of the people were being partially supplied from other sources; we shall now see how effectually an association for medical reform, organized in London by Dr. Harrison, in 1805, at the instigation of the Benevolent Medical Society of Lincoln, was opposed by the corporations, Dr. Stone, a Fellow of the College of Physicians, moving—"That no resolution ought to be made, or measure taken, which could in any degree interfere with the powers or privileges possessed by the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of London."

The following is the story of Dr. Harrison's effort, condensed from his evidence given to the Committee of 1834:—

"It was," said he, "in the autumn of 1804, at a meeting of the Benevolent Medical Society of Lincolnshire, held at Horncastle, that I was requested to institute an inquiry into the state of the medical practice in that county. At their request, and by the advice of Sir Joseph Banks, I visited London to solicit the metropolitan faculty, and especially the medical corporations, to lend their assistance and take the lead in the business. . . . In the autumn of 1805, meetings on the state of medical practice were held in London, at the house of Sir Joseph Banks, which were attended by the master and examiners of the College of Surgeons, some censors of the College of Physicians, and several very eminent physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries. The unanimous opinion on these occasions was, that a substantial reform was necessary, and that to be complete it must pervade all the departments in physic, and be extended through the empire. A suspicion at length arose that the Association was actuated by designs unfavourable to the medical corporations."

"When I first came up, Sir Walter Farquhar joined us, and took a very active part. We waited on Mr. Pitt. Mr. Pitt, after he had heard the plan, said, 'I have had so many communications on this subject, that I am quite convinced that something is wanting; and I will carry it into effect.' The battle of Austerlitz took place, and he died. Then Sir Joseph Banks and I waited on Lord Henry Petty. He behaved very liberally, gave us the freedom of postage, and was obliging enough voluntarily to correspond with me in Lincolnshire on the subject. . . . After he retired, Mr. Perceval came into office; and Sir Joseph Banks and the then county member for Lincolnshire

waited upon him with me. He was of the same opinion with the preceding Chancellors of the Exchequer. He continued the freedom of postage. We went on very well till Mr. Perceval died. I found then that the thing went on in such a distracted way, owing to the opposition of the corporate bodies, that I would no longer meddle with it."

When the surgeon-apothecaries of England and Wales (who, by judicial decisions already mentioned, had at length vindicated their freedom from the jurisdiction of the College) associated in 1812 to effect an improvement of the profession, and framed a Bill which was the precursor and origin of the Apothecaries Act of 1815, the opposition to that reform was confined entirely to the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons. Dr. George Mann Burrows, who was chairman of the Association, and who conducted all the correspondence—he seems to have been the soul of the movement—states that, up to the passing of the Act just mentioned, persons were practising as surgeons, as apothecaries, and as midwives, and were dispensing medicines and compounding prescriptions in England and Wales, many of whom had never received any education to fit them to exercise those functions, and many of whom had had no medical education at all. Such was the result of the exclusive jurisdiction delegated to the College of Physicians. And yet, in the face of these facts, the College, having so signally failed in its own duty, met the long-needed reforms with its powerful opposition! The chemists and druggists having been omitted from the Bill which was introduced into Parliament, their opposition ceased; "no general practitioners petitioned against it, except two, on the very day of its passing the Lords;" the old Society of Apothecaries remained "to a certain degree neutral," professing "to act according to the instructions they might receive from the College of Physicians;" and thus "the opposition was confined entirely to the College of Physicians and the College of Surgeons."* Sir Henry Hallford, M.P., then President of the College of Physicians, was examined on the subject by the Parliamentary Committee:—

"Did the College of Physicians oppose in the first instance the Apothecaries' Bill? It was a matter of serious deliberation; but their Council advised them not to oppose it, and they acquiesced in that advice. They began by petitioning Parliament against it? Yes; I was one of those that was sorry that the power was ever given out of the hands of the physicians to license practitioners of that description;

* "We (the College of Surgeons) did oppose them in the first instance; and it was only in consequence of receiving a letter from them, saying that they would not interfere in any way with surgery, that we did agree not to oppose their Bill."—*President Guthrie's Evidence.*

but since they have had it, I must do the apothecaries the justice to say that they have executed that act extremely well, and that the character of that branch of the profession has been amazingly raised since they have had that authority. I only do them justice when I state that, though I was very much against it in the first instance."

Charters granting exclusive privileges, from which so many evils are seen to flow, were partly necessitated by that law of England which has for centuries violated the right of individuals to associate action. That law, by prohibiting partnership with limited liability, compelled all desirous of co-operating, with safety to themselves, in some common purpose, to ask Parliament to suspend its action in their particular case. Consequently, however unselfish or benevolent may be the objects of a society, it could not prudently establish itself without first obtaining from Government a charter of incorporation. This necessity, which beset every incipient society, gave to those already established an immense vantage ground of opposition to their rising rivals, which, therefore, were often destroyed at the hour of birth. Great original vigour and influence were essential to withstand the force brought to bear on Parliament and Ministers by powerful corporations for the defeat of any enterprise likely to endanger in the least degree their vested interests.

Fortunately for medical science in England, the College of Physicians failed in its attempt to stifle the Medico-Chirurgical Society when it sought the recognition of a Royal charter. The facts, however, connected with this transaction form an impressive illustration of the truth just stated. During the first two hundred and fifty years of the College's existence, it never published an essay or paper for the promotion of medical science. The first Medical Transactions published in Great Britain, appeared in Edinburgh in 1730-1. During the ten or fifteen subsequent years; six volumes appeared. Then followed the "Physical and Literary Essays," between 1754 and 1770, in which Dr. Black's first experiments on lime, magnesia, and carbonic acid were published. It was only simultaneously with the latter, between 1758 and 1784, that Medical Transactions, under the title of "Medical Observations and Inquiries," extending to six volumes, were first published in London. These, however, were not issued by the College of Physicians, and only one Fellow of the College, Dr. Brocklesby, contributed a paper to the series. It so happened, that about this time the College was roused from its slumbers, whether by a spontaneous impulse or by jealousy of the contributors to the "Medical Observations and Inquiries," and fear of losing its ancient supremacy, we hesitate to assert, but leave the reader, by a comparison of the dates here supplied, to form his own conclusions. Certain it is,

however, that about the year 1768 the College passed a bye-law to the effect, that any tract or treatise on medical subjects, written by any fellow, candidate, or licentiate of the College, may be read at certain meetings of the College, and, if approved, will be printed at the expense of the College. From 1768 to 1772, two volumes of "College Transactions" accordingly appeared; a third appeared thirteen years afterwards; during the next twenty-seven years, up to the date of the College petition against the Medico-Chirurgical Society, "not a single volume was published by the College, though this was a period of unexampled activity in science, during which eighteen volumes of professional tracts issued from the press in this country from other bodies, besides thirty-eight volumes of journals conducted by one or more individuals."

The rise of the Medico-Chirurgical Society stimulated the College to make another effort, and altogether, from the time it began to publish until 1834, it issued six volumes in sixty-five years. The reasons for the establishment of the Medico-Chirurgical Society, are given to the Parliamentary Committee by Dr. John Yelloly, who was first joint-treasurer with Sir Astley Cooper, and afterwards many years secretary of the society. He tells us that its promoters had three objects: "one was that of communicating together, personally, on topics connected with medicine; another, the formation of a library, which should be accessible to all its members; the third was the publication of papers read at its meetings in the form of Transactions." The distinguished men who petitioned for the charter were:—Sir Henry Hallford, Bart, M.D., Dr. Saunders, Dr. Baillie, Fellows of the College of Physicians, Sir Walter Farquhar, Bart., M.D., Dr. Marcet, Dr. Yelloly, Licentiates of the same College, and Henry Olive, John Abernethy, and Astley Cooper, members of the College of Surgeons. Since its establishment the Society has published forty volumes of "Transactions;" it stimulates professional research and intercommunication to an unprecedented extent; and possesses a valuable library for the use of its members.

The College of Physicians was of opinion that its interests or privileges might be impaired if the Society should obtain a charter, and it alleged, as a special reason against the grant, that were it accorded the Society might so grow, in "favour with the public" as to set itself "on a level with the College and elect as members of its body and grant marks of distinction to persons who were not connected with the College nor qualified to become so."

"Every step was taken which could be devised under the auspices of Sir Henry Hallford and Dr. Baillie, by inserting, or offering to

insert, particular clauses [in the sought-for charter] to allay the apprehension of the College; but it was totally without effect: so that the application of the Society was first resisted [by the College, solely] before the Attorney and Solicitor-general, and afterwards before the Privy Council, when we had the assistance of Sir Samuel Romilly and Chief Commissioner Adam; and the determination of the Privy Council was that it was not necessary to the objects of the Society that the charter should be granted, and on that ground it was refused."

As distinguished Fellows and Licentiates of the College were the chief promoters of the Society, the College passed the following order:—"That it is the opinion of the College that no Fellow do interfere in promoting the charter solicited by any Medical or Chirurgical Society without having first obtained the leave of the President and Fellows of the College." The legal opinion of Sir Samuel Shepherd was obtained as to the right of the College "to coerce or dictate to its members as to any matter not strictly corporate:" he considered that the College had no such right. It was, however, exercised, and so far effectually as to detach from the number of those who sought a charter for the Society two of its most distinguished supporters—Dr. Baillie and Sir Henry Hallford. The following are extracts from their letters, addressed to Doctors Marcet and Yelloly:—

"I have never seen, nor do I perceive at present, any solid objection to the Medico-Chirurgical Society obtaining such a charter as they require. But as this was very disagreeable to the College, I have thought it right, for a long time past, not to mix any further in this business."—*M. Baillie*. August 2, 1813.

"I should have added that, on a full conviction that what the Medico-Chirurgical Society asked was compatible, not only with the rights and privileges of the College, but also with its paramount weight and dignity, I had presented the original petition to the Prince Regent; and that the Society had still my good wishes for its success, though the declared opposition of the College to its views must preclude, as it had done rigidly and conscientiously on my part, from the moment it had so declared itself, any further attempt to promote them."—*Henry Hallford*. August 3, 1813.

Worthy of mention in this connexion is a remarkable fact—whether due to the Lethean influence of intervening years, or to that faculty so often developed in the possessors of office of becoming oblivious that they ever were *cupidi rerum novarum*, we know not. In 1834, Sir Henry Hallford, then President of the College of Physicians, was asked by the Parliamentary Committee, with reference to the Medico-Chirurgical Society, "Were you a party to soliciting the charter?"—"I do not recollect that; I was President of the Medico-Chirurgical Society." "Your

name appears to a petition in favour of the charter?—"I have forgotten it; a most respectable Society it is." "Do you recollect the circumstances attending that opposition?"—"Not particularly."

The College of Physicians solicited the co-operative opposition of the College of Surgeons to the Medico-Chirurgical Society; but in this instance all help was refused: not so, however, when the University of London was about to be established—then the two Colleges went hand-in-hand to exert the true corporate influence in all its benumbing force on the young life which was striving for Parliamentary recognition. Before the University was founded, the governing body of University College, Gower-street, used all its influence to obtain Parliamentary authority to confer degrees in Arts and Medicine; this effort was strenuously resisted. The College of Surgeons was especially active, and petitioned Parliament at great length to refuse compliance with the prayer of University College. The petition is printed, *in extenso*, in the Report of 1834, and is animated throughout by fear and jealousy of a growing rival, whose character it asperses and tries to render contemptible. One of our most eminent surgeons insisted, in 1826, on the great advantages of small hospitals for the purpose of professional study; but, in 1834, having become a member of the Council of the College of Surgeons, he laboured, we are told,* to prove the unsuitableness of University College to grant degrees in Medicine, by demonstrating that students could not be effectually educated in a hospital so small as that of Gower-street. "A petition against the (proposed) University issued from the portals of the College of Physicians;"† and a meeting of *Fellows* of the College of Physicians, and of Surgeons, was held at the house of Dr. Hue (Feb. 28, 1834), when a petition, to be heard by Counsel against the University before His Majesty's Privy Council, received ninety-eight signatures. The cost of the opposition authorized by this meeting was 440*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*, and the separate opposition of the College of Surgeons cost a like sum.‡ So effectual was this conjoint opposition of the two London Colleges, that, though they did not prevent the establishment of the University, they succeeded for a long period in deterring men of high professional position from becoming members of its Senate or of its Examining Board. Among the courageous liberals who withstood this antagonistic influence, Dr. Billing is especially deserving of "honourable mention."

* "Lancet," vol. xxvi. p. 329.

† *Ibid.*, p. 327.

‡ *Ibid.*

No impartial spectator of the course of human progress would be so unphilosophical as to object to or deplore the action of the Conservative element: it is the fiery trial by which the truth and strength of new ideas and rising institutions are determined—the centripetal force by which all intellectual, moral, and social movements are controlled and harmonized. We simply claim that this element shall be fully trusted and left alone to do its work. It needs no extraneous help. Vested interests, by their very nature, are ever opposed to the spirit of Reform, which can only subjugate them, after a long siege, by the artillery of argument and the strength of right. But only in proportion as they are artificially fortified by the State is their resistance injuriously prolonged, only then can they so completely deaden enterprise and stifle competition as to destroy the very life they were appointed to foster—replacing it by stagnation.

In imagination we hear a chorus of voices, both professional and public, exclaiming, “We freely admit that both the profession and the public have suffered from the exclusive powers which the State has from time to time delegated to the numerous medical corporations of the United Kingdom; but surely the Government ought to protect the profession from the rivalry of unqualified practitioners and quacks, and ought to prevent them from imposing on the people who cannot discriminate between the competent and the incompetent?” Both reason and experience compel us to say—No. The Government not only ought not, but cannot devise any measure which would afford the sought-for protection. And if it could, such protection would be incompatible with the civil rights of Englishmen, and would prolong that condition of dependence and helplessness of the public for which the State is in a great degree responsible, as a consequence of its attempts to become the guardian of the national health by means of the Colleges which it has commissioned to act in its name and by its authority. Only by suffering the penalties of employing fools or rogues as their physicians will the people be roused to acquire a knowledge of the simplest elements of physiology and of the laws of health, which would at once enable them to prevent a large amount of disease, and so far to understand what are the essential qualifications of trustworthy professors of the healing art as to be able to select those only who possess them.

The futility of erecting a legal standard of professional qualifications and of prosecuting, by authority of Parliament, practitioners not qualified according to that standard, is proved by the history of the London College of Physicians, the annals of which teem with records of the vigorous, but fruitless, use of its ample legal power. The result is sufficiently obvious

in the description already given of the profession, and of provincial practitioners, especially prior to 1815. And while all the efforts of the College to prevent ignorant persons from practising, and to shield the public from their destructive nostrums, notoriously failed, it used its authority to restrain surgeons, apothecaries, and Scotch physicians, from competing with its own fellows and licentiates. • We shall, perhaps, be met with the assertion, that such proceedings were instituted in the good old times, when the spirit of monopoly and exclusiveness was universally dominant, and that a body of enlightened men, entrusted by Parliament with discretionary powers of repressing the practice of unqualified persons, would not now be likely to abuse the trust. Unfortunately, this hopeful theory is confuted by facts too recent to be disposed of by the most ardent believers in the genius of progress. The reform movement, which issued in the Apothecaries Act of 1815, arose out of a genuine desire to elevate the profession, and to guard the public from ignorant practitioners. The design of the Act is to be gathered from its preamble, which contains the following words:—

“ And whereas much inconvenience has arisen from great numbers of persons, in many parts of England and Wales, exercising the functions of an apothecary who are *wholly* ignorant, and *utterly* incompetent to the exercise of such functions, whereby the health and lives of the community are greatly endangered; and it has become necessary that provision should be made for remedying such evils.”

Power was accordingly given to the Apothecaries Company, as the appointed administrators of the Act, to restrain any one from practising as an apothecary unless he should possess the Company's diploma. By the words of the preamble just quoted it is manifest that Parliament intended this power to be regarded as discretionary, and to be used to restrain the “ wholly ignorant” and “ utterly incompetent;” and that it never contemplated the prosecution of graduates of medicine of Scotch Universities, or members of the Edinburgh College of Surgeons, who are all examined in pharmacy by that College. These men cannot be placed in the category of the “ wholly ignorant,” or the “ utterly incompetent;” and therefore, by no just interpretation of the avowed purpose of the Act, are they liable to wholesale prosecution; yet these are the very men against whom the Company has mainly and most persistently directed its attacks.

The following is a letter addressed to the Committee of 1834:

“ I studied the medical profession in Edinburgh, and during the seven years I was at the University I attended the following classes:— Practical Medicine (Professor Gregory); Institutes of Medicine (Professor Duncan); Anatomy, Surgery, and Dissection (Professor Barclay); Surgery and Pathology (Professor Munro); Chemistry (Professor

File); *Materia Medica, Dietetics, and Pharmacy* (Professor A. Duncan); *Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children* (Professor Thatcher, to whom I was assistant); *Surgery* (Professor Allen); *Royal Infirmary*, where I was a dresser and assistant (Mr. Macdonald); *Clinical Lectures at the Royal Infirmary* (Professor Russell). I was matriculated four years in the University of Edinburgh. I returned to England in 1824, and have been practising here ever since I was induced to take up my residence at a town (which the writer mentions). The second year, I was unanimously elected medical attendant for the poor to the parish, and surgeon to the Yeomanry Cavalry. About a year ago, information to the Apothecaries Society was given of my practising; and I received a notice through their solicitor, Mr. Bacot, that proceedings were to be instituted against me immediately for practising as an apothecary without a licence. Considering that I had a right to dispense medicines to my own patients, I defended the action for recovery of penalty of 20*l.*, which defence cost me 400*l.* After this action, to enable me to dispense with impunity, I took a partner, who was a licentiate of the Society, and also a fellow (I member) of the London College of Surgeons; and I have now received another notice, that another information has been laid against me, and that proceedings are again to be commenced forthwith.

Parliament took one wrong step, and was therefore compelled to take another: it gave to the Apothecaries Company the power of constraining general practitioners to obtain its diploma. They very naturally feel that if they are to be thus constrained into membership of this Company, and to pay 6*l.* or 10*l.* for admission, they have a claim to exclusive privileges by way of compensation; and hence, when they find themselves troubled by the rivalry of Scotch graduates or licentiates, or by members of the London College of Surgeons, who are not members of the Company, they call upon the Company for protection, and demand as a right that these rivals shall be restrained from practising by the imposition of fines recoverable by the costly proceedings described in the foregoing letter. Unless Parliament had given the Company the power of prosecuting *all* practitioners who supply their own medicines, however well educated and competent they may be, that part of the Act which makes examination of *any* class compulsory, would have proved a dead letter.

There is no clause in the Act *obliging* its administrators to prosecute practitioners not licensed by the Company, and hence the late Mr. Edmund Bacot, clerk and solicitor to the Society, was not legally authorized when writing to offenders to use such language as the following, which is extracted from one of his letters:—"You are not infringing on the rights of the Society of Apothecaries, but are acting contrary to the provisions of an Act of Parliament, passed for regulating the practice of apothecaries."

caries in England and Wales, of which Act the Society, on any complaint, is bound and compellable to enforce the observance. But it was absolutely necessary to assume the obligation to prosecute in all cases, or the legal authority of the Society would at once have been destroyed, and the assumption itself was a convenient shield, held up by the Society against the reproaches of its victims. It is owing to the necessity of affirming the obligation here pointed out, that the Society's licentiates have been able to command the use of the legal power entrusted to it, to extirpate their successful rivals. These licentiates are so many spies placed in every town and village of the country on behalf of the Society, and by their reports alone is it stimulated to prosecute offenders. These detectives, having a keen regard to their own interests, point out, of course, as the fittest objects of prosecution, those men whose competition they most dread, and whose real, though not legal qualifications, are likely to be quite equal, and probably superior to their own. The Society is besieged with claims, preferred as legal, that it will prosecute these men; constrained to comply with them, it exhausts its pecuniary resources in legal proceedings against the class which is not injuring, and is presumed to be benefiting the community, and thus "the wholly ignorant" and "the utterly incompetent" are left, perforce, to practise with impunity.

The Company has long been painfully conscious of the odious duties which the Act devolves upon it, and of the awkward dilemma in which it is placed if it should refuse to prosecute illegal practitioners at the call of its licentiates; even as early as 1884 its representatives confessed to the Parliamentary Committee the uselessness of these prosecutions, and expressed a wish for the repeal of "clause 20, which relates to the enforcing of penalties, and which," in the words of the Master of the Company, "is by far the most important, as far as we are concerned, and is one that we should be very glad to get rid of. It is very burdensome to us as a body—subjects us to a great deal of obloquy and a prodigious expense."*

"They (the Company) are extremely annoyed when information is given against a party, and that party has not undergone his examination and obtained his licence. They are subject to be exceedingly reproached by the parties giving this information, if they do not prosecute. They have been so, in a late instance, for having delayed a prosecution; but they did so because it was a second, and it was rather unkind and unfair to press the party at the end of two or three months."†

* Evidence of John Nussey, Esq.

† Evidence of John Bacot, Esq., Chairman of the Court of Examiners.

Although the Company receives 10*l.* for every diploma granted to London practitioners, and 8*l.* for every one granted to provincial practitioners, Mr. Field, the treasurer, believed there never would be a surplus accruing to the Company from its administration of the Act, "the expense of prosecutions," said he, "is now so great. A prosecution has taken place this spring (1834), in the county of Cornwall, which has cost us 400*l.*; and therefore very few of those prosecutions can be carried on in a year. We shall have the whole to pay in this case, for, though the man is convicted, he has gone off to America."

Another witness, Dr. Burrows, while still of opinion that if the Government would spend "many thousands a year" in prosecuting the offenders, they might be put down, admits that the efforts of the Society, which exhaust its resources, have utterly failed of their purpose, and concludes by saying—"The parties place themselves in the situation that they ought to be prosecuted: how it is to be accomplished I cannot suggest."

Mr. Bacot stated, that as regards the interests of the public, he thought it very inexpedient to entrust such powers of prosecution to the Apothecaries Company, adding, that they certainly had not had the effect of putting down the practice of unqualified men. Mr. Ridout, another of the examiners, said, "the 20th clause, relative to prosecution, devolves upon the Society so obnoxious a duty that it ought to be entrusted to other hands."

The most faithful supporter of the system of putting down ignorant practitioners by Act of Parliament, must admit that that system has now been fairly tried. The administrators of the Apothecaries Act were able men, who evidently endeavoured to comply with its provisions as fully as possible; that they have not used their powers of prosecution from any view to personal advancement is manifest from their wish to be relieved of the responsibility of those powers; their efforts were not exclusively for the behoof of a metropolitan corporation, but for the protection of a large professional body spread over the country, and for the guardianship of the public from the injuries of the ignorant or the impositions of charlatans. The Society had the zealous co-operation of all its licentiates, and thus, Argus-eyed, it at once detected every offender in every part of the country; besides paying its legal adviser a fixed stipend, it stimulated his exertions by a special payment for each prosecution, and it spent, during the years from 1815 to 1834, 6771*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.* in legal proceedings. The result may be briefly summed up: an enormous amount of injustice has been perpetrated by the prosecution of a large number of well-educated and competent practitioners at the suggestion of their jealous rivals; a few really ignorant and incompetent have been repressed in certain places, only to re-

appear, most probably, in others; the Society is out of pocket 6771l. 5s. 8d., and not only has the great body which the Act of Parliament was expressly intended to suppress, continued to practise in defiance of it, but in the thousands of druggists' shops throughout these islands men who have had no professional education whatever give medical advice and dispense medicines to tens of thousands of Her Majesty's subjects.

The limits of a review article compel us to pause at this point of our history. We have now described the origin and mutual relations of the medical institutions of the United Kingdom; we have exhibited their international and intestine conflicts, the source of which we have traced to the local and exclusive rights which monarchs or Parliament have conferred upon them; and we have, we believe, substantiated our position that in exact proportion to the extent of exclusive powers entrusted to any corporation will be the diversion of the aims and energies of that body from public to private objects. From the history of the London College of Physicians, conventionally at the head of the profession, as well as from that of the lesser or less dignified bodies, we have a flood of illustrations showing that the great efforts of all the medical corporations which possess exclusive rights, as distinguished from the universities which do not, have ever been for their own corporate and exclusive aggrandizement, often avowedly so, and often under the mask of their charters, professedly conferred for the advantage of the Commonwealth. That the frequent prosecutions by one body of the members of another were rarely if ever dictated by a higher motive than the defence and maintenance intact of the exclusive domains and privileges of the prosecutors, is proved by Henry VIII.'s speedy revocation of the power of prosecution which he had entrusted to the London surgeons; by the refusal of successive Parliaments to confirm the delegation to the Dublin College of Physicians of the arbitrary powers conferred upon them by William and Mary; by the decision of the House of Lords in favour of the London apothecaries when they appealed in the case of Rose against their successful prosecution by the London College of Physicians; and by the successive judgments which have been given against the same College in its prosecution of London surgeons. We have quoted the evidence of many of the most distinguished men in the profession proving that competent surgeons must be good physicians, that competent physicians must be well acquainted with surgery, and that both physicians and surgeons ought to be well skilled in pharmacy, and we have shown that the corporate interests of the English and Irish medical bodies have kept these

several departments, originally separated by the proud spirit of caste and false notions of dignity, distinct, and have fenced them round with bye-laws which restrain the profession from that broad catholic culture absolutely essential to the accomplished physician, and of vital importance to the public. Until recently, the *Royal College of Physicians* compelled surgical or pharmaceutical candidates for its licence to sever themselves from their respective corporations, while the framers of the Apothecaries Act were forced to buy off the formidable opposition of the *Royal College of Surgeons* by fore-going their praiseworthy intention of constraining their licentiates to give evidence of being competent surgeons and obstetricians. The State-constituted Colleges would have received with amazement or the complacent smile of irony a proposal to let their attitude towards the Apothecaries Act be determined by a regard only to the public weal. The opposition of the *Royal College of Physicians* to the establishment of the *Medico-Chirurgical Society* was not even avowedly *pro bono publico*, but because, to use its own words, "if a charter were granted to the Society it might so grow in favour with the public as to set itself on a level with the College;" while the conjoint opposition of the two Colleges to the formation of the University of London was from motives equally laudable.

That the vigour of State privileged corporations is mainly spent in conservative action, and that they neglect to fulfil the very duties for the performance of which they were established, is only more fully attested by the history of the *London College of Physicians*, because its legal powers and privileges have been more ample than those of any other medical body. How this College was bound to use its plenary authority to ensure that the provinces of England should be supplied with physicians worthy of the name, how utterly it neglected to do so, we have seen; and it is confidently affirmed that the licentiates of this College, and the members of the *College of Surgeons*—both institutions being not only creations of royalty, but the recipients in a peculiar degree of governmental favour—were up to a recent date subject to an examination far less scrutinizing and effective than those of their less powerful and less favoured rivals of *Dublin* and *Edinburgh*.

The supervision of the druggists of *London*, *Edinburgh*, and *Dublin*, entrusted by Government to the *College of Physicians* in each capital, and in *London* also to the apothecaries, in order to prevent the sale of medicines "defective, corrupted, or not meet to be administered for the health of man's body," is so conducted as to be utterly futile, and is in reality nothing but a ludicrous and contemptible sham. The censors of the *London College* having seen as many as possible of their private patients before midday, meet on the east side of the City—say in the *Minorios*;

they then enter the druggists' shops as they reach them in their progress westward, ask the owners to show them a few specimens of their drugs, which they duly inspect, and then retire. Having reached the western boundary of the City—Temple-bar—their duties end; they then hasten over Waterloo-bridge, and take the railway to Richmond, where, at the Star and Garter, the labours of the day are closed by the dispatch of a sumptuous dinner. This laborious inspection, together with its collateral duties fulfilled at Richmond, is undertaken twice a year, the time occupied on each occasion in inspecting all the druggists' shops of the City being at the utmost six hours!

We presume that such of our readers as have followed us thus far will have concluded that at all events some change in the constitution of the medical bodies is called for. The great body of the profession believes it to be the duty of Parliament to take medicine and surgery under its especial care, in fact to make the administration of the affairs of the profession a department of State. They would have a State-medicine as well as a State-theology, and with equal reason. They who assert that if the State is both able and bound to provide for the spiritual welfare of its subjects, it is equally able and bound to provide for their physical welfare, are perfectly logical. Their fallacy lies in the assumption that the religious creed of a people should be ordained by Government, or that Parliament is qualified to discern or determine theological truth. But many even of those medico-political reformers, who in religion are nonconformists, inconsistently ask the State to assume the control of medicine. It is marvellous that men who are alive to the innumerable evils which result from the petrification of the Thirty-nine Articles into an Act of Parliament, cannot arrive at the conclusion by a simple process of reasoning *a priori*, or by the argument from analogy, that to make the regulations and government of the profession of healing a department of State, is to violate the right of English freemen—whether doctors or patients, to encourage the public to depend on State-authorized testimonies of competency instead of scrutinizing the qualifications of its physicians, to establish a medical orthodoxy, and thus, striving after uniformity of doctrine and practice—to brand new ideas with the opprobrium of heresy and novel practice as reckless experiment, and therefore to retard the progress of medical science.

The two plans of the rival pseudo-medical reformers are essentially the same; they differ only in the degree in which their originators propose to subordinate the profession to the State. Lord Eloho, on the 12th ultimo, again brought in his Bill to form a Council exclusively of nominees of the Crown; and Mr. Headlam's plan, slightly modified, has now been adopted by Mr. Cowper in the Bill which he introduced to the House of

Commons on the 28rd ult. He would give the corporations a lingering existence by making them the electors of seventeen out of twenty-three members of a Supreme Medical Council, the remaining six to be appointed by Her Majesty. This Central Council is to control all examinations for licences or degrees; to determine what shall be the qualifications of candidates, and the conditions of admission to the profession, and therefore to supersede or disallow at its pleasure the independent action of all local institutions; to devise and keep a general register of all persons legally authorized to practise; to fix and exact registration fees, payable by admitted candidates; and, finally, to disregister any person whom it may deem deserving of such punishment. As in April, 1856, we expressed at length our objections to the constitution of any central council whatever as a governmental organ for exercising supreme jurisdiction over the profession of surgery and medicine, we are spared the necessity of justifying our objections, *in extenso*, now. The reform which we then prescribed we again commend: "We would simply sever the connexion of all medical bodies with the State." Whether this would prove an effectual remedy for the notable abuses which distinguish the internal government of several of the medical corporations, and would effect the changes imperatively called for in the present system of medical education it would be useless to assert, until we show, as we hope to do, what those abuses are, and how medical education is now conducted; but at all events it would remove the ills which we have already described as afflicting the medical body, and which we have traced to undue legislative interference as their cause: the University graduates and College licentiates, whether of England, Ireland, or Scotland, would acquire the legal right to practise in every part of the United Kingdom; there would no longer be the possibility of legal conflicts of physicians with surgeons or apothecaries, or of the latter between themselves; the rise of institutions such as the Medico-Chirurgical Society and the London University would still meet with opposition from existing corporations no doubt, but that opposition would no longer prevail by virtue of strength derived from kings or parliaments; if existing colleges should signally neglect their duties, thus causing the country to be overrun with medical practitioners, some having had scarcely any professional education, and some none at all, they would no longer be able to use their State-delegated authority to stifle the efforts made by enlightened and benevolent men to counteract the evils resulting from their neglect; and finally a zealous student of pharmacy would no longer be forced to renounce the practice of that branch as a condition of becoming a licentiate of a College of Physi-

cians, for were not the absurd exclusiveness of these colleges maintained by Government either it would swiftly vanish under the influence of common sense, or rival colleges, representing and constantly adapting themselves to the growing intelligence of the profession, would overshadow them, and their atrophied remains would only interest us as antiquarian curiosities.

There is yet time, we hope, for the London College of Physicians to re-establish its supremacy, to win back its prestige, and to command again the respect of the profession. If consulting its own dignity, it would declare its independence of Government; if, instead of casting itself at the feet of successive Home Secretaries, and beseeching Parliament for help, it would help itself; if, seeing that most persons still persist in receiving their medicines direct from their medical attendants, it would annul that foolish bye-law which excludes its licentiates from the great bulk of the practice of England, and virtually deprives the English people of the aid of its best-educated physicians; if, instead of restricting its examination of candidates for its diploma to subjects which conventionally come within the sphere of the physician, it would assure itself, conformably to the letter and spirit of its charter, of their competency, not only as physicians, but as surgeons and accoucheurs; if, instead of deferring to the effete notion that Parliament can confer real distinctions, it would at once assume and exercise the right of bestowing on its licentiates the title of Doctor of Medicine; and if, instead of charging 5*l.* 17*s.* for its diploma, it would charge 10*l.* 10*s.*, or even 5*l.* 5*s.*, the London College of Physicians would once more place itself really, as it still is nominally, at the head of the profession. The functions of the Society of Apothecaries, as testifiers of professional skill, would then be superseded, while their onerous duties as prosecutors by authority of Parliament would cease. Even the London College of Surgeons would find itself no longer wanted as a separate institution, and probably the profession and the public would be edified by observing a spontaneous and mutual tendency in the two rival colleges to coalesce into one. "Pure" surgeons and "pure" physicians are mythical beings, never met with in real life: doubtless there will always be a certain division of labour in the medical profession as in all others, but this division in so far as desirable is the result of elective affinities, which can neither be foreseen nor determined by Boards of Examiners, whose diploma therefore ought to be a testimonial of the qualifications of its holder as a general practitioner. Thus it appears, that if the London College of Physicians were conscious of its duty and would do it, it would gradually put an end to the weary wrangling for Medical Reform, it would confer a great boon on the public by bringing it into more

intimate contact with a higher class of physicians, socially and intellectually, than those now generally employed; it would simplify the ranks and degrees of the profession where there is now a complexity unintelligible to lay men, and, widening immensely its own sphere of influence and usefulness, it would strengthen, enlarge, and permanently re-establish itself.

ART. VIII.—ORGANIZATION OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

Report of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Regulations affecting the Sanitary Condition of the Army, the Organization of Military Hospitals, and the Treatment of the Sick and Wounded, &c. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.

WITHIN the last two years we have had four folio reports to inform us that a splendid army was unnecessarily cut off by thousands; within the last few months we have had a Report to show that there is not sufficient inducement for medical men of talent to enter the army; and now we have a voluminous Report to show that our barracks are unhealthy, the soldier's food monotonous, his occupation stultifying, and that, consequently, mortality prevails to a greater extent in the army than in civil life.

When a soldier enlists to serve his country, he undertakes on certain conditions to give up his time, his liberty, and, if need be, his life. How nobly he redeems his part of the bargain is proclaimed in every page of our history. But, people of England! how have you fulfilled your part of the engagement? Have you not laid your heads together to see how cheap you could do it? You get clothing wholesale, and give to each man just as little as will cover him of a material which will not last him six months, instead of the promised year; you build long rambling dwellings, as devoid of comfort as Hounslow Heath, and stick as many men into a room as you can; having agreed to feed them out of the shilling a-day, you buy mutton without end, and boil it in the same way, day after day. Suddenly you hear that these guardians of the public peace die more rapidly than the rest of the community; and this is brought to your notice in the most startling way—viz., by fresh bounty and fresh suits of clothing being required. Then arise lamentations. "This mortality costs us money. We must remedy it." "But how?" "That also will cost us money." O admirable people! Most Christian nation! Pray reckon up which will be the cheapest, fresh men or a fresh system? Open

Faust, and study him, carefully, and see how many £ s. d. you will get in exchange for acting against your conscience? Say it is everybody's fault but your own. Tell these soldiers that it rests with the Horse Guards, with the War Department, with anybody but yourselves. Who of you will cry, *Mea culpa*? Not one. Yet if anything would move a heartless money-seeking race, it would be this great Blue-book on the Sanitary Condition of the Army. It ought to command some attention. An ex-Secretary at War was the President; the first medical men in England were members; the heads of the army, and men learned in civil statistics were examined. And one and all tell the same tale—that on you rests a heavy responsibility. They explain how the Horse Guards and the War Department can do nothing. That it is a case of money. Money *versus* life; and that you alone, through your Representatives, can give this money. And remember there is no shirking the question. There is no use saying you didn't know or didn't understand. The whole subject has been discussed and dissected to satiety, and summed up in this fresh Report in the following lines, more eloquent than any poetry—

LINES

Representing the Relative Mortality of the ARMY and of the ENGLISH MALE POPULATION at corresponding Ages; that of the latter is taken from English Life Table 1849-53.

		Age.	Deaths Annually to 1,000 living.	DEATHS.	
FOOT GUARDS.	20-25		8.4	—————	Englishmen.
			21.6	~~~~~	Foot Guards.
	25-30		9.9	—————	Englishmen.
			21.1	~~~~~	Foot Guards.
	30-35		10.2	—————	Englishmen.
			19.5	~~~~~	Foot Guards.
	35-40		11.6	—————	Englishmen.
			22.4	~~~~~	Foot Guards.
THE LINE.	20-25		8.4	—————	Englishmen.
			17.0	~~~~~	English Soldiers.
	25-30		9.2	—————	Englishmen.
			18.3	~~~~~	English Soldiers.
	30-35		10.2	—————	Englishmen.
			18.4	~~~~~	English Soldiers.
	35-40		11.6	—————	Englishmen.
			19.3	~~~~~	English Soldiers.

We have not space at present to analyse the contents of the Report. We shall probably return to the subject in a future number; and without entering into any lengthened discussion as to the causes of the fearful rate of mortality indicated by these lines, we shall endeavour to trace, in a few words, those administrative defects in the system of the British Army to which, as it appears to us, that mortality must to a considerable extent be ultimately attributed.

In 1855, a Committee, consisting of a Lord of the Treasury, half-a-dozen army officers, a medical officer, and Sir Joseph Paxton, were appointed to examine into the state of our barracks, and recommend such improvement as they might consider necessary. It is reported by the Commission that the barracks erected since then afford very superior accommodation to those previously built, yet it does not appear that any very important step has been taken towards supplying the deficiencies of the older buildings, and that some of the most serious evils still remain unremedied. But what was the meaning of appointing a Committee in 1855 upon such a subject as the Barrack question? For years and years commanding officers of detachments, of districts, had reported the state of our barracks. It was well known that at Devonport were squares of huts, which had existed some thirty years longer than ever they were intended to do; that at Glasgow and Birmingham were rotten old buildings situated in the most unhealthy portion of the town; in London itself were the Portman-street Barracks, which had been pointed out for years as a disgrace to any civilized community. These were all matters notorious at the Horse Guards, and repeatedly brought to the notice of the Ordnance department; and were so far recognised by the latter, that in the "Orders and Regulations for the guidance of the Corps of Royal Engineers and Royal Sappers and Miners at Home and Abroad," revised by order of the Master-General and Board of Ordnance to January 1st, 1851, it is ordered that the calculation of cubical space per man, in temperate climates, should be from 400 to 500 cubic feet. Yet what is the maximum allowance in any of our barracks? In Hull Citadel it is 315; Scarborough Castle, 319; Barnley, 366; Sheffield, 331; Chatham, 350; Tilbury Fort, 381; Fort Monckton, Gosport, 351; St. Nicholas's Island, Plymouth, 363; Pendennis Castle, 321; Purfleet, 349; Infantry Barrack, Windsor, 332; Portman-street Barrack, London, 331; to which list may be added many more in Scotland and Ireland, bearing the same ratio. Even in barracks erected since 1847, we frequently find the space limited to less than the minimum of 400 feet. Littlehampton Redoubt is 345 feet; Coal House Battery, Gravesend, 306; Stadden Point, Plymouth, 363; Fort le Marchant, in Guernsey, 308; Point Battery, Portsmouth, 390; North-East

Martello Towers, Pembroke, 280, &c. Yet are the paupers in the Scotch workhouses allowed 480 feet per bed, a minimum rigidly insisted upon. But these barrack returns are based upon the engineer estimate of the number of men they are calculated to hold, and not upon what they are frequently made to hold. When increases come on in the army, and recruits join in great numbers, it is difficult to estimate the quantity of cubic feet per man. Beds are laid down as thick as the room can hold, and then there arises in these dormitories a peculiar stench, which cannot be imagined by any one who has not experienced it. A stench which has nothing in common with the smell of a dormitory in a hospital, unless, perhaps, some of the heavy fever wards, but combined with garlic, and bad tobacco, and roasted herrings; and so gratifying is this atmosphere to the nose of the soldier, that, as Sergeant Joshua Sotheron of the 85th Regiment tells us, not only in the winter months, but in the hottest nights of summer, every door is kept carefully closed, for fear any of it should escape. No wonder, as Colour-Sergeant Reynolds observes, that in the morning there are frequent complaints, "accompanied by a good deal of coughing, a phthisicy sensation in the throat, and, spitting." And let it be further remembered, that it is in this room the men breakfast, dine, and take their tea; that it is the only place they have to spend their evenings, read their books, and smoke their pipes; and the only refuge from this is the public-house, and we may form some notion of the atmosphere breathed by the soldier within doors. A great many reasons have been assigned for this state of things, but they are thus all summed by Sir Richard Airey—"It is the old story—money; everything is stopped for want of means." The Quartermaster-General who, from the nature of his office, ought to have entire control over the number of men in barracks, has none whatsoever. The barracks used formerly to be in charge of the Ordnance Department, they are now in that of the War Department. The Engineer Department construct the rooms upon plans of their own, place in white paint over black doors the number of men the rooms are to hold; the buildings are then handed over to the Barrack Department, which must rigidly adhere to the numbers laid down, and all that the Quartermaster-General can do is to represent any overcrowding to the War Department; and we are distinctly told, "that latterly these remonstrances have been of no avail, for there has been such a pressure upon the question of billeting the troops, that the barracks have been very much overcrowded, an excess of occupation having occurred with a view to avoid the greater evil of billeting." Indeed, it is a standing regulation that the number of cubic feet laid down in the Engineer Regulations is an indulgence and not a right; for in a letter written in 1827 by

the Duke of Wellington, as Commander-in-Chief, to the officers in foreign stations, and which is supposed to contain so much valuable information and instruction relative to barrack affairs, that it is deemed expedient to embody it in the "Orders and Regulations for the Army," we find it stated—

"That officers and troops must not at any station have more accommodation than the regulations allow them; that the use of single iron bedsteads having diminished the numbers in almost every barrack, *which the same space would have accommodated under other circumstances*, it will not answer still further to diminish the numbers accommodated, after the diminution already caused by this arrangement."

And lest any philanthropical general officer, or colonel of a regiment, might wish to disregard these regulations, with a view to improve the sanitary condition of their men, in some unhealthy West Indian Colony, all the terrors of the check system are launched at his head. He is told—

"That the intention in framing the Regulations under which the duties of the Barrack Department are conducted, is, that its officers should be guided by these rules and regulations alone, and that they should be responsible for an obedience thereof, and for the care and expenditure of stores and of money to the Master-General and Board of Ordnance alone, being the department of the State which is responsible to Her Majesty and the Parliament for the due administration of the affairs of the Barrack Department, and the expenditure of the money granted by Parliament for its service."

The consequence of such admirable regulations is, that if at any time a detachment of fifty men is sent to occupy a barrack numbered for one hundred, they are given over half the barrack, and if representations are made to the Barrack-Master that the extra accommodation would be a boon, the Barrack-Master, if a kind man, may grant it; if not, he will refuse it. Indeed, the regulations on this head are simply absurd. It is further laid down in the Queen's Regulations, that though the Master-General and Board of Ordnance have no objection to indulge officers with an extra room in barrack, whenever there is spare accommodation, officers are to understand that such application must be supported by the sanction of the commandant of the garrison, or the officer commanding in barracks, "and be forwarded to the Master-General and Board of Ordnance through the Barrack-Master, for decision." Now, who would wish to trouble the Master-General and Board with a correspondence relating to personal comforts, consisting of four walls, a deal table, and two deal chairs. The Board is abolished, but not its regulations; and with the exception of printing "Secretary for War" for "Master-General and Board," the remainder rests in *statu quo*, and the War Department is quite as much under the impression that its only duty is to save money as ever the Board of Ord-

nance was. Of this truism, an admirable example is given in the Fourth Report of the Select Committee of the Army before Sebastopol. Mr. Monsell was then Clerk of the Ordnance, and his office had been placed under the Secretary for War; and how did these two officials carry out the recommendation of the Barrack Committee with respect to the new barracks which were to be built at Aldershot, as a model of comfort and salubrity? In answer to a question respecting them, he says—

“On the day when I brought forward the Ordnance Estimates in Parliament, I, in answer to the noble lord the member for Totness, stated that the barracks which were going to be erected at Aldershot would cost only 25*l.* per man. I made that statement upon the authority of a written statement which I had received from the office of the Inspector-General of Fortifications. Lord Panmure made a similar statement in the House of Lords. To my horror, the day, I think, after I had moved the estimates, when I went up to the Ordnance Office, I found that the statement which had been put into my hands, and which I of course had been perfectly justified in considering accurate, as I received it from the proper authority, had been entirely inaccurate; and that, according to the mode proposed for the erection of those buildings, they would cost infinitely more. I immediately went to Lord Panmure, and said I must go down at once to the House of Commons; I must tell them that I have made an erroneous statement, and I must devise some way or other to put this 250,000*l.* at their disposal again, in order that they may, upon the new showing of the case, having granted the money upon the statement which I previously made to them, if they please reject it. Lord Panmure told me, before I did that, to make some inquiries with regard to the matter, and see whether it would not be possible to carry out the work upon a different plan, and in a mode which would be consistent with the statement which we had made. I went back and made inquiries upon that subject. It so happened that just at that moment we had a committee sitting upon the subject, composed of very intelligent men, who had made inquiries from many of the principal builders in the country as to the best mode of erecting barracks, and I found that I was enabled to arrange that a really good and solid barrack, which would last for sixty, or seventy years, should be constructed for the price at which we had pledged ourselves to the House of Commons to construct it. I asked the House of Commons to give me 250,000*l.* to build a barrack for 10,000 men, at the rate of 25*l.* a head, and I am going most religiously to discharge the obligation which I then contracted. In my opinion, they will be as serviceable for this generation, and probably for the next, as the buildings which it was proposed to erect. They will not certainly last so long; but, in my opinion, a barrack which lasts sixty or seventy years, lasts quite long enough.”

Most worthy Clerk of the Ordnance! most admirable Secretary of War! neither of you appear to have been aware that the 25*l.* per man comprehends nothing but the bare accommo-

dition for the men, and did not include the officers' quarters, parade grounds, and barrack offices. Were ye frightened by the bold aspect of Williams of Lambeth, or had ye seen the ghost of Joseph Hume? And so, sooner than ask Parliament for the real sums you wanted, you thought you were lucky to get any, glad to have done with the ugly question. Economists in the House should really be careful of what they say, if they frighten authorities out of their common sense. The result of the whole story was, the barracks were shorn of their wholesome dimensions, and constructed only to last sixty or seventy years! Let a man dabble in house property—we mean respectable men and respectable property—would he be satisfied if his brick and mortar lasted no longer? Would a country gentleman building a mansion think he had done his duty if he were to erect one which would last but little more than his own lifetime? We have heard that “enough for the day is the evil thereof,” but we did not think such a proverb would extend to barracks. Was it on such principles as this that our forefathers built Greenwich Hospital? It is this everlasting dabbling in building estimates which disgusts the people. Explain to them that expenditure is necessary, and they will not begrudge it. The Crimean fund, and the Indian fund have proved this to the whole civilized world. But what the people naturally object to is, that their money should be frittered away, to save a clerk of the Ordnance apologising to Parliament for moving estimates on subjects he did not understand. Yet, what can we expect when the chiefs of the War Office go to the House and ask for money upon the authority of statements put into their hands, instead of having them in their heads.

Ministers ought to know that the intelligence of the people on such matters has not been standing still. The press, and the pulpit, and the school, and the efforts of our middle classes, have completely altered the feelings of the working classes, even in the last generation. Indeed, if anything, the ideas of the working class at the present day are above their position. The cheapening of clothing by the improvements in our manufactures, the cheapening of food resulting from free trade, the improvements in dwellings by the abolition of window tax, the erection of mechanics' institutions, &c., have caused a vast improvement in the social condition of the people. Will anybody compare the feelings of the mechanic and labourer of the present day to those of the time of Queen Anne? Yet army life, as we hear of it now, would appear to be about the same as it was then:—

“I infer, an' please your worshp, said Corporal Trim, that the radical moisture is nothing in the world but ditch-water, and that the radical

heat, of those who can go to the expense of it, is burnt brandy: the radical heat and moisture of a private man, an' please your honours, is nothing but ditch-water, and a dram of Geneva:—an' give us but enough of it, with a pipe of tobacco to give us spirits and drive away the vapours, we know not what it is to fear death."

Pray what is the difference between Corporal Trim's reminiscences of his army life under William III., and its narrative at the present day in the Blue-book? When in the field, the "ditch-water" is still "ditch-water," but at home it is the long low room, with its row of iron bedsteads, and its long deal table, with deal forms, and its stinking tub, and an atmosphere which you can cut like a cheese,—and to drive away the vapours, the soldier still takes the dram of Geneva and the pipe of tobacco. Would it be so great an expense to build dormitories which a man could sleep in without chance of catching consumption or fever; to build refectories where men could take their meals in comfort, and read their newspaper of a night; to erect canteens where a man might have his tea and his coffee if he wished for it, as well as his beer, and his gin? A five-court, a cricket-ground, might keep him out of harm's way and in health; proper washing-rooms would also assist in this; and these few things would decrease the rate of mortality. And to do this, all that is wanted is money judiciously laid out. We are glad to learn that a Commission has been appointed, not of inquiry, but of practical reform, to carry out barrack improvements, and we trust that they will be armed with the necessary powers. Let this Commission visit every barrack in the United Kingdom, and condemn at once all such as are unfit to live in. Let it give immediate directions to turn all buildings which can be made available into wholesome dwellings. Much in this way could be done at once. A barrack which held a thousand men with difficulty, may be made to hold five hundred with comfort. Let it be a recognised right of the soldier at home, that he should have so many hundred cubic feet to breathe in. Their officers have such a right. Every subaltern can claim his single room. It may be small, and dingy, and stinking, but at least it is a right; and if the Barrack Department cannot find him a room to himself, he is entitled to lodging money. Let a soldier have a right to space. Let two rooms be thrown into one; two stories into one. If it is considered unwholesome—as it most decidedly is—to crowd basements with men at night, shut up every basement used as a sleeping-room. Begin with Woolwich barracks, and thus close at once one quarter of the buildings. Order drains to be made. Mr. George Pratt, purveyor to the forces, observes, "these drains will be an expense;" but we very much doubt whether they will not in reality be an economy. In this manner we shall do much towards attaining

our object. All great changes require time; but no time like the present for beginning a change urgently needed, and showing we are in earnest. The summer will soon be coming on, and we can take advantage of it to empty our barracks, and turn in the bricklayers and whitewashers. A little fresh air will do the men no harm, after stewing through the winter in their foul dwellings; and though this alone will not cause the army mortality to be brought down on a level with that of the civil population, it will diminish one cause, — overcrowded barracks. The necessity for this is proved in a most wonderful manner by Monsieur Boudin, in his "Essai sur les lois Pathologiques de la Mortalité," quoted in Appendix LXV., where we find that when Louis Philippe was in the habit of going to St. Cloud, a healthy garrison of from 400 to 500 men being always augmented to 1200 men, the consequent overcrowding of the barracks immediately caused typhus fever to break out, which disappeared again as soon as the numbers were reduced.

The Report of the Royal Commission has shown that the constantly recurring mortality in barracks, in time of peace, destroys more lives in the long run than service in the field. An arrest can be put on that mortality without interfering with strictly military functions or strategical exigencies. No reason can be assigned why the Augean stable of the barracks cannot be cleansed with a strong hand. Commanding officers would be thankful to have it done; and we very much mistake them if they would not lend every assistance in the doing of it. The formation of fixed camps in time of peace can always be done with due regard to the healthiness of the ground. It is generally decided upon by the Government, after consulting the highest military and medical authorities; and though it should be strategical, it must be salubrious,—and there can be no doubt that besides the beneficial effect on health produced by plenty of fresh air, the change of scene, and variety in the duties, tends greatly to brace up the constitution of the men. But between a camp of instruction and a camp selected in an enemy's country, there is but little analogy. The latter must ever be based on strategical reasons; and though a commander-in-chief will, of course, endeavour in every way to unite the subject of health with that of strategy, he alone can be the judge how far the two are compatible. The first duty of a general officer is to obtain the end desired by his Government; and in order to do so, it must be his policy to bring into the contest the greatest number of men he can. Therefore it is as much his interest as that of the principal medical officer to save every life he can. But in this, as in other matters, he is greatly at the mercy of his Government, and has not unfrequently to risk the health of his troops, contrary, perhaps, to his own judgment.

It is by taking up a judicious position that an enemy is checked in his enterprize, or that an army may be able to recruit itself after disaster. All such positions are strategical, and must be selected entirely for the purpose of carrying out the object in view. A position may have to be taken in a most unhealthy locality; that is part of the dangers of war; nevertheless, a general officer will even then do all that he can to render that position as salubrious as it can be made.

According to the present regulations, this duty devolves on the Quartermaster-General, who is supposed to have sufficient sanitary knowledge to enable him to detect every existing or prospective cause of disease in every position—camp, occupied town, or quarters. It is no disparagement to the Quartermaster-General's Department to state that, as a purely military department, it is not likely to be possessed of the requisite amount of knowledge in army hygiene, sanitary science, and sanitary engineering. Of late years, immense advances have taken place in all these branches of social science, and the time has arrived for introducing them into the army. In the army, the opinion of a competent medical sanitary adviser ought always to be taken on these subjects, so far as strategical necessities will admit. The limits within which this might be done are clearly stated in the following evidence of the Quartermaster-General:—

“3167. (*President.*) On field service, if the site of a camp is selected, I do not mean a position taken up during the very short space necessary for certain operations in the field, but a permanent camp, would the medical officer be consulted as to the site?—I do not think that as a rule he would. Military reasons would govern, and if it was intended to take up such positions as we did in Bulgaria, the Quartermaster-General would select the site, and he would be governed in that selection by the proximity of wood and water, and the distance that the men had to go for it, and the importance of the position generally.

“3168. In that particular case in Bulgaria, would not a medical opinion in one or two instances have been very advantageous, the medical men being more likely to know what are the indications of healthiness than a man whose attention has not been turned to those peculiar subjects?—I should say, so, unquestionably. I think, individually, that if I commanded a body of troops I should, on those points, go hand in hand with my medical officer, and even in the removal of the camp, provided there were no military reasons which should overrule it.

“3169. Of course any strategic reason would override that?—Yes.

“3170. Feeling that, do you not think that by regulation the medical officer ought to be consulted and give his opinion?—Yes.

“3171. Would it be a check to show whether his recommendation had been attended to if he gave his opinion in writing?—Certainly.

“3203. (*Mr. Martin.*) Your department is specially employed in the military topography of the army?—Yes.

"3204. Do you think that the department of medical topography should be officially associated for field purposes with that of military topography with reference to the influence of locality, and external circumstances affecting the health generally, with regard to the sanitary condition of the army; how would you propose to associate medical with military topography?—I think that every officer of the Quartermaster-General's Department who is desired to take up ground, ought to be accompanied by a medical officer.

"3205. As a matter of regulation?—Yes, laid down as such, and that if there is any want of concurrence he should put his opinion in writing.

"3206. Where military considerations do not overrule the medical, his recommendations should receive due attention?—Certainly.

"3207. (*Sir James Clark.*) Do you mean that a medical officer, specially appointed to superintend the sanitary condition of the camp, should accompany the army?—No. I think that the principal medical officer of the division should be in connexion with the Quartermaster-General, and that they should work together.

"3208. Would it be a good arrangement if an officer was appointed entirely to superintend the whole camp and report to the Quartermaster-General?—I have always thought that independently of the chief medical officer in the army there ought to be a field deputy, who should be the officer who should have that charge that you speak of, together with the other medical duties; that he should inspect all the hospitals, and report to the principal medical officer.

"3209. (*President.*) He would act as the head of a sort of sanitary police?—Yes, he would be the second medical officer, and he should be responsible on all those points.

"3210. Would he not be very much what is now wanted in the towns in England, namely, an inspector of nuisances?—Yes, but his functions would go far beyond that again; he would have the inspection of all the hospitals, and be a practical working man in the field.

"3211. Though a medical man?—Yes; a military medical man of high rank.

"3212. (*Sir James Clark.*) And he should be immediately under the Inspector-General?—Yes, under the senior medical officer in the camp.

"3213. If you had had such an officer in the Crimea would he have been very useful?—Extremely useful; because the senior medical officer's whole time was taken up in administration, so that he could not give any personal attention to the subject."

But in adopting this proposal, which has received the sanction of the Commission, let us be most careful not to lessen the responsibilities of the Quartermaster-General—responsibilities clearly laid down, both in the regulations and by the customs of the service. As Miss Nightingale properly observes with respect to hospitals, let there be "one executive head, call him governor, commander, or what you will, and let it be his sole command." So with the Quartermaster-General's department. Let there be but one commanding officer. If you like to place under him an

officer charged with the sanitary duties of the camp, that is another question. But on this point we perfectly agree with Dr. John Sutherland, that "military hygiene should be a compulsory portion of the education and examination for service of every officer, whether medical or not."

Yet, if we insist so strongly on the point that the commanding officer should be supreme in the field, on the same principle we agree most cordially with the Commission, that the medical man should be supreme in all medical matters in his hospital. And if any doubts had ever existed on this subject, the wonderfully clear paper by Miss Nightingale, which is published in the Blue-book, would set them at rest. Although we, in common with the rest of the world, have ever felt the greatest veneration for that eminent woman, yet it was not until we read that paper we were aware of the extent of sound sense and great practical knowledge she took out with her to the Crimea. It appears that for thirteen years she has devoted her attention to the organization of civil and military hospitals, and that her ideas have been formed after a careful education and minute inspection of the several hospitals at home and abroad. She has visited all the hospitals in London, Dublin, Edinburgh; many county hospitals; some of the naval and military hospitals in England; all the hospitals in Paris; studied under the *Sœurs de Charité*; was twice in training as a nurse at the Institution of Protestant Diaconesses at Kaiserswerth; visited the hospitals of Berlin, and many other places in Germany; those of Lyons, Rome, Alexandria, Constantinople, and Brussels; also the war hospitals of the French and Sardinians; and three times did she visit the Crimea to inspect the regimental hospitals, and remained six months in the general hospitals. We are not going to enter into a repetition of the Crimean disasters; but we know of no more valuable opinion than that given by Miss Nightingale, after having compared the state of our home hospitals in time of peace with those of the Crimea, and found the same blundering system, arising from the same original cause—the objection, on the part of men high in office, to allow those under them any kind of responsibility. A medical man in her Majesty's service can do only one thing with certainty—prescribe for the sick, and make up his medicine out of the store which has been allowed him. However urgent his other requirements may be,—were he to require a window in the hospital to be mended, or extra clothing for the sick,—were he to desire even so much as the water-closets being repaired or whitewashed, he must await the results of the system of requisition. This system is thus summed up by Miss Nightingale, as far as the hospital is concerned;—

“(1) The General Officer commanding; (2) the Quartermaster-General; (3) the Adjutant-General; (4) the Engineers’ Department; (5) the Paymaster; (6) the Commissariat; (7) the Contractor; (8) the Purveyor; (9) the Medical Department—all of which step in and appeal to one another—to do what each can to make a general hospital, march upon regimental contrivances—a system of checks and counter-checks, invented for the purpose of saving money instead of saving the lives of the sick; yet failing in its object both ways, because the lives of men are of more money value to the country than any saving can by any possibility be in such matters,—and because it actually wastes money, for the clerk system and check system require such a staff as costs far more than the additional supplies would do. Yet if the purveyor purveys according to his warrants, the soldier wants according to his circumstances.”

This system of checks and counter-checks, in order to save money, is truly the cause of all our evils; for it is based upon the idea that every man is a rogue or a fool, by which you may create both. But this organization does not originate from the army. Bad as their system is, the nine army officers who are said at present to meddle in hospital matters might get on pretty well were there not many more masters besides. Let us take the evidence of Colonel Chapman, R.E. We find that if an hospital repair is required to be done immediately—an urgent repair, as it is termed—a requisition has to be sent by the principal medical officer of the station to the barrack-master of that station, and the latter inspects the repair, in order to see whether it arises from fair wear and tear, and should be paid by the public; or whether it has been wilfully damaged by the troops, when it will be charged against them. The barrack-master then reports to the engineer, who sends down his foreman of works to examine into the matter; and if it is a very simple matter, such as a bricklayer’s or a carpenter’s business, the engineer applies to the contractor of that particular department, who sends his man down to look at it and see what it will cost; and after some dilly-dallying between the engineer and the contractor, the repair is done. But let it be a work which has not been foreseen and allowed for in that year’s estimates, then the principal medical officer has to write to the Director-General of the Medical Department; the Director-General communicates with the Inspector-General of Fortifications, who sends back the requisition to the Commanding Engineer of the District, from whence it came, in order that he should prepare plans and report an estimate; these are again forwarded to the Inspector-General of Fortifications, who confers again with the Director-General of the Medical Department. The whole correspondence is then for-

warded to the Chief Clerk of the War Department; then goes to the Under-Secretary of State of the War Department, who lays it before the Secretary of State for War, who sends it on to the Lords of the Treasury, from whence, after some time, it again returns to the War Department, with the expenditure sanctioned. But then comes the grand struggle: If stores are wanted, let them be hair-mattresses or medicines, the correspondence goes into the Store Branch, from thence it goes to the Director of Contracts. The Director of Contracts sends out tenders. The contract is made so that the goods are delivered at the Tower of London, and probably the original requisition came from the Orkney Islands. The goods are forwarded there three months after they were asked for, and very often when the cause for which they were wanted has disappeared; and when the goods do reach their destination, they are very often not what were wanted. But let us suppose, as we did at first, that it is a case of brick and mortar: the papers, instead of going to the Store Department, will go to the Inspector-General of Fortifications, who will make requisitions upon the Store Branch for such portions of the material as it can supply; and upon the Director of Contracts, for contracts to be entered into for the brick and mortar. The Director of Contracts will correspond with the engineer on the spot, to enter into contracts on the spot, and he will return his letters through the Inspector of Fortifications to the Director of Contracts, for the contract to be confirmed. They will then be returned to their original locality, and the work begun. But let us not suppose that the chief medical officer has then gained his point. After many years of thinking and of practice, he has perhaps come to the conclusion that his building should be of such and such a form; but it is not a recognised principle by the War Department that the medical officer should do more than propose a plan—the duty of drawing a plan belongs to the Engineer Department. The engineer officer in charge has plenty to do, and the foreman of the works draws out the plan. There are probably engineering difficulties in the way, such as getting the new roof to fit well on to the old roof, and contracts are not entered into to overcome the difficulties; but the difficulties are taken away so as to lower the contract, and the medical officer's plan is completely altered. If the medical officer is a plucky man, he will enter on a correspondence; the papers will be referred backwards and forwards, and he will probably gain his point for the heads of the War Department are not unreasonable men, if you can only get at them. But the conqueror will, in such a case, obtain that distinguished name in the service mentioned by Miss Nightingale, of "a troublesome fellow."

Many people would fancy the above is a gross exaggeration; we can only say what Miss Nightingale says—"This will be denied, but it is true for all that."

Now let us calmly consider the proposal which this excellent lady makes as to the government of a general hospital. She says:—

"One executive responsible Head, it seems to me, is what is wanted, in a General Hospital. Call him governor, commandant, or what you will—let him be military, medical, or civilian—so long as he possesses administrative talents for such a post, and unlimited power."

Suppose such a plan as this to be in force, and that certain works were required to be done in the hospital, we should then have the governor applying direct to the Secretary of State for War, the latter applying to the Treasury for permission to undertake the expenditure, the Secretary of State then giving authority to the governor to have the services of the engineer of the district placed at his control, and the works completed as required. But it must be admitted, even by Miss Nightingale, that such a plan, if carried out, would be the recognising of two serious evils,—simplicity and trust. Think for a moment what effect such a plan would have on the number of clerks at the War Office. There would not be work for one-half of them, perhaps not one third; for be it remembered, that whether a requisition is for £20 or for £20,000, with the exception of the reference to the Treasury, which must be done in all cases over £200, the routine is the same. Your simple sheet of foolscap grows into a quire. It is all covered over with minutes and memorandums, and explanations and references, and signed by innumerable autographs, which may be valuable centuries hence, and all this by men who can know nothing at all about it. For let us go back to our original supposition of a piece of work being required by a medical officer. Who originates the idea, and upon whose knowledge must dependence be placed? The medical officer. Who is the only person who can grant leave? The Secretary for War. Where does he get his money from? The Treasury. Who is to assist him in carrying out that work? The Engineer Department. If this be so, what is the use of the enormous routine through which it goes at present? Let us but examine.

The evidence of Sir Richard Airey well illustrates the working of this wonderful machinery. How does he describe the War Department?—

"As far as the machinery of the War Department goes," says he, "I do not know with respect to its simplicity; the only complaint that I have is the tardiness of the process, having to pass through so many hands. So far as the Military Departments go, it is immediate. We have a different system from the War Department. We work from

above, and they work from below. In the War Department everything comes up through a variety of channels until it gets up from the deciding point. We work from the deciding point at once. If an original paper comes before me, it comes to me first, and I act upon it immediately. It may be subject afterwards to any representation from any person who is my subordinate, who may bring some regulation to my notice which I may have overlooked. But the action goes immediately from me in nine cases but of ten. The question probably goes that day to the War Department, and my paper goes to some junior officer, from that to one above him, and so on, I believe, until it gets to the top."

All we can say is, if General Airey's papers always got to the top, he is very lucky. Most letters from unimportant people never get beyond a junior clerk, who, finding that the nature of the application has not been contemplated in the original rules of the War Department, coolly writes back that he is directed by the Secretary for War to state that the application cannot be granted. "The Secretary for War!" If he only knew how often his name was made use of, he might order some other official mode of answering official letters to be drawn up. But let us suppose that the department would recognise the advantage of simplicity, and agree to work from the top, there is still that great point "trust" to be overcome. The Treasury holds the Secretary of State for War responsible for the due carrying out of military finance. As a Cabinet Minister, and having many important points to consider, he deposes his trust to an Under Secretary of State. Now if we take into consideration the enormous military expenditure of this country, the constant calls which are made for grants of money from our numerous colonies, the great questions of munitions of war, of commissariat, which such an event as a revolt in India or at the Cape will necessitate, it must be admitted that a man who has to turn his attention to large sums, which become matters of serious consideration with the exchequer of this country, cannot fill his head with the petty details which constantly reach the War Office from every military station. Yet, so jealous is the Treasury of trusting any one, that the Under Secretary cannot depute power to men at the heads of large departments, to sanction unforeseen expenditure on their own responsibility. Thus the commanding engineer of a station, in connexion with the Barrack Master, makes a list yearly of repairs and additional works which have been pointed out to them by officers commanding districts and regiments, and principal medical officers, but these are all forwarded to the Inspector of Fortifications. They are duly gone over at the Head-quarter Office, and after consultation with the Parliamentary Under Secretary of State, these estimates are what are called "cut down." That is to say, this and that item

are cut out by the men at head-quarters, without any reference to the original proposers; and the engineer officer of the district gets back the mangled remains of his budget. Now we are perfectly aware that there would be the greatest difficulty, indeed it is almost an impossibility, that all the demands made in any one year upon the exchequer could be sanctioned that year. On the other hand, we do not think that in revising estimates there is that careful attention paid to discriminating what may be cut down, and what should not be cut down. It is true, it is difficult to please everybody, but our War Office is sometimes given to sacrificing practical good to a hobby. Let us but think of the enormous expenditure which has taken place during the last few years at Woolwich arsenal, and at Enfield. We find from the Fourth Report of the Sebastopol Committee, that a very talented officer of artillery succeeded in effecting a very great saving to the Government by manufacturing shells, instead of getting them by contract. The new Clerk of the Ordnance deduced from this the theory that the Government of this country should manufacture all its implements of war. It was a matter of record that the iron foundries and the small-arm trade had furnished excellent weapons at a moderate cost, but still he dreamt of enormous buildings and tall chimneys, and splendid gates, and finished by erecting an iron foundry at Woolwich, which would have graced the arsenal at Vienna; and in the midst of the swamps of Enfield marsh has risen a factory which would do credit to any European power, but the extra cost of which, caused by its isolated position, would alone have built quite as good a one in a more sensible locality. Nevertheless, in spite of these large buildings, we have terminated our Crimean war, and have reconquered India, by the assistance alone of the trade of this country. But whilst we were throwing away money, which can never be redeemed, we find that the medical officers of Fort Pitt, Chatham, have been for the last twenty years unable to get drains made at the back of the Hospital. Every quarter have they reported the subject to the Barrack Master and the Engineer. Doubtless the Engineer did his duty, and forwarded the statement, with his estimate, to the Inspector of Fortifications; but nothing was ever done: at least, do not let us say that nothing was ever done, for something was done. After several years' application, gratings were put down at the mouth of the drains to prevent the rats running about the yard at night.

Now, why, in so important a matter as the health of invalids, could not the commandant of the garrison, or the principal medical officer, in connexion with the chief engineer, order these drains to be made, and report the circumstance to the War Department! It will be said in reply to this, that if at all military stations a

similar licence were given, it would entail an enormous unforeseen expenditure. We doubt this. We think that if trust were placed in such men, it would not be misused. We think, also, that if the chief engineer could be allowed to get into the train and take his plans with him, and the statement of the medical officer, and go to the War Office, and explain what he wanted, and take a letter from the War Office to the Treasury, and see one of the Lords of the Treasury, he would soon get what he wanted; but then if everybody were to do this, the Under Secretary of State could not see them all. Granted. But why should not the Under Secretary have officers about him whom he could trust, who could give a decision on such matters, and who would report to him what they had done, and not ask him what it was they should do. We think such a system could be instituted. Englishmen used to be considered honest, and men of business; and in spite of the British Bank, we think the Under Secretary might delegate much of his authority to men under him, which would save not only a vast deal of unnecessary correspondence, but do away with that great slur which is now so generally cast on the War Department, that you cannot even get an answer to your letter, and that nobody knows who to apply to. We are, of course, speaking of the condition of things at home; for although it is a very English proverb that "charity begins at home," the War Office in its munificence has been able to make up its mind to be charitable abroad. On the 19th of October, 1857, circulars were issued to commanding officers abroad, which to a certain degree simplified matters, and recognised their being trustworthy. Thus, we find—

"All estimates for works, repairs, and establishments are, in the first instance, to be submitted to you by the several branches concerned with them, for your information and approval, before they are forwarded for the decision of the Secretary of State for War. You will from time to time, when practicable, inspect the various branch departments to such extent as will satisfy you that they are efficiently conducted. . . . You will report whether the barrack repairs have been executed with promptitude. . . . Your order will be required for all issues of stores not previously sanctioned by authority from this office; and you will, without delay, report such order to the Secretary of State, explaining at the same time your reasons for granting it. . . . You will report whether the troops are well and regularly supplied by the commissariat with their rations of provisions, forage, fuel, and light. . . . Should you deem it necessary to order the issue from the commissariat stores of any extra rations of provisions, forage, or fuel and light, or pecuniary allowance in lieu, over and above the allowance granted by the Royal warrant, or sanctioned by the local regulations of the command, you will report the same, without delay, for the approval of the Secretary of State, explaining your

reasons for granting it. . . . All applications for the temporary use of quarters and stabling, beyond the amount of accommodation prescribed by the regulations, must be submitted by the Barrack Master for the approval of the officer commanding the troops at his station."

Why, one can work under such a system. Leave has to be asked in a proper, regular manner; but the authority, whose leave has to be asked, is there on the spot. The question comes straight before him without delay. He acts on his own discretion, and reports what he has done. But such a system is too simple and inexpensivt at home. The very War Department which issued the above Orders in October, 1857, ordered, the 12th November, 1857, that—

"The Deputy Quartermaster-General in Ireland will notify the movements of troops in Ireland to the respective Barrack Masters, receive and forward to the Quartermaster-General applications for extra fuel and light, for approval and sanction in the usual manner, and receive occupation and equipment returns from the several Barrack Masters direct."

But the Quartermaster-General distinctly tells us he has no power to interfere—that all he can do is to forward these applications to the War Department, where they are read and minuted by the junior clerk, and gradually make their way upwards. Now, who, in the present instance, will probably be the person whose decision will be final, and who will give his consent to an additional supply of what the Quartermaster-General terms "miserable tallow candles?" A clerk to the Director of Stores, who, in the name of the Secretary for War, will write back to the Quartermaster-General to state the supply is sanctioned, and write to the commissariat officer on the spot to issue. Now, putting routine on one side, who is the person most capable of giving a decision? Lord Seaton, commanding in Ireland, on the report of the Deputy Quartermaster-General in Ireland; or a clerk at the War Office, who has most probably never been in Ireland, and who has not the slightest idea of why or wherefore the extra supply is wanted? We say, putting routine on one side, because it is very clear that if a general officer abroad can have such trust confided in him, and give an order on his own authority without disarranging the machinery of the War department, and without endangering the financial calculations of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is, we think, a deduction that the same authority might be given to the officer commanding the forces in Ireland; and we really think, that such a man as Lord Seaton would have as due regard to economy, and take quite as great an interest in reducing the expenditure of this country, as a clerk in the Store Branch. But then would it not be too

simple? Lord Seaton having received the report of his Quartermaster-General, would give his sanction, and report what he had done to the Secretary for War. At present, Lord Seaton has to direct his Deputy Quartermaster-General to report to the Quartermaster-General in England, who has to report to the War Department; all which correspondence might be carried on very well by a couple of clerks at 5s. a day, and we might dispense with the services of two Quartermaster-Generals, if they are only to be made use of as clerks. This want of simplicity and of trust is nowhere felt more than in the attempt to provide the soldier with the necessaries of life. The Commissariat, the Accountant-Generals, one and all, are fully aware of it. They tell you it forms a perplexity of accounts and of correspondence, which is perfectly stultifying. One would think that if anything had induced the War Department to retain so cumbersome a piece of machinery, it would have been the repeated wish of the Treasury. But it would seem that nowhere is the system accounted more unsatisfactory than by the Treasury. We find in the Appendix No. 28, in the Report of the Commission, a most remarkable proof of this in a memorandum by Sir Charles Trevelyan; and we all know that the Treasury and Sir Charles are in many matters pretty much one and the same thing. Now, what does he say?—

“The regulations under which the pay of the army is issued and accounted for, urgently stand in need of reform. The stoppages from the pay of the soldier for the rations supplied to him involve settlements of account of so operose and cumbrous a nature, that, although they are gone through in time of peace at the cost of an enormous waste of labour, the whole system is immediately abandoned at the breaking out of a war. In the Kaffir wars, our commissariat officers reported that they had been unable to keep up the calculations which the system required in reference to the pay of every individual soldier belonging to the numerous detachments moving over the face of the country: and in the late Russian war the attempt was not even made, the Treasury having, at the commencement of the war, authorized the issue of the net regimental pay, calculated on the aggregate number of men present with each regiment, without requiring any subsequent detailed settlement. When the soldier was charged with the actual cost of the ration, a periodical adjustment of the sum due by him was necessary, but he now pays a fixed amount for his ration, both at home and abroad, and detailed adjustment is therefore no longer required. The practice has survived the occasion for it. A machinery applicable to a bygone state of things ought to be discontinued, and our arrangements should be adapted to the actual fact,—which is, that soldiers' wages consist of a net rate of pay, a free ration, free lodging, and various other advantages which are provided for him at the cost of the public.”

We have already seen in what consists the free lodging accompanied by the advantage of any amount of foul air; let us now see in what the free ration consists. A ration at home, by an order dated 1818, consists of 1lb. of bread and $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of meat uncooked. If encamped, each man gets, by a warrant dated February, 1833, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bread in addition. If abroad, he gets 1lb. of bread or $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of biscuit, and 1lb. of meat, either fresh or salt, the additional $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. being given to compensate for the inferior quality of foreign meat.* By a warrant dated 1850, the soldier pays for this ration $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ at home, and $3\frac{3}{4}d.$ abroad; that is to say, he is charged the same everywhere for his ration, as at home, he gets an additional penny, called "beer money." It is perfectly unnecessary to say that a man having to undergo great bodily exercise, and having frequently to be up all night, cannot live upon $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of uncooked meat, which generally boils down to less than $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and 1lb. of bread, per diem. Soldiers have found it necessary, for their own preservation, to get something more; and by clubbing together some $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ each extra, they have been enabled to provide themselves with breakfast, and occasionally with tea; a practice so judicious, that commanding officers are enjoined by the authorities to see that their men are supplied with a third meal, provided always the stoppages do not exceed $8\frac{1}{2}d.$ a-day in the Guards and infantry, and $10d.$ a-day for the cavalry and artillery, including washing. This washing is $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ a-week for the infantry, $6d.$ for the Guards and cavalry, and $7d.$ for artillery. It is clear that were the Government to undertake to provide three meals for the soldier, and deduct his $8d.$ or $9d.$ a-day, they could provide him with a far better article for his money than the soldier now gets by clubbing some dozen together, and going to this or that shop. From the evidence of Commissary-General Adams, it seems that such a system would not only entail no additional expenditure, but would not even give additional trouble. For this money the commissariat could supply what appears now to be unknown—a change of diet, together with vegetable diet; and we should not then see, what we now see, the soldier being offered boiled mutton for twenty-one years consecutively, and gradually attaining that state of bodily discipline, which is described by Commissary-General Adams "as soldiers being not very great eaters." The real fact being, that getting but little to eat, they get in the habit of staying their appetite by smoking or chewing on an empty stomach, either of which are exceedingly prejudicial to the constitution. Indeed, this want of proper nourishment has been considered* by one of the highest medical authorities in this country, Dr. Christison, of Edinburgh, as the primary cause of the great mortality in the Crimea. In a

memorandum submitted to him by Sir John MacNeil, for improving the dietary of the British soldier, he says:—

“Dietaries ought never to be estimated by the rough weight of their constituents, without distinct reference to the real nutriment in these, as determined by physiological and chemical inquiry. Keeping these principles in view, and with the help of a simple table, it is not difficult to fix the dietary advisable for any body of men, according to their occupation. It is also in general easy to detect the source of error in unsuccessful dietaries. For example:—any scientific person, conversant with the present subject, could have foretold as a certain consequence, sooner or later, of their dietary, that the British troops would fall into the calamitous state of health which befell them last winter in the Crimea. Soldiers in the field will be more efficient the nearer they are brought to the athletic constitution. But as the demand for protracted, unusual exertion occurs only at intervals, the highly nutritive athletic dietary is not absolutely necessary. Some years ago, when I was appointed to inquire into certain points relative to the management of the prison, there were several men employed at the pumps for raising water daily from the Tay for prison use, an occupation requiring much expenditure of muscular strength. These men were, without exception, compelled to desist when fed on 25ozs. a-day, an addition of 8ozs. of meat and 6ozs. of bread was found necessary, and then they all worked vigorously.”

Nobody will suppose that for the sum of 7*d.* an overwhelming amount of food will be obtained, and there is no fear of the men suffering from dietary excess. But if by such an arrangement the health of the men can be improved, if it be possible to get the soldier to live in the same rational way, and partake of the same meals as other Englishmen, we have no doubt that there would be far less for the medical man to do; and any little expenditure which such a system may give rise to will be amply compensated by the saving in the inspection of the present accounts, owing to the system of stoppages for rations when the soldier is on the march or on board a ship. Thus, in making up the Crimean accounts, and doubtless at the present day many of the Indian accounts, we find that the soldier, the day previous to his embarkation, was paying 4½*d.* a-day to the commissariat, and 3½*d.* to his regimental messing. On board ship he paid 6*d.* if he took grog, or coffee in lieu of grog, or 5*d.* if he abstained; in Bulgaria, on arrival, he paid 8½*d.* for his commissariat ration, and 3½*d.* for his regimental messing; and when the system broke down, through the absence of any market from which the men could supply themselves, the stoppage paid to the commissariat rose to 4½*d.*, while that to the messing was reduced to *nil.* But if a man were sick, and was sent down to Scutari to hospital, he then reverted to a 3½*d.* stoppage, having again paid 5*d.* or 6*d.*,

as the case might be, on board the ship that conveyed him thither. No wonder that even Sir Charles Trevelyan found the system of *cheek* more expensive than any attempt to have provided the soldier honestly and liberally. A very few years ago a great deal was said by the public against the extraordinary system of clothing colonelcies, and it was thought that if the Government would undertake to provide for the clothing of the men, they would be more fairly dealt by; and in proof of this, it was shown that the Ordnance corps, then supplied by the Government, had far better cloth issued to them—a fact perfectly correct. The Government did take the clothing in hand, and what says the Quartermaster-General on the result? "I think," he says, "that all our cloth is bad, and I think that the boots are bad. The last issues were improved, but it is a hard and unpleasant cloth for a man to wear; it chafes him, and it does not wear well either; it is full of size and stiffening." Pray is the Government aware that, by giving the soldier indifferent cloth and indifferent boots, they are simply robbing him? It is part of his wages that he should receive a pair of trousers, and a coat, and a pair of boots, yearly, and these are supposed to last him for the year; and if they do not last him, he is provided with others, for which he is put under stoppages. And we know no better way of exemplifying the correctness of the Quartermaster-General's statement about the clothing, than by reference to the account-books of any regiment, or any company of a regiment, and the result will be perfectly startling. Numbers of men never get any pay at all, for once in debt he is scarcely ever out of it; and out of his 13*d.*, what with his rations and his stoppages, he scarcely ever sees anything but the 1*d.* which, in the Munity Act, he must be allowed. As to the great coat, that supposed covering from night air in this rather humid climate, the Commission merely observes, "It is good for nothing." A fact known to the soldier for many a long year; and there is not an old woman in the Highlands that would weave such stuff.

In the Report a comparison has been instituted between two classes of force, both employed in the public service—the military and the police force; in the latter of which the mortality is about one-half of what it is in the former. The soldier is generally a boy from the class of the labourer, or the mechanic, who, having been out of employ for some time, or inclined to be idle, gets attracted by the recruiting placard, gets into conversation with the recruiting sergeant, whose interest it is to tell him every lie he can invent, at the rate of 5*s.* per man, and finally enlists. He is sent off with a batch of other stupid~~s~~ to join the *dépôt*, and he is there put through a course of instruction which brings into play muscles and nerves he has never made use of before. The exercise he gets is constant, and in the cavalry and artillery it is

arduous. And there is a regularity in his exercise, though not in his meals, which tries the constitution to a great extent. He is told that he is a soldier, and that he must not mind standing at attention on parade of a cold winter's morning; that he must not mind the stock and the knapsack on the hot summer's day, and that he must not mind the thin cloak during his sentry hours, in the depth of winter. His leisure is spent in the public, and his night, when at home, in the unwholesome barrack-room. And there is nothing whatsoever, at least in infantry regiments, to occupy his mind. Drill under the sergeant-major, when everybody is to blame; drill under the adjutant, when nothing is right: picquet, guard, fatigues, and roll-call, occupy the steady soldier's time; the orderly-room, drill, and cells, the man who is unsteady. But once a soldier has been three months with his regiment, he has learned all his lessons, and he finds he is in for it for ten or twelve years. He knows his clothing is bad, and that he must pay for more. He knows he must sleep in the barrack-room, whether he likes it or not, and that he must live on one monotonous diet. Now the policeman is on the average a man of twenty-five years of age. He has looked about him, and he knows that if he can possibly get into the force, he is entering a good service. His duty is to a certain degree an independent one, and one which gives the mind constant occupation. It is true that he must attend to his parade regularly, and take up his post regularly, and he is visited during the course of that duty by his sergeant and inspector. But nevertheless he is, to a great extent, his own master. So long as he is on his beat he may walk in what direction of it he likes, and there is no one bickering at him, and telling him to keep his toes together, or to hold his head up. Then his pay makes him comfortable. On going into the force he gets 19s. per week. He is allowed good clothing and plenty of it, viz., one body coat, two pairs trousers, and two pairs boots yearly; a great coat, and a cape once in two years. The single man is given his full allowance of 450 to 500 cubic feet to sleep in, for which he pays 1s. a week, and arrangements are made for the single men to mess together. The policeman is further obliged to be a man of respectable character, and in the City force, a testimonial is required from two respectable householders. The policeman, moreover, may marry when he thinks fit, and the soldier may not. Indeed, matrimony in the army has not only every obstruction put in the way of it, but it is considered unmilitary, and perhaps properly so. Soldiers are always moving about from station to station, and if a mass of women and children had to be moved along with them it would be most expensive. Besides, marriage unsettles the soldier. He fancies then he has some sort of a home, something to care

about, and is no longer so careless of his existence as he ought to be. At the same time, to reconcile him to this state of single blessedness, the State has introduced a clause into the Mutiny Act which frees the soldier from the liability of having to support any family which he may accidentally have obtained; and commanding officers consider that with such an advantage he suffers no great hardship by being refused leave to marry. What is termed refusing leave to marry is this. The soldier is bound to live in barracks, to have so much deducted from his pay for his rations and stoppages, and it depends upon the commanding officer whether he is allowed to live out of barracks, and receive his pay in full, which may help towards keeping a family. At least, this is the system in better regulated regiments. But so ably do the present habits of the soldier tend to brutalize his feelings, that in many regiments the meaning of leave to marry is leave to bring the woman into barracks, where, with the help of a bit of curtain, she creates a matrimonial chamber in the midst of a room occupied by some twenty men; and commanding officers under these circumstances very properly refuse leave to marry as often as they can. Such a system is a very great saving to the State, for the only way in which military matrimony could be recognised would be by erecting model lodging-houses close to the barracks, where married men could live without undergoing the penalties of starvation, or shocking the common decencies of life. Yet perhaps it would be as well if this were done; for, by a most singular oversight, chaplains have been appointed to inculcate into the soldier's mind that the attempt to elude the responsibilities of mankind is quietly damning him to all eternity, and that the State's ideas about matrimony, however creditable they would have been to the financial foresight of the Roman senate, are downright wickedness in a Christian State. We are not going into a theological lecture on matrimony, but we are most decidedly of opinion that it is a subject upon which every man should be free to exercise his own free will, and that a government has no right to offer such wages as will prevent the labouring man maintaining a family in the necessaries of life. At present this question is one entirely of *£ s. d.*, and yet may we ask which is the most economical?—training soldiers to ideas of sobriety and citizenship, or encouraging them in habits of dissipation? The marriage of soldiers is a subject not alluded to by the Commission, and yet it must be openly considered and finally settled by the country: In Woolwich hospital alone from 1887 to 1887, there were 31,008 admissions from venereal diseases, in itself a sufficient proof of the importance of the question. If the building of huts for married men and free leave to marry were given, it would doubtless greatly lessen this evil, and these are

considerations even for a Pagan state. If we furnish the men with improved barracks, food, and clothing, if we endeavour to elevate them in their own esteem, will they be satisfied with the class of women they find in a Portsmouth stew, or will they not seek, like other Englishmen, the respect of a home?

The public feeling has been so roused by the military disclosures of the last few years, that a pressure of no ordinary amount will doubtless be exercised on the present Government to remedy the existing evils. And let it rest assured that the people of this country will not be satisfied with simply large votes for barracks or increased rations. The ministry that comes forward with an increased budget for this purpose must be able to say that it does not only intend a temporary reduction of mortality tables, but to base the improvements of the soldier's position upon a sound basis. For what is the universal feeling on this subject? Is it not that we should never have heard of such mortality? Are we not all aware that had there been men at the head of our military affairs who would have gone boldly to Parliament and said—"The Chancellor of the Exchequer has taken credit to himself this evening for reducing the duty upon tea, but he has only been able to do this by declining to entertain my request for money to enlarge our barracks and improve the soldier's condition, although I explained to him that the men were dying for want of it three times as rapidly as the civil population," the evil would have been removed long ago. Would Parliament, in the face of all England, have had the boldness to say, "Let your men die; we care not, so long as the tea-tax be reduced." Would it not sooner have asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer how he could brag of this reduction when the ministry could only acquiesce in it by neglecting their duty. And why has such an appeal never been made? We honestly believe the truth to be, that our Secretaries for War and Clerks of the Ordnance know nothing at all about it.

Let the Quartermaster-General report that such and such barracks are overcrowded; can any clerk, or the Under-Secretary himself, realize what is meant by this? Has either of them ever been into a barrack-room after roll-call? Tell them the soldiers' great coats are rotten; they have never seen a sentry shivering. Tell them military hospitals are badly conducted; they know nothing about military hospitals. All they know is to minute papers according to certain regulations. But what the public wants are men who understand how to preserve the health and physical efficiency of the army, and who will do it, instead of pooh-poohing the tales of military mortality, based on mortality returns. Are soldiers not Englishmen? If in the army can be found men like Lord Seaton, or Sir Charles Napier, or Sir Howard Douglas, men who have ruled large colonies with

credit to themselves, can we not find men who could undertake the management of the details of the War Department, and who, having responsibilities conferred upon them by the Secretary for War, could give immediate decisions, reserving none but questions of real importance for the Secretary for War? For what is the meaning of this War Department? Is it not a check instituted by the Government to see that military expenditure is properly carried on, and to be able to give an immediate decision. Who can best assist the Treasury in this? men practically conversant with the subjects addressed to them, or men who know nothing about them? One thing is very clear, our past systems have failed most utterly. Instead of the officials at the War Department exercising vigilance on such an important point as the health of our troops at home in times past, they have to be screwed up to do their duty by the public. Is this the way the navy is managed? Is not the First Lord of the Admiralty strengthened in every way by the best naval men he can find? Have we got such a man at the War Office as Captain Milne? Ask any one connected with the Transport Service of last war. At the Admiralty they found a man thoroughly conversant with his subject, at the War Office there was no one who understood the subject, yet was it one which frequently involved large sums of money. We want new men and a new system. Shall we obtain it under Lord Derby? No one has declared more solemnly, that he is to be guided in his actions by the principles of common sense. One thing he may depend upon. The public will most carefully watch his proceedings, and will not be the less grateful, if he begins his reforms with the Army and the War Office.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

FEW can sustain themselves in the deep pool of pure Theism without corks; Mr. F. W. Newman is one of the few. Whether he himself learnt to swim there, without some coarse but serviceable appliance which he now disdains, is not a question to be entered upon with any personal reference to himself. But it is a grave question, whether ordinary men, brought up in some concrete form of religion, can first be utterly stripped of the convictions which it has impressed upon them,—made up as they are of mingled truth and error,—and then be enabled to reconstruct for themselves such a scheme as that put before us in “Theism, Doctrinal and Practical.”¹ It is a book which abounds on every page with beauties of thought and expression; it enunciates clearly profound and weighty theological truths; it puts forth a multitude of penetrating yet kindly observations upon nature and humanity; it infers numerous wise practical maxims, political and social; it is unsparing in its rebuke of all kinds of hypocrisies. For the fit reader, for one who has gone through the “phases,” or a portion of them, through which the author himself has passed, or who can at least transfer himself in some degree, by force of imagination, to the position occupied by him, it will be read with infinite pleasure and with great profit. But the author does not intend his system to rest in speculation; he has brought himself face to face with religious superstitions—with social corruptions—with personal heart delusions; he has traced the connexion of various pests, which are an abomination to civilization, to error or defect in religious conceptions; he has set himself, in consequence, a task, not of a critic, but of a teacher; not the labour of a Reformer, but the mission of an Apostle, both to destroy and to construct.

Presuming that the alleged revealed religion of the Bible is swept away, or that the idols belonging to it which remain standing can be thrown down as he passes on—the author’s purpose is to establish a system of Theism, avoiding the being precipitated with Atheism on the one hand, or Pantheism on the other. He speaks candidly and not uncharitably of the Atheist:—

- “Atheism has ever stood only as a counterpoise to error,
 “And will vanish when through our wisdom its function is superfluous.
 “Atheists are not without God, though they know him not.
 “When they aim sincerely after truth, having a love of virtue,
 “His spirit is striving within them and will not be wholly vain.” (p. 28.)

He does not presume, as he has no right to do, an immoral condition

¹ “Theism, Doctrinal and Practical: or Didactic Religious Utterances.” By Francis W. Newman. London: John Chapman. 1858.

of mind even in the Atheist; and, indeed, for the most part, atheists, so-called, are not positive deniers, but inquirers. They do not deny an Unknown, as how can they; but what, or of what sort it is, is the object of their investigation. Now Mr. Newman assumes, as the first of his "Axioms of Religion," what, and of what sort it is:—

"Not blind but *intelligent*, is that Omnipresent law,
"And that power which we discern to animate the universe." (p. 25.)

We do not quarrel with this proposition; but must point out that it is a large demand to denominate it an Axiom. The second Axiom is directed against Pantheism:—

"The God upon whose energy the human spirit depends,
"Must have all that spirit's faculties and more beside."—*ib.*

We fear that here, again, is rather a *Petitio* than an axiom, which men can assent to, "as they do to those which concern Space and Surfaces and Lines." The primal force manifests itself in the leaf of the plant as life, in the animal as instinct, in the man as Affection, Reason, Conscience; yet whatever else it be—whatever more beside—we cannot infer that it is cognate with, or resembling, affection, or reason, or conscience, or instinct, or vegetable life, or indeed any other phenomenal force in the universe, though it be the source and root of all.

Stated in another form this axiom becomes—Every cause, though it transcends, *resembles* its effect. As to intermediate causes and effects, it is obvious that this is not true; and as to the one great cause, it is a conclusion which at least can only be arrived at by long inference and after many checks. This, however, is the basis of the argument, if such it may be called, "here directed against the Intellectual Pantheist:"—

"But to forbid us to infer the divine faculties and sentiments
"By studying the human, cautiously and thoughtfully,
"Can be justified by nothing but pure Atheism outright.
"Such Pantheism is but Atheism veiled in poetry." (p. 29.)

And so the *moral* character of the Divine Being is inferred from the virtue and conscience in man.

There seem here two objections which Mr. Newman has not sufficiently guarded against. For it may be said that Conscience is itself a result of education, and moral sense the same; and when the adscititious, fairly attributable to the circumstances in which men are placed, has been stripped away from it, the elementary sense out of which grows the faculty perceptive, and judicial of right and wrong, is reduced to an *intelligence*. Nothing more, therefore, than Intelligence can be inferred concerning the Absolute Source. And next, if Conscience and Moral Sense imply Sentiment in their author, what do other affections of man imply? If conscience is a voice, an effect, a force, energy, function, or pulsation of the great Author, is not the life of the plant, the instinct of the animal, the purpose and the passion of man? The old polytheisms, and the Indian polytheisms, acknowledged the presence of divinity in the affections and passions. And if when the passions were thus deified, men might, "gravitate easily to the immoral," they might sometimes thereby be reined; it was perhaps as

well that the Greek or Roman in his intoxication deemed himself to be under the influence of a god, as for others to acknowledge a gross satisfaction in the mere swilling of stupifying beer, in spite of God and his laws. It might be better even to imagine a sway of Aphrodite, than to confess the power in all its selfishness of a mere animal appetite. And how will apply that which is said of "Evil," of which the "origin" and the "entrance" into the human world is such a difficulty to theologians?—

"If in the great universe marks be found of two gods,

"A good God and an evil God, alike independent, struggling through eternity, alike unconquered;

"Then, and then only, may the evil within our hearts

"Be plausibly ascribed to the temptations of the evil God." (p. 41.)

Philosophers have long anticipated, and science has demonstrated in many details, how opposing laws in material things are referable to one controlling Mind; the same has not yet been shown in the moral world, yet to suppose the laws or forces in moral being to tend all one way, would be to negative moral existence altogether.

The deficiencies which we have noted in Mr. Newman's arguments, are not greater than might be noted in the arguments of others treating of the same subjects, which in fact surpass our reasoning powers; but Mr. Newman seems not to be aware of the deficiency, and to be confident that he is building up a solid system of Theism. Whatever indeed is to him defective in the argument is supplemented by a mystical conviction. And this may lead him both to be satisfied with reasons otherwise unconvincing, and to forget that others, who have not the same "spiritual" gift, will necessarily for their satisfaction require greater precision in the argument. No mystics ever doubted that their intuitions of God and divine things were true; nor have they reflected that others may appeal to a like inward witness of the truth of views incompatible with their own. A Moravian is as mystically assured of his union by love with the divine humanity of the Saviour, as Mr. Newman is that such a persuasion must intercept the rays of a pure Theism, and that the author of Christianity was a "self-convicted teacher." To the mystic element in Mr. Newman's persuasions is no doubt to be attributed the contempt with which he regards the concrete religions, and the Christian religion in particular. And so eager is he to sweep away the concrete Christianity, and all respect for its founder, that he has not considered to what extent defect in evidence cuts two ways. If it is fair to allege, that the evidence of the Gospels is insufficient to establish the truth of the miraculous stories,—of the facts, related in them, it is not fair then to take them as conclusive evidence of words spoken. If the narratives of resuscitations from the dead given in the fourth Gospel are not to be depended on, neither can we be sure that Jesus ever used such words as, "No man cometh to the Father but by me," or "I and my Father are one." All prophets, indeed, have claimed to be, in some sense, the voice of God crying in the wilderness; and if followers have magnified kindly deeds into miraculous cures, they may have magnified just claims of a prophet into an undue exaltation. Prophets have spoken much, but written little. For instance, Moses wrote, possibly, nothing,

certainly not much; but all words related of Moses are not to be attributed to Moses. He is said to have spoken of having seen God face to face. Perhaps he never said it—or if he said it, he may have honestly thought it; or if he could not reasonably have thought it, he should be judged with at least the reverent charity due to so great a man; we should treat Numa, and his hidden goddess with some allowance, and so we should even Mahomet and the stories of his revelations. It is not so long ago since Christian writers, when they spoke of Mahomet, simply called him an "impostor;" calmer men perceive that he had a providential work; though they believe nothing of his miraculous mission; they see that he was the source of a great effect, good on the whole, in the world's history, and they do not treat, either him or his followers, with contempt or detestation. But Mr. Newman is impatient of any suspension of judgment. And so men throw themselves upon the horns of sharp alternatives—either Atheism or Popery—and in like manner either Atheism or mystic Theism.

However this may be, the case and capabilities of the mass of men is likewise to be considered. New religions have always hitherto incorporated into themselves much material from the old ones which they have superseded. A *tabula rasa* cannot now be made of Christendom, in order to the fresh planting of a Theism, which the mass of men would be incapable of grasping, and containing a mystic element which is natural to comparatively few. If such a ladder reaches to heaven, it has no lower rounds by which the little people may mount. If the ground were cleared of all existing churches and their creeds, rather would there spring up, from old roots and seeds of forgotten superstitions, some religious growths more evil and hideous than Mormonism—the baser sort would form the religion, and impose it upon the rest. The value or the injury of popular belief differs also immensely to different men. To some, for instance, the belief in an historical Adam and Eve forms as it were a meritorious part of their religion—bad enough; others work up inferences from it into uncharitable systems of doctrine—worse still; some see in it no more than a curious allegory, while to many, and these are neither the most enlightened nor yet the most ignorant and perverse, it serves to define, more sharply than they could do without some such help, the universal brotherhood of man. The belief in an Adam and Eve has not, indeed, "hindered all the atrocities of race against race," but it has embodied a constant and sharp protest against them; and the great Gentile Apostle threw his argument for the universal spiritual brotherhood of mankind into the form of an allusion to that old tradition. There are, moreover, many degrees of beauty and significance in these traditions themselves. The belief in an Adam and Eve is less coarse, and unites with better feelings, than the belief that some men have sprung from the head of a god and others from his feet: the former gives expression to a protest against race-hostility and caste-oppression, the latter serves to stimulate animosities and to rivet slavery. And so the allegory of a serpent tempter is both more monstrous and tends to more dangerous inferences than that of an Adam and Eve. And in reform of religion,

as in other reforms, the worst and most patent abuses should be attacked first, and those for the removal of which can be obtained the greatest concurrence of opinion. As in all great works, time, order, and occasion must be observed; and, as in the healing art, the constitution and habitudes of the sick man. In the catacombs at Rome are met with, among the Christian emblems, rude drawings of Daniel in the lion's den, the three children of Israel in the fiery furnace, Jonah in the belly of the whale. It is likely that those who inscribed these drawings believed the stories which they represented. But they were inscribed there, not for the sake of the story, but of a further meaning; they were emblems of consoling truths to a depressed and suffering community; they suggested the idea of deliverance, both from persecution, and from this lower world into an upper life. We suppose that few would have torn away from those sufferers at such a time, the use of those consolatory emblems, by exposing rudely to them the untruth of the facts which they represented. Now there are many things in the Bible, which, by the commoner sort of men, are taken for literal facts, which are adopted by those who think themselves wiser as emblems: but they serve also as emblems to those others, though they may not be aware of it. The wise could do without the parable, but the less learned without the parable would never gather the moral. It is the same with some things in creeds. A resurrection of the identical body, "with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining," is not expected by the wise, but it is an emblem to them of an everlasting life. And though they could well do, nay, do better, without such an emblem, to the unwise it is even necessary, in order that they may be able to conceive of a future life at all.

Meanwhile it is too true, that those who by office ought to be teachers and leaders of the people, by "knowledge and understanding meet for the people," are sleeping at their posts, and have taken away the key of knowledge, that they may hinder those who were entering in. No scorn can be too bitter for churches and for ministers of religion who so abandon their duty; no revolution of opinion which should dethrone and sweep them away but would be richly deserved. The difficulty is to find the suitable remedy, to guide the revolution or reform, with reasonable security of replacing something at least as valuable as that which shall be destroyed.

The observations made above have been chiefly suggested by the first part of Mr. Newman's work, which is entitled the "Theory of Religion:" we should gladly have spoken of the "Proverbs," which form the Second Book, and the "Religious Life," which is the subject of the third. If it had been possible, we should have given some extracts, as from the profound and beautiful section on the "Waters of Lethe," or from the "Future of the Wicked," in the first part; or perhaps from "Luxury" and the "Rights of Animals," in the third. But Mr. Newman's words shall at least sum up what, according to him, is one of the roots of the matter, from the Proverbs on "Education."

"Religious institutions might be, and ought to be, the most efficient educators of the sentiments; but unhappily a great change must pass on existing

Churches before they can regain the lead which they have lost. Atheism would starve sentiment, Pantheism would corrupt morals. Sectarianism hinders all national religion and sound national education. Theism is the only cure. When it has once fair play, it will educate nations and unite the world in harmony yet unimagined." (p. 120.)

A prize was offered in 1848 by a theological association of members of the Baptist or Mennonite Church at Haarlem, for an Essay directed to meet the destructive conclusions of the Tübingen critics. The points especially to be illustrated were, the existence or extent of divergence between the Gospel preached by Paul and by Peter, and between the communions of Jewish and heathen Christians, both in matters of faith and of practice or Church-constitution. This prize was adjudged in the following year to Dr. Lechler, a member of the Luthero-Evangelical Church, who, remarkably enough, had himself been a pupil of Dr. Baur's. The Essay² was published in 1851, and a second edition has been demanded. Dr. Lechler's design does not oblige him to undertake the express vindication of the miraculous narratives contained in the Acts of the Apostles—he is concerned with that book, principally, in order to show that its representation of the doctrine of the several Apostles mentioned in it is not at variance with the Apostolic writings themselves. But it is upon a comparison of these original writings must depend mainly the determination of the question, whether the four Apostles did or did not preach one and the same Gospel. Effects of their preaching, possibly not foreseen by themselves, are certainly evidenced in the existence of different beliefs concerning the person and work of Jesus which prevailed in the immediately post-apostolic age. The tendencies of two diverging lines are not so well seen close to the angle of their separation, or when they first begin to depart from parallelism—but when they have travelled already some way on their paths of separation. Thus, Peter and Paul might well take different views of the same facts, for the facts were presented very differently to them; or rather, as far as we have the evidence of their writings, the same identical facts were not presented to each. And here we may say that we concur with Dr. Lechler in thinking that the Tübingen critics have gone too far in questioning the genuineness of the Apostolic Epistles. However this may be, throughout the Epistles of Paul, the Resurrection of Christ is the ground fact on which he lays all the structure of his Gospel; and he is justified to himself in laying that as his foundation, because he was persuaded that he had seen Jesus reveal himself from heaven to him. He had not seen Jesus in his earthly life and ministry—he fastened his own convictions and his own preaching upon that which was an evidence to him of the supra-mundane life of the Lord. On the other hand, Peter, and James, and John, who had been eye-witnesses of the life and ministry of Jesus, preach from his

² "Das Apostolische und das Nachapostolische Zeitalter mit Rücksicht auf Unterschied und Einheit in Lehre und Leben." Dargestellt von Gotthard Victor Lechler, Dr. der Philosophie, Dekan zu Knittlingen, K. Württemberg. 2te, durchaus umgearbeitete Auflage der von der Teyleschen Theologischen Gesellschaft gekrönten Preisschrift. London: D. Nutt. 1857.

call to virtue, his rebuke of vice, his manifestation of a divine love. That earnest men setting forth from different points of departure might in some degree clash, can excite no surprise, can detract in no degree from their honesty, is only irreconcilable with the supposition that the Divine Spirit must have manifested itself identically in such dissimilar minds, under such dissimilar circumstances—that the metal, though poured into moulds unlike each other, must have come forth, because of the same metal, in perfectly like casts. But the differences of the teachers, which they, as earnest and single-minded men, modify and soften as far as practicable, would naturally be aggravated into coarser forms by their followers. Hence the value of the study of the immediately post-apostolic age. And from that study it will appear that too much importance has been attached to the controversy between Peter and Paul concerning the ritual observances. The differences which divided the Ebionitish Christians from the rest, issued from a deeper source, and touched the person itself of the Saviour. If only a few of the Apostles left writings—and with one exception, very inconsiderable in extent—we must not suppose that during many years of life they said nothing respecting events which had made a deep impression upon themselves. We must not suppose that what they spoke would not be of great effect in forming the opinion of others concerning those events. And many more besides these, we are told, undertook to write narratives of the life of Christ, and these, too, must have spoken likewise: many more who wrote nothing, must have spoken much—under various opportunities of knowledge, with various capacities, and with various prejudices. From the very first, the coat must have been of many colours, if not with many seams. In the second part of his work, Dr. Lechler examines the questions at issue between himself and the school of Baur, relative to the existence of defined Petrine and Pauline parties in the post-apostolic period. His examination of the evidence afforded by the pseudo-Clementines is extremely fair, although it tells materially against his own view. It is only due to the learning and moderation of tone which characterize Dr. Lechler to give his most important conclusion on this subject in his own words:—

“We would not indeed conceal, that in the post-apostolic period a strong party is found to deviate from the full and pure apostolic doctrine, especially from the Pauline, that the gospel of the free grace of God in Christ the only Saviour, and of justification by faith, is by degrees thrust out of sight; that a spirit of legality and self-righteousness begins to exercise a sway over the Christian territory—in a word, that the current sets in towards Catholicism.” (p. 496.)

Inc calculable have been, the ill effects upon Western Christendom, the Christendom of the Reformation, of making the appeal in the controversy with Rome, not at once to reason, but to a “Word of God.” The tendency of Protestantism, has been to bind together all parts of the Bible,—composed, as is supposed, in a range of some sixteen hundred years.—tradition, contemporary history, poetry, prose, didactics, prophecies, strict ceremonial enactments enforced with curses, and earnest anti-ceremonial spiritual appeals encouraged with promises

—above all, Old Testament and New, mingled together in one mass. The Protestant has been taught, or has been suffered to teach himself, that any text, taken from any part of the heterogeneous volume, is to be conclusive in any controversy, in any case of conscience, in any question of church government, of law, morals, or politics. Each sect has thought it for its advantage to encourage the habit of appealing to isolated texts; but the isolated text would not be conclusive unless the whole text of the Bible were of equal authority. The enemies of Christianity can desire nothing better than that its defence should be rested upon such an assumption, with its consequences. And, accordingly, the most enlightened defenders of Christianity lift up their voice against this weakness. Thus, Professor Powell,³ referring to the history of the modern “Bibliolatry,” observes:—

“With a numerous section of the Protestant communities, a mere literal adherence to the text of the Bible constituted as complete a spiritual slavery as any which had been imposed by the dictation of a domineering priesthood, and an infallible church; they did but transfer the claim of oracular authority from the priest to the text, or rather to their preacher’s interpretation of it.

“Such was the first principle and foundation of the system which may be best generally designated by the name of Puritanism, which has exerted as pernicious an influence over modern Christianity on the one side as Romanism on the other.” (p. 81.)

And, unfortunately, what Professor Powell here describes as the Puritanical system, has been adopted by most of those who have, after various struggles, won from the National Church their liberty of conscience, and of open profession. If the Anglican clergy are too much inclined to fall back into a quasi-Romanism, those who have separated from them tie themselves down to a blind deference to the letter of Scripture; having won their liberty, they have not used it. The general theme on which Professor Powell speaks is described sufficiently in his title. But there are three points on which his remarks are especially valuable—the subject of Inspiration, of the Mosaic Cosmogony, and of the obligation of the Sabbath-day. With respect to the first of these subjects Mr. Powell observes, that the question concerning Inspiration resolves itself into a question of definition; and, happily for the Church to which he belongs, it has not committed itself by any definition or description of Inspiration whatsoever. We commend this observation, not only to the reflection of members of that Church, but of those also who have separated from it. Their Communion have not defined Inspiration any more than the Church from which they issued. They did not separate upon that point. They invoke the supreme authority of Scripture, but the meaning of Scripture still remains to be ascertained by Reason. While they reproach the Church from which they came out with its acquiescence in various trammels from which they themselves are free, let them not show themselves bound by the worst of all trammels—those of a superstitious and traditional literalism. Another

³ “Christianity without Judaism,” A Second Series of Essays. Including the Substance of Sermons delivered in London and other places. By the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., F.G.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford. London: Longman and Co. 1858.

Anglican clergyman of distinction, whose stinging reply to some observations of his own bishop, relative to a kindred subject, we refer to below,⁴ proves that if the English Church is to be judged by its own formularies, as to the meaning which it attaches to the word Inspiration, it employs it by preference in the signification of suggestion of moral good. Dr. Williams even shows that the Fathers both extended the name of Scripture and the idea of Inspiration with great latitude; while they included in the one the Apocryphal books, they applied the other, even in its strongest forms, to labours of love and administration. Dr. Williams is quite safe, as the event has proved, within the formularies of his own Church, which he has shown to be, to the wise, less walls of confinement than an entrenchment of defence. He can maintain, that the Inspiration of the Apostle and of the Christian of the present day, differs not in kind but in degree, and that in degree likewise differed the Inspiration which suggested the composition, or the compilation, of the various parts of the Bible. The Bible thus ceases to be severed by an impassable demarcation from other books, products of Christians; and though he does not say *that*, as far as we remember, of non-Christians, too. So far is Dr. Williams from having rendered himself liable to any practical ecclesiastical proceeding, it even appears that he and Bishop Ollivant, with whom he has been in controversy, have only been thrown, by circumstances accidental to their positions, into a state of opposition. There is little or no difference in their opinions at the root. Returning to Professor Powell, he expresses himself, relatively to the variable meaning of the word Inspiration, as follows:—

“If this,” (inspiration of Scripture,) “be insisted on in ever so literal a sense, it does not follow that a representation of the only kind intelligible to a particular age and people, might not be given by an inspired writer, though now discovered to be in its letter at variance with fact, and therefore fairly to be understood as of a figurative or poetical nature, or by whatever equivalent designation we may choose to describe it. There are, however, some who entertain a strange and unaccountable prejudice against the adoption of such a designation. Yet they do not imagine the inspiration of the *parables* impugned because they are avowedly *fictions*. Where then, is the difference, if an inspired narrative once thought to be a *history*, is found to be a *parable*? When it is discovered that a narrative is such as *cannot* be regarded as *historical*, there remains the unavoidable alternative, either that it is simply *untrue*, or that it is designedly *fictitious*,—either to be rejected in the one case, or, in the other, to be received as a fabulous, or allegorical, or mythical composition; or if those designations be objected to, it is for those who dislike them to propose a better.” (p. 65.)

The subject of the literal Inspiration of Scripture is, of course, intimately connected with that of the Mosatic Cosmogony. The sturdiest advocates of literalism are, however, gradually giving way upon this point. In the Appendix to the present volume are to be met with some extremely sensible remarks upon the late Hugh Miller's “Tes-

⁴ “Christian Freedom in the Council of Jerusalem.” A Discourse preached before the University of Cambridge on Commencement Sunday, 1857. With some Review of Bishop Ollivant's Charge. By Rowland Williams, D.D. Author of “Christianity and Hinduism,” &c., and Professor of Hebrew at Lampeter.

timony of the Rocks," which is justly characterized as presenting "the very ghost of defunct Biblical geology." There is an attempt made therein to substitute for the Mosaic "days" *immensely long periods*, and then to make these periods correspond with certain geological epochs; not even thus can they be brought to coincide, for in the period which, according to Genesis, ought to be a period of plants exclusively, animal life abounded:—

"From such very transparent disguises, it is but one step to the naked avowal of the truth,—if indeed they are really anything more than a tacit confession of it—that *nothing in geology bears the smallest resemblance to any part of the Mosaic cosmogony*, torture the interpretation to whatever extent we may." (p. 250.)

With the question of the Mosaic Cosmogony is closely bound up the Sabbath question, for some of the supporters of the view of an absolute obligation to "keep holy" a Sabbath-day, rest it rather on the hypothesis of a primeval institution than a Judaical one. If, in fact, the distribution of the work of creation throughout six days of four-and-twenty hours must be given up, it is difficult to see that any ground remains for the *primeval* institution. Geology reveals that the work of preparing the globe for the habitation of successive generations of men, had neither its commencement nor its conclusion in the week of the Mosaic cosmogony. "My Father worketh hitherto." There was, *then*, neither a beginning of making, nor a rest. Excellent as are Mr. Powell's observations on this subject, we shall, however, prefer to select a document from his Appendix, for the sake of showing how stationary, how reactionary, opinion has been in England under the increase of this puritanical influence; and that there is more even of ecclesiastical authority on the side of liberal views of the Sabbath than timid people suppose. After disputation held at the University Act in 1622, the learned Dr. Prideaux, then Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, gave his "determination" as follows:—

"1st. That the Sabbath was not instituted in the first creation of the world, nor ever kept by any of the ancient patriarchs who lived before the law of Moses; therefore no moral or perpetual precept, as the others are. 2nd. That the sanctifying of one day in seven is ceremonial only and obliged the Jews; not moral, to oblige us Christians to the like observance. 3rd. That the Lord's day is founded only on the authority of the Church, guided therein by the practice of the Apostles, not on the Fourth Commandment, nor on any other authority in Holy Scripture. 4th. That the Church hath still authority to change the day; though such authority be not fit to be put in practice. 5th. That, in the celebration of it, there is no such cessation from the works of labour required of us as was exacted of the Jews, &c. 6th. That on the Lord's day, all recreations whatsoever are to be allowed which honestly may refresh the spirits, and increase mutual love and neighbourhood among us," &c. (p. 243.)

"A very curious illustration of the extent to which has subsided the notion of miracles, as characterizing the revelations which God makes of himself to man, is to be found in a book called "The Stars and the Angels."⁵ The object of it is to harmonize *science and revelation*, not

⁵ "The Stars and the Angels; or, the Natural History of the Universe and its Inhabitants." London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1858.

by modifying or explaining away the so-called supernatural facts recorded in the Bible, but by taking them into a supposed order of things which science shall reveal. Nay, the most remarkable, or astounding facts, as they are usually regarded, of the Biblical narratives, are here maintained to furnish valuable contributions to science itself. The author considered, as he says, the continual retreat of Bible interpreters before the march of science to be due to their having occupied a false position; and he felt that the tone respecting the Bible must continue to be an apologetic one, until that position should be essentially altered. He thinks that "the idea that what is called the operation of the laws of nature, is less immediately the act of God than what is called miracle, has been too hastily admitted by theologians." And he was obliged to confess, that under such a view the argument for the being of a God was growing weaker and weaker, as law was discovered to embrace continually a wider and wider field. That is to say, that as most people imagined the best argument for the being of God to be taken from some evidence of *interference*, when the examples of interference were becoming absorbed in an observed system of order, there were scarcely any proofs of the kind desired remaining behind. To have lived to see the spread of such a conviction as this, *in the very teeth of the wind*, is a great point gained. Our present author even perceives that the principle of the operation by law lights up not only the history of *Creation*, but the history of *Providence*. He will, we doubt not, soon extend his view still farther, and perceive that it lights up also that region hitherto supposed to be altogether exempt from its operation—namely, the kingdom of *Grace*.

We should have attached some more importance to the book now before us, if the author had not comprehended in it some of his millennial, mesmeric, and phrenological views. We fear he is an eclectic of the coarser kind, whose *sagene* is content to gather in fish "of every kind, both bad and good." His speculations concerning Angels and Devils are more excusable, for he has set himself to reconcile the words of Scripture with some conceivable, imaginable order of the universe. His system is one of a hypothetical rationalism. The old rationalism attempted to explain the wonders in accordance with known mundane laws. This author suggests laws which may embrace supposed facts. He speaks in such a way as this of the "Bible's contribution to astronomy:"—

"The doctrine of the Incarnation, Resurrection, and Ascension of Christ is the grand connecting link between astronomy and a future state."

"The mystery of a merely spiritual existence is too dark to enable us to infer with any certainty a connexion between the universe of mind and the universe of space; but when we are assured that the body of Christ ascended into heaven, &c." "Nor is this the only human body there. Enoch, and Elijah, and the saints who rose after His resurrection, form, as it were, the members of the glorious visible court of heaven," (p. 24.)

But—we beg pardon, we ask for information—if Elijah is "as it were" in the "court," where, "as it were," are his chariot and horses! Mixed up with much really interesting matter, good popular illustrations of various astronomical facts and curious speculation, is a great

deal of most old-fashioned defence of the letter of Scripture. But it is very much to the purpose, and decisive of the real issue as to the authority of the letter of Scripture ultimately, that the facts of science are not ignored. The show of reconciliation which the author puts forth is like the raising of a smoke when an army burns its tents, to cover its retreat. As to the work of the six days' creation, however, scarcely a defence is made for the literal narrative. It is presumed to be a throwing into a "dramatic" form of truths, which could not have been understood by those for whom Moses wrote if they had been stated in accordance with scientific truth. In a narrative thrown thus into a "dramatic" form, whole groups of events are to be understood as designated by one striking feature. And the attempt is made upon the nebular hypothesis, to make the works of the days correspond with the periods of transition through which the globe would pass from the aeriform condition to that of an earth fit for man. On the amount of force which is necessary to bring the two records into agreement upon the author's hypothesis, we need not dilate. Yet this reflection does not seem to have occurred to any of these reconcilers—that, if the Mosaic hexameron contains a representation of the truth, as to the process of creation, whether under a visionary, "dramatic," or whatever other form—it never has proved suggestive of one single scientific discovery; and we cannot admit the parallel of a writing in cypher, for no key which science has yet found will pass that lock without forcing its wards.

Stahl is well known as a high-church Lutheran. He republishes two essays,⁶ one on the Union of Church and State, the other upon Church Discipline. In the first, he proceeds upon the assumption that the State, in the Christian countries of the West, has become what it is through the Church. It is intended to be inferred that Bonifacius and Augustine, representatives of the then Church, were the authors, to Germans and Saxons, together with their Christianity, of their social organization and political constitution; that as they were, and the Church through them, the authors of these benefits, there was thus contracted a compact between Church and State never to be dissolved—that the State, in fact, issued from the Church, and it is parricidal—nay, suicidal—for it to cast her off. Those who argue as Stahl does, are fond of representing that society has never been organized, except under some influence of the Christian Church—that to it have been owing the institution of marriage, and the appeal to oaths, both in contracts between the sovereign and his people, and between man and man. Yet every schoolboy must know that the obligation of the oath and of the marriage bond, in monogamy, was strictly observed in republican Rome; and although a promiscuous intercourse of the sexes has been attributed to the pagan Germans, it is probable, as alleged by a good authority,⁷ that it has been attributed to them from a misunderstanding of a national custom.

⁶ 1. "Der Christliche Staat." 2. "Vortrag über Kirchengenossenschaft." Von Friedrich Julius Stahl. 2te durchgestrichene Auflage! London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

⁷ "Gomer." By John Williams, Archdeacon of Cardigan.

But the chief practical fallacy in Stahl's argument is this— he begs for the union of Church and State, on the ground of the Church being the representative of the improved moral sense of humanity. The privileges of the union were gained by a moral force—they are to be retained in the service of a dogmatism. If the Church could be shown to be, in fact, the representative of the highest moral sense, as to which all the best men would be in unison, unmingled with dogmatism upon which the best men may differ, then Stahl's argument would be wonderfully strengthened. We may, however, recommend the essays as likely to be acceptable to those in this country who wish to see the most made of the historical argument.

An elegant volume, of which only 500 copies have been printed, is devoted to the memory of Estienne Dolet, one of the less known martyrs of the sixteenth century to the cause of free inquiry. He was born in 1509, and suffered in Paris, at the age of thirty-seven, on the very anniversary, as it is said, of his birth. He was a native of Orleans, and was sent to Toulouse, in his youth, to study the law. He was early in life devotedly attached to classical studies, and especially to the study of Cicero. While at Toulouse, he made himself obnoxious by his freedom of speech relative to the municipal authorities, and relative to the then recent execution of Caturece, burnt alive at Toulouse for the evangelical heresy in June, 1532. This Caturece was a reader in law at Toulouse, and popular with the students. Rabelais, contemporary with Dolet, and who on one occasion dined with him in company with Budæus, to celebrate his deliverance from one of his imprisonments, alludes to this execution of Caturece in the following passage:—

“ De la viuit à Toulouse où apprint fort bien à danser et de jouer à l'espee à deux mains, comme est l'usance des escholiers de la dicté université; mais il ne demoura guières, quand il veit qu'ils faisoient brusler leurs régeants tous vifs comme harenes soretz; disant, jà Dieu ne plaise que ainsi je meure, car je suis de ma nature assez altéré, sans me chauffer davantage.” (p. 44.)

Dolet's observations on the same act brought him into his first incarceration. During his life, he underwent four of these, of which the last ended in his execution on the Place Maubert, at Paris, as a relapsed atheist. Atheist he certainly was not, however far in other respects he may have departed from the orthodox doctrine. He was one of that noble band of bookseller-printers whose sympathies were with the Reformers; rather than with the Romish party; but Dolet was neither Calvinist nor Lutheran—he expressed himself in terms far more general than either of those Reformers on matters of religion. He was more in advance of his age than they—he was a *free-thinker*. The sentence passed upon him was, that he should be first strangled, and his body then burnt. But the executioner was empowered, by means of a horrible *retentum*, to force from him on the scaffold the following formula:—“ Mon Dieu, vous que j'ai tant offensé, soyez-moi propice; et vous aussi, Vierge Mère, je vous en conjure, ainsi que Saint-

* “Études sur le Seizième Siècle. Estienne Dolet, sa Vie, ses Œuvres, son Martyre.” Par Joseph Boulmier. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

Estienne; intercédéz là-haut pour moi, pauvre pécheur." The *retentum*, or secret part of a sentence, was in such cases of two kinds; sometimes it gave a discretion for abridging some portion of torture declared in the open sentence, sometimes for adding a severity, if the criminal showed himself contumacious, or "gave occasion for scandal" at the last. In the case of Dolet, the executioners had authority, in case of need, to superadd to the open sentence the tearing out of his tongue, and the burning of the sufferer alive.

In a certain sense a contrast may fairly enough be drawn, as in the title of a book above noticed, between Christianity and Judaism. Speaking from the Christian side, and speaking popularly, that which is spiritual, kindly, and flexible to the phases of humanity may be identified with the Christian, and that which is ceremonial, harsh, and unyielding, with the Jewish. But if we look at Judaism,⁹ as it has shown since the time of Moses Mendelssohn, that it deserves to be looked at, we shall see reason to think that such a distinction would be as uncharitable as unphilosophical. That Christianity has issued in times and places into a variety of developments, needs no illustration; and it is to be hoped, that in none of its present forms has it exhausted all its latent life and power of adaptation. The power of development belonged also to Judaism of old, and more recently it has evidenced that this power is not lost. To Sacerdotalism succeeded Prophetism, and some have thought that Christianity was in its origin no other than the ultimate form of prophetism. Moreover, Mosaism was developed into Pharisaism; but, unhappily, that which was capable of supplying a supplement to the written law, and an equitable application of its precepts, became itself a dead and burdensome tradition. Nevertheless, Pharisaism distinctly recognised the principle of development, of adjustment to circumstances, of variation of observance according to events; and the fault of it as described in the Christian Gospel, was not in its principle but in its practice. Just as in practice, equity intended as a correction of law, may degenerate into a dry following of precedent. At least under the Pharisee period were developed, in doctrine, the belief in a resurrection, and in ecclesiastical discipline the supplemental worship of the synagogue, with interpretation of the original of the Old Testament into the vernacular. During the mediæval Christian period the oppression exercised on the Jewish people was such as to throw them back upon a strict Taluudism, from which they derived a rigid power of resistance. More recently, but not till within this hundred years, when the fruits of the Western Reformation began to be seen in a more charitable treatment of the Jew by the Protestant Christian, and when the Jew had been enabled to assert and make good his claim to be considered a citizen of the country in which he was born, other questions emerged within the bosom of Judaism itself, which never could have arisen there in times of persecution. The progress of these movements is described with perfect simplicity, but with perfect accuracy, tracing all the successive

⁹ "Geschichte des Judenthums von Mendelssohn bis auf die Gegenwart, nebst einer einleitenden Ueberschau der älteren Religions und Kelturgeschichte." Von Dr. S. Stern. London: David Nutt. 1857.

modifications of opinion and of practice which have taken place within Judaism itself in Germany, by Dr. Stern, in his most interesting work. He is convinced that Judaism has arrived at its present state by a series of concatenated developments, that it has still a problem to solve in the future history of the human race, which it will solve, as it can only solve, through an internal development of itself. He is of opinion, that the spirit of Judaism has not passed off into, nor been exhausted in the two great religions which have sprung from its root; and that it has not received its final expression either in Biblical or Talmudic writings. Some of the movements which we have above referred to, are likely to continue with growing force, though receiving local and temporary checks, such as the tendency to engraft upon the old synagogue worship, a worship in the vernacular. Other movements may for the present be considered as premature, such as that for observing the Jewish Sabbath on the same day as the Christian. Yet it cannot be without important consequences, that at the celebrated meeting of the friends of reform in Frankfort-on-the-Maine in the autumn of 1842, the following resolutions should have been come to:—

“1. We recognise in the Mosaic religion the capability of an unlimited improvement. 2. The collection of controversies, commentaries, and precepts, commonly known by the name of the Talmud, has no authority for us either in a dogmatical or practical view. 3. We neither expect nor desire a Messiah to conduct the Israelites back to Palestine. We recognise no fartherland but that to which we belong through birth or citizenship.”—(*Stern*, p. 265.)

Assemblies of Rabbins were held in Brunswick in June, 1844, and in Frankfort-on-the-Maine in July, 1845, in the hope of giving an authorized shape to desired reforms. They did not attain so far; at least nothing practical followed, although resolutions were passed affirming the necessity of a reform of public worship, of the preparation of devotional books for domestic use, and for the establishing of a theological faculty. A third meeting in Breslau remained equally without effect. And these assemblies of Rabbins with the best and even liberal intentions, were unable to seize the opportunity which seemed to be presented of setting authority at the head of the reform movement. Meanwhile a local Reform Union in Berlin had carried out, with influential adhesions, some cultus-reforms. But a more important impulse was given to the reform movement by Stern himself by his lectures, “*Ueber die Aufgabe des Judenthums und der Juden in der Gegenwart.*” In vindicating a future for Judaism, he does not tear himself away ruthlessly from the past. To every true Jew, the memories of the past history of his race will be heart treasures, such as are the inheritance of no other people. The friends of Jewish reform, while they contend against Talmudism on the one side, contend against Indifferentism on the other. And very differently from what might be expected from some of their movements, they show no disposition to coalesce with Christianity. In this respect Mendelssohn, who was the source of modern Judaism, presented likewise its true type; he was both true Jew and true German. The Reform Union of Berlin, founded in 1845, soon numbered two thousand members. Its

principles were those enunciated by Stern, who was for ten years the president of its committee of fifteen. The Reform Union in one year's time from its foundation, accepted a prayer-book in German, mainly the production of Stern, and according to which public worship was conducted on the 2nd April, 1846, in the presence of one thousand members. From this service were omitted the hitherto customary prayers for the return to Jerusalem, for the restoration of the daily sacrifice, for the transmission of merits of ancestors to their posterity. As a part of public worship, and with forms provided in the *Gebetbuch*, were included the religious acts proper to domestic events, such as the blessing of the newly born, of the confirmed, of the married, and prayers for the sick. A system of school instruction is likewise part of this reformed organization, and from thirty to forty young people are annually confirmed in its connexion. What is extremely worthy of remark is, that of its average number of two thousand members, not one since the constitution of the congregation has passed over to Christianity. For those who desire a comprehensive view of the ancient history and phases of Judaism, as well as a clear statement of the problems now at issue within the bosom of that people, brought as it is at present into actual contact with the rest of the world, we can earnestly recommend the work of Dr. Stern to their perusal. We have read it with much attention, and on page after page of it, both of the earlier and later portions, could have dilated with much pleasure. There is not a word in Dr. Stern's book which can be offensive to the professors of another creed. In this respect we must say, to the honour of his co-religionists, that he is not singular. Yet it is no little credit to him and them that the memory of past oppression and the sense of intrusion on the part of narrow-minded Christian enthusiasts, provokes so little expression of irritation. Dr. Stern's labours are devoted to effecting a regeneration within Judaism itself, in order to bring it into correspondence with the existing state of the world without; and we think that other liberal Jews will do well to apply themselves to a like labour, and to accomplish that end more or less in all countries, rather than speculate upon what may be hereafter the ultimate "mission" of the Jew in the history of religion.

The most distinguished person connected with a movement in Judaism on a different principle from that of the Berlin Communion, on the hierarchical principle of reform as distinguished from the congregational, is the learned Dr. Geiger.¹⁰ He is the head of the New Rabbinical party. Dr. Geiger is not yet fifty years old, a native of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine; he there received his first education, and afterwards completed it at Bonn. His studies early embraced the whole range of literature, Oriental, classical, and modern. In 1835, he was appointed Rabbi at Wiesbaden, where he became the editor of a theological periodical. His leading idea in this undertaking was to demonstrate, by historical and philological researches, that Judaism has been the growth of time, subject to variations and developments, absorbing new

¹⁰ "Urschrift und Uebersetzungen, der Bibel in ihren Abhängigkeit von der inneren Entwicklung des Judenthums." Von Dr. Abraham Geiger, Rabbiner der Synagogen-Gemeinde in Breslau. London: D. Nutt, 1857.

elements and discarding others. A process which has been going on in Judaism as far back as any investigations will reach, cannot be unlawful in the present day. In order to carry this on rightly, and in adaptation to modern circumstances, is requisite first, an enlightened view of the past, a better knowledge, in fact, of the Talmudic literature itself. Dr. Geiger has therefore striven, though hitherto without success, for the erection of a theological faculty; his position is not a popular one, and only to have been maintained by a person of his undoubted singleness of purpose and profound learning. He holds aloof, as we have said, from the congregational movement, and the more conservative among the Rabbis hold aloof from him. His present work consists of an inquiry into the original form of the Old Testament text, and more especially into the inferences to be drawn from the variations presented or implied in the various ancient versions from it, in the various paraphrases and commentaries upon it. The existing manuscripts of the Old Testament, it is well known, are but of modern date. The oldest known Hebrew MS. being of the date of 843, is an imperfect Pentateuch roll, and there is a MS. of the year 916, containing the three greater and twelve lesser Prophets. No others are as yet known older than the eleventh century. The variations, therefore, in the Bible text itself can throw but little light on the history of its origin, or on the transitions of Jewish opinion. But from the formation of the LXX version in the third or fourth century before Christ, to the last revision of the Babylonian Targum in the eighth century of our era, is embraced a period of at least a thousand years. And the labours of the translators, revisors, and annotators indicate, with more or less certainty, the state of the text as they severally had it before them. The considerable variations so indicated have not received the attention which they deserved from Christian critics. The early Christians, indeed, using for the most part the version of the Seventy, attributed its discrepancy from the then Hebrew text to the falsification by the Jews of their own Scripture. But after the Vulgate had established itself in Western Christendom, the original Scriptures were less and less remarked. It did not occur to any that there could be any uncertainty in the text itself from which a version of such authority had been made. And since the Reformation, in each country of Western Europe, the local vernacular has been to it a Vulgate, intercepting inquiry into the history of the document which it undertook to represent. At the root these variations may be attributed in a rough way to the parties who are known to us as the Pharisees and Sadducees. These were not, properly speaking, "sects," but rather national or political parties. They may not only be traced, with more or less probability, to the time of the return from the Babylonish captivity, but also identified with the old priestly and prophetic parties before it. But we can only further refer for Dr. Geiger's own views concerning the descent of these parties, and their influence upon the Bible text, to his work, which will well repay the attention of the advanced biblical critic, whether he be able to adopt or not all the conclusions of the learned author.

The purpose of the work by Herr Ribbeck, entitled "Donatus

und Augustinus,"¹¹ is to illustrate, from a portion of the works of Augustine, the principle which lies at the root of Separatism. For Schism is to be distinguished from Heresy, in its root. The latter is an intellectual deviation relative to the (assumed) true doctrine, concerning divine truths taken objectively. It may lead to separation, but does not issue from a principle of separation. On the other hand, a principle of separation lies at the root of schism properly so-called, and is found in the excess of the individual subjectivity. Intellectual contradictories as to doctrine, of which each must be heresy to the other, do not necessarily involve breach of charity or of moral union. For each of two persons holding opposite opinions may esteem the other morally faultless if the conclusion to which he has come; but the excess of subjectivity by which a man is persuaded that he is the measure of good and truth absolutely, necessarily isolates him from all communion with others. The earlier divisions in the Christian Church were heretical divisions; from Montanus and, more distinctly from Donatus, sprang the effects of schism properly so-called. The questions of discipline upon which the Donatist separation took place, arose out of the Decian persecution and its consequences: but whatever rule should be observed as to the re-admission or otherwise of apostates in their various grades into the church, must ultimately apply to the lapsed in any sense. And out of the questions of reconciliation and sufficient penitence, arose also that much wider one, whether the Church of Christ is a visible or invisible one; and out of the severance between the Donatists and Catholics, the further dispute concerning re-baptization. In the portion of his controversial works here passed under review, Augustine maintains the more reasonable and more moderate views. And there is much in Herr Ribbeck's review of these controversies which will be very pleasing to many Anglicans. He writes from the standing-point of the Evangelical Church, apart from Rome, and strongly on his guard, at the same time, against excessive individualism. He would desire to see a resurrection of the organization of the visible church, not a spread of strong subjective impressions among believers, which only tend to indefinite separations—

"Our century," he says, "is the very century of 'societies.' Would that it might proceed so far with its principle of association, as that the Christian Church itself should once more become the most important of all societies, not for its own sake, but for the sake of the kingdom of God. The Church which the Lord has founded—which he loves—which he wills that his people should love, is not only the invisible communion of believers, but also an organization of members externally visible; and though, from the unsevered Church of the early centuries, from the Church of Augustine, the Romish Church has issued, *abusus non tollit usum.*" (p. 299.)

To those who interest themselves in the early Christianization of these islands, a little book, by Mrs. Webb,¹² will afford pleasure. Dr. Merle

¹¹ "Donatus und Augustinus oder der erste entscheidende Kampf zwischen Separatismus und Kirche." Ein kirchenhistorischen Versuch von Ferdinand Ribbeck. Erste Hälfte. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

¹² "Annotations on Dr. D'Aubigné's Sketch of the Early British Church, with a development of some important Missionary Efforts of the Ancient Scots. And

D'Aubigné has been hasty on some points which did not seem to him of much importance; or we can even understand, that on the point in which this lady corrects him, a prejudice in favour of Scotland, and an inattention to the fact that the Scots were themselves derived from Ireland, may have misled him. There is no doubt that the missionary establishment of Iona or Icolmkill, was an establishment by men who came from the country we now call Ireland, for the evangelization of that which we call Scotland. Whether Scythians, or descendants of Scota, they were the original Scots. The origin of the Irish alphabet is a point more open to dispute, and the probability of the round towers having been intended as repositories for the wooden writing tablets, we must leave to the discussion of Irish antiquaries.

The point of departure for the Scotch school of philosophers was the scepticism of Hume, and round it as a centre it is, likely to revolve, owing more thereto than it has at all times been ready to admit. Professor Fraser¹³ not only acknowledges the historical fact, but he confesses the necessary presence of a sceptical element in any rational philosophy. He thinks, perhaps, that he overcomes or supersedes it, but he admits fully not only the historical but the philosophical value of scepticism, as antagonistic to extreme doctrines. The small volume now published by Mr. Fraser on *Philosophical Method*, is an expansion of a lecture read by him last winter at the opening of his academical course, and he intends it primarily to serve as a syllabus or outline of the course itself which he proposes to mature. Logic and metaphysics embrace each the other, accordingly as we depart from mind to ascertain what it can reveal to us of being, or in a theory of being comprehend mind. The latter method is only available in a didactic way, as one teaches grammar by rules which are subsequently to be verified; but it is a method which in this subject matter is to be avoided, lest it should load the pupil with prejudices which he may not be able afterwards to cast off. The departure must be from the mind itself, both for the study of its own laws, and of the laws of Being apparently external to itself. What "phases, then, of Rational Philosophy are logically possible?" Systems of philosophy Mr. Fraser considers to have been not so much conflicting as conspiring, and to be distributable as follows:—1. Constructive systems of Realism, and these either idealistic or materialistic. 2. Contradictory or sceptical systems. 3. Systems of insoluble or Catholic Realism. The terms "sectarian" and "catholic" are, we think, peculiarly unhappy; by the former are meant, as far as we understand, one-sided or incomplete systems; by the latter, systems founded on, or verifiable by, the universal sense of mankind. The course, then, of which the present tract forms an outline, is to present a system of catholic or insoluble realism. The term insoluble will be sufficiently explained by the following extract:—

an Essay on the First Introduction of Alphabetical Writing into Ireland." By M. Webb. Remarks introductory from Archbishop Wlately. London: Wertheim and Mackintosh. 1857.

¹³ "Rational Philosophy in History and in System: an Introduction to a Logical and Metaphysical Course." By Alexander C. Fraser, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh; Constable. 1858.

"It proposes to offer proof that real existence—which may in some of its phenomena or phases be, directly or indirectly, apprehended in consciousness—is ultimately incomprehensible by finite intelligence. It concludes that we are bound, both by our speculative and our moral faith, as purely rational and also as responsible beings, to believe what we cannot comprehend in thought; and that every thorough-going metaphysical analysis of the objects of belief—presented in the external or internal world—must, in its issue, awaken the feeling of this intellectual and moral obligation." (p. 60.)

And again, on the function of faith:—

"We cannot believe that time now occupied was ever empty; we must believe that existence is without beginning or end. On the other hand, we cannot conceive endless (i.e., illimitable or infinite) existence. . . . Existence, intelligible as presented in finite time, becomes through the irresistible belief that it is endless—inconceivable and unrepresentable—in a word, Infinite." (p. 109.)

Upon these passages we would observe, that it is not precise to say we believe that which we cannot comprehend—rather, we believe that there is something which surpasses our comprehension. And this belief, it must be well noted, is not an equivalent for knowledge—it does not transmute the unknown into the known. We know, as far as our cognitions and inferences of reason carry us; we have a *feeling* that there is something beyond—duration and space beyond the time and space which we can measure, and something which we call cause beyond the uniformity of sequences which we can observe; but we cannot build upon this feeling or sentiment as if it amounted to a proof, as if it enabled us to penetrate into the nature of the Unknown—as if it could, strictly speaking, reveal existence without the intervention of experience. On the whole, we are gratified to find that the sceptical element in philosophy meets with so much recognition from Professor Fraser, and we trust that he will not be led astray from the subjects proper to his chair by any inducement to make excursions into the regions of theology.

The Lectures upon Hegel by R. Hayn¹⁴ have been at different times delivered by him in the University of Halle. He has had many advantages for throwing his conspectus of the philosophy of Hegel into a historical form. The family of Hegel placed at the author's disposal an immense mass of Hegel's manuscripts, although perfectly aware that it was not his intention to form out of his materials an uncompromising panegyric. The lectures trace at least so much of Hegel's personal history as can be supposed to have exercised any influence on the forms of his philosophy. Touching on his Swabian origin—and the wine of the Neckar is not more distinguishable from that of the Rhine, than the hearts and intellects of the southern from those of the northern Germans,—circumstances of education and life are then noticed which gave its bent to the growing tree. Luther himself was a southern, modified, sharpened by the necessities of Protestantism. As a boy, Hegel was heavy, painstaking, and pedantic, showing as yet no

¹⁴ Hegel und seine Zeit. Vorlesungen über Entstehung und Entwicklung, Wesen und Werth der Hegelschen Philosophie." Von R. Hayn. London: D. Nutt. 1857.

powers of reflection ; and at the sentimental age, and in the height of the sentimental period, no sentimentalism was awakened in him. The "Werther" and the "Robbers" made on him no impression. His classical studies, and particularly his theological ones, at the University of Tübingen, had more influence ; and the problem of the plan of Christianity in universal history seems very early to have presented itself to his mind. His correspondence with Schelling, before he himself settled at Jena, is among the material to which the present work owes some particulars beyond those given in Rosenkranz. The obvious historical connexion of Hegel's system is with Schelling's. But Herr Haym describes it prettily enough, "wie eine glatte Kugel die sich leichter rollen als fassen lässt." The universe is living law or Spirit (*geist*), developing itself in the natural and ideal worlds. The absolute is pure thought, which differences itself under the conditions of space and time, and returns, as it were, into itself by reflection on its own developments. We cannot, however, recognise in this more than an expression or formula under which to represent the universe ; nor are the proofs or steps upon which it is established more than illustrations taken from the finite, and applied to the infinite. Nevertheless, if Hegel has not found the key to the great enigma of the universe, he has rendered good service in habituating thinkers to consider of the universe as of a whole, and its parts all coherent and all mutually essential. He has accomplished this for a large number of readers who would be repelled by his other works, in the "Philosophy of History." A translation of this work is one of the most valuable issues which have appeared in Mr. Bohn's Philosophical Series. The lectures from which the book is compiled were delivered at first in 1822, and for the last time in 1831, the year of his death. The translation is made from the second edition of 1840 :—

"That the history of the world, with all the changing scenes which its annals present, is this process of development and the realization of Spirit,—this is the true *Theodicea*, the justification of God in history. Only *this* insight can reconcile Spirit with the history of the world—viz., that what has happened, and is happening every day, is not only not without God, but is essentially His work." (p. 477.)

POLITICS, SOCIOLOGY, AND EDUCATION:

THE defence made by Carlo Poerio,¹ "whose name is synonymous throughout Italy for chivalrous honour and unflinching patriotism," at any time deserving of serious perusal, has a double claim on our attention when the trial of our own countrymen before the tribunal of Neapolitan justice is impending. The translation of this state- and argumentative monologue is made from an original document presented

¹ "Carlo Poerio and the Neapolitan Police. The Defence made by the Nobleman on his Trial before the Grand Court of Naples in 1851, with Extracts from a Manual of Private Instructions." London: Hatchard. 1858.

to an English lady of rank at Naples by an Italian gentleman, who rescued it from official destruction. Annexed to the speech of the distinguished and unhappy nobleman are extracts, selected by Count Saffi, from an unpublished manual of private instructions to the police, issued by the King of Naples, and secretly circulated among the subaltern functionaries of the State. These instructions prove the violation by the Neapolitan Government of "the most elementary rules of legality; the institution of special commissions; the conversion of the most credulous rumour into a ground of arrest; the enforced secrecy of the defence and trial of the accused; the infliction of corporal punishment on prisoners, and its extension to persons implicated in political demonstrations; and the establishment of a system of surveillance in which domestic relations are coerced into instruments of espionage. Mr. Gladstone's vindication of Poerio, in his celebrated letters to Lord Aberdeen, in 1851, is so familiar to every Englishman, that it would be an anachronism to detail the circumstances of the case. Poerio's many noble qualities, his moderation and self-respect, his courage and disinterestedness, his high intelligence and moral refinement, may be inferred from his manly, sedate, eloquent, and conclusive defence. We recall only the permanent result of his prosecution. Poerio, "the sincere and zealous supporter of virtuous liberty," arrested on a frivolous pretext, was condemned in 1850 to twenty-four years' imprisonment in irons. The recital of the hardships which he and his fellow-prisoners endured in the loathsome dungeon of Nisida, in 1851, thrilled Europe with horror. Six years have passed since he stood in the felon's uniform of guilt, to receive that sentence of judicial iniquity, and he still languishes—the champion of constitutional freedom—the martyr of high and generous principle—the calm, intrepid assertor of right—grand in his patience, beautiful in his serene fortitude. He still languishes, and is likely to languish; for England remonstrates and retires, and Europe connives or approves. In such a crisis may we not pause and ask, if democratic desperation create crime, which even brotherhood in opinion must denounce and punish, though the tears fall the while, what creates democratic desperation? Is it not the endless sense of hopeless and despotic wrong, of royal falsehood and injustice unproved, of legal profligacy unrestrained?

The object which Mr. Macleod proposed to himself in writing the "Elements of Political Economy,"² was to establish the new conceptions and principles propounded in his "Theory and Practice of Banking." The present work accordingly appears to have all the merits and demerits of his more elaborate treatise. There is the same clearness of exposition, the same fullness of information, the same lucid if redundant language, which characterized the former work; nor do we fail to recognise the same intellectual arrogance, the same overweening self-esteem, and the same discourteous treatment of previous inquirers, whose views differ from his own, which were so noticeable in his more pretentious production. Mr. Macleod, conforming to the definition

² The "Elements of Political Economy." By Henry Dunning Macleod. London: Longman and Co. 1858.

given by Archbishop Whately of political economy, first decides that the true object of this science is "the discovery of the laws that regulate the exchangeable relations of quantities." He then defines and explains the technical terms in general use, investigating the meaning of such words as currency, capital, credit, production, supply, and consumption, before determining the principles which preside over the adjustment of these economic quantities. In the second section of the present work, Ricardo's theory of rent is condemned, and the inference which he deduces from it pronounced erroneous. A disquisition on credit follows, in which Mr. Macleod enters the lists against the entire body of writers in France and England—from Turgot to J. S. Mill—and maintains that "the property in this country represented by different forms of credit, and amounting to 600,000,000*l.*, has a separate and independent value over and above, and perfectly distinct from, money or commodities, and has the most thorough conviction that he is right." The arguments, however, which he adduces have failed to convince us that credit, as usually understood, is anything more than a transfer of capital, or that it has any efficacy but that of stimulating productive activity. The grand classical problem, the theory of the exchanges, is next considered; and as the basis of the received doctrine is too firmly laid to be called in question, the subject admits of less originality, and displays personal antagonism. An examination of the various currency doctrines ensues, and is succeeded by an interesting and able historical sketch of the English monetary system. This final division exhibits the action of the Bank of England in all the great money crises from 1783 to 1857; explains in detail the Bank Act of 1844; and recommends, as the unique method for the due regulation of the paper currency, a proper settlement of the rate of discount by law.

Lord St. Leonards, by the publication of his admirable manual,³ has established a claim to the lasting gratitude of those persons who, although utterly ignorant of law, are compelled to exercise their own judgments on legal points. The form selected for the embodiment of a large amount of general law knowledge, of an extremely practical character, is that of letters. These letters are written, not in the dialect or style of a legal Dryasdust, but in the language and manner of a shrewd and disciplined man of business, thoroughly conversant with his subject, and having an accurate perception of the public wants and requirements. Plain straightforward statements of fact, and lucid explanations of difficulties, are conveyed in simple, nervous, Saxon, by one whose attested superiority, as a master of law, confers on his luminous exposition an authoritative character that inspires confidence in his decisions. The subjects reviewed are sales and purchases; conjugal rights on property; judicial separation and divorce; parental power over children; mortgages; leases; wills and settlements. The effects of time in barring charges, the peculiarities of Church patronage, and the liabilities of trustees, are briefly but perspicuously exhibited; and

³ "A Handy Book on Property Law, in a Series of Letters." By Lord St. Leonards. Second Edition. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1858.

the operation of recent enactments, as that of the succession duty, the new law of divorce, the law relating to the punishment of fraudulent debtors, is described with a plainness of speech which will make Lord St Leonards' manual particularly acceptable to a public unacquainted with the terminology of the law.

The Academy of Sciences and Literature at Bordeaux proposed in 1855 the following thesis as a subject for a prize essay.—“The effects produced by the subdivision of land on the individual possessor and society at large, and the means of remedying its inconveniences, if any, without prejudice to the rights of the proprietors of the soil.” Two years after, the gold medal was decreed to the Essay now before us.⁴ M. Piogey commences his inquiry with a historic sketch of the subdivision of land, traces its origin, and proves that it existed long before the revolution of 1789. He then describes the course and progress of the *morcellement*, and argues that property, under the law that regulates its succession in France, has a natural tendency to concentration rather than diffusion. One characteristic fact deserves citation. “During a period of thirty years, the sum total of *parcelles*, both connected and unconnected with building enterprize, increased only 1,000,000; while those which were wholly unattached actually decreased 2,504,000.” (pp. 40, 41.) M. Piogey next surveys the French Law of Succession, maintaining the subordination of economic science to moral and social requisitions, and treating equality of inheritance and enfranchisement of the land and its proprietary as the natural consequences of the reaction of the philosophical principles of liberty and equality on the Civil Law. Defending his position against Malthus, Le Play, and other opponents, he describes the result of this general partition of the soil, and illustrates his theory by numerous historical instances of the moral and physical advantages attendant on “*la petite culture*,” and the disadvantages that accompany “*la grande culture*.” Including in his critical estimate “*la moyenne culture*,” he decides, after “impartial examination,” that each method has its peculiar superiorities, depending on the character of the country or district in which it is pursued, and that no exclusive theory is in possession of the truth. In the remaining portion of the Essay he enumerates the imperfections of the *morcellement*, and suggests appropriate remedies, the most important consisting in an extension of the associative principle, by an aggregation of families, with allotted functions, under the presidency of a common master appointed by election.

In political literature, India continues to be the engrossing topic of the day. Miss Martineau's Suggestions on its Future Government,⁵ written with her customary vigour and decision, is designed as a supplement to her admirable compendium of “British rule,” and may be described generally as intended to convey information on the difficulties of legislating for India; to prepare the public mind for calm and grave deliberation, by previous inquiry, based on parliamentary investigation;

⁴ “Du Morcellement du Sol en France.” Par M. J. Piogey, Avocat. Paris: Auguste Durand, Gillainin, et C^o. 1857.

⁵ “Suggestions towards the Future Government of India.” By Harriet Martineau. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1858.

and to exhibit the claims on our forbearance and grateful appreciation of "a ruling body which has done more for its clients than any other form of government ever did before." The pamphlet consists of three principal sections, with their several subdivisions. In the first section, the conditions of the Indian case of the Anglo-Indian and English case are passed in review. The Indian case comprehends territorial dimension,* extent of population, ethnological characteristics, and an Asiatic political experience. The resources of the country are pronounced practically unbounded; attention is drawn to conflicting attributes of bodily and mental organization in the occupying nations and tribes, to their unreasoning reverence for a legendary Past and obstinate adhesion to a reputed *Celestial Politique*, and their consequent incapability to comprehend English ideas of government, or adopt representative institutions. The conditions of the Anglo-Indian case are the intellectual arrogance of the English, fostered by the consciousness of superior cultivation, and the errors that have impaired the Company's rule—namely, its monopolizing predilections, and its unnecessarily protracted policy of exclusion. Popular ignorance and one-sidedness, and precipitate public opinion, form the conditions of the English case. "Turn where we may, we can find no comprehension of the magnitude of the Indian question—no familiarity with the particulars of the theocratic form of religion, or the philosophy of national manners and customs." In the second section, Miss Martineau indicates the task to be done. The primary hypothesis for the creation of a higher and happier state lies in the elevation of the native intellect to the conception of a fundamental law which shall serve as the basis of social and political life. Its specific essentials are Independence of the Judiciary, Liberty of Opinion, Freedom of the Press, Religious Equality, a Military Police and Equitable Taxation, combined with a system of European Colonization, with our public works in Hindostan for its radiating centres. The tenure of land is then considered, and the mischiefs and perplexities of previous arrangements are discussed. An education based on realities, to teach the Hindoos things, not words, is recommended; and the dreams of religious conversion and metaphysical exploration are deprecated. In the third section, the question of the Future Government of India is directly entertained. While warning us against the evils of sudden change and chimerical schemes of imperial rule, the author acknowledges that the double Government as now constituted does not work well, the power of the Directors being little more than nominal, and that of the Board of Control and its President excessive. The conservation of the Anglo-Indian body, as a medium between India and the Home Government, is advised; and the substitution of a Secretary for the Company denounced. Proceeding from the legislative to the executive department, the necessity of an "individual potentate," whether Governor-General or bearing some other title, is maintained; while among the improvements anticipated, are the appointment of rulers with actual experience of Indian life, and the devolution of legislative

* Page 9: 837 square miles is a misprint for 837,000 square miles.

powers for transacting business of minor importance on a Council in India formed of Anglo-Indians outside of the official pale, and natives of adequate qualities and attainments.

An official document, whose title we subjoin,⁶ exhibits, without declamation, though not without display, the improvements in the revenue, judicature, legislation, and public works, introduced by the different governments which have administered Indian affairs for more than a quarter of a century. The suppression of Dacoitee or brigandage, Thuggee, Piracy on Arabian Seas, Infanticide, Suttee, and Traggā—a peculiar mode of extorting redress—are mentioned as instances of moral amelioration; while the projection and part completion of the Ganges Canal, the restoration of the Jumna Canals, the construction of the Godavery Anicut and the Great Trunk Road from Calcutta to Delhi, serve to illustrate the industrial progress of India. It would further appear that upwards of 4000 miles of railway have been sanctioned by authority, though, on the other hand, only a small section is open in each presidency, making about 400 miles in all—an insignificant contribution to locomotive communication, when compared with the 26,000 miles furnished by the United States, and even below that supplied by Cuban enterprize alone—500 miles.

"The Commerce of India"⁷ is an expanded and improved transcript of an Essay which obtained the Le Bas prize at the University of Cambridge in 1852. It evinces unusual care, and more than average erudition in the collection and arrangement of materials, presenting the reader with a panoramic view of the commercial history of the East. Pointing to the four routes of Oriental intercourse, and starting from the Persian Gulf, it shows how the great cities of Syria and Egypt acquired their character as centres of trade, records the commerce of the Tyrians with India, traces the passage of the caravans from Europe to the East, and closes its survey of ancient enterprize with the discovery of the Monsoon route by Hippalus. The commercial relations of the Venetians, Genoese, Portuguese, and Dutch with India, are clearly recapitulated; and a sketch of the results that followed the discovery of Vasco de Gama terminates with a statement of the actual and a prediction of the probable effects of the overland communication of modern times. An admittable epitome of the origin and growth of English rule succeeds; and the Essay closes with some general remarks on the present impoverished condition of India, and with urgent recommendations to increase the machinery of internal transit, as the sole ultimate expedient for the amelioration of our great Eastern dependency.

A Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan⁸ has been compiled by Dr. Hawks, in two

⁶ "Memorandum of the Improvements in the Administration of India during the last Thirty Years." London, 1858.

⁷ "The Commerce of India, being a View of the Routes successively taken by the Commerce between Europe and the East, and of the Political Effects produced by the Several Changes." By B. A. Irving, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. Bombay: Smith, Taylor, and Co.

⁸ "Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan, performed in the years 1852, 1853, 1854, under the command of Comd.

handsome quarto volumes, prefaced by a historical and scientific disquisition, enriched with geological, botanical, and ethnological reports, and furnished with carefully-executed charts and maps. The illustrations, which are very numerous, are plain and tinted lithographs, exhibiting considerable spirit and character. The origin, course, and results of this Expedition will be found in the following abstract:— On the close of the Mexican war, when American enterprise sought an extended arena, Japan at once occurred to stimulate curiosity and invite adventure. Commodore Perry took part in the discussion for establishing commercial relations with the East, and finally proposed a formal expedition to the Government of the United States. An imposing squadron of twelve vessels was promised; but wearied of the long delay resulting from official mismanagement, the Commodore sailed from Norfolk in the *Mississippi* alone, on the 24th November, 1852. After touching at Madeira, the Cape of Good Hope, and Mauritius, the *Mississippi* reached Singapore, where a portion of the promised squadron was formed. From Singapore the expedition proceeded to Macao. On entering the Yang-tse-Keang, three of the squadron went aground, and the *Mississippi* was saved by the power of her engines alone. From Shanghai, the Commodore proceeded to the beautiful and fertile island of Great Lew Chew, which, with its eponymous group of islands, thirty-five in number, by some assigned to China, appears to be really a dependency of Japan. The social and religious institutions, the manners and morals of the Lew Chewans, resemble those of Japan. On the morning of July 8th, the bold promontory of Idsu was seen rising loftily out of the sea, and the squadron came to anchor off the city of Uraga. Commodore Perry now adopted a bold and dignified policy, and found its justification in the success which attended it: During his first visit, which lasted only eight days, he obtained signal advantages for his country, and subsequently concluded a general convention of peace and amity between the United States and the empire of Japan, March 31st, 1854. This convention, which granted the ports of Simoda and Hakodadi for the reception of American ships, and legitimated American trade, exactly resembled that afterwards obtained by the Russians, and seems to have some points of superiority over that which was signed a few months later by Sir James Stirling, as the representative of Great Britain. Commodore Perry remained till the end of June in the Japanese waters, surveying the harbours, exploring the coast, and drawing up additional regulations. The expedition terminated on the arrival of the *Mississippi* at New York, April 23rd, 1855, and the final ratification of the treaty by the Senate. The two volumes now before us contain most valuable information relating to the empire and people of Japan. The empire consists of no less than 3850 islands, the principal of which is Nippon, and comprises 160,000 square miles. According to Dr. Fickering, the Japanese are of Malay descent; but, the more commonly received opinion is that

Commodore M. C. Perry, U.S.N., by order of the Government of the United States." Compiled from the Original Notes and Journals of Commodore Perry and his Officers, at his request and under his supervision, by Francis L. Hawks, D.D., LL.D., with numerous illustrations. Washington: Bevelly Tucker, 1856.

they belong to the Tartar family. The authentic history of the empire commences B.C. 660. The government presents the singular feature of having two emperors simultaneously—the one secular, the other ecclesiastical. The administration is a system of checks and balances founded on a secret espionage. Official failure is punished by death; and in view of so terrible a penalty, recoil from foreign communication becomes inevitable, and the very possibility of improvement is precluded. The primitive religion of Japan recognises the Sun Goddess as the supreme object of worship, but invests with a mediative function and local attributes a multiplicity of inferior deities, or deified men. A belief in a future state of rewards and punishments, in the necessity of moral purity and ritual observance, constitutes the *Sintoo*, or native creed. Buddhism under various forms prevails largely in Japan, but Christianity is in great disrepute. The industrial employments, scientific attainments, and artistic culture of the inhabitants challenge attention; and Japan, with its manufacture of silk superior to that of China—with its tropical plants in the south, and its products of the temperate zone in the north—with its metals, base and noble—its jewels and precious stones—promises at no distant period to attract to its shores the commercial armadas of America and Europe. The honour of initiating the negotiations that may ultimately open Japan to the world is claimed by the compiler of these volumes for Commodore Perry. The documents which he adduces appear to us to substantiate this pretension; and we doubt not that the “high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy,” to which he appeals, will not be wanting to convince Englishmen of the justice of his well-authenticated claim.

A German translation of a “Collection of Reports on the People, Religion, and Social Relations of China,”⁹ possesses a high antiquarian interest, and forms a welcome accession to the historical literature of the Celestial Empire. The unrestricted liberty enjoyed by the contributors of these valuable monographs at Peking, and their free, social intercourse with the most distinguished of its inhabitants, eminently qualify them for investigators, observers, and recorders of Chinese life and development. The opening Essay consists of a disquisition on Landed Property and its various tenures; it is followed by a Report of a Currency Committee, translated from the Chinese; and a document on Christianity in China, emanating from the new revolutionary dynasty. Then comes a notice of a Nestorian memorial-stone of the seventh century, discovered in 1625, whose antiquity seems authenticated by the language and form of character of the inscription, and which clearly establishes the introduction of the Christian faith into China by Bishop Oloben, and its legal protection by Tai-zsun, second Emperor of the House of Tau, A.D. 638. A record of the events in Peking on the fall of the Min dynasty, based on contemporary evidence, is succeeded by a curious account of the domestic usages of China, extracted from a native

⁹ “Arbeiten der kaiserlich Russischen Gesandtschaft zu Peking über China, sein Volk, seine Religion, seine Institutionen, sozialen Verhältnisse.” Aus dem Russischen nach dem in St. Petersburg, 1852-57, veröffentlichten original. Von Carl Abel und L.A. Mecklenburg: Erster Band. Berlin: F. Heinicke. 1858.

work, and describing the ceremony of the investiture of the cap for youths and of the head-dress for girls on reaching their fifteenth year; with a minute detail of marriage regulations, funeral rites, and mortuary observances. The principal remaining papers are on the Chinese abacus, Hong Kong, and the relations between China and Thibet.

A residence of eight years on the Western Coast of Africa, in a medical as well as consular capacity, amply justifies Mr. Hutchinson in the publication of his "Impressions."¹⁰ Briefly noticing Madeira, Sierra Leone, whose sanitary character he vindicates, and the Kru Coast, he describes at greater length the peculiarities of the settlements of Old and New Calabar, and reports the phenomena of river-trade on the Bight of Biafra. Thoroughly convinced of the possibility of supplanting slave by free labour, and of the high physical and moral qualifications of the negro race, Mr. Hutchinson argues that the resources of the African Continent are capable of a vast development by the native population. As a consequence of this development he anticipates an abundant supply of cotton, shea butter, and palm oil, taking little note of the ivory, gold-dust, or copper ore of the country. Of the intellectual and industrial expansion in the free settlement of Liberia he speaks admiringly, but is inclined to be incredulous of its future prosperity, solely, however, on account of the ill-chosen site of its chief town, Monrovia. Mr. Hutchinson's remarks on the different theories of malaria will be read with interest. His own opinion is, that the malaria of Africa is an earthy emanation, resulting from chemical changes in uncultivated land, and that it will disappear with the improvement of the soil. In the tenth and eleventh chapters of his book, Mr. Hutchinson furnishes us with a striking account of the superstitious belief and practices of Old Calabar. The natives recognise a Supreme Divinity, a local and tutelary god, sometimes impersonated in a tree, sometimes represented by a snake, and the Calabach deity Obu. They assert a doctrine of metempsychosis, attribute speech and other human endowments to the lower animals, and enthrone evil as well as good spirits in their pantheon.

Mr. Taylor, an American author, in his "Summer and Winter Pictures,"¹¹ portrays the characteristic features of the people and scenery of Northern Europe with a bold, manly, artistic grasp of conception, and a corresponding vigour and pictorial beauty of execution. Referring the studious and statistical reader to the appropriate works for the satisfaction of a scientific curiosity, he exhibits the life and manners of the people among whom he has travelled with singular richness and clearness of colouring. Equally successful is he in his tale of travelling incident and his sketches of landscape scenery. Of the sleigh ride through Norrland, the crossing of the Arctic Circle, the adventures among the Finns, the voyage along the coast of Norway, the visit to the Lofoden Isles, a trip to the Vöring Foss, and a tramp

¹⁰ "Impressions of Western Africa, with Remarks on the Diseases of the Climate, and a Report of the Peculiarities of Trade up the Rivers in the Bight of Biafra." By Thomas J. Hutchinson. London: Longman and Co. 1858.

¹¹ "Northern Travel. Summer and Winter Pictures of Sweden, Lapland, and Norway." By Bayard Taylor. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. 1868.

through Wermeland and Dalecarlia, we have a brisk and sparkling narrative, evincing great descriptive power. The glorious influence of the elastic, bracing temperature, the magical effects of the phantasmagoria of frost and snow, of the dazzling day with its sun that never sets, of the streaming lights of the aurora, the shifting, ever-varying hues of the evening and morning skies, and the wilderness of beauty which the winter forests opened up, are described with an exquisite felicity and opulence of expression. In his ethical delineation, Mr. Taylor bears witness to the simplicity, manliness, and self-control of the Finns; but pronounces the natives of the far North to be indolent, listless, and improvident. It is an error to suppose that the activity and energy of men increase with the increase of latitude. The touch of ice is like that of fire. The Pole benumbs as the Tropics relax; and nature, in the region of extreme cold, disappoints expectation, perplexes the arithmetic of daily life, and demoralizes man by undermining the rational basis of action—his power of prevision. Spiritual epidemics, with all their usual hysterical manifestations, are common in the North, and “the substitution,” to use our author’s forcible phrase, “of rockets and blue lights for Heaven’s eternal sunshine,” is openly encouraged by the missionaries. A short but striking chapter on the manners and morals of Stockholm confirms the report of previous observers, to the great discredit of the Swedes. The manners are a curious mixture of French courtesy and English ceremonial rigidity; while, under the moral category, Mr. Taylor informs us that half the registered births are illegitimate; that nine-tenths of the inferior class of women, and of more respectable parentage, are notoriously unchaste; and that the physical signs of excess in the men are more fearfully and numerously conspicuous than in Paris. On the other hand, the safety-valve establishment for securing the sanctities of domestic life is absolutely prohibited in the capital of Sweden. Next to sexual profligacy, the favourite vice of the Swedes is drunkenness. The consumption of brandy, which, mainly owing to the manufacture of beer and porter, is now on the decrease, “throughout the kingdom, six years ago, was nine gallons for every man, woman, and child, annually.” Religion seems to possess little regulating or deterring power. The Church of Norway and Sweden has few dissensions to combat, and is ossifying from sheer inertia. Yet even in these countries there are symptoms of that approaching separation of Church and State which marks the break-up of the old religions throughout the world. At Tromsøe, Pastor Lamers, a seceding clergyman, has a congregation of three hundred members, and contemplates the organization of a church in the island of Seljen. The sectarians of the North, who bear the names of the Haugianer and Läsare, and nearly correspond to our Methodists, may possibly, as Mr. Taylor anticipates, form the nucleus of an important dissenting community. The Norwegian Constitution deserves a passing word. It has now been in operation forty-three years. The Storting, or National Legislative Assembly, is composed principally of farmers, shrewd enough to consult their own interest primarily; but just and wise enough to keep the State free from debt, to encourage commerce and science; ever ready to erect asylums, hospitals, and

schools, but addicted to a vexatious and undiplomatic buttoning-up of breeches-pockets when proposals are made for increasing the army, or raising official salaries. There is no agricultural population in the world, says Mr. Taylor, which stands lower in the scale of chastity than that of Norway.

The author of *Die Pfälzer*,¹³ regarding his "Volksbild" as the completion of his previously published "Naturgeschichte des Volkes," has given us, in a series of interesting chapters, written in language tolerably facile and free from inversion, a portrait of the inhabitants of the Bavarian Palatinate, intended to combine ideal finish with fidelity to reality. The Palatinate he defines as a topographical fragment, without national integrity, but possessing a population which promises to mature itself eventually into a political whole. He sketches the configuration and resources of the country, the origin, and physical and mental constitution of its inhabitants, enumerates and describes its various monuments, considering them as illustrative of national qualities. A pleasant picture is then presented of the Rhine villages, which unite the romance of town and country, including, as they do, the houses of noble, burgher, and peasant, houses "where the windows peep through the vine leaves, and the large purple grapes hang down in beautiful festoons." The people in general seem to be a straightforward, kindly race, simple in habit, sparing of compliment, averse to display in costume, and gifted with so little appreciation of the grace or value of art, that even the Catholic portion would regard the introduction of foreign ornament into their churches as a profanation of their religion. The character of the people is pre-eminently individual, and free growth is allowed to most varieties of eccentricity. Persistency carried to obstinacy, self-assertiveness, superstitious predilections, dislike to every species of hierarchy, and tenacious adhesion to received dogmas, are among its distinguishing qualities. The peasantry seem to be indiscreet and improvident, and the minute subdivision of the land, concurrently with their foolish greed of possession, is apparently attended with very disastrous effects. They early become the prey of usurers, giving ten per cent. for advances made to them. The laws against usury are severe, and the trials for their violation are numerous, but the mischief still continues. In religion, the old creed of Rome, and the German and Genevan professions, share the popular sympathies; Calvinist, Lutheran, and Catholic living amicably together, though not without free interchange of hard traditional nicknames. A Church-union of Protestants is numerous supported, but is far from being universally recognised; and so little is the principle of toleration really comprehended, that Hengstenberg was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and pecuniary fine, in 1854, at Zweibruck, for having spoken contemptuously, in his *Kirchen-Zeitung*, of the principles and doctrines of the United Church. The Palatinate has, however, its free-thinkers, and even its "emancipated peasant," a species of religious Philister, unbelieving, enlightened, and defiant, who with both hands plunged in

¹³ "Die Pfälzer. Ein Rheinisches Volksbild." Von W. Biehl. Stuttgart und Augsburg: J. G. Cotta'scher Verlag. 1867.

his capacious pockets and cigar in mouth, boasts that he, too, has a faith, for he believes that six pounds of beef with a little water will make good soup; that he has a ceremonial, for he holds that in church-time to drink a glass in the ale-house is the best possible lustration with holy water; that he has a morality, for he practises fidelity and honesty, lodgings in the House of Correction being dear; and what he does not understand he does not believe, lodgings in a lunatic asylum being dearer still. Moreover, he concludes "'Tis a long way from earth to heaven, therefore stay on the earth and eat your victuals quietly, and like an honest man."

Les Pays des Basques formerly comprehending the three subdivisions of Labour, Basse Navarre, and Soule, and now included in the Département of Basses Pyrénées, are inhabited by a vivacious, industrious, frank-hearted, and impassioned race, numbering about 840,000. M. Michel, in his entertaining work "Le Pays Basque,"¹³ has collected much valuable information relating to this primitive people, their habits, literary productions, music, and language. The modern Basques are the descendants of the ancient Vascones, who held their own alike against Roman and Gothic invaders. Wilhelm Humboldt regards them as the representatives of the great nation of the Iberi, and has proved the affinity of their language with the Semitic, while M. Baudard, availing himself of the resources of comparative philology, has fully established its Iberian parentage. The Escuaca, or Basque language, M. Michel likewise refers to a very remote antiquity, and discovers in his etymological analysis traces of its derivation from a primitive race, once within the circle of the old Biblical tradition. The week, for instance, is named *aste*, or commencement, and the days of which it is composed are designated in accordance with their position, as the first, the middle, or last of the *aste*. The word *jingo*, familiar to profane ears, as an euphemistic form of adjuration, appears to be a genuine Basque appellation for the Supreme Being. Our author pronounces it to be the true indeterminate future of the verb *venir*, and sees in it a proof of the transmission to the Basque people of the Messianic Hope, affirming that the word really signifies *celui qui doit venir*. In the Basque tongue, again, *seme* signifies son, and M. Michel detects in this term an allusion to that son of Noah who was selected as the object of patriarchal benediction. Inconclusive as are all such arguments, grounded on mere verbal resemblances, there seems good reason for believing that the Basque language has, for its base an Asiatic or Semitic dialect, with an infiltration of Latin and German words. According to M. Michel, its area is rapidly contracting, and its eventual extinction, in no remote future, may be confidently predicted. It is important, therefore, to commit to writing all facts relating to the national life of the Basques, to conserve whatever is known of their legends, usages, past times, and superstitions. This service has in part been rendered us by the author of "Le Pays Basque." The chapters in which he has treated of the proverbs, dramatic representations, and popular poetry

¹³ "Le Pays Basque, sa Population, sa Langue, ses Mœurs, sa Littérature, et sa Musique." Par Francisque Michel. Paris: Librairie de Firmin Didot Frères. Londres et Edinbourg: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

of the Basques, will interest and delight the reader whose sole object is amusement, as well as attract the attention of the more earnest and philosophic student.

Mr. Ruskin, in two lectures¹⁴ delivered at Manchester in July last, and written with that tumultuous eloquence and fiery hurry of words which characterize his somewhat redundant style, has rather attempted than fulfilled the purpose which the title of his volume suggests. In the introductory pages of his first lecture, with a startling antagonism to the Divine authority, which pronounced a beatitude on submissive indigence, Mr. Ruskin has the manly audacity to vindicate the honour paid to wealth in the present age, and to protest against the Pagan contempt of riches and mediæval reverence for the spirit of poverty. He then recommends "trial schools," as the fitting instruments for the discovery of that artistic genius which "Providence sows broadcast, but which man must find and preserve." Under the head of application, the economist of art is enjoined to attend to three main points—variety, facility, and durability of work. With special reference to this last point, Mr. Ruskin anticipates the scorn of our descendants for "those wretched nineteenth-century people who kept vapouring and fuming about the world, doing what they called business, and they couldn't make a sheet of paper that wasn't rotten." Many of Mr. Ruskin's rebukes, as that on the prodigal expenditure for funerals, seem well deserved and well timed, and his remarks on practical or industrial art are large-hearted and judicious. While attaching great importance to beautiful dress, as one of the means of influencing taste and character, the author warns us that "as long as there are cold and nakedness in the land, splendour of dress is a crime." Accumulation and distribution are the commercially-sounding designations given to the subjects discussed in the second lecture. The author's principal positions are, that the science of nations is to be accumulative; that the present generation is to receive, to add, and transmit not what has a merely local value, but what is pure and precious, for the great Christian community of Europe; that arrangement in a public gallery is the best method of exhibiting pictures, but that private possession is also to be encouraged; that the rational limitation of price should be a first object, but that a really excellent picture, in danger of destruction, is to be purchased at any price; that art should be applied to all public buildings for education and trade, in illustration of the great general idea of the world's history, and to record the services which men belonging to the various branches of industry have rendered to their country. Mr. Ruskin fortifies and explains these positions by a collection of suggestive and occasionally valuable notes, in the shape of *addenda*, placed at the end of his book. The height and range of view, and nobleness of sentiment, which mark nearly all that he has written, are not wanting in the present half-æsthetic, half-plutonomical speculations.

The fresh vigorous breath, and the wholesome searching sunlight of

¹⁴ "The Political Economy of Art." By John Ruskin. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

intellectual day, begin to penetrate the dim religious shades of our university cloisters. Oxford, traditionally the most conservative of our ancient and hallowed scholastic establishments, takes precedence of her reputedly more liberal sister. On 18th June, 1857, she formally sanctioned the degree of Associate of Arts, and broke down the barriers which divided classical from practical learning; thus setting an excellent example, which Cambridge is happily following. The examinations instituted, in accordance with this decision, are to be annual, independent of any denominational test, and open to all youths, not members of the university, under eighteen years of age. Boys under fifteen, who succeed in the lower examination, will obtain a certificate; while youths under eighteen, who pass the higher, will receive the title of Associate in Arts. To extend and improve middle-class education, and to offer a nobler standard of thought and sentiment than that of the market to those whose vocation is essentially commercial, is the object proposed in the scheme initiated by Mr. Acland and Mr. Temple—a scheme which aims to bring the school system of England into a friendly dependence on the two great English universities. The subjects proposed for examination in the new programme for the year 1858 attest the genuine and hearty goodwill with which the University of Oxford accepts the invitation to meet the educational exigencies of the period, by the establishment of a system of instruction which shall engraft the physical sciences on the old classical studies. Those who wish for more detailed information on these points, may consult with advantage an abstract from a pamphlet on “middle-class education,” entitled “Some account of the Origin and Objects of the New Oxford Examinations.”¹⁵ Besides a general exposition of the scheme lately adopted, it contains several valuable letters by Messrs. Hullah, Dyce, Ruskin, and Richmond, on the connexion of the arts with general education, and selected papers relating to the West of England examination, where an inaugurative experiment has already been made.

SCIENCE.

IN the month of May, 1856, the Lords of the Admiralty, under the advice of the Astronomer Royal, entrusted Professor Smyth¹ with the conduct of an experiment of great scientific interest and importance, the object being to determine how far astronomical observation can be improved by planting the telescope above the lower part of the atmosphere, so as to eliminate the region of clouds. The Peak of Teneriffe was selected, as affording the most suitable locality for this

¹⁵ “Some Account of the Origin and Objects of the New Oxford Examinations for the Title of Associate in Arts and Certificates. For the Year 1858.” By T. D. Acland, late Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. London: Ridgway. Oxford: Parker and Son. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1858.

¹ “Teneriffe, an Astronomer's Experiment; or, Specialties of a Residence above the Clouds.” By O. Piazza Smyth, F.R.S.S.^{L.} and E., Professor of Practical Astronomy in the University of Edinburgh, &c. &c. Illustrated with Photo-Stereographs. Post 8vo, pp. 451. London. 1858.

experiment; and in carrying it out, Professor Smyth received no unstinted aid from numerous cultivators of physical science; Mr. Robert Stephenson placing at his disposal his yacht *Titania*, with all her crew, some of whom proved themselves most efficient and willing assistants; Mr. Pattinson, of Newcastle, contributing his large equatorial telescope; many others lending smaller apparatus—meteorological, optical, and magnetic, as well as astronomical; and others, again, furnishing suggestions not less valuable than instruments.

On the voyage out, trial was made of an apparatus for the suspension of a telescope, devised to counteract the angular motion of the ship, and thus to render telescopic observation possible at sea. However carefully a compass, a barometer, or a table may be suspended upon free-moving pivots (or gimbals), they are found always to partake of the angular motion of the ship's roll; and this, of course, renders it quite impracticable to keep the telescope directed to any fixed point. Every modification of the pendulum-principle had been tried without effect; and it had occurred to Professor Smyth that the principle of the *gyroscope*, which has for some years past much occupied the attention of physicists, might be applied with greater success. This principle is nothing more or less than that familiar to every one in the common spinning-top—namely, that when a heavy body is in rapid rotation around a free axis, this axis tends to retain its direction in space, and any attempt to change that direction is resisted. The heavier the rotating body, and the more rapid its rotation, the greater is this resistance; and thus, by freely suspending such an apparatus on board ship, it was anticipated that not only would the axis retain its own parallelism, but that if it were made to support a telescope, this instrument would remain unaffected by the angular motion of the ship. The rotating body was a wheel one foot in diameter and eleven pounds in weight; and this was driven at the rate of a hundred turns in a second, by two trains of wheels acting on either side of its axis. The apparatus seems to have answered perfectly. "All the rolling of the vessel could avail nothing against the power of the free-revolver principle. Adjusting the balance, and then bringing the sea-line on the wire of the telescope, it actually remained bisected for a considerable length of time." The sailors, eagerly entering into the novel interest of the result, worked the machine with such enthusiasm, that in their desire to surpass each "spin" by another yet more rapid, they broke the strong steel driving axles, each an inch in diameter; so the observation of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, and sundry other intended crucial experiments, were deferred to a future voyage. The result, however, was extremely satisfactory so far as it went.

On arriving at Tenerife, the astronomer's first care was to select a suitable position for his temporary observatory; and under local advice he chose Mount Guajara, the most elevated spot on the border of the gigantic crater, from the centre of which the peak rises. Up to this spot, 8903 feet above the level of the sea, he got his smaller or "Sheepshanks" equatorial and his meteorological apparatus conveyed, with the approval and assistance of the Spanish authorities, of whose liberality he speaks very highly; and here he first set up his tent and

his telescope. The result, however, was less satisfactory than had been anticipated; for although the atmosphere was quite free from clouds, its clearness was so impaired by a "dust-haze," that no very decided advantage was gained by the vertical elevation. It was therefore determined to try another station yet more elevated; and this could only be found on the peak itself, where a suitable locality was obtained at the vertical height of 10,700 feet, or more than two miles. To this spot the "Pattinson" equatorial was brought up with immense labour and difficulty; the necessities of the ascent requiring that it should be completely taken to pieces, so that its parts might be distributed from three boxes into thirteen. The instrument having been put together again on its elevated perch, its performance was found to be extremely satisfactory. Double stars and other difficult test-objects were resolved by it with such facility as to leave no room for doubt as to the immense advantage to be gained from such a position. The fine division of the outer ring of Saturn, a much disputed point, came out with singular distinctness; whilst the observations upon Jupiter gave results so remarkable as to deserve to be quoted in full:—

"The usual mere streaky bands which cross his disc became resolved in the telescope, under high powers, into regions of cloud. The brighter spaces were the clouds; and their forms were as characteristically marked, and were drifting along as evidently under the influence of a rotation wind, as the cumuli and cumulostrati which the terrestrial N.E. current was at that moment bringing past Teneriffe, before our eyes and under our feet. On each of three nights that I made drawings at the telescope of these Jovian clouds, the effect of the planet's rotation was abundantly evident; while in addition to this, there were minute changes in the relative positions and forms of the vaporous masses in either hemisphere that indicated as well the presence of winds, as the ephemeral nature of mist. Far more striking, however, was the testimony borne by the more constant forms of the cloud, seen best toward the equatorial part of the planet. At this tract one could not gaze long, without acquiring the impression of looking at a windy sky, the whole zone of vapour seemed to be in motion, while, from its ragged edge, portions were torn off and were driving along, some of them rolling over and over, and others pulled out in length and rearing up towards the fore-part, like a sailing-boat scudding before a gale." (p. 291.)

Since the publication, in a few words, by the Admiralty last October, of this discovery of cloud forms in Jupiter's belts, M. Babinet has stated that a similar result had been arrived at in the Paris Observatory, with an object glass of nine inches aperture; and in this country, Mr. Warren de la Rue has published an admirable plate of the appearance of Jupiter as seen in the excellent reflecting equatorial constructed by himself, of thirteen inches aperture; his forms of clouds, however, are by no means so clear as they were shown by the seven-inch refractor on Alta Vista.—The appearances presented by the moon received singular illustration from the phenomena of volcanic action, of which such grand examples lay within the terrestrial horizon. Some geologists have denied that the features seen by astronomers in the moon are to be considered as volcanoes; "but we," says Professor Smyth, "who duly noted the gentle external slope of some of these circular pits, their cliffy internal descents, their flat

floors, and their central peaks, had little doubt in our minds. Occasionally could be traced something much like a collection of stony lava-streams, which even the Spanish attendants, when looking by permission into the telescope, would call a Malpays. Generally, too, would they describe what they saw with the same terms that they employed for volcanic features of the mountain whereon we stood."

The astronomical problem which this expedition was sent out to investigate, may be considered as determined in the affirmative; since, although Professor Smyth has added but little to what was previously known, he has shown that much may be added, when proper arrangements shall have been made beforehand to profit by the peculiar facilities for observation presented by this elevated position. We have heard depreciating remarks as to the small amount of actual work done on this occasion; but we think that those who made them had not duly estimated the practical difficulties to be overcome, and the shortness of the time that remained when the great equatorial had at last been established on the Peak. It was not only to the heavens that Professor Smyth's attention was directed. Meteorological observations occupied a large part of his time, and many curious phenomena are recorded. The extreme dryness of the atmosphere produced most unlooked-for and embarrassing effects upon the wood-work of the instruments, and was not without unpleasant influences on the persons of the party. On the whole, however, they seem to have been remarkably free from any serious drawbacks either in health or comfort, and to have very much enjoyed the novel kind of life which their mountain elevation forced upon them. The account of their experiences is altogether very pleasant reading; and we have little doubt that no long time will elapse before we shall hear of some other enthusiastic astronomer, who, profiting by Professor Smyth's example, shall establish himself *en permanence* at Alta Vista, to the great advantage of Astronomical and Meteorological Science.

The volume is illustrated in a very novel and effective manner, namely, by a series of twenty pairs of stereoscopic photographs, or "photostereographs," as our author terms them, which may be viewed either by the folding "book-stereoscope," constructed by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra to fold up like a map, or by any ordinary stereoscope from which the ground glass can be taken out, so that the instrument may be superimposed on the pictures without the necessity of removing them from the book. Though these views cannot bear comparison, as pictures, with the admirable stereographs with which the public is now familiar, and although it is necessary in many instances to interpret them by the aid of the accompanying description, yet they have an immense advantage over the most beautiful illustrations that the draughtsman could furnish, in the fidelity with which they represent the remarkable scenery, and the various objects of interest, in the midst of which they were taken, and in those effects of solidity and of distance which no drawings can do more than suggest. How little truth is to be placed even in the most truthful artists, when representing forms with which they are not familiar, is curiously shown by the comparison of Professor Smyth's photographs of the great dragon-tree of Ortova

with the various portraits which have been given of it in works of various degrees of scientific pretension, most of them copies one of another, with more or less of approximation towards the type of ordinary European vegetation:—

“Never,” as he truly remarks, “was the debt that mankind owe to the inventors and organizers of photography more apparent than in the case of the dragon-tree. Artists, landing for a few hours from a ship, were appalled at the tangled mass of vegetation about the old dragonier, and made a sort of ideal tree, on a bare level surface. Nature, on the other hand, awed by nothing she has made, takes on the collodion-plate the whole scene with all its foreshortenings, all its groupings, as instantaneously as a flat wall.”

The toils of one of the most laborious scientific *litterateurs* in Germany, and therefore in the world, have been for ten years past directed to the compilation of a Compendious Dictionary,² which should include the names, residences, designations, and appointments of all persons who have attained any eminence in the mathematical and physical sciences, with the dates of their births and deaths, and references to their published works; thus combining within a narrow compass a vast amount of information, which can at present only be found, as regards the more eminent, in Biographical Dictionaries, and as regards those of humbler pretensions, by searching through vast piles of scientific transactions and journals. The work will doubtless be a most useful one, and the well-known character of its compiler is a guarantee that no pains will be spared in the collection of information from every available source. We have looked, in the part of the dictionary now before us, which reaches to Dirichlet, for many names of our own countrymen of various degrees of distinction in mathematical and physical science, and have found them recorded in their places, with all the information due respecting them and their works.

The special object of Mr. Jukes's Manual of Geology³ is stated to be “to enable the student to arrange in his mind and digest the knowledge he may acquire, either from the general treatises of Lyell, Phillips, De la Bèche, Ansted, Portlock, or Page, or from those great works of Murchison and others who have treated of more special portions of Geology.” It is much better fitted, by the large amount of condensed information it contains, to serve as a text-book for the pupil attending lectures on the subject, than for the private study of such as have no such opportunity of profiting by oral instruction. The whole of the portion which relates to physical geology is treated with unusual fullness; and more information is to be found here as to the composition and structure of rocks, and the various agencies by which their characters have been modified, than is contained in most treatises of

² “Biographisch-Literarisches Handwörterbuch, mit Geschichte der Exakten Wissenschaften enthaltend Nachweisungen, über Lebensverhältnisse und Leistungen von Mathematikern, Astronomen, Physikern, Chemikern, Mineralogen, Geologen, &c. aller Völker und Zeiten, gesammelt von J. C. Poggendorff, Mitglied der Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin. Bielefeldung. 8vo, pp. 575. Leipzig. 1858.

³ “The Student's Manual of Geology.” By J. Beete Jukes, M.A., F.R.S., Local Director of the Geological Survey of Ireland, &c. &c. 12mo, pp. 607. Edinburgh. 1857.

much larger dimensions. On the other hand, the Palæontological portion of the work is little more than a catalogue; a previous acquaintance with the principal forms of fossil plants and animals being counted on. This department would have been undertaken by Professor Edward Forbes, but for his untimely death; and we cannot but regret on every account that he did not live to carry out his intention.

From another accomplished geologist we have an admirable sketch of the geology of the neighbourhood of London,⁴ treated in such a manner as to bring before the reader, in language as little technical as possible, "all those leading geological phenomena which are within reach of all who care to observe,—to show how to proceed with an inquiry into the causes which produced them; by a careful study of effects,—and to give some insight into the chief objects of geological inquiry." This pamphlet is well worthy of being placed in the hands of every young resident in the metropolis and its neighbourhood, who has a taste for scientific inquiry.

A compact Dictionary of the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms,⁵ giving an account of the most interesting objects in each, with an explanation of the various terms used by authors in treating them, has been recently compiled by Dr. Baird, of the British Museum, for Messrs. Griffin, as a compendium to their "Cyclopædia of Physical Sciences," edited by Professor Nichol. After having tested this work, by turning up a number of names as they occurred to us, we are bound to say, that, under almost every head to which we referred, we found a summary of information as copious as the limits of such a compend could well admit, and, generally speaking, in accordance with the latest researches upon each point. In some instances we have thought it would have been well if Dr. Baird, instead of undertaking the execution of the entire work, had obtained the co-operation of a few other gentlemen in special departments, as was done by Professor Nichol. But although the work might have gained in the finish of some of its details, it might have lost in the harmonious proportion of its several parts. The wood-cut illustrations are of somewhat unequal merit; and whilst some are rather superfluous, we note a deficiency of many subjects which are greatly needed. And we must remark that the Tabular Classification prefixed to the work does not at all correspond with that adopted in the body of it; the order Marsupialia, for example, being suppressed in the former whilst recognised in the latter; and (with an aberration from all received systems which we can scarcely suppose to be intentional) the classes of Echinodermata, Acalephæ, Zoophyta, Protozoa, and Spongia, being ranked in the table under the sub-kingdom Articulata, whilst in the Dictionary we find them referred to the radiated type. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the work is a

⁴ "The Ground beneath us, its Geological Phases and Changes; being Three Lectures on the Geology of Clapham, and the neighbourhood of London generally, delivered at the Clapham Athenæum." By Joseph Fawcett, F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. 8vo, pp. 79. London. 1857.

⁵ "A Cyclopædia of the Natural Sciences." By William Baird, M.D., F.R.S., British Museum. With a Map and numerous Wood Engravings. 8vo, pp. 609. London and Glasgow. 1858.

very useful one, and will contribute by its cheapness and compendiousness to foster the extending taste for natural science.

We are very glad to be able to record the continued progress of the publication of Professor Milne-Edwards's great work on Comparative Physiology,⁶ the first volume of which we noticed on its appearance about a year ago. Since that time, three half-volumes have been issued; and from the regularity of their sequence, and from what we know of the author's state of preparation, as well as of his conscientious scrupulosity in the fulfilment of his engagements, we look forward to its speedy completion with far more confidence than we can generally feel in the case of works thus published piecemeal. By a careful examination of each part as it appears, our admiration of the mode in which this gigantic task has been executed has been progressively heightened. We have never met with a work more admirably conceived or more perfectly executed. "The knowledge of many" has been harmoniously co-ordinated in the text of the Lectures, so as to be presented to the reader as it appears to the philosophic mind of the accomplished Professor; while, at the same time, the notes contain fuller details respecting the researches of the authors whose labours are referred to, those of all nations and all schools being treated with the most rigorous impartiality.

Professor Clark's translation of Professor Van der Hoeven's Handbook of Zoology⁷ has now been completed by the publication of the second volume, containing the vertebrate animals. Of the value of this compendium we have already expressed our opinion; and we shall, therefore, only add that it is enhanced by the numerous additions made by the author during the progress of the translation, so that this volume may really be regarded as a third edition instead of a second. Since the publication of the *Règne Animal*, there has been no general Treatise on Systematic Zoology of scientific value at all equal to this; and we trust that the learned author may be spared to record in many future editions the progress of the science which he has so laboriously cultivated. We may remark that the translator has apologized, in the Preface to the second volume, for the omission of all notice, in the previous volume, of the valuable supplement on the Invertebrata, added by Professor Leuckart to the German edition, on the ground that the printing of the English translation had so far advanced before its appearance, as to prevent him from introducing the additions and corrections of Professor Leuckart in their proper places; and that he had himself in some degree anticipated these modifications by insertions of his own. And in the same Preface he has given some further notices of recent zoological researches upon the Inver-

⁶ "Leçons sur la Physiologie et l'Anatomie Comparée de l'Homme et des Animaux, faites à la Faculté des Sciences de Paris." Par H. Milne Edwards, Membre de l'Institut, Professeur au Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle, &c. &c. Tome II., Tome III, Première Partie. 8vo, pp. 957. Paris, 1857, 1858.

⁷ "Handbook of Zoology." By J. Van der Hoeven, Phil. Nat. et M.D., Professor of Zoology in the University of Leyden, &c. &c. Volume the Second (Vertebrate Animals). Translated from the Second Dutch Edition by the Rev. William Clark, M.D., F.R.S., &c., Professor of Anatomy in the University of Cambridge. With Eight Copper-plates. 8vo, pp. 775. London. 1858.

tebrata; together with a sketch of the new classification of the Mammalia, recently proposed by Professor Owen, on the basis of the conformation of the brain.

Two bulky volumes have come to us from the other side of the Atlantic, as the first instalment of a gigantic work, which is to consist of a series of monographs on various departments of the Natural History of North America,⁸ by the distinguished professor whom the United States now claim as belonging to themselves, in virtue of the congenial home which he has found there during the last ten years, and the encouragement which his labours have received. The American people have equally astonished themselves and the world by a subscription-list of 2,500 for this costly work; and we can only hope that for the sake of the author, who has been induced by this unexpected encouragement to increase both the text and the illustrations to an extent far beyond the limits at first contemplated, the actual dollars may be forthcoming, instead of those mere promises to pay, which the experience of the last few months has proved to be too often no better than waste paper.

We wish that we could say that the scientific merits of Professor Agassiz's productions are commensurate with the expectations of those who have promoted their publication. That any man, however industrious, should have collected materials in ten years (a large part of his time being occupied in other duties) for a long succession of quarto volumes, suggests unpleasant doubts as to the value of those materials; and those doubts were strengthened in the minds of those best acquainted with the antecedents of Professor Agassiz, by the disposition he has shown on several occasions to put forth as complete investigations what were but imperfect essays, and to announce as established generalizations of facts what have been really only the coinage of his own fertile brain. No competent and unprejudiced judge, we think, can look through the first of the volumes before us, without finding in it abundant justification of the doubtful anticipations with which the announcement of them was received on this side of the Atlantic. This volume consists of two parts,—a General Essay upon the Classification of the Animal Kingdom,—and a Special Classification of the American Turtles. The former is pervaded throughout by a fundamental misconception of the nature and objects of Zoological inquiry; being, in fact, much more a treatise on Natural Theology, than a scientific essay on Classification according to the principles of the Inductive Philosophy. He takes his own notion of the intentions of the Creator as the basis of his reasoning; and thinks that notwithstanding the very limited amount of his acquaintance with the structure and relations of a large proportion of the Animal Kingdom, he is in a position to "understand the thought of Infinite Wisdom," and to legislate for the Almighty after the following fashion. He maintains that there are six different degrees of relationship (neither more nor less) among

⁸ "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States of America." By Louis Agassiz. Vols. I. and II. With Thirty-four Lithographic plates. 4to, pp. 632. Boston (N.E.). 1837.

its several members; but that each of these different degrees is capable of being precisely defined as follows:—

“*Branches* are the largest divisions of the animal kingdom, and are distinguished from each other by differences in the *plan* of structure.

“*Classes* are subdivisions of a branch, distinguished by the differences in the *ways and means* of carrying out the plan.

“*Orders* are subdivisions of the class, and are distinguished from each other by the *degree of complication* of structure.

“*Families* are subdivisions of an order, distinguished by differences in the *pattern or form* of structure, that is, by the *geometrical figure* of the whole animal.

“*Genera* are subdivisions of the family, distinguished from each other by *anatomical details* of structure.

“In each genus, the *species* are defined by the *relations* of individuals to one another, and the world in which they live, and by the *proportion* of the parts to each other.”

These doctrines do not profess to be based upon a rigid induction of facts, so much as upon deductions from the author's theological conclusions. That an instructed naturalist should now-a-days attempt to square his classification to *any* general conception of this sort, and especially to one evolved by such a process, strikes us as not a little singular. The Quinary system had just as much in its favour, both of fact and of *a priori* probability; it was propounded and adopted by men of great sagacity, and of vast and exact knowledge; and the discussion which it excited doubtless led to a clearer perception of many important relations in Natural History, especially those now distinguished by the terms *analogy* and *affinity*. Yet the Quinary system is now consigned by common consent to “the tomb of all the Capulets;” and if there be one principle more generally received than another among modern systematists, it is that Nature refuses to be bound down by artificial devices of man's making, and that to attain even a faint insight into the great scheme of Creation, there is no way but that of patient and reverential labour. We believe as firmly as Professor Agassiz can do, that there is such a scheme; and every attempt at a natural classification may be considered as bringing us nearer to the comprehension of it, just in so far as it truly represents the affinities of the beings with which it is concerned. Considering that Professor Agassiz was at one time among the foremost of those who proclaimed that the real affinities of animals can only be determined by the study of their development, we have not been a little surprised at perceiving how completely this principle is put aside in his present scheme. He has, it is true, a section upon the subject; but he scarcely attempts to harmonize the scheme we have above cited with developmental phenomena; and he so completely passes by those more difficult cases which would show the absolute irreconcilableness of the two methods, that we cannot but consider his silence as an admission of that fact.

The latter third of Professor Agassiz's first volume, and the whole of his second, are taken up with an account of his researches on the American Turtles; their classification and their embryology being the points chiefly enlarged upon, though many interesting notices are also

given of their habits and their physiology. The abundance of contributions which he has received from all parts of the Union, testifies to the interest which his inquiries have excited; and he has evidently laboured hard to turn them to useful account, though there are many indications that he has not fully grappled with various difficult problems which his accomplished predecessor in the same line of research, Professor Rathké, did not succeed in fully solving. Having felt it our duty to speak freely with regard to the defects of his first volume, it gives us the more pleasure to be able to point to the second as highly creditable both to his ability and industry as an observer, and to the artistic skill with which its very numerous and valuable illustrations have been produced.

The readers of "Blackwood's Magazine" cannot but have been struck with a succession of very graphic and lively sketches of Marine Natural History,⁹ which appeared in its pages during the years 1856 and 1857; and may have been somewhat surprised; as we were, on first learning that they were the contributions of a gentleman whose reputation has been acquired in a field to which "sea-side studies" seemed altogether foreign. We gladly welcome any new labourer in this domain, especially one who brings to his work such a thorough zest as that which Mr. Lewes exhibits for it, and who is able to describe his experiences in so telling a style. Having ourselves gone through all these long ago, we have found it very pleasant to retrace in his pages the delight of our first adventures in search of the treasures of marine zoology, with that mixture of minor troubles which only makes the enjoyment more keen; and we can testify from our own experience to the truthfulness of the narration. Feeling, as we do most earnestly, that no recreation can be more complete or more healthful to those who are subjected for a large part of the year to the wear and tear of a city life, than a visit to a productive sea-coast, with the definite purpose of collecting and studying the multitudinous objects of interest in which it abounds, we think that Mr. Lewes has done good service in republishing these sketches, with considerable alterations, additions, and illustrations, for the benefit alike of such as may be glad of the guidance they will afford in their own pursuits, and of such as can only enjoy, through the medium of his descriptions what they would gladly make familiar to themselves.

"I have endeavoured," he says, "to furnish the visitor to the sea-coast with plain directions, by means of which he may study and enjoy the marvels of ocean-life; and to present such descriptions of the animals and the wonders of their organization, as may interest the reader by his own fireside. With regard to the former, having had to ascertain almost everything for myself, I have tried to make my experience available for others; and the remembrance of early difficulties has suggested the statement of many details which to the well-informed may appear trivial, but for which I should myself have been very grateful."

But Mr. Lewes has not confined himself to the popular exposition o

⁹ "Sea-Side Studies at Ilfracombe, Tenby, the Scilly Isles, and Jersey." By George Henry Lewes. With Illustrations. Post 8vo, pp. 414. Edinburgh and London. 1858.

facts already accepted in science; he avows that he has a special audience in view, to whom must be submitted the appreciation of various facts and physiological interpretations which he advances as novelties; and he takes upon himself to pronounce upon some of the most difficult and controverted questions in biology, as if he had earned the fullest title to do so by previous approved labours in the same field. Doubtless there has been a great deal of assumption in the interpretation which physiologists have been prone to put upon the facts of observation; and it is often very useful that a fresh mind, trained in the principles and applications of logic, should point out the fallacies of such interpretations. But *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. It is a very general fact that those who have a great facility in detecting the blunders of others, have a great facility in making blunders of their own. And we would in all good humour suggest to Mr. Lewes, whether it would not in the end be better for his reputation to submit to the judgment of a scientific audience any discoveries which he thinks that he has made, before he proclaims himself to the public as the physiological dictator who is to decide when his predecessors have differed, and to show that they are wrong when they are agreed.

As our author has specially referred in his preface to "the identity of growth and generation" as "the most startling of the new views," and as "having recently received striking confirmation from the admirable researches of Professor Huxley on the Aphides," we select this point as an illustration of our remarks. It is quite obvious to any one who is conversant not only with animal but with vegetable physiology, that the author has altogether failed to grasp the fundamental conception of these two processes, as presented in the lowest protophytes; among which *growth* is typified by cell-subdivision, and *generation* by cell-conjugation. That the two processes, so far from being identical, are in a certain sense antagonistic, is evidenced by an overwhelming assemblage of phenomena with which every well-instructed physiologist is conversant. And although various recent discoveries have made it evident that the two sets of functions may be performed in a manner that shall give to acts of growth a marvellous resemblance to those of generation, yet the fundamental difference between them remains entirely untouched. The case of the Aphides is one of this kind; and we speak not merely our own opinion, but with the authority of Professor Huxley, when we say that the admirable researches of that gentleman, so far from confirming Mr. Lewes's doctrine of the identity of growth and generation, bring out the contrast between the two modes of reproduction in that tribe even more clearly than before. What is the meaning of certain phenomena in the development of Zoophytes, to which Mr. Lewes refers as having been observed by himself, it will be time enough to explain, when he shall have published such an account of these phenomena, with the requisite illustrations, as may enable scientific physiologists to judge how far they are as paradoxical as he supposes them to be.

Among the new editions of various articles in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, which have been issued from time to time by Messrs. Griffin, it was their intention to reproduce the article "On the Ele-

mentary Principles of Medicine," contributed by the late Dr. Robert Williams, which contained the essence of his classic work on "Morbid Poisons." The gentleman who was engaged by them to edit this treatise has deemed it necessary to re-write and remodel the whole, so that he has in fact produced a Handbook of the Science and Practice of Medicine,¹⁰ which must be considered as almost entirely new, except in so far as it incorporates the ideas and facts of the original, as it does those which the author has industriously and judiciously brought together from a great variety of other sources. A leading feature in this volume is the large proportion of it devoted to the Science of Medicine, as distinguished from the Art, and the scientific spirit which pervades the whole. We have seen no summary which so completely embodies the most advanced knowledge of the time, or which we can so unreservedly recommend alike as a text-book to the medical student, and as a compendium to the general reader.

Among the valuable researches which have been promoted, if not originated, by the liberality of Sir Astley Cooper in founding a triennial prize of 300*l.* for the encouragement of original investigations in Anatomy and Surgery, the inquiries of Dr. Richardson into the coagulation of the blood¹¹ are among the most valuable, alike in a physiological and in a pathological point of view. By a course of experiments and observations dating back as far as 1850, he has been led to the conclusion that "the primary and essential part of the process of coagulation consists in the evolution of a volatile principle from the blood;" and that "the volatile principle thus eliminated is ammonia." He shows (as others have done before him) that coagulation is prevented, for a time at least, by exclusion from air or other gas, by cold, and by cold and pressure; and that it is retarded by motion in a closed circuit, and by addition of dense fluids. * Conversely, other experiments have indicated that coagulation is quickened by exposure to a vacuum, to air or other gases, and by motion, and by increase of temperature during such exposure. Further, he has shown that ammonia actually does escape from the blood during its coagulation; that the coagulation of the blood may be prevented by impregnating it with ammonia; and that even blood which has already coagulated may be brought back to the fluid form by treating its clot with ammonia, the elimination of which reproduces the coagulation. Lastly, in blood held temporarily fluid by excess of ammonia, coagulation is favoured or retarded by the same physical agents as those which favour the normal coagulation of blood.

Dr. Richardson has certainly made out a very strong case in support

¹⁰ "Handbook of the Science and Practice of Medicine." By William Aitken, M.D., Edinb., late Pathologist attached to the Military Hospitals of the British Troops at Scutari. Post 8vo, pp. 756. London and Glasgow. 1858.

¹¹ "The Cause of the Coagulation of the Blood; being the Astley Cooper Prize Essay for 1850. With additional Observations and Experiments, and with an Appendix, showing the bearings of the subject on Practical Medicine and Pathology." By Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., Physician to the Royal Infirmary for Diseases of the Chest, &c. 8vo, pp. 466. With three Coloured Plates. London. 1858.

of the assertion that the escape of ammonia is a *condition* of the coagulation of the blood; but he seems not to have studied the logic of causation sufficiently to prevent him from falling into the very common error of mistaking that condition which happens to be the last antecedent, for the whole *cause*. The cause, as he might learn from Mr. John Mill's admirable exposition of this subject, lies in the aggregate of *all* the antecedents which are necessary to produce the result; and if Dr. Richardson will look at the matter in this point of view, he will find that he has not in the least degree weakened the position of those who assert that the coagulation of the blood is essentially a vital phenomenon. For, nothing but the substance known as "fibrin" spontaneously passes into a fibrous clot; this fibrin is generated in the living body alone, and is possessed of properties which (so far as we know) the living body alone can impart; and that these peculiar properties should be exercised only under certain physical and chemical conditions, is true of every vital phenomenon as well as of this. When Dr. Richardson has shown that by purely physical or chemical agencies he can convert albumen into fibrin, and endow it with the power of forming a fibrous coagulum on the escape of ammonia, then, but not till then, he will be entitled to affirm that the coagulation of the blood is a physico-chemical, not a vital phenomenon.

Our difference with Dr. Richardson on this abstract question, however, does not in the least diminish our appreciation of the value of his results, which are especially important in their bearing upon certain morbid conditions of the living body, in which there is an undue tendency to the formation of fibrinous coagula. When the pathology of these conditions shall be fully understood, a rational and successful method of treatment can scarcely fail to be built upon it.

Few persons have had so much opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the Sanative influence of Climate,¹² as Dr. Edwin Lee, who has spent a large proportion of his time in the different localities most resorted to by invalids. His Essay does not enter very profoundly into the pathology of Tubercle, his acquaintance with which, indeed, seems to be only second-hand; but it contains a valuable summary of practical information respecting the influence of climatic agencies on the development and progress of tuberculous disease; and may be consulted with advantage by those who are specially interested in the subject.

We have long been satisfied that the treatment of Epilepsy,¹³ like that of most other chronic diseases, must be based rather on regimenal measures than on the administration of drugs. The variety of medicines which have obtained a repute for their anti-epileptic virtues, and the small proportion of cases in which any one of them even *securs*

¹² "The Effect of Climate on Tuberculous Disease." Being (with additions) the Essay for which the Fiske Fund Prize was awarded to Edwin Lee, M.D., &c. With an Appendix of Corroborative Observations, and Notices of several Places of Winter Resort. Post 8vo, pp. 223. London. 1858.

¹³ "On Epilepsy and Epileptiform Seizures: their Causes, Pathology, and Treatment. By Edward H. Sieveking, M.D., F.R.C.P., &c. Post 8vo, pp. 267. London. 1848."

to exert a beneficial influence, of themselves suggest whether cure has not been really accomplished, in most cases in which it has happily taken place, by the general improvement in the patient's system, brought about by constitutional measures. We are glad to find this position advocated by a physician so intelligent as Dr. Sieveking, who has set himself to ascertain what is the present state of our actual knowledge of the Pathology of Epilepsy, as elucidated by modern researches on the Physiology of the Nervous System; and what inferences are fairly deducible from practical experience in regard to the rational treatment of this terrible disorder. The treatise is singularly free from that conceit and dogmatism which too frequently display themselves in the writings of those who have devoted much attention to special inquiries; and it may be referred to as a good example of that method of philosophizing on medical subjects, which must in the end triumph over the quackeries that at present carry so large a part of the (so-called) intelligent public in their train.

Mr. Erasmus Wilson's reasons for adding to the number of books which he has already given to the public, one on a subject so hackneyed as the Spas of Germany,¹⁴ do not seem to us to be very satisfactory; since, however pleasant it may have been to himself to get a holiday, and however useful to him as a practitioner to make acquaintance with the spas to which he may most advantageously recommend the patients who are obstinate enough not to get well under his treatment at home, he could scarcely expect to collect, during his "three weeks," any very valuable additions to the amount of knowledge respecting them already possessed by the profession and the public. Having, however, the pen of a ready writer, and a certain talent for observation, he has thrown off a spirited account of his "Scamper," which contains various useful hints to those who may be thinking of resorting to any of the spas, in search either of health or of amusement.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

FRENCH historical writing, we said last quarter, was getting out of the hands of philosophical historians, and into those of statesmen, politicians, men of the world—men who have sat in the Chambers or the Cabinet, and helped to make the history they write. In Germany this could not be. There, there can be no class of public men; only "officials," Government *employés*, nobles, or their underlings, who would not condescend, or who are not able, to write. So that history, in Germany, is still written by the learned class—the same class from which all their books emanate.

But though history continues to be written by the learned, it is necessary to say that many of these professor-written histories are very

¹⁴ "A Three Weeks' Scamper through the Spas of Germany and Belgium. With an Appendix on the Nature and Uses of Mineral Waters." By Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S. 12mo, pp. 368. London. 1858.

instructive and valuable books. They are made out of books—out of memoirs, letters, and State papers. But they are not the work of pedants or dreamers. '48 has made a great change in this respect. Politics are no longer squared by the rule of the absolute. The world-consciousness no longer furnishes the key to human history. The professor, it is true, writes as a student; but it is as a student of human affairs—of history, and not of abstract ideas about history. He has observed, if he has not lived; and has arrived at his political views by sympathy, and not by *à priori* demonstration. The *doctrinaire* phrases of the older historians have disappeared. The circle of readers, too, which the historian addresses is much wider. Instead of offering strings of vague indeterminate conceptions to an academical audience, he writes to a national public—to a people beginning, but only beginning, to feel that their country's history is a practical concern for themselves.

As a good specimen of this historical tone, we may cite Häusser's "German History from the Death of Frederick the Great to the Constitution of the German Federal System,"¹ 1786—1815. The first volume came out in 1854, and the whole was to have been comprised in three volumes, but it has grown to four thick octavos. It is a careful, elaborate, and well-arranged work. Where the author has to narrate Napoleon's campaigns, he will certainly not compete with the brilliant and picturesque Thiets; but in all that relates to German politics, Häusser is distinct, sensible, and makes us understand what is going on. He aims before all things at being practical, and writes for practical men, who despise rant and hate philosophy.

His political point of view is not elevated, and herein is the feeble side of the book. In his endeavour to be practical, he has lost sight of any higher clue to the tangled skein. His view is that which passes in Germany for "Liberal Conservative." But to be "Liberal" means only to take the Prussian side as against Austria; to prefer the selfish policy of one despotic government, to the selfish policy of another. Hatred of the French, the barbarous *esprit-de-corps* of a cavalry regiment, appears to occupy the place of national sentiment in the breast of a Prussian. They are not ashamed to celebrate the *national* triumph in what they call the "War of Liberation," 1813-15; a liberation which handed them over like sheep to be parcelled and reparcelled into flocks, at the discretion of their owners; a liberation which placed Prussia at the mercy of a semi-Cossack nobility, and spread the spy and police system over all Austrian ground. Häusser is little conscious of the degradation. He ventures, indeed, here and there, on a faint disapprobation, or on a timid censure of the Federal Constitution. "It appeared to some," he says, "to be a system which gave no security either to national unity or civil freedom." (Häusser, iv. 830.) It is this want of independence of thought, of the sentiment of manly liberty, that is the disqualification of these common-sense historians. In becoming matter-of-fact, and getting

¹ "Deutsche Geschichte vom Tode Friedrich's des Grossen bis zur Gründung des Deutschen Bundes." Von Ludwig Häusser. 4 Bände. Berlin: Weidmann.

quit of their *Phantasia* and Idealism, they have lost the shelter which abstract language formerly afforded them. In adopting the tone of the world outside, they have adopted its ideas, and in becoming practical, have become servile.

A valuable collection of papers bearing on English history is edited, with an introduction, by M. Chéruel,² already well known by his labours on the history of his own country.* Michel de Castelnau was the French ambassador at the court of Elizabeth from 1575—1585. His *Memoires*, which were written during his residence in England, extend from 1551—1570, a period during which he had been employed in almost all the important negotiations which had taken place. These *Memoires* are well known to historians. In the volume before us we have, for the first time in print, his correspondence with his own court from June, 1582, to November, 1584. These letters are full of interest for the student of English history of the period. The editor, M. Chéruel, is evidently not aware that they are replies of the ambassador to the despatches of the French Government, which are already in print in Egerton's "Life of Egerton"—the strangest farrago that ever went under the name of a biography. It would be very desirable that the remainder of Castelnau's papers, some of which are in the British Museum (we believe), should be printed, and the scattered fragments re-united to an edition of his *Memoires*. The valuable additions of Le Laboureur to his edition (re-edited by Godefroy, 1731), which are excluded from the series of Michaud and Popjoulat, would thus again find a place.

A third volume of Charles Knight's "History of England"³ brings the narrative down to 1642. This volume has all the excellencies which we ascribed to its two predecessors in our notice of them (see *Westminster Review*, July, 1857). But with the reign of Elizabeth Mr. Knight comes upon ground more congenial to him. The resources of collateral illustration which it is his peculiar tact to use, become more abundant and varied, and his narrative accordingly more picturesque. Reviewers do not tender their advice with any hope that authors will take it; but we could almost fancy that a hint we then dropped as to the perpetual tendency to censure, which seems to come natural to historians, has not been thrown away. If it be notorious that one of the wants of the age is a general History of England, which shall embody our existing knowledge, it may be allowable to speculate how far Mr. Knight is likely to be the answer to that want. We much fear he will not take the vacant place. One deficiency, which is strongly felt throughout this volume, will tell in the long run. His exposition of public policy, of the law of the change and fluctuation of opinion, is insufficient. But this must be the staple of all sustained history. In vain is ornament and illustration, all the

² "Marie Stuart et Catherine de Médicis. Etudes Historiques sur les Relations de la France et de l'Ecosse dans la 2^e moitié du xvi^e Siècle." Par A. Chéruel, &c. Paris: Hachette.

³ "The Popular History of England: an Illustrated History of Society and Government, from the Earliest Period to Our Own Times." By Charles Knight. Vol. III. London: Bradbury and Evans.

colouring of the artist, if the reader does not feel that it is supported upon a basis of profound intelligence of the undercurrent of moral and political progress. Mr. Knight excels in surface-work, but it is all surface. If there is any thread on which his pearls are strung, it is constitutional progress. This lay ready to his hand, as traced by Hallam. Thus the "Poplar History of England" is reduced to a substratum of Hallam, decked out with attractive accessory details. Many of these separate pictures are very pretty. A chapter on the oft-trodden ground of the literature and art in Elizabeth's reign (chap. xix.), is a very neat specimen of the writer's special talent in bringing together in a few pages just the quotations we want, and no more. The drama, in its early and in its improved stage; lyrical poetry; the aspects of country life; architecture and gardening, are passed before us with that light and easy touch which places them all in a light in which they are properly subordinate to a general effect. It is a fault in Lord Stanhope's "Chapters on Literature," that they appear to be there for their own sakes, and interrupt us like digressions. In Mr. Knight's hands they are not interposed between the reader and his proper task, but belong to it, and carry him on through it.

A "Life of Burke," by Thomas Macknight, has two faults, which will prevent its being so popular as its otherwise solid merits enable it to be—first, its diffuseness; and secondly, its panegyric tone. It is not so much wordy in style, as overlaid with a talk which is not irrelevant, but knows no bounds. If every statesman is to have his "Life" imbedded in a lengthy description of his "Times," biography must in time disappear, lost to sight under an overwhelming, superabundant mass of history. All that Mr. Macknight has to say is worth listening to; but it swells out, rather than illustrates, his subject. If facts are wanting, as they sometimes are, he gives the rein to a species of argumentative conjecture—a plan by which a "Life" of anybody* can be very satisfactorily made complete, and all gaps filled up.

The tone of advocacy in which the history of Burke is couched is very explicable, though its effect on the reader is the very opposite of that intended. A biographer, long dwelling on his hero, becomes personally attached to and interested in him. But no public man was ever without enemies, and Burke had virulent ones. A biographer, going through the dreary record of malice and obloquy, finds his man, & not absolutely pure, yet so much better than the petty slander of malignants tried to represent, that he glows with a just indignation. He must feel it; it is right and natural that he should; but he should be careful not to transfer it to his canvas. He not only discolours his picture, but he perpetuates that for which oblivion is the only remedy. A single sentence, at most a paragraph, to wipe off the slaver of some snarling cur, is the utmost he should allow himself. An "indignation" Biography is as great a mistake as it is to lead a life of fume and fret under calumny.

* "History of the Life and Times of Edmund Burke." By Thomas Macknight. Vols. I. and II. London: Chapman and Hall.

These blemishes are the more to be regretted, as Mr. Macknight has true power in character-drawing, possesses good ideas, and his sympathies are on the right side. He casts no new light on the career of Burke, either from his own study of the times, or from documentary research. Unless we may except the unprinted portion of the "Cayendish Debates," we do not observe a trace of new documents. One printed source—the "Autobiography of the Armenian, Emin"—he adds to the authorities already used by the Diligent Prior. The *Annual Register* he has more carefully studied in connexion with Burke. The scheme of the *Register* was originally projected by Burke. The first volume was published in 1759, and it still subsists—the oldest periodical we have, after the *Gentleman's Magazine*. We are apt now to look on the volumes of this venerable series as something senile; but we should not forget that in 1759 it was greatly beyond any political periodical that had yet appeared in England. From that time till at least the close of the American war, Burke's guiding spirit may be traced in each volume, even when he did not himself write the Historical Section. Some of the pearls which he so profusely scattered in conversation and debate, may be seen shining brightly through the dust of these volumes. He never reaped pecuniary profit from the success of the undertaking, nor reputation from an anonymous publication. He recorded in the volumes his own political campaigns, with an abnegation of himself as proud and noble as that of Caesar's Commentaries.

In the year 1850, Washington Irving laid out his skill as a writer and historian on a "Life of Mahomet,"⁵ in, it need hardly be said, two volumes post 8vo. In this he worked up with his artist hand all the old materials as they stood in French and English, with a dip here and there into the Latin of Poesche's "Abulfaragius." Four years earlier (1846) had appeared in Germany, Weil's "History of the Khalifs;" and a year after Washington Irving, came out Dr. Sprenger's "Mohammed." These two works revolutionized our ideas on Mohammedan history. They showed how different is history got up by literary amateurs, ignorant even of the language in which the authorities write, from the same history after it has passed through the critical sieve of a German scholar. Dr. Sprenger's book was—he would probably admit himself—very imperfect, and rather showed the way to others than achieved the work himself. Since he wrote, he has himself discovered original materials of most unexpected value. But these discoveries form the least part of the services he has rendered to this portion of history.

Before his time, European writers had been accustomed to use all the Arabic sources indiscriminately. They might count up authorities, but they never weighed them; or, at most, they distinguished respectable names among the herd. They were not aware of the enormous difference between the earlier and the later writers. The literary public among the Mahometans themselves, as becomes "believers,"

⁵ "The Life of Mahomet and History of Islam to the Era of the Hegira." By William Muir, Esq., Bengal Civil Service. Vols. I. and II. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

and not critics, do not affect the early and original sources of their Prophet's life. They prefer to them the modern biographies, as abounding more in marvel and legend, and so redounding more to the honour of the Apostle of Islam. Christian writers had followed this lead, only rejecting the supernatural element as internally incredible, and adopting all the rest, as, by the same process, internally credible. Late annalists, as Abulfeda, had been unquestionably accepted as authority; and an account was supposed to gain in credibility if it was mentioned by several of them.

The critical historian of Mahomet now understands that he must restrict himself entirely to original authorities. These are *three*—and three only. 1. IBN HISHAM, who died about A.H. 213. His work is extant in its original form, and is known to European historians of the Prophet. 2. AL WACKIDI, d. A.H. 207. Of this writer's voluminous works none were known to be extant till Dr. Sprenger met with a copy of his *Magházi*, or "History of the Wars of the Prophet," which had been brought from Damascus by the Dragoman of the Austrian Consulate at Alexandria. As a substitute for the lost Al Wackidi, however, we have part of an Epitome by his secretary, who passed under the name of Kátib al Wackidi. The first volume of this abridged "Biography of Mahomet" was discovered by Sprenger in a private library at Cawnpore. The MS. was executed at Damascus, A.H. 718, and, as far as it goes, may be taken as a reliable representative of the original Al Wackidi. 3. TABARI, who flourished in the latter part of the third century of the Hegira. Tabari is happily styled by Gibbon the "Livy of the Arabians." A part of his "Annals of Islam" was published, in 1831, by Kosegarten. This portion commenced only with the Prophet's death. Of the previous chapters, hitherto known only through an unfaithful Persian version, no trace could anywhere be found, till Dr. Sprenger disinterred the fourth volume in a native library at Lucknow. This precious volume begins with the birth of Mahomet, and comes down to the siege of Medina, five years before the Prophet's death.

These are the original materials, far surpassing in richness all that was at the command of previous historians—even the really learned among them, such as Vagnier, d'Herbelot, and Sale. But when we have thus reduced the sources of Mahomedan history to three, and criticism is in their turn directed upon them, we find that the earlier of them lived two generations later than the Apostle whose acts they record. We are thus brought to the astonishing result that we have no original, or contemporary, authority for the Life of the Founder of Islam. Our three authorities rise, indeed, far above the spurious brood of recent annalists, who have adorned their tale with every kind of legendary wonder which time has been constantly accumulating round the name of the Prophet. But our three originals themselves were, after all, no originals, but were dependent for their information on a previous race, known as the "Collectors." There is, indeed, no reason to question the honesty of purpose of at least two of the three; but their general faithfulness is only faithfulness to their authorities. These authorities are the Tradition—1st, of the "Companions" (As-háb); 2nd, of the Successors (Tabiun).

Mr. William Muir is the first English writer who has undertaken the "Life of Mahomet" with a sufficient knowledge of the sandy foundation on which the narrative has to be raised. He well analyses the value of the Traditions of the Companions and Successors. He shows that the body of tradition on which the first Arabic writers founded their biographies was collected and selected under circumstances which must deprive it of credibility. In addition to the common frailty of human memory, which renders traditional evidence notoriously infirm, there may be traced throughout Mahometan traditions the silently working influence of a bias, which insensibly gave its colour and shape to all the stories of the Prophet which the "collectors" so diligently brought together. Mr. Muir's dissection of the original sources occupies the greater part of his first volume, and appears to us the most successful part of his labour. In the biography of Mahomet we miss, on several occasions, the critical spirit which the introductory chapters had prepared us to expect. He allows himself to consider the "influence of Satan" as a possible explanation of Mahomet's belief in his own inspiration. On this hypothesis, he enters in a parallel between the Temptation scene in the Gospels, and this supposed temptation of Mahomet. He draws from the whole this notable conclusion:—"If we admit that our Saviour was the subject of a direct and special temptation by the Evil One, we may safely assume that a similar combat was possibly waged, though with far other results, in the case of Mahomet." (Vol. ii. p. 95.) The reader may be disposed to think that a book which reasons in this style can throw very little light on so obscure a portion of history as the Rise of Islam. It is necessary to repeat, therefore, that the author's habitual point of view is very much above the level which this deplorable speculation takes us down to. How far above this level, may be seen by comparing Muir's "Life" with a contemporary attempt on the same theme, which bears the venerable name of Dr. Macbride.⁶ The Oxford Professor of Arabic is content to repeat the story of Mahomet's Life as it is written in Gibbon; and this though not unaware of the labours of Weil and Sprenger, to which he refers.

David F. Strauss continues that series of biographies to which he devoted himself when he forswore for ever the bitter waters of Theology. But he approaches the arena of actual politics much closer with the "Life of Ulrich von Hutten"⁷ than hitherto in those of the poet Schubart, or the philologist Frischlinus. In a well-known article in the "Edinburgh Review" (1831), Sir W. Hamilton drew attention to the neglect of Hutten by Hutten's own countrymen, and to the meagre and inaccurate edition of his writings—the only edition extant—by Münch. This was more than a quarter of a century ago, and since then nothing has been done. There are now, however,

⁶ "The Mohammedan Religion Explained: with an Introductory Sketch of its Progress, and Suggestions for its Confutation." By J. D. Macbride, D.C.L., F.S.A., Principal of Magdalen Hall, and Lord Almoner's Reader in Arabic. London: Seeley.

⁷ "Ulrich von Hutten." Von David Friedrich Strauss. 2 Theile. Leipzig: Brockhaus.

hopes. Böcking, of Bonn, has been for many years engaged in preparing a collected edition of the works of Hutten for publication; meanwhile he has placed at Strauss's disposal the whole of the materials, printed and written, which he has been so long employed in collecting. This "apparatus" includes a complete series of the first editions of all Hutten's pieces, and a nearly perfect set of second editions. This unexampled generosity towards a biographer whom many editors would have rather regarded as a rival, deserves indeed the warm acknowledgments which Strauss makes in his preface. But it also appears to evince a confidence on the part of the editor of the Works, that the "Life of Hutten" will receive justice at the hands into which he so magnanimously resigns the fruits of his own toil. This confidence appears, as far as we can see, to have been justified. Strauss's Life is well drawn up, with abundant, but not intrusive, knowledge. The attention is sustained upon the leading points of the Life, and yet details are not neglected. The style is not good, being somewhat vulgar; familiar, and yet heavy. On the moot point of the authorship of *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, the reasoning is acute and sifting, and the balance of probability nicely held. It forms, in this respect, a striking contrast with the parade and dogmatism of Sir W. Hamilton, who decided most positively, and, we believe, wrongly, in favour of Hutten as author not only of the *Triumphus Capnionis*, but of both parts of the *Epistolæ*.

All that can be pronounced as certain on the authorship of the *Epistolæ*—the national satire of Germany—may be summed up in a few sentences. The collected volume consists of four portions—(1.) The forty-one letters of the first edition. (2.) The seven letters added to the second edition, and an eighth letter—a later supplement. (3.) The seventy pieces of the Second Part, which appeared in 1517. (4.) A Third Part, confessedly spurious, and first appended to the edition of 1689. The opinion of Erhard, that Crotus was the sole author of (1), appears highly probable, though it cannot be demonstratively established. Crotus would thus have the credit of having first struck out the happy idea of making the Friars paint themselves in confidence to each other, and of giving the tone to the whole collection. Hutten, assisted by others—uncertain who, though several names can be fixed on with more or less likelihood—added (2) and (3). Beyond this, all attempts to assign particular letters to their writers, are unavailing. One exception may perhaps be made, in the case of the Poetical Tour of Magister Philip Schlauraff (No. 9 in Part ii.), about which there can be little doubt that it is Hutten's composition. The whole of Part ii. bears the stamp of Hutten's earnest spirit and practical energy. Part ii. abounds, indeed, no less than its predecessor, in mocking satire and coarse ribaldry. But underneath runs a vein of meaning—an *arrière pensée*—to which the First Part is a stranger. Hutten's satire ever points to action; he never forgets that baseness and meanness are there, not to be mocked at, but to be beaten down. The editor of the First Part, on the contrary, is quite at home with his Ignoramuses. He forgets that they are rascals, he finds them so highly diverting. He never suggests that

they might reform themselves. Nay, he would assuredly be sorry that they should; for he would lose the excellent fooling they afford him.

How perfectly in keeping with what we know of the character of Rubianus Crotus this is, Strauss shows with that critical tact of which he is so eminent a master. The whole *opercu* is fine, and far more convincing than any mere verbal parallelisms of expression.

Montaigne, the Essayist, is the subject of two novel-like volumes, by Bayle St. John.⁶ Mr. St. John is too rapid and fruitiferous a writer to turn out a finished book. But he has bestowed on his present theme an amount of reading and research, which raise him far above the level of the two-volume "Lives," whose exterior he is content to imitate. He has gone through vast labour in the collection, but has been slack in the *réduction* of his material. "For fifteen years every interval of repose has been spent upon it;" and to discover one single fact, he "read as much as would have enabled me to master the elements of a science." Nor are the details piled up in the mere spirit of accumulation. The biographer threads his way through the *melée* of the sixteenth century like a man who has, by prolonged meditation, seized the clue that can guide him through its intricacies.

Montaigne in France—like Shakspeare among ourselves—is the standing object of a laborious and affectionate erudition, which is daily bringing to the surface new documentary matter. Though much has been already retrieved, yet more is still hoped for. Dr. Payen, whose zeal and success in the pursuit place him at the head of these "Montaignologues," has declared that it is yet premature to write a Life of Montaigne. So it may—to produce a Life to which the next year shall not add some "new fact." But there is now enough, and more than enough, for such an intellectual and moral portrait of Montaigne, that no trait of character shall be wanting. The antiquarian may go on accumulating—the artist has now all he needs. Mr. St. John does not despise the conundrums of the antiquarians; he uses them diligently. He has incorporated nearly all that has been dug up of this kind into his volumes. He deviates too much, for a writer of his sort, into the arid deserts of Register and Muniment. On the other hand, there are no bounds to the licence of his conjecture and imagination. Hence he will satisfy neither the erudite coteries nor the practical public. He discusses evidence too much for the general reader. He is so loose and conjectural (*e.g.*, he never cites his authorities), that the learned will hardly think him worthy a hearing. What is the credit of a biographer who can rave in this way?—

"I have often endeavoured to create, to invent, to discover M.'s mistress, to snatch her from the chaos of his general allusions and semi-confidences, to get a glimpse of her, as it were, through the crannies of his style." (*Montaigne*, Vol. i. p. 112.)

Yet it, must be admitted that Mr. St. John's conjecture has a life and probability about it which contrast very favourably with the old

⁶ "Montaigne the Essayist: a Biography." By Bayle St. John. 2 Vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

drawn theorizing of Montaigne's last biographer, M. Grün. Every one of M. Grün's situations was based on carefully-stated paper evidence, yet his Montaigne was monstrously unlike the real Montaigne—"a Préfet of the Gironde," as St. John says. Mr. St. John's own inferences are pure imagination. No proof is, or can be, alleged; yet many of them are as good as true. To penetrate the secret of a mind like Montaigne's, and of an age like the sixteenth century, archæology can do little. There must be a secret sympathy, an intuitive recognition. It may surprise those who know Mr. St. John only by the superficial and slip-slop "*Purple Tints of Paris*," if we say that in the present volumes he shows, but only shows, some of the higher powers of the historian. He has a large stock of knowledge, but it is not adequate to the ground he attempts to cover. If Mr. St. John knew what scholarship really was, he would not assign to Montaigne "a complete and scholar-like acquaintance with ancient, at least Latin literature." Montaigne was wise, thoughtful, shrewd. But his reading was very imperfect and capricious, and his knowledge of antiquity that of the gentleman, but never that of the scholar. His originality, as Tessier long ago remarked, was but the audacity of the semi-instructed thinker.

"The letters of La Mère Agnès (Arnauld) belong to history," writes M. Frugère, in an introduction prefixed to a collected edition of them.⁹ It is, indeed, the first and only attempt to collect them. With the exception of some thirty letters scattered through the various histories of Port Royal, none of them had ever been printed before, though those of her sister, La Mère Angelique, were collected more than a century ago. The letters of La Mère Agnès now published comprise a period of forty-five years, 1626-1671, the year of her death. They are addressed to a great variety of persons, among whom may be mentioned Pascal, Monsieur de Sevigné, Madame de Sablé, la Duchesse de Longueville, and Marie de Gonzague. There is in the letters of Agnès less strength of character than in those of her sister, and they partake, naturally, of the still and grave uniformity of her life. They are not letters of amusement, or gossip, or literature, but of duty. They give no picturesque details of cloister life; but they are a voluminous commentary on the small sentimentalities and petty scrupulousnesses which filled the time and the attention of spiritually-minded women in these retreats of piety.

"*Goethe und die Lustige Zeit in Weimar*"¹⁰ is another contribution to the Goethe literature, by an editor who has already done much for it. Aug. Diezmann printed, in 1855, a little collection of inedited letters of Goethe and Schiller, or relating to them. The present *brochure* is of a much higher character. Not that the unpublished piece of Goethe's which it contains is of any consequence. It is merely "A Report on the Ilmenau Mines," and belongs to the year 1781—a time

⁹ "Lettres de la Mère Agnès Arnauld, Abbessé de Port Royal. Publiées sur les Textes Authentiques, avec une Introduction." Par M. F. Faugère. 2 Tomes. Paris: Duprat.

¹⁰ "Goethe und die Lustige Zeit in Weimar. Mit einem Plane vom damaligen Weimar, und mit einer bisher ungedruckten Abhandlung von Goethe." Von Aug. Diezmann. Leipzig: Keil.

when Goethe was mineralogical, and was exploring every corner of Saxe-Weimar. We are told that there is yet much in the archives at Weimar, as well as in the poet's own papers, which has not yet seen the light, on account of its too nearly touching personal interests. The public can very contentedly wait. We know as much as we need to know. In this volume, the editor, Diezmann, has worked up a picture of the little Court at Weimar, its personages, its amusements, and occupations, as perfect as any one can wish. It is, indeed, a clever piece of grouping, full of details, but not overcrowded, and forms a very valuable supplement to the *Life* of the poet. Among other matters, the calumnies that were circulated about Goethe and the young duke, Karl August, are here met and exposed. Wild they were, and wild oats they sowed; and that, too, after the hearty fashion of the last century, and not in the lackadaisical, apathetic mode of the present. But that was all. The insinuations of Böttiger are wholly false. Goethe drew no such vast sums from the duke; and the whole economy of the Court was in keeping with its modest position and pretensions.

A diffuse pamphlet on M. De LaMennais, by his nephew, M. Blaize,¹¹ offers itself as a temporary substitute for "Life," which is in preparation. It professes to be provoked by the calumnies to which De La Mennais's name and reputation are still exposed from the Ultramontane party. In this *brochure* there is no attempt to relate his life, even in the briefest manner. It is chiefly filled with two topics—

1. A full and detailed account of the illustrious writer's last illness and death. The pertinacious efforts of the pious Catholics—his *anciens amis*—to approach him in his last moments, in the hope of recovering him to the Church, and LaMennais's steady refusal to see a priest, are here put on record. It is an instructive lesson that death-bed!—a number of well-meaning men of the world, living as ordinary and respectable men do live, exerting themselves to "bring back to God" a man who had devoted all the energies of his life to the pure service of truth and the practice of ascetic piety, and convinced that they had the means, by their machinery, of replacing him within the pale of salvation! 2. The history of the litigation arising out of LaMennais's will, disposing of his papers, is given at length. This case, in which the Court of Appeal, overruling the decision of the Court below, restrained M. Emile Forgue from publishing LaMennais's correspondence, will be fresh in the memory of many of our readers. The earliest half of the volume attempts, in some sort, to trace LaMennais through his great mental revolution, by means of extracts from his writings. Beginning an exaggerated Ultramontane, he passed through a stage in which he endeavoured to win the Church to the side of the movement, and was at once Romanist and Democrat; and ended a determined and zealous anti-Catholic. The history of this conversion ought indeed to be written; it has far more than a personal interest. LaMennais's experiment is a demonstration of the hopelessness of any alliance between the Catholic Church and human freedom. The *Encyclical*

¹¹ "Essai Biographique sur M. F. de La Mennais." Par A. Blaize. Paris: Garnier.

Letter of Gregory XVI. (15th August, 1832) has definitively committed the Church of Rome to that system of tyrannical suppression of intellectual liberty which is now established by force of arms all over the Continent. The gallant but ill-fated attempt of La Mennais and his friends, in *L'Avenir*, is one of the most instructive events in the religious annals of the nineteenth century, and ought to have its historian. Judging from the present sketch, it may be possible that M. Blaize, who proposes to attempt it, may prove not quite equal to his theme. He has zeal in the cause, and devout admiration of his uncle, but hardly the judgment and philosophical breadth required to do justice to the author of the "Paroles d'Un Croyant."

Béranger's Autobiography¹³ is a model of simplicity and appropriateness. It is short, quite to the point, and so in keeping with that singleness and unity which characterize the poet's public and private life. It can hardly be said, indeed, that Béranger, though his name was the most widely known in France after that of Napoleon, had any public life. He steadily declined a public appearance of any sort. Under the Restoration, when all doors were open to the plebeian songwriter, he entered rarely, or not at all. In 1830 he declined an invitation to the Tuileries. Elected to the Constituent Assembly in '48, he instantly resigned. He would never be proposed for the Academy, though Chateaubriand offered to stand godfather. All this was not cynicism, or stupid indifference to opinion; it was self-knowledge. That which the philosophers have preached, and the poets have sung, Béranger acted out. He kept to the "hollow tree." "Ne sentez-vous pas que vos usages sont des impossibilités pour moi!" he writes to a friend, who held out to him the certainty of his admission to the Academy without canvass. The laced coat, and the sword, and the "discours de réception," were a part he could never have acted. The noble independence of the poverty that wants no favours, and is not ashamed to avow itself, was never more conspicuous than in Béranger. He respected his own talent. At a very early age, reflection had made him aware of the peril run by young genius when "society" opens its doors to it. It yields to the intoxication, and from that hour its force and originality are gone. Béranger indulged himself with a glimpse, and it was but a glimpse. He steadily refused to be transplanted into the gilded *salon*. After having taken his place at a sumptuous banquet, he was the next day to be found dining in a back shop or a garret, among the friends and companions of his humble fortunes. He lost nothing by his consistency and frankness, even in the opinion of the world he contemned. Indigence was no embarrassment to the man who dared to say—"I am poor." This confession, which so few can bring themselves to make, when honestly made answers all the purpose of a fortune. "Il vous fait permettre toutes les économies, et vous concilie l'intérêt de bien des femmes, et par conséquent celui des salons, qu'à cet égard on a calomniés. Ne faites pas de votre pauvreté une gêne pour les autres; sachez en rire à propos, et l'on y compatira

¹³ "Aut. Biographie." Par P. J. De Béranger. Avec une Appendice. 2^e édit. Paris: Perrotin.

sans blesser votre orgueil." Such was Béranger's social experience. His political career, rather passive than active, is well known, and there was little for himself to tell. His executor and publisher, M. Perrotin, adds an Appendix, in which he tells, simply and without comment, the cowardly and insulting proceedings of the Government, in respect of his funeral, last July. The self-complacent sentence of the Prefect of Police, in decreeing him a public funeral, forms a commentary on the poet's life. "Le Gouvernement de l'Empereur a voulu que des honneurs publics fussent rendus à la mémoire de Béranger. Ce pieux hommage était dû au poète dont les chants consacrés au culte de la patrie, ont aidé à perpétuer dans le cœur du peuple le souvenir des gloires impériales." Bitter satire on poetical fame! Béranger shall be remembered, because he contributed to the grand consummation of French history—to place Louis Napoleon in the Tuileries!

The splendid edition of the collected works of Dugald Stewart,¹³ which we owe to Messrs. Constable, closes with a volume containing the biographical memoirs of Smith, Robertson, and Reid. A copious index—a convenience too often wanting in English books—is promised to be given gratis to the subscribers to the series. The "Life of Stewart," contemplated by Sir W. Hamilton, had not even been commenced by him at the period of his death. Its place is supplied in the present volume by a memoir written by John Veitch, the editor of "Sir W. Hamilton's Papers." It appears that a son of D. Stewart, Col. Matthew Stewart, had prepared a detailed "Account of the Life and Writings" of his father, which abounded in anecdotes, and notices of the many distinguished men of the end of the last, and first quarter of the present century, with whom Stewart was on terms of intimacy. But this, with all the correspondence, a private journal kept in Paris during two visits, the first in 1802, the second in 1806, as well as every other paper of interest fitted to throw light on his private life and social relations, were destroyed by Col. Stewart under the influence of mental delusion, arising from *coup-de-soleil*, while in India. Such a loss was, necessarily, irreparable. All that could be done, was, to concentrate the scattered lights arising from incidental sources, and to combine them with the data to be gathered from Stewart's own writings, and by these means to recal and fix the general lineaments of his character. This task has been executed with taste and judgment. Detail and incident are wanting, for they were no longer to be procured. But we have from Mr. Veitch a happily-conceived portrait, drawn with something of the scrupulous elegance which characterizes D. Stewart's own style. He sets before us the gentleman and the scholar, whose polished and courteous manners reposed on a solid basis of mental culture. That peculiar charm which pure moral feeling imparts to Stewart's composition, more attractive than any mere literary beauty, was also the characteristic of his life. In a world of petty ambitions and spasmodic efforts, the mind reposes with peculiar satisfaction on a character whose single and unostentatious aim was steadily

¹³ "The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Esq., F.R.S.S., &c." Edited by Sir William Hamilton, Bart. Vol. X. Edinburgh, Constable and Co.

directed to the culture of his own nature first, and, secondarily, to stimulate others towards the same goal. Dugald Stewart must not be classed with abstract metaphysicians. Whatever may be the value of his technical speculation, speculation was not with him a primary pursuit. The idea which guided and animated him was that of a fully cultivated and harmoniously developed nature. This, as the normal state of man, is the true object of his endeavour, and his spontaneous tendency is towards it. Speculative philosophy, he thought, was to be valued, not so much from its affording definite solutions of questions, as because it is the indispensable means of human culture. Bacon's saying, "Studies teach not their-own use; but that is a wisdom above them won by observation," was the rule of Stewart's study and of his teaching.

"Few men have exhibited a more harmonious development of powers, or carried into reflective science a more entire humanity. In him were conspicuous the refining power of liberal study, and the freedom from pedantry and one-sidedness that distinguish the man who has truly imbibed the philosophical spirit. His catholicity enabled him to see and prize excellence in whatever form it appeared. There were indeed few aspects of truth, beauty, or virtue which he was not capable of appreciating. This style of character has its own reward, in the fullness and variety of the enjoyments which it carries in its train; and few men have realized in a greater degree than Stewart the pleasures that spring from the free energies of a well-cultured mind." (p. 43.)

The aim which governed his own life, was also the rule of his academic activity. He is sometimes spoken of disparagingly, in comparison with some of his countrymen—as Smith, or Reid—as not being an original discoverer in mental philosophy. It was not his ambition to be so. His influence as a teacher was directed to moral and practical ends. Merely to make thinkers, or to present a speculative system of abstract science, was not his aim. But the comprehensive fields of thought which he opened up, and the genial warmth and sympathy of his tone, had a marvellous power over the finer minds with whom he came in contact. His pupils looked back on their attendance on his course as a sacred time of elevated converse with great themes, a time when all the higher feelings and nobler impulses were called forth and animated. "No intelligent pupil of his," says Lord Cockburn, "ever ceased to respect Philosophy, or was false to his principles, without feeling his crime aggravated by the recollection of the morality that Stewart had taught him."

The same character pervades his published works. These were all —(the "Dissertation on the Progress of Philosophy in Europe" may form an exception) the leisurely and careful elaboration of the matter he made use of in lecturing. His writing is often scorned as "superficial." It would justly be so estimated, if it pretended to claim a place among the great schemes of the inventive leaders of thought. But his writings are no esoteric web of metaphysics. Stewart was the medium between philosophy and the public. For this ministering position as a preacher of philosophical truth, he was peculiarly fitted, both by the general cast of his mind as well as by his academic position. He was enough of the philosopher to occupy a modifying and commanding relation to everyday opinions, but not so abstract and

technical as to be beyond the current sympathy of his time. He accomplished, in this way, a great, though silent and unostentatious, work. He fell in with the better spirit that was just beginning to make its way in Edinburgh, and contributed to create and foster in the minds of the rising youth the love of political freedom, and a desire for emancipation from the spiritual thralldom of a bigoted clergy.

From this quarter came the only interruption which the placid tenor of his life ever experienced. This was the "Leslie case," in 1805. The Presbytery wished to intrude into the chair of mathematics an inferior candidate, urging against Leslie the usual pretext of want of orthodoxy. On this occasion Mr. Stewart not only came out with a pamphlet in vindication of the alleged "heresy," but spoke in the General Assembly, using terms of scorn and indignation of which he might have been thought little capable. This passing lapse into strong expression, of feeling was in striking contrast with his habitual courtesy and self-command, and that general considerateness which usually characterized him.

An unpretending volume by Mr. Sullivan¹⁴ offers facts and speculation which appear to be original—certainly not commonly known—on "the tract of country between the Pennine range and the Irish Sea, and containing the modern counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland." His analysis of the population of that district into its original elements may be briefly stated as follows.

All historical evidence tends to show that at the period of the Roman occupation Cumbria was as thickly peopled as any part of Britain; in proportion, that is, to its power of furnishing means of support. The first immigrants were Hiberno-Celts. These proceeded in a direction from north to south, along the slope of the Pennine, from Castle Carrock to Culgaith (End of the Garden). For this immigration we cannot assume a lower date than four centuries B.C. The "Druidical" circle, known as "Long Meg and her Daughters," must be ascribed to these people. The second immigrants, at an interval, to be assumed, of two centuries, were the Cambro-Celts, traceable originally to Gaul, who entered Cumbria, chiefly along the coast-line. The third arrival is that of some mixed tribes, chiefly Belgæ. Fourthly, after A.D. 121, came the Roman occupation of Cumbria. The Roman occupation lasted either too long or too short for the welfare of the country: long enough to enervate the unfortunate natives—too short to protect them against the movement of population which began in the fifth century A.D. On the withdrawal of the Romans, the Scoti (from Caledonia) began to make settlements in Cumbria. There is no evidence that the Picts ever entered Cumberland. It was first entered by the Angles in the time of Egbert, A.D. 685. They came in on the north, by the Roman road that accompanied the wall. The Saxons, on the other hand, advanced from the south. Lastly, came Danes, and other Norse tribes, uniting, as the Dane was ever ready to do, with Angles, Saxons, or any others about him.

¹⁴ "Cumberland and Westmoreland, Ancient and Modern. The People, Dialect, Superstitions, and Customs." By J. Sullivan. London: Whittaker.

Such is Mr. Sullivan's statement of the successive waves of Cumbric population. Suspicions as to the soundness of his conclusions cannot fail to be suggested by observing that he falls into the popular error of distinguishing *Saxons* and *Angles* as two different tribes.

Mr. Malcolm Ludlow's "British India"¹⁵ has already taken its place as the most interesting and readable of the Handbooks called out by the Indian events. Its interest is due to its not being a mere compilation, but animated by a public spirit, and a burning indignation against injustice. The impartiality of Mr. Ludlow's narrative is sufficiently evident from the peculiar animosity it has provoked on the part of the Reviews which are under the influence of Directors and their friends. An impartial narrative of our hitherto doings in India is a sufficient condemnation. There is a little too much of the declamatory tone in the volumes. This is excusable in an oral lecture, but might have been retrenched with advantage in preparing them for publication.

"The Penalties of Greatness"¹⁶ is an essay on the text—old but never antiquated—that nobleness of character inevitably entails suffering in this world. High virtue inevitably leads to martyrdom in some shape, if not to the martyrdom of the stake or the scaffold. Genius and greatness necessarily excite the envy of other minds. Dr. Ferguson writes in an excellent spirit, though his matter is somewhat of the tritest.

The popularity of Herodotus,¹⁷ and the wide circle of readers he addresses, considered, it is a singular fact that he has remained among the worst edited of the classics. Long after every inferior author had been brought out in a form adequate to the critical knowledge of the time, Herodotus remained in the rude condition in which Henri Estienne had left him. Nor, till the edition of Gronovius (Lugd. Bat. 1715), was there anything that could be called a critical edition. And it was not till as late as after the middle of the last century (Amstel. 1768) that the accumulated erudition of three centuries was brought to bear on the Father of history, in the splendid folio of Wesseling. This singular fate is not owing to neglect, but to the enormous magnitude of the undertaking. In any other classical historian, Thucydides or Tacitus, Eusebius or Ammianus, an editor has but to encounter a single period, a uniform class of facts. In Herodotus he has to master not the Persian war only, or even ancient Greece, but Egypt and Scythia, Assyria and Babylon, Media, Persia, Lydia—in a word, the archæology of all the early nations of Western Asia and South-Eastern Europe. Any one of these, Egypt alone *e.g.*, is found a subject sufficiently extensive for the life-study of a single scholar. Shall we wonder that

¹⁵ "British India: its Races and its History Considered with Reference to the Mutinies of 1857. A Series of Lectures addressed to the Students of the Working Men's College." By John Malcolm Ludlow, Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. Cambridge: Macmillan.

¹⁶ "The Penalties of Greatness." By Rev. Robert Ferguson, LL.D., F.R.S.L., &c. London: Ward and Co.

¹⁷ "The History of Herodotus." A New English Version, edited, with copious Notes and Appendices, &c., by George Rawlinson, M.A., assisted by Col. Sir H. Rawlinson, K.C.B., and Sir J. G. Wilkinson, F.R.S. Vol. I. London: Murray.

competent editors have shrunk from a task so overwhelming? All the appliances, indeed, possessed by a scholar of the last century were quite inadequate to such a task. The early history of the Hellenic races has been placed on an entirely new footing. Babylon and Egypt have been discovered in our own times. We need not wonder that even a Wesseling—the greatest historical scholar whom Europe produced in the interval between Scaliger and Niebuhr—was defeated in the attempt to cope with Herodotus. Wesseling's edition, however, has constituted the staple of all that have appeared since. There are now, at length, signs in the air that a new era in Herodotean criticism is approaching. We can but indicate briefly the two chief points on which its difficulties turn.

1. The state of the text. German scholars are now beginning to see their way to the true principles on which this must be constituted. Hitherto, criticism has been entirely at sea on the question of dialect. Editors have either intruded or expelled the Ionic forms by some arbitrarily assumed rules, or have culled readings which offered a "better sense" out of any MS. which offered them. Or, finally, they have stuck, through good and evil, to some one MS. which they chose to consider the best. This is the proceeding of Gaisford, who founded his text on the Sancroft MS., styling it "præstantissimus," apparently for no other reason than that it was the one most convenient for himself to collate.

2. The application of the results of recent monumental research to text what Herodotus has recorded of Nineveh, Babylon, Persia, and Egypt.

Of these two problems, the work, of which the first volume is now before us, avoids the first by offering an English translation only. It lays itself out for the second. And the originality of this effort of Herodotean criticism rests on two or three of the Essays appended to the volume. Essay vi., "On the early History of Babylonia," Essay x., "On the Religion of the Babylonians and Assyrians," by Sir Henry Rawlinson; and Essay vii., "On the History of the Great Assyrian Empire," by the Translator himself, offer a vast amount of matter totally new to the illustration of Herodotus. It would be presumptuous in the cursory critic to pronounce off-hand on a labour that has cost so much time and research. We cannot, however, conceal our doubts that the interpretation of the cuneiform writing is as yet in too uncertain and immature a stage to allow of our assuming it as a basis for history and chronology. The translation deserves the highest praise. Mr. Rawlinson has shaken off the servile style of literal rendering, encouraged by the habit of school and college examinations. He endeavours to reproduce the sense of the original in other words, and to write English, not Greek in English words. There is a freedom about his rendering which we miss very much in his criticism. In the introductory dissertation "On the Life and Writings of Herodotus," the editor takes up a very unfortunate position: He appears not as a critic, but as an advocate. He takes Herodotus under his patronage, and seems to consider it as his duty as editor to vindicate his fame. He treats all criticism as attack or aspersion, and feels it incumbent,

on him to retort it by sneer and sarcasm. Against Mr. Mure his polemic is open, against Grote it is conducted rather by inuendo. Historical truth and critical judgment have little part in this warfare. There appears to be, in Mr. Rawlinson's view, a traditional and orthodox creed about Herodotus. To question this, on any point, is heretical pravity, and is to be coerced by any argument that may be at hand. Mr. Rawlinson is not a man to shrink from the duty of upholding his protégé's veracity in the most extreme cases. We shall only mention one instance. He will not renounce, without an effort to save it, the orthodox doctrine that the Delphic Oracles were uttered under demoniac inspiration:—

“Those who deny any demoniac influence to the oracular shrines have to explain—1. The passage in the Acts; *i.e.*, the fact that the Pythoness whom St. Paul met with on his first entrance into European Greece was really possessed by an evil spirit which St. Paul cast out (Acts xvi., 16.) 2. The fact of the defect of oracles soon after the publication of Christianity. 3. The general conviction of the early Christian Fathers that the oracles were inspired.”

It is matter of regret that so much talent and labour as the editor has expended on this work should be thrown away by the perverse direction it has taken—an attempt to turn this grand prose epic into matter-of-fact history. Such an attempt involves an entire misconception of the object of Herodotus, and the point of view from which he regarded national traditions. Cicero was surely nearer the truth than this when he asked, “Herodotum cur veraciorem ducam Ennio? Num minus ille potuit de Craso, quam de Pyrrho fingere Ennius?”

It is a small thing, but characteristic of the spirit of the book, that the Latin deities are, in the translation, substituted for the Greek. We have Juno at Argos, and Minerva at Athens, on the ground that these names are less harsh and repulsive than the proper Greek appellations. The utter confusion of two distinct mythologies appears a less evil to a conservative critic than the departure from a traditional custom which had its only excuse in days when Latin was the language into which Greek books were translated.

A popular account of Nineveh and its remains,¹⁸ brought out in Bohn's Illustrated Library, has reached a third edition. It is profusely illustrated, and includes the recent additions to the Museum. It would be well if such manuals were confined to abridging or popularizing the narratives of the original explorers, the history of their excavations, and descriptions of the sculptures recovered. To attempt to construct chronology and history out of the materials, and so to “confirm Sacred Writ,” can only lead to deception. We may “suppose that Nimrod is the Resen of Genesis” (p. 111). We may also, with equal grounds, suppose “not.”

Whoever wishes to have at hand a mass of historical information in the most accessible form—the alphabetical—may provide himself with

¹⁸ “Nineveh and its Palaces.” By Joseph Bonomi, F.R.S.L. Third edition, revised and augmented, with 240 engravings, including the recent additions to the National Collection. London: H. G. Bohn.

Mr. Rosse's "Index of Dates."¹⁹ The quantity of useful matter here compressed into a small compass is only equalled by the "Manuels-Roret," now issued in France. Mr. Rosse's facts appear to be very judiciously selected; the rejection of the unimportant is the secret of his abundance.

BELLES LETTRES AND ART.

SURELY a book should be written either to instruct or to amuse, and there are other means of filling the vacancy of leisure than laying burdens on the backs of printers' devils. The author of "Gaston Bligh"²¹ has a fatal facility of composition which has seduced him into novel-writing; but his characters are the phantoms of a feeble imagination. His groups resemble nothing so much as one of those half-finished sketches of Turner's without their usual sunlight, in which nothing is clearly expressed, or suggested; but then Turner *could* paint the "Building of Carthage."

What is there to interest in the cold, unnatural mother, a slave to imaginary duty, who never listens to the promptings of the heart, a woman's best guide; or in that unlucky, unsatisfactory egotist, Colonel Godwin, whose miserable temper breaks the heart of an amiable wife? Sylvia, too, the heroine, is an abstraction, a veil of silver gauze, and such are not young ladies in these modern days; they prefer, like the rest of the world, concrete human nature, to the abstract—a real love to a sentimental one. The author is evidently an accomplished man, and here and there occur pretty little gleams of fancy, as that of the white butterfly pausing on the leaf of an aquatic plant to look into the pool beneath, and marvel at its dimly descried image there. But though it might be fairly supposed we have enough and to spare of human nature about us in our daily experience, yet we never weary of seeing the mirror held up to it, and are ever pleased with its true reflection; and he or she who draws it most freshly and vigorously, attracts the most earnest heed, and takes the highest place. The author introduces much dialogue, but has contrived to make it dull and pointless, though he might have seen what pleasant reading it makes of many a French novel, which we forget as soon as read, but are amused while reading.

The "Interpreter"²² is an amusing combination of truth and fiction, by the author of "Digby Grand," in which the juvenile and adolescent experiences of the hero, one Vere Egerton, are mixed up, naturally enough, with scenes from the late campaign in the Crimea, which is

¹⁹ "An Index of Dates, comprehending the Principal Facts in the Chronology and History of the World, from the Earliest to the Present Time." By J. Willoughby Rosse. Vol. I. A.-J. London: H. G. Bohn.

²¹ "Gaston Bligh." A Novel. By L. S. Lavenu. Two vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

²² "The Interpreter." By Whyte Melville. A Tale of the War. Reprinted from "Fraser's Magazine." London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand.

fading from recollection beneath the influence of the more recent suffering and strife in India; there are numerous adventures in Turkey, Hungary, and Austria, incident to Egerton's engagement as interpreter in British employ. We are glad to see that he does justice to Omar Pasha's qualifications as a leader, which were somewhat overlooked in the late campaign, and bears hearty testimony to the native valour, endurance, and other soldierly qualities of the scandalously-used Turkish private.

A vivid sketch of the Balaklava charge commemorates the dauntless courage of Englishmen who were sent fruitlessly into the jaws of death, without the consolation of the doomed three hundred, that they died to save their country from invasion. The lively account of the capture of the Malakhoff bastion is scarcely in accordance with the fact, as it was rather surprised by an unexpected rush on the part of the French, than taken after a long and stubbornly resisted assault.

There is some lively writing about the amenities of Austrian paternal government in Hungary. The chapter "Under Surveillance" shows with what groundless influence men of rank may be insulted by the mean and jealous suspicion of a Government too conscious of meriting only hatred and contempt from the luckless victims of its degrading sway. We should hope that the account given to Mr. Egerton by Valérie de Rohan, of a noble Hungarian lady being compelled to run the gauntlet between two rows of Austrian soldiers, till she was shamefully beaten well-nigh to death, is but fiction; and yet if so, it is the perpetuation of a frightful slander, if true—

A beautiful and complete edition just published of those dramas of Euripides, which Dr. Monk had edited, is a suitable tribute to the memory of the late Bishop of Gloucester, whose editions of these four tragedies appeared at different dates; and by the care of the present editor, Dr. W. J. Clark, are now given to the world in one volume, with copious Latin notes.³ The "Hippolytus" first appeared in 1811, the "Alcestis" in 1816, the notes in Latin; and much later, namely, in 1840, the "Iphigenia in Aulide," and in 1845, the "Iphigenia in Tauride," both with English notes, which in this collective edition are in Latin, with a view doubtless to scholastic uniformity and consistency. A brief sketch of the career of Dr. Monk is added, from his entry at Cambridge in 1800, where he was first elected a Scholar, then a Fellow of Trinity, and where he had the singular honour of succeeding Porson, as Greek Professor, in his twenty-fifth year. At Cambridge he was associated in his classical labours with the late Bishop of London, and completed singly his "Life of Beaulieu," which of all his works does most credit to his general powers. The fifth and latest edition of "Hippolytus the Crown-bearer" appeared partly under the editorship of Mr. J. Wordsworth, who was however prematurely cut off by death when he had reached the 350th verse of the tragedy; and the task thus left unfinished was completed by his brother, the Master of

³ "Euripidis. Fabulæ quatuor, scilicet Hippolytus coronifer, Alcestis, Iphigenia in Aulide, Iphigenia in Tauris." J. H. Monk, S.T.P. Nova Editio. Deighton and Bell.

Harrow, as the bishop's episcopal duties and failing eyesight rendered the labour of verbal correction and criticism peculiarly irksome.

The "Alcestis," the *chef-d'œuvre* of Euripides, attained a fifth edition in 1837, and the bishop profited by the severe and somewhat coarse criticism of Gottfried Hermann, in the Leipsic edition; where, however, the English philologist complained that his notes appeared in a garbled, or at least in an imperfect, form.

The preface to the earlier edition of the "Iphigenia in Aulide" is valuable as a model of critical acumen and learning, in the satisfactory refutation it furnishes of Bœckh's hypothesis, that this drama was not the work of Euripides himself, but either of his son or nephew. As several of the tragedies of this dramatist have been lost, arguments drawn from the internal evidence of his remaining works must be comparatively inconclusive: such, for example, as that the "Iphigenia in Aulide" was composed before the "Iphigenia in Tauride," because the historical action of the first preceded that which gave origin to the latter; so that *à fortiori* (according to Bœckh), the "Iphigenia in Aulide" appeared before the "Frogs" of Aristophanes; and that the tragedy of the same name, which yet certainly appeared subsequently to that comedy, and which is that preserved to us, could not be the work of the elder Euripides. But this argument loses any weight as to the question of probability that it might have possessed, when we consider that the "Antigone" of Sophocles was produced many years before his "Ædipus Colonus," notwithstanding that the converse holds of their action in point of time. The fourth argument adduced by Bœckh, that the prologues in the other dramas are composed in hexameters, while that of the "Iphigenia in Aulide" is in anapestic verse, loses its weight in some degree, as the lost tragedies may have restored the balance in that respect. In all probability, it is to the ignorance of interpolaters that we owe certain peculiarities of diction apparent in the "Iphigenia," which gave grounds for the suspicion entertained by Bœckh and Eichstadt of a double edition founded on the same fable—the one appearing before the "Frogs," and ridiculed in it, and another subsequently, altered in accordance with the strictures contained in that comedy; the latter alone remaining to us, and erroneously supposed by those critics to be the work of a younger Euripides.

Mr. Arnold has prefixed a preface to his Tragedy of "Merope" of very considerable length, and with a parade of learning which was certainly not required by the fact that he has followed in the steps of Goethe, in endeavouring to make the severe and defined outline of Greek tragedy, with its few, simple, and strong emotions, familiar to a modern public. It is at least a comparative novelty to the English reader, as Milton is the only Englishman who has successfully attempted it; and Goethe's "Iphigenia" is far from resembling a Greek tragedy in its construction, so that Merope will have the advantage of novelty at least, in attracting the attention of the refined and educated reader. If the author has succeeded in animating the severe and antique shape

in which he has preferred to appear before the public with any portion of the Promethæan fire, he will assuredly meet with due recognition.

The fable of the drama is familiar to students alike of Greek and of modern literature, for it had been previously dramatised by Maffei, Voltaire, and Alfieri. Mr. Arnold, however, claims to have treated the story in one important particular in a manner essentially different from his predecessors, so as to render it more fitted to produce that mingled emotion of horror and pity, which should be the aim of a skilfully wrought tragedy.

The argument is that Cresphontes, an Heracleid ruler of Messenia, from which his ancestry had expelled the usurping Tyndaridæ, had caused jealousy among his Dorian nobles by zealous attempts to conciliate the conquered race; and at length a conspiracy, headed by Polyphontes, a trusted friend and counsellor, deprives Cresphontes and his two eldest sons of life; the third and youngest, Æpytus, escaping through the exertions of his mother, Merope, is sent by her, under the faithful guardianship of an old servant, to her brother's court in Arcadia, where the child grows to maturity, and then returns, disguised, to avenge the slaughter of his father and brothers by the death of the usurping Polyphontes, and to regain the throne, which he conceives to be his of right. The drama opens at the moment when Æpytus has arrived at Stenyclaros, the new capital of Messenia; and the action, which terminates with the death of the usurping Polyphontes, has its inception.

In all previous attempts to dramatize this historic fable, Polyphontes has been drawn much as our usurping King Richard, and his death excites no other emotion than that he met with a retribution too long delayed. Mr. Arnold presents him rather as a conspirator of the Brutus stamp, who slew his friend from patriotic motives, and would have protected his sons, who were slaughtered by their father's infuriate enemies in spite of him. The usurper, moreover, makes matrimonial advances to the implacable Merope, not moved thereto by the mature charms of the bereaved widow, but from a most praiseworthy, but unappreciated, desire to make reparation and heal discord; though the reparation, being deferred for twenty years, seems somewhat of the latest. This no doubt may contribute to place the character of Polyphontes in a more amiable light, and thus conduce to the desired æsthetic result when his death is accomplished, but it is not in accordance with nature. Could Merope have so obstinately and so long retained the belief that he had murdered her children, if he had been known to have striven to save them at the epoch of their father's slaughter—and she could scarcely have failed to know this, had he done so, as he pleads to her? A woman might forgive the death of her husband, for all are not so attached or so revengeful as Chriemhilde; but could any man hope for the forgiveness of a mother, who believed that he had destroyed her children? Richard courts the Lady Anne, and half wins her, while his hand is yet red with the blood of the husband she is following to the grave; but there are no children slaughtered yet; and we, who are looking on, can see the tiger's eye glaring on the victim, who suffers herself to be deluded by the lying tongue.

Merope, when Polyphontes thus addresses her, might well believe that he sought to conceal cruelty by treachery; and the reparation is altogether too long delayed, if it was ever to be attempted.

There are fine passages scattered through the piece; but we require human nature more than rhetoric, even in a Greek tragedy, notwithstanding the bad example of Euripides; and the unreal characters sit before us like the ghosts which thronged around Ulysses, when in hell he sacrificed to Tiresias.

The account given by the disguised Ægyptus of his own death to Polyphontes is a very perfect example of the circumstantial lie, and might deceive a suspicious usurper, who yet, since he knew the father well, might perhaps have been expected to recognise some of his lineaments in the son.

Mr. Arnold has diluted his meaning with a profusion of words not always happily or gracefully selected, for example at pp. 125-6:—

“Not time, not lightning,
Not rain, not thunder,
Efface the endless
Decrees of Heaven;
Make Justice alter,
Revoke, assuage her sentence
Which dooms dread ends to dreadful deeds,
And violent deaths to violent men.”

A Greek chorus is allowed to be loquacious; but we remember a single line in Sophocles which expresses all this, in itself trite and commonplace enough—*Εὐ δεῖνα εἰπαῖς, δεῖνα καὶ παθεῖν σε δεῖ*—and surely at p. 113, such words as *Oleander* and *Agnus Castus* have too botanical and modern a sound to grace the part of a Greek chorus. The character of Polyphontes, the only attempt at originality in this drama, strikes us as a failure. Stern, determined, if not cruel, his actions have proved him to be. Mr. Arnold wishes also to make him appear not undeserving his people's love—sagacious and not unjustly severe, willing to govern as mercifully as a usurper could—and yet, after twenty years of possession, he falls a victim to the designs of an inexperienced youth, who had no opportunity of gaining allies among the subjects or adherents of the tyrant; with such a character he could not so have fallen, and with so long and wise a tenure of power he deserved some friends who should have avenged his death, and at least not gloried in his fall. In the old historic fable, and in the dramas of Voltaire and Alfieri, who have followed it, he is more naturally represented as a blood, remorseless tyrant; whose death all might desire and none could deplore, one whom the exiled heir might slaughter with impunity, and by so doing only increase his title to the affections of a liberated people. Mr. Arnold has sacrificed historic truth, and has not attained his purpose.

Pope's paraphrase of the "Odyssey" is reproduced by Mr. Bohn in a

The "Odyssey of Homer." Translated by Alexander Pope. With "The Battle of the Frogs and the Mice" by Parnell, and "The Hymns," by Chapman and others. With Notes by the Rev. J. S. Watson, M.A. Illustrated with the entire series of Flaxman's designs.

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more attractive form than it has yet appeared in before the English public. Flaxman's designs, which are faithfully copied, with their exquisite beauty and grace, realize for the merely English reader somewhat of that Greek element which is lost in the translation. It may be doubted, indeed, if the gentle Flaxman was æsthetically best fitted to illustrate the sterner features of the Homeric poems. He imparts the regular Greek beauty of outline to all his figures, with the exception of the Phæacian sailors, who are depositing the sleeping Ulysses with his treasure on the shores of his own long-sought island, and this is perhaps artistically the best of the illustrations. The face of Zeus, who is giving his mandates to Hærcles and Athene, but ill expresses the majesty that should characterize the Lord of Heaven, notwithstanding the presence of the symbols of his power, the sleeping lightning, and the sceptre of omnipotence.

Flaxman did not sufficiently appreciate the expression conveyed in the outlines of the head, but he excels particularly in the representation of female beauty; nothing can excel the attitude and expression of Penelope's female attendant, fairer than her mistress, whose fond treachery in destroying by night the web woven during the day she has betrayed to the suitors. The brute satisfaction of the gorged Cyclop, too (p. 145), as he watches *Ovris*, devising with the gravity of an aristocratic butler the delicious drink that is to assure the destruction of his cherished eye, is excellent; but Polypheme has clearly no right to orbits placed in the usual manner, in addition to the grim optic in the centre of the forehead.

The "Batrachomyomachia," by Dr. Parnell, and the Hymns to Ceres, Apollo, Hærcles, and Aphrodite are added, as well as the shorter addresses to the inferior divinities.

Mr. Bohn has another illustrated volume, containing the poetical works of Pope,⁶ with numerous notes, which will be serviceable to such general readers as are interested in the works of the prudent little bard of Twickenham. Certain notes, marked respectively "Stevens" and "Wilkes," appear for the first time, with the exception of some by Stevens, given previously in Mr. Bowles's edition, and are derived from manuscript annotations in their respective copies of Pope's works. It appears that the notorious John Wilkes once meditated an edition of Pope, but did not persevere in his intention. His annotated copy is in the Grenville library, preserved in the British Museum. The illustrations, which are woodcuts, are most of them good, and are well adapted to the class of readers most likely to become purchasers of Pope's works.

An unmutated edition of Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry" was certainly required, and the one just issued under the auspices of the Rev. G. Gilfillan⁷ contains all the latest improvements and additions of the author, retains the ancient spelling, and, while possessing every advantage of typography, is not made too expansive by an unnecessary luxury of

⁶ "Pope's Poetical Works." With Illustrations. Carguthers. London: Bohn. 1858. c.

⁷ "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." Consisting of old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other Pieces of our Earlier Poets, together with some few of later date. By Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore. With Memoir and Critical Dissertation by the Rev. G. Gilfillan. 3 vols.

illustration. A short sketch of Dr. Percy's life is prefixed, and eloquent but somewhat meagre remarks by the editor on ballad poetry are added.

Though this collection has been so long before the public, it may not be altogether superfluous to recal the circumstances under which it was made, and to revive the memory of a man who has done something for the literature of his country, exertions, which were not unrewarded, and which he lived to see appreciated. The collection of ancient ballads was necessarily a labour of love, like that of the minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders, and had long existed in manuscript in Dr. Percy's possession; but he had too little confidence in his own judgment, or in the intrinsic poetical merit of his collections, to give them to the world till urged thereto by Johnson and Shenstone. He appears even to have thought that an apology was required when he confronted these productions of an artless muse with the more stately and pretentious efforts of modern versifiers; but in truth their eloquence was from the heart, and drew from the inspiration of that Helicon a perennial interest. Where careless or ignorant transcribers had deformed the sense of his text, the doctor pleads for the necessity, and confesses the fact of a little judicious restoration, which had the effect he hoped of illustrating the meaning, and preserving the reputation of old English poetry, as careful cleaning and moderate use of varnish may disclose the merits of a picture obscured by lapse of time.

It appears that Shenstone was to have shared the labour and responsibility of editorship with Dr. Percy, but death prevented this rather strange literary partnership. The more modern pieces indeed were selected by him, and were retained by so jealous an antiquary as Dr. Percy from deference to the taste and respect for the memory of his friend. An eloquent simplicity, truth, and an utter forgetfulness of self in the subject, are the distinguishing characteristic charms of the best of the old English ballads, as of that greatest and noblest German epic ballad, the *Nibelungenlied*.

A perusal of the Bishop's Essay on the ancient minstrels, preliminary to the "*Réliquies*," will repay even the most instructed student in this field of research, whether we regard curious anecdote or an accurate record of such scanty facts as can be gleaned from historians too regardless of those common and familiar things, infinitely more interesting and instructive, had they been preserved, than most of the occurrences in the history of those persons who chanced to occupy the more conspicuous parts on the stage of human action. The high distinction and consideration possessed by Danish and Norwegian Skalds ("smoothers of language") descended also on the Norman and Saxon minstrels, and those of them who enjoyed royal favour became possessed, if they were prudent, of considerable property—one of these harmonious brethren indeed, Roger or Ralherus, king's minstrel, founded the Priory and Hospital of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, in 1102, and third year of the reign of Henry the First. It was not till the reign of Elizabeth that the wandering minstrel or jongleurs fell into general disesteem, and came to be regarded as no better than vagabonds.

It was in these "Reliques" that CHEVY CHASE was first published in a perfect form, purged of intrusive barbarisms and vulgarisms, introduced by careless or illiterate transcribers. The writer of this ballad appears to have been one Richard Sheale, but not the person of that name mentioned by the antiquary Hearne, and who was living in 1588, while the composition of this ballad cannot be placed later than temp. Henry VI. It is not founded on ascertained historic fact, but local tradition may have preserved the record of some border strife, unchronicled in historic annals, and the author of "Chevy Chase" has confounded the occurrence, whatever it was, with the battle of Otterbourne, commemorated in the next ballad.

SIR CAULINE bears marks of modern handling, confessed indeed by Dr. Percy, and rendered necessary by the mutilation, which this ancient ballad had undergone. We would particularly indicate such a passage as

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,
Was had forthe of the towre;
But ever she droopeth in her minde,
As nipt by an ungentle winde,
Doth some fayre lilyc flowre.

The tender gallantry of this verse is essentially modern, and that gentle respect for the refined female character is certainly not generally found either in the old dramatists or in the old ballads.

Gernutus, the Jew of Venice, may perhaps have suggested Shylock, though Gregorio Leti's well-known story in his life of Sixtus V. attributes the cruelty to a Christian merchant, Paul Secchi, and makes the Jew usurer, Sampson Ceneda, the Antonio of the play, while Pope Sixtus turns up as the unromantic Portia who contrived so well to temper justice with mercy. As a ballad, Gernutus has very slender pretensions to merit.

This volume of the "Reliques" is divided into three books, the first, containing ballads of undoubted antiquity; the second, ballads that illustrate Shakspeare; the third, the more modern ballads by Shirley, Warner, Beaumont and Fletcher, Sir R. Wotton, &c., with one or two Spanish ballads; and the volume closes with a copious glossary.

We may adopt the first sentence of Herr Von Kreyssig's preface to these Lectures on Shakspeare,⁸ and agree with him that a good work, like good wine, speaks for itself. He has approached his labour, one of love, and we in England should honour him for it, with a competent knowledge of his author, and the fullest desire to do justice to one so much honoured in Germany as in England; but was there any need to go out of his way in the preface to denounce Lord Bacon's servility and ingratitude, or to declare that Elizabeth exacted from her courtiers a servile homage which Louis XIV., in the fulness of his power, would have blushed to receive. Foreigners, troubled with an uneasy sense of political bondage, have an uncandid propensity to assume former political servility in the English nation, because venal or timid

⁸ "Vorlesungen über Shakspeare, seine Zeit und seine Werke." Von F. Kreyssig. Erste Band. Nutt.

courtiers not unfrequently did the bidding of tyrannical rulers; but there was some difference, and we must point it out to foreigners who will not see it, between the external homage, due partly to the Queen's sex, but which never yielded a constitutional point, nor did she, however prone to arbitrary rule, dare to violate that great fundamental privilege of the representatives of the people which preserves all others—that taxes shall not be levied without their consent, and who at her death left her kingdom prosperous and contented; there was some difference, we say, between such a ruler, and such a people, and a king who lavished the blood and the money of twenty millions of his subjects to perpetrate unjust wars, to pension mistresses, and bastards whom he promoted to honours and commands which they disgraced, who violated every constitutional right to which the meanest subject has an indefeasible claim, and who left his kingdom bankrupt, and his people discontented and starving.

This first volume contains twelve Lectures on Shakspeare, the first of which is devoted to a consideration of Shakspeare's contemporaries and times, containing nothing with which we are not all familiar; the second, to the drama of the Middle Ages—the development of the drama in England up to the time of Shakspeare—the English stage during his lifetime, the social position of actors; the third, to Shakspeare's biography, in which most meagre province Herr Kreyssig, with praiseworthy industry, endeavours to derive some assistance from the internal evidence of the sonnets; in the fourth, the gradual revival of the study and general appreciation of Shakspeare is traced; and the fifth is an introduction to the study of the historical plays; the remaining six are devoted to an analysis of these, beginning with Richard II., and ending with King John.

Professor Chapman's colonial tribute of not inharmonious verse to the poetical literature of the day,⁹ awakes in places dim reminiscences of the author of *Endymion*. It professes to be the result of a summer's musing amidst the picturesque little islets, and clear deep waters of a Canadian lake. The author is professor of mineralogy and geology in the university of the capital of Western Canada.

A long theologico-romantic poem in blank verse, by Dr. Faber,¹⁰ which has contrived to reach a second edition, breathes a hearty appreciation of wild Westmoreland scenery, amidst its author's sacred engagements in London, but expressed something too voluminously, and really reminds us of a writer we had thought long forgotten, Sir R. Blackmore.

Mr. Moggridge's little volume of poems¹¹ may have afforded occupation to the leisure, which indeed must be considerable, of an amiable youth, whose reading has been much among the poets of the class, alas

⁹ "A Song of Charity." By Professor Chapman, of Toronto University. Andrew H. Armour and Co., King Street West, Toronto. 1857.

¹⁰ "Sir Lancelot." A Legend of the Middle Ages. By F. W. Faber, D. D. 2nd Edition. Richardson and Son, 147, Strand.

¹¹ "Poems." By E. C. Moggridge. Judd and Glass, New Bridge Street. 1858.

increasing, most given to set forth their subjective meditations in fluent verse, which glides from the memory with surprising facility, and leaves us, after perusal, if we ever get so far, rather wondering why it was written. There are things, nevertheless, in the volume, which reflect credit on the good feeling and good humour of the author. A want of genuine humour is sadly conspicuous; however, and nowhere more than when he tries to be comical, as in "Partant pour la France," at p. 136, which is meant to be very funny, and perhaps is so, but the reader laughs at, and not with, the writer.

We are ready to allow that indulging in a periodical appearance of verse or rhyme is not the most objectionable way of killing time, and that an idle man may do worse than by recording, in more or less harmonious language, the reveries or the fancies which occupy most heads having leisure to form them. We suppose Mr. Kingsley had some other, though we fear not better, motive than poetic inspiration for awakening Andromeda from her long repose,¹² in which attempt he has adopted an exotic form of versification, which Southey, with Mr. Canning's assistance, proved to be an unsuitable vehicle of poetic meaning to English ears. He certainly puts some fine sentiments into the mouths of his human and celestial characters, the latter of whom he scrupulously calls by their Greek names; and there is a little bit of painting à la Rubens, when the parriodal son of Danae reaps his reward, for rescuing the fair and royal damsel from her unpleasant enemy. As a vehicle for mere moral sentiment, this fable may do as well as another; but we think a much finer paraphrase, and a much prettier tribute to the Greek maiden's beauty, was devised by Linnæus when he gave to the lovely blossom that now bears her name, for reasons containing better poetry than any we find here, the power to rescue her from the nimbus of antique fable, and to bring before our eyes a living symbol of the charms that more than rewarded her deliverer.

The sonnet at p. 61 commemorates, we suppose, some nameless lady whose great endowments were little appreciated by an unworthy husband; but why wish her Shakspeare's wife, when he left his own so soon after marriage, and could only have seen her again when years of absence had made him almost a stranger, or if "throned as Caesar's mate," she would scarcely have been happier; for we presume the greatest of them, Julius, is meant, and we know what a remarkably constant husband and highly virtuous character he was. There is something original, however, for Mr. Kingsley has an ode of welcome to the north-east wind, thinking it hard that zephyrs and southern breezes have hitherto monopolized the favour of the Muses; but then flannel waistcoats, great-coats, and woollen wrappers are not poetical, and they are the only things, except influenza and sore-throats, likely to be suggested by a north-east wind. We must beg to differ from Mr. Kingsley, in calling "the soft south-western the ladies breeze;" if he had ever tossed outward-bound for ten days in the Bay of Biscay,

¹² "Andromeda and other Poems." By Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley. London: John W. Parker and Co., West Strand. 1858.

with a south-wester right in his teeth, and the sun all the time invisible, his enlarged experience would have suggested a different and a truer estimate. We like the "early" poems at the end of the volume better than those which a larger experience and greater knowledge should have forbidden to issue in the careless, unfinished form we see. The "Red King" has some merit, though the weird monk's warning to the feasting Rufus may have been suggested by that which appalled Louis Sforza in the cathedral of Milan.

We have here a fifth edition of Aeser's famous Letters on Art,¹³ addressed to a young lady; and they well deserve to be better known in England, more especially by the ladies, for whose advantage they were particularly written. The work has been enlarged, and in some respects improved, by the present editor, Herr Graube, and consists of sixty-one letters on the principal objects to be attained by a study of the Fine Arts. There are excellent portraits in steel of Kaulbach, Beethoven, and Rauch, coryphæi in three provinces of art; and the two national poets of Germany, Goethe and Schiller, are well represented in lithograph. We may remark *en passant*, that there is an evident tendency to exalt the fine frontal development of Goethe, already commencing, such as produced the imposing caricatures of Shakspeare and Napoleon, with which we are all familiar.

For the sake of our lady readers, if we have any, we may briefly define *Æsthetics*—a Greek word, of German invention, naturalized in England—as the sense of the beautiful in art, from that instinctive perception which recognises the harmony of a tune, of the justness of proportion in a building, to that highest form of perception generally allied with intellect, which feels all that the greatest poets can impart even in their noblest creations—unattainable, as we constantly see, by any amount of cultivation, if the instinctive faculty is wanting. It may even apply to the sense of religious purity, beauty, and worth, and is so used by Schiller, who says, "Das Christenthum in seiner reinen Form ist Darstellung schöner Sittlichkeit oder Menschwerdung des Heiligen, und in diesem Sinne die höchste Aesthetische Religion." (Christianity in its Pure Form is an Exhibition of a beautiful Morality, or of the Incarnation of the Holy, and in this Sense is the highest *Æsthetic* Religion.)

The purpose of the letters is to guide the female student in her choice of subjects, and to present her with the purest and best examples in each style of art, in whatever direction her preference may lie.

The sixteenth letter (the previous are devoted to general preliminary considerations) treats of architecture, more particularly of its highest development, as seen in the remains of antique Greece, and the Temple of Theseus at Athens is figured in illustration; while the magnificent fane at Denderah, with its endless rows of sculptured columns, is added as a specimen of the barbaric splendour of Oriental architecture. The author enlarges on the æsthetic effect of our grand

¹³ "Aesthetische Briefe, ein Wohlgeschenk für Frauen und Jungfrauen." Leipzig: Nutt. 1867.

old Gothic buildings in producing an involuntary feeling of reverence, and remarks that a Gothic cathedral is in itself a sermon; "ein Gothische Döm ist schon an sich eine Christliche Predigt."

In the nineteenth and two following letters, ancient and modern sculpture are considered, and the Vatican Apollo, with the matchless group of the Laocöon, are indicated; the latter figured as the highest attainments in this branch of art. Painting and music are treated in the letters which follow; Oriental poetry (of which there is a long and curious example taken from Dr. Holtzmann's translations of Indian poetry, entitled "King Usinara's Compassion," and is a kind of moral dialogue between the king and a hawk, from whose destructive claws the king had rescued a dove which had flown into his bosom for protection); the epic, dramatic, and lyrical productions of ancient Greece; and the modern poetry of Italy. Shakspeare, supreme in Germany as in England, has a letter to himself (the 48th); then German poetry; Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, its chief worthies, are analysed. The theatre, and even dancing and landscape gardening, are not neglected; and the last letter closes with a consideration of the influence exerted on the character by the sedulous cultivation of an æsthetic taste.

We shall conclude our notice of this excellent work by quoting therefrom a parallel between Goethe and Schiller, not because of any novelty, for both poets are duly appreciated in England, but because they are types of classes: Goethe of that small one, few in numbers, but eternal in renown, who express the noblest and wisest poetry in the actions and sufferings of their human creations—whom we recognise as invented in harmony with the invariable laws of our nature; the other, far more numerous, of which Schiller may perhaps rank as the chief, who have sought to express in language the thoughts and feelings of themselves or of others, without the power to place them before us in those embodied creations of the highest genius, which alone would seem to justify the use of that word whose equivalent is maker.

"Goethe," says Hinrichs (Schiller's "Dichtungen," &c.), "felt a lively interest in all we call nature, for the visible and actual. His element of action was matter. His fixed purpose was, as Schiller said, to receive laws from the objective, and to deduce from Nature her own principles. Form and substance were to him the expressions of a universal idea. He did not lose himself in reveries about Nature, but examined her creations. His gift of intuition (or tendency to regard the actual) was employed with striking effect in natural history, from which he banished the clouds of reflection without observation. His theory of colours, and the metamorphosis of plants, are an eternal monument of his genius for interpreting nature. Physical science, chemistry, mineralogy and geology, physiology and comparative anatomy, occupied him incessantly. He sought to know the details of the great operations of nature, and Schiller saw with astonishment how that in his researches he ascended, step by step from the simplest organizations, to the most complex. Like Nature herself, he was calm and tranquil in his operations, and rare and fortunate in all that he undertook. In art, he had more leaning to perception than to sensation; and while music attracted him but little, he loved architecture, sculpture, and painting, and even drew landscapes after nature. He was a man complete in all parts, and demanded a definite outline and form in an object, however beautiful."

"Quite otherwise was Schiller, who, although he had studied medicine, evinced little susceptibility for the contemplation, or study of nature. According to his friend Streicher, the external world had no existence for him when he was occupied in composition; he was 'as if by a convulsion' withdrawn into himself. During his numerous wanderings in the mountains, with Streicher for a companion, the latter was obliged to draw his attention to the finest prospects, so completely was he absorbed in his own reflections. He was attracted, not by nature, but by the microcosm within. His element was the subjective; on this account he was more especially occupied with history and philosophy."

The Dean of Westminster, in a little *brochure*,¹⁴ the substance of two papers read before the Philological Society, Nov. 5, and Nov. 19, 1857, draws attention to the deficiency, whether of excess or defect, existing in our English Dictionaries. He does not confine himself to general strictures, but points out definitely wherein he conceives such works are susceptible of improvement. The following are the principal heads:

1. Obsolete words are incompletely registered; some inserted, some omitted.
2. Much earlier instances of the use of words occur than are cited in the Dictionaries, so that we are not correctly informed as to the antiquity and currency of such words.
3. Important meanings and uses of words are passed over.
4. Synonymous words are too little distinguished.
5. Our Dictionaries are not unfrequently unnecessarily redundant, inserting words that might justly be excluded, or not so well meriting a place as others that are unnoticed.

Such obsolete words as occur in our older classic authors, Dr. Trench contends should be inserted, as "brangle" (ebranler) from Swift, and "Druggerman" from Pope; but the reading of the compilers of ordinary dictionaries may fail to furnish them with many such words, and a complete knowledge of any language can only be acquired through a very extensive acquaintance with its literature, ancient as well as modern, and the propriety of such admission is questionable. RICHARDSON used a certain politic, but, as the Dean contends, unjustifiable discretion in retaining only such obsolete words as appeared likely to be useful in etymological inquiries. The Dean would have all such words inserted, not being provincial, which are to be found in our standard authors. This, perhaps, might be attained in a dictionary which should embody one's idea of lexicographical perfection; yet many such words are used capriciously, and quaintly by our oldest authors, and because they appeared, onomatopoeitically expressive, not because they were current in their day. Holland, for example, was actuated by mere pedantry when he used such a word as *κίμβη* in its secondary meaning; its primary being that of a wasp-grub, which, from its pinched and contracted form and position, suggested probably the secondary meaning of the word—miser, or penurious person.

Some provincial and strictly local words are infinitely more interest-

¹⁴ "On some Deficiencies in our English Dictionaries." By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1857.

ing philologically, and more important in reference to our own language, than many of the clumsy and exotic Greek and Latin compounds which appear in the pages of Burton, Rogers, Henry More, and others. Like old coins dug up when least expected, they suggest the memory of a past, which had long vanished from the surface. Such a word is "spong," an East-Anglian provincialism for a contracted and irregular nook of ground, deforming the symmetry of a field. Another is the adjective "leer," = empty—current among the rustic population of Gloucestershire, and exactly equivalent to the German word of the same sound and orthography. The word "renny," is used in East Anglia for a shrew mouse, suggesting remote reminiscences of the Latin *aranea*, which has the same meaning, on the principle of *idem sonans*.

The earliest meaning of words should certainly be indicated in our dictionaries; the root of a word is thus discovered, and the very foundations of a language laid bare. The word "abandon" is cited in illustration, as having for its obvious etymon, bann or bannum—*i. e.* outlawry for not appearing to the summons of a liege lord. Another word might have been adduced, "superstitious," the origin of which is little suspected by most readers, and is well explained by Cicero ("De Naturâ Deorum," l. ii., c. 28). Sir Thomas Browne, too, uses "civility" in its original Latin sense, from which the later meaning, as being the growth of society, has descended; also "profound" as a verb, like the French *approfondir*. Jeremy Taylor employs "contrition" in its primary sense of contero (Serpents are curious to preserve their heads from contrition or bruising.—Sermons ii. 136).

We do not see why certain words originally technical, but come gradually into common use, such as "œdema," have not fully as good a right to appear in a dictionary—nay, a better—than such extremely local and exotic words as Burton's "elegm," or Jeremy Taylor's "spagyrist," especially as this last has two familiar equivalents in alchemist or chemist.

The attempts to distinguish synonymous words in a dictionary might lead to confusion, for there are almost no synonyms, strictly speaking, in our language; and the shades of meaning that distinguish words with a *nearly* identical signification, are rather to be felt than defined, and are not to be acquired by foreigners.

Mr. Donne's excellent Essays,¹⁵ eight in number, which have appeared at different times in the "Westminster" and "Quarterly Reviews," and in "Fraser's Magazine," are now republished in a collected form. There are few who might not gain instruction and amusement from their perusal, though we regret the recurrence of such superfluous neologisms as "fontal," "limitary," &c. The whole are distinguished by good sense, considerable learning, and a sound knowledge of the varied fortunes of the drama, ancient as well as modern.

Another valuable republication is the volume of the *Encyclopædia*

¹⁵ "Essays on the Drama." By William Bodham Donne. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1858.

Metropolitana," by the late Sir John Stoddart,¹⁶ which contains eighteen chapters, having for their object to illustrate by analysis and illustration the mechanism and relation of languages, dialects, and idioms, the physiology of voice and speech, and concludes with a chapter on the component parts of every language.

The space assigned to so extensive a subject was too contracted to allow of more than brief illustrations of many important questions incidental to such an inquiry, but it contains much curious, and, to special students, useful information.

The relationship of any European language to the dialects of India does not seem to have been suspected till towards the latter third of the sixteenth century, when John Bevan, of Gorin in Holland, pointed out many resemblances between Teutonic and Indian words; but he drew therefrom the remarkable inference, that the Teutonic was the more ancient tongue, and that Adam and Eve conversed in the purest Dutch. The Sanscrit, which has so rapidly risen into cultivation among us, which Sir W. Jones characterized as more perfect than Greek, and more copious than the Latin, was known only by name in Europe before the publication of Hallhed's "Code of Gentoo Laws," in 1776, the preface to which contained plates of the Sanscrit alphabet, and extracts in prose and verse.

The chapters on Idioms, and that on the formation of words by onomatopœia, will be most interesting to the general reader. The idioms of a language, as special indications of the general psychological and cultural peculiarities of a people, are peculiarly interesting, and may assume an almost philosophical interest. Some of the examples of French idioms are not happily selected, as they are rather exceptional than peculiar to that tongue, and depend rather on capricious taste for their occurrence than general adoption. Marshal Turenne, for example, when General La Ferté had been accused of brutally beating a servant, who had provoked him by some piece of negligence, could see nothing to blame in the general's conduct, but presupposes that the provocation was ample excuse for the chastisement, and writes in clumsy French: "Il faut que ce valet ait eu envers vous un tort bien grave, pour que vous vous, soyez porté à une telle violence." That cited from Molière's "George Dandin," is, on the other hand, a purely French idiom: the baroness says to her plebeian son-in-law, "Apprenez, que tout notre genre que vous soyez, il y'a grande difference de vous a nous." The German language abounds in idioms which approximate to those of our own cognate language. The Italian is probably the simplest and least idiomatic of European tongues, and permits a free translation into English, without the same danger to the merely book-instructed translator, which awaits those who have but a superficial knowledge of French or German. The most glaring error of this kind probably extant occurs in Cotton's version of Montaigne's Essays: "Laissons cette autre secte, faisant expresse profession de la fierté," rendered by Cotton, "Let us leave that other sect, and make a downright profession of fierceness."

¹⁶ "Glossology, or the Historical Relations of Languages." By Sir John Stoddart, LL.D. London: Richard Griffin and Co. 1858.

The Russian language contains a greater number of articulations than either of the Western languages, so that a native of that empire acquires English or French with greater facility than an Englishman would acquire the latter, or a Frenchman the former.

Pope's translation of the well-known passage from Homer—

"And as the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er Heaven's clear azure," &c.—

is cited as an English example of a translator's inaccuracies and mistakes, in contrast with Cowper's correct and classical paraphrase. But it is evident that Pope never intended to give a literal translation of Homer, and thought more of himself through the whole progress of the work, than of the matchless poem he professed to present in an English garb.

The national German idolatry for their two great poets has produced yet another volume, intended to illustrate the outer and inner life of Goethe and of Schiller.¹⁷ Dr. Julius Emil Knechte here endeavours to demonstrate the effect of female influence on the æsthetical development of both these eminent men, and with Goethe it was unquestionably very influential. It is undoubtedly true, as Dr. Knechte remarks, that his female creations are his most successful. "Nehmen wir blos Mignon, Leonore, Ottilie, Iphigenie, Klärchen, Gretchen, die schöne Seele—welcher seiner mannlichen Gestalten könnte sich mit diesen Zauberischen Schöpfungen messen?" Yet they are not fairy-like (Zauberischen)—they are much better, as by far the most interesting and feminine of poetic creations, (Ottilie, perhaps excepted, to an English public.) This clear insight into the deepest and most tender recesses of the female heart could only have been attained after as much suffering as pleasure, for the pursuit is at least as dangerous as it is fascinating.

There is a personal sketch of his first and fruitless love, Gretchen von Offenbach; and the gentle grisette is drawn by her lover's accomplished hand, in after years, as one of those pretty, artless, half-educated, yet quick-witted girls, who are more apt to attract a deeper affection than more highly cultured and pretentious beauties. But he was fifteen, a mere boy in Gretchen's eyes, and had, as we all know, to brook this first and very general disappointment, with the usual heartaches—"Wo fragte überhaupt der Jungling, der zum ersten Male liebt, nach Rang und Stand?" writes Dr. Knechte, apropos to their difference of condition. It would have been strange, indeed, if, at fifteen, such considerations should have influenced the man who was unmindful of them when past forty. Are Major Penennis's morals to be the standard? and is any puppy whose pedigree may perhaps attain to the respectable antiquity of a grandfather, to talk of the "difference of rank," after trifling with a heart which he never deserved to possess?

The first book is devoted to Goethe, and contains many specimens of the amatory rhymes of this accomplished lover, with some strictures on his apparent trifling, especially with Frederika Brion. The second

¹⁷ "Goethe und Schiller, in ihren Beziehungen zur Frauenwelt." Von Dr. Julius Emil Knechte. Nutt.

and much shorter book treats of Scfiller in his relationship to the sex; though their influence on his writings is far less obvious than in those of his great fellow-countryman.

The friends of the late Dr. Brown, of Edinburgh, have collected and published his Lectures and Essays in two volumes.¹⁸ The first contains four lectures on his atomic theory, delivered at Edinburgh, with reprints of articles from the "Westminster" and "North British Reviews," and "Lowe's Magazine." These articles treat of theoretical chemistry, with sketches of the lives and discoveries of the older speculative chemists, and of those great modern investigators of the science, Lavoisier and Sir H. Davy.

As lectures delivered before an intelligent general audience, those on his atomic hypothesis may have been effective; but assuredly a sound discretion should have prevented their appearance in print, encumbered by a cloud of verbiage, and detail of facts well known to the most moderately informed scientific chemist. The gist and pith of these four lectures is contained in the third, at pp. 64, 65, 66 of the 1st volume, and is unquestionably an hypothesis of great ingenuity, and may possibly be adopted into the received theories of chemistry.

Dr. Brown has devised this theory, however, as Descartes conceived his vortices, or the pre-Lavoisierian chemists, Phlogiston (in which Priestley believed), to explain facts explicable on no received hypothesis. So large a number of supposed simple elementary bodies as fifty-three is probably owing to our inability to decompose them, and not to real simplicity, or atomic unity of constitution; they may really be as much compound bases as those now recognised in organic chemistry. Dr. Brown, therefore, supposes it possible that, under certain circumstances, two atoms or volumes of the same elementary substance, oxygen or carbon for instance, may combine to form a third, in which their sensible and chemical properties shall be neutralized and indecomposable by any process with which we are at present acquainted. The familiar example offered by the decomposition (under certain circumstances) of cyanide of mercury into the metallic base, and paracyanogen, is cited and exemplified. Paracyanogen is identical in chemical constitution with cyanogen, one volume of nitrogen and two of carbon being the formula for both; yet paracyanogen differs from cyanogen in its physical characters. Dr. Brown's hypothesis is, that paracyanogen is a compound of two atoms of cyanogen, and he proceeds to explain the theoretic *rationale* of its formation, in accordance with his hypothetical constitution of a particle, or combining chemical volume. A particle (or atom) he defines as a molecular nucleus, surrounded by five polar spheres of force. 1. The sphere of repulsion, never surpassed in the ordinary chemical operations of nature. 2. That of proper chemical affinity. 3. The sphere of repulsion, which hinders the compression of a solid body by surrounding forces. 4. The attractive sphere of solidiformity. 5. The repulsive sphere of gasiformity. He conceives that in the formation of paracyanogen, two particles of cyanogen revolving round each other in their innermost

¹⁸ "Lectures on the Atomic Theory; and Essays, Scientific and Literary." By Samuel Brown, M.D. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1858.

spheres of repulsion, produce a compound of homogeneous particles—paracyanogen, containing the same elements of course as cyanogen, and in the same proportion. If this explanation is correct, paracyanogen should not be decomposable into two volumes of cyanogen by any process within the power of modern chemistry; yet it is certain that by the application of heat cyanogen may be obtained from paracyanogen, which, however, is never pure, but contains more or less free nitrogen or carbonic oxide or acid. But as cyanogen is a compound body, it offers a less favourable example than might be afforded by the combination of two atoms of a simple substance, which carbon or oxygen may ultimately prove to be. Possibly the diamond may afford another illustration, and its formation be explained by the union of two combining volumes of carbon in the manner suggested by the preceding hypothesis.

The second volume is made up of lucubrations on purely speculative subjects, about which much may be said, and very little instruction derived therefrom. The patient and sagacious interrogation of Nature, whose phenomena are the expressions of the ideas of the presiding Intelligence of the Universe yields the only positive scientific knowledge combining the accuracy of an arithmetical calculation with a grandeur of truth denied even to the speculations of Bacon.

We have much pleasure in calling attention to one of the most valuable and important contributions to literary history which has appeared within the last twenty years.¹⁹ It contains, in four volumes or parts, a minute and critical account of the lives and writings of the most distinguished names that have figured in French literature since the destruction of the monarchy by the Revolution of 1789. Adequately to review such a work, would require an entire number of this Review; but we may extract Herr Schmidt's remark on Guizot, in which every one must coincide:—

“But Guizot was elected a deputy, and the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of the Middle Ages (which he had designed and sketched in retirement) remained unwritten. His ambition urged him into politics, neither for his own happiness, nor for the advantage of his country. Had he recognised his true calling, we should have possessed a standard historical work, the mere course of which has extorted our highest respect.” (Dritte Liefer, i. p. 25.)

Herr Rosengarten has given to his countrymen a familiar treatise on every variety of architectural style,²⁰ copiously illustrated with the most beautiful and highly-finished woodcuts we have ever seen: The representation, at p. 119, of wall-painting in the Pantheon of Pompeii, illustrative of Roman domestic architecture, is exquisite as a wood engraving; as is also the view of the noble Church of St. Mark, Venice, at p. 212. The author, too, has adopted the Roman printing type in use among all the western nations of Europe except Germany, and it is the best example of German typography that has come before us.

¹⁹ “Geschichte der Französischen Literatur, seit der Revolution 1789.” Von Julian Schmidt. Williams and Norgate.

²⁰ “Die Architektonischen Stylarten,” &c. Von A. Rosengarten, Architekt. Brunschwig. Williams and Norgate.

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